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THE  
HOME BOOK OF VERSE



# THE HOME BOOK OF VERSE

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH

With an Appendix Containing a Few Well-Known Poems  
in Other Languages

Selected and Arranged

By

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

Editor of "The Home Book of Modern Verse"

"The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks"

"The Home Book of Quotations"

VOLUME II



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## SONS OF THE EMERALD ISLE

### FATHER O'FLYNN

OF priests we can offer a charmin' variety,  
Far renowned for larnin' and piety;  
Still, I'd advance ye widout impropriety,  
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
*Sláinte*, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;  
Powerfulest preacher, and  
Tinderest teacher, and  
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,  
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,  
Faix! and the divels and all at Divinity—  
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all!  
Come, I vinture to give ye my word,  
Niver the likes of his logic was heard,  
Down from mythology  
Into thayology,  
Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way wid you,  
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,  
All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,  
You've such a way wid you, Father avick!  
Still, for all you've so gentle a soul,  
Gad, you've your flock in the grandest control,  
Checking the crazy ones,  
Coaxin' onaisy ones,  
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.



And, though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,  
 Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,  
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality  
 At comicality, Father, wid you?  
 Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,  
 Till this remark set him off wid the rest:  
 "Is it lave gaiety  
 All to the laity?  
 Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too?"

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,  
*Sláinte*, and *sláinte*, and *sláinte* agin;  
 Powerfulest preacher, and  
 Tinderest teacher, and  
 Kindest creature in ould Donegal.  
*Alfred Perceval Graves [1846-1931]*

## FATHER MOLLOY

### OR, THE CONFESSION

PADDY McCABE was dying one day,  
 And Father Molloy he came to confess him;  
 Paddy prayed hard he would make no delay,  
 But forgive him his sins and make haste for to bless him  
 "First tell me your sins," says Father Molloy,  
 "For I'm thinking you've not been a very good boy."  
 "Oh," says Paddy, "so late in the evenin', I fear  
 'Twould throuble you such a long story to hear,  
 For you've ten long miles o'er the mountains to go,  
 While the road *I've* to travel 's much longer you know.  
 So give us your blessin' and get in the saddle;  
 To tell all my sins my poor brain it would addle;  
 And the dochter gave ordhers to keep me so quiet—  
 'Twould disturb me to tell all my sins, if I'd thry it;  
 And your Riverence has towld us, unless we tell *all*,  
 'Tis worse than not makin' confession at all.  
 So I'll say in a word I'm no very good boy—  
 And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well, I'll read from a book," says Father Molloy,  
 "The manifold sins that humanity's heir to;  
 And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,  
 You'll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging thereto."  
 Then the father began the dark roll of iniquity,  
 And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,  
 And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a roar—  
 "Oh, murdher!" says Paddy, "don't read any more,  
 For, if you keep readin', by all that is thrue,  
 Your Riverence's fist will be soon black and blue;  
 Besides, to be throubled my conscience begins,  
 That your Riverence should have any hand in my sins;  
 So you'd bettther suppose I committed them all,  
 For whether they're great ones, or whether they're small,  
 Or if they're a dozen, or if they're fourscore,  
 'Tis your Riverence knows how to absolve them, astore;  
 So I'll say in a word, I'm no very good boy—  
 And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well," says Father Molloy, "if your sins I forgive,  
 So you must forgive all your enemies truly;  
 And promise me also that, if you should live,  
 You'll leave off your old tricks, and begin to live  
 newly."

"I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,  
 "Except that big vagabone Micky Malone;  
 And him I will murdher if ever I can—"  
 "Tut, tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man;  
 For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,  
 You'll ne'er go to Heaven, and that is my sentence."  
 "Poo!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard case—  
 With your Riverence and Heaven I'm content to make  
 pace;

But with Heaven and your Riverence I wondher—*Och hone*—  
 You would think of comparin' that blackguard Malone—  
 But since I'm hard pressed and that I *must* forgive,  
 I forgive—if I die—but as sure as I live  
 That ugly blackguard I will surely desthroy!—  
 So, *now* for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

Samuel Lover [1797-1868]

## PADDY O'RAFATHER

PADDY, in want of a dinner one day,  
Credit all gone, and no money to pay,  
Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,  
And went to confession just after;  
"Your riv'rince," says Paddy, "I stole this fat hen."  
"What, what!" says the priest, "at your ould thricks again?  
Faith, you'd rather be stalin' than sayin' *amen*,  
Paddy O'Rafther!"

"Sure, you wouldn't be angry," says Pat, "if you knew  
That the best of intintions I had in my view—  
For I stole it to make it a prisint to you,  
And you can absolve me afther."  
"Do you think," says the priest, "I'd partake of your theft?  
Of your seven small senses you must be bereft—  
You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right and left,  
Paddy O'Rafther."

"Then what shall I do with the pullet," says Pat,  
"If your riv'rince won't take it? By this and by that  
I don't know no more than a dog or a cat  
What your riv'rince would have me be afther."  
"Why, then," says his rev'rence, "you sin-blinded owl,  
Give back to the man that you stole from his fowl:  
For if you do not, 'twill be worse for your sowl,  
Paddy O'Rafther."

Says Paddy, "I asked him to take it—'tis thrue  
As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you;  
But he wouldn't resaive it—so what can I do?"

Says Paddy, nigh choken with laughter.  
"By my throth," says the priest, "but the case is absthurse;  
If he won't take his hen, why the man is a goose:  
'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,  
Paddy O'Rafther."

"But, for sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise  
To some one in want you would give your supplies—  
Some widow, or orphan, with tears in their eyes;

And *then* you may come to *me* afther."  
So Paddy went off to the brisk Widow Hoy,  
And the pullet between them was eaten with joy,  
And, says she, "'Pon my word, you're the cleverest boy,  
Paddy O'Rafther!"

Then Paddy went back to the priest the next day,  
And told him the fowl he had given away  
To a poor lonely widow, in want and dismay,  
The loss of her spouse weeping afther.  
"Well, now," says the priest, "I'll absolve you, my lad,  
For repentantly making the best of the bad,  
In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,  
Paddy O'Rafther!"  
*Samuel Lover [1797-1868]*

## LARRIE O'DEE

Now the Widow McGee,  
And Larrie O'Dee,  
Had two little cottages out on the green,  
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.  
The widow was young and the widow was fair,  
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair,  
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn,  
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn,  
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand  
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:  
"Och! Misthress McGee,  
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,  
Wid a fancy purtition betwane our two pigs!"  
"Indade, sir, it is!" answered Widow McGee,  
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larrie O'Dee.  
"And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane.  
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsайдently near  
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,  
And yit kape a cruel purtition betwane."

## 1962      Sons of the Emerald Isle

“Schwate Widow McGee,”

Answered Larrie O'Dee,

“If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,  
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?  
Och! it made me heart ache when I paped through the  
cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez swingin' yer axe;  
An' a bobbin' yer head an a-shtompin' yer fate,  
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,  
A-shplittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the shtorm,  
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!”

“Now, piggy,” says she,

“Larrie's courtin' o' me,

Wid his dilicate tinder allusions to you;  
So now yez must tell me jisht what I must do:  
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout,  
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.  
Now, Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig  
By tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!”  
“Me darlint, the piggy says yes,” answered he.  
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

*William W. Fink* [18 -

### THE IRISHMAN AND THE LADY

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,  
A lady very stylish, man;  
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,  
She fell in love with an Irishman—  
A nasty, ugly Irishman,  
A wild, tremendous Irishman,  
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring  
Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,  
For with small-pox 'twas scarred across;  
And the shoulders of the ugly dog  
Were almost double a yard across.

## The Irishman and the Lady 1963

Oh, the lump of an Irishman,  
The whiskey-devouring Irishman,  
The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue—the fighting,  
rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,  
And the other eye was out, my dear;  
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs  
Were more than two feet about, my dear.  
Oh, the great big Irishman,  
The rattling, battling Irishman—  
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering  
swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy-foot  
That he used to snort and snuffle—O!  
And in shape and size the fellow's neck  
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.  
Oh, the horrible Irishman,  
The thundering, blundering Irishman—  
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hash-  
ing Irishman.

His name was a terrible name, indeed,  
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;  
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch  
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.  
The boozing, bruising Irishman,  
The 'toxicated Irishman—  
The whiskey, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no dandy  
Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,  
Like all the girls of quality;  
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,  
Just by the way of jollity.  
Oh, the leathering Irishman,  
The barbarous, savage Irishman—  
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads, were  
bothered I'm sure by this Irishman.

*William Maginn* [1793-1842]

## IRISH ASTRONOMY

A VERITABLE MYTH, TOUCHING THE CONSTELLATION OF  
O'RYAN, IGNORANTLY AND FALSELY SPELLED ORION

O'RYAN was a man of might  
Whin Ireland was a nation,  
But poachin' was his heart's delight  
And constant occupation.  
He had an ould militia gun,  
And sartin sure his aim was;  
He gave the keepers many a run  
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by  
O'Ryan's little houldin',  
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,  
He thought he'd enther bould in.  
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!  
To praich at Thurles I'm goin',  
So let me have a rasher quick,  
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you,  
While betther is to spare, sir,  
But here's a jug of mountain dew,  
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."  
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,  
And says he, "Good luck attind you,  
And, when you're in your windin' sheet,  
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—  
"Them tidin's is thransportin';  
But may I ax your saintship if  
There's any kind of sportin'?"  
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,  
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer"—  
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;  
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir."

So, to conclude my song aright,  
 For fear I'd tire your patience,  
 You'll see O'Ryan any night  
 Amid the constellations.  
 And Venus follows in his track,  
 Till Mars grows jealous raally,  
 But, faith, he fears the Irish knack  
 Of handling the shillaly.

*Charles Graham Halpine* [1829-1868]

# THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

WHEN I play on my fiddle in Dooney,  
 Folk dance like a wave of the sea;  
 My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
 My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed my brother and cousin:  
 They read in their books of prayer;  
 I read in my book of songs  
 I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come at the end of time,  
 To Peter sitting in state,  
 He will smile on the three old spirits,  
 But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,  
 Save by an evil chance,  
 And the merry love the fiddle,  
 And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,  
 They all come up to me,  
 With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney  
 And dance like a wave of the sea.

*William Butler Yeats* [1865-1939]



## THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK

ON the eighth day of March it was, some people say,  
 That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;  
 While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,  
 And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;  
 For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,  
 And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock—  
 Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know  
 If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in owld Ireland, they say,  
 Was all on account of Saint Pathrick's birthday:  
 Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,  
 And who wouldn't see right, sure they blackened his eye!  
 At last, both the factions so positive grew,  
 That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two,  
 Till Father Mulcahy, who showed them their sins,  
 Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,  
 Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine;  
 Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,  
 So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," says the clerk.  
 "If he wasn't a twins, sure our hist'ry will show  
 That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"  
 Then they all got blind dhrunk—which completed their  
 bliss,

And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

*Samuel Lover [1797-1864]*

## SAINT PATRICK

ST. PATRICK was a gentleman,  
 Who came of decent people;  
 He built a church in Dublin town,  
 And on it put a steeple.  
 His father was a Gallagher;  
 His mother was a Brady;  
 His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,  
 His uncle an O'Grady.

So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
For he's a saint so clever;  
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
And bothered them forever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,  
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;  
But there's a hill, much bigger still,  
Much higher nor them both, sir:  
'Twas on the top of this high hill  
St. Patrick preached his sarmint  
That drove the frogs into the bogs,  
And banished all the varmint.

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle  
Where dirty varmin musters,  
But where he put his dear fore-foot,  
And murdered them in clusters.  
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,  
Slap-dash into the water;  
And the snakes committed suicide  
To save themselves from slaughter.

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue  
He charmed with sweet discourses,  
And dined on them at Killaloe  
In soups and second courses.  
Where blind-worms crawling in the grass  
Disgusted all the nation,  
He gave them a rise, which opened their eyes  
To a sense of their situation.

No wonder that those Irish lads  
Should be so gay and frisky,  
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,  
As well as making whiskey;  
No wonder that the saint himself  
Should understand distilling,  
Since his mother kept a shebeen-shop  
In the town of Enniskillen.

O, was I but so fortunate  
 As to be back in Munster,  
 'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground  
 I never more would once stir.  
 For there St. Patrick planted turf,  
 And plenty of the praties,  
 With pigs galore, ma gra, ma 'store,  
 And cabbages—and ladies!  
 So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
 For he's a saint so clever;  
 O, he gave the snakes and toads a twist  
 And bothered them forever!

*Henry Bennett [1785- ? ]*

MR. MOLONY'S ACCOUNT OF THE BALL  
 GIVEN TO THE NEPAULESE AMBASSADOR BY THE PENIN-  
 SULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY

O WILL ye choose to hear the news?  
 Bedad, I cannot pass it o'er:  
 I'll tell you all about the Ball  
 To the Naypaulase Ambassador.  
 Begor! this fête all balls does bate,  
 At which I've worn a pump, and I  
 Must here relate the splendthor great  
 Of th' Oriental Company.

These men of sinse dispoised expinse,  
 To fête these black Achillese.  
 "We'll show the blacks," says they, "Almack's,  
 And take the rooms at Willis's."  
 With flags and shawls, for these Nepauls,  
 They hung the rooms of Willis up,  
 And decked the walls, and stairs, and halls  
 With roses and with lilies up.

And Jullien's band it tuck its stand  
 So sweetly in the middle there,  
 And soft bassoons played heavenly chunes,  
 And violins did fiddle there.

## Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball 1969

And when the Coort was tired of spoort,  
I'd lave you, boys, to think there was  
A nate buffet before them set,  
Where lashins of good dhrink there was!

At ten before the ball-room door,  
His moighty Excellency was;  
He smoiled and bowed to all the crowd,  
So gorgeous and immense he was.  
His dusky shuit, sublime and mute,  
Into the doorway followed him;  
And O the noise of the blackguard boys,  
As they hurrood and hollowed him!

The noble Chair stud at the stair,  
And bade the dthrums to thump; and he  
Did thus evince, to that Black Prince,  
The welcome of his Company.  
O fair the girls, and rich the curls,  
And bright the oys, you saw there, was;  
And fixed each oye ye there could spoi,  
On Gincral Jung Bahawther was!

This Gincral great then tuck his sate,  
With all the other gincrals,  
(Bedad, his troat, his belt, his coat,  
All bleeczed with precious minerals);  
And as he there, with princely air,  
Recloinin on his cushion was,  
All round about his royal chair,  
The squeezin and the pushin was.

O Pat, such girls, such Jukes and Earls,  
Such fashion and nobilitee!  
Just think of Tim, and fancy him  
Amidst the hoigh gentility!  
There was Lord De L'Huys, and the Portygeese  
Ministher and his lady there,  
And I reckonized, with much surprise,  
Our messmate, Bob O'Grady, there;

## 1970      Sons of the Emerald Isle

There was Baroness Brunow, that looked like Juno,  
And Baroness Rehausen there,  
And Countess Roullier, that looked peculiar  
Well, in her robes of gauze in there.  
There was Lord Crowhurst (I knew him first  
When only Mr. Pips he was),  
And Mick O'Toole, the great big fool,  
That after supper tipsy was.

There was Lord Fingall and his ladies all,  
And Lords Killeen and Dufferin,  
And Paddy Fife, with his fat wife,—  
I wondther how he could stuff her in.  
There was Lord Belfast, that by me passed,  
And seemed to ask how should *I* go there?  
And the Widow Macrae, and Lord A. Hay,  
And the Marchioness of Sligo there.

Yes, Jukes and Earls, and diamonds and pearls,  
And pretty girls, was spoorting there;  
And some beside (the rogues!) I spied,  
Behind the windies, coorting there.  
O, there's one I know, bedad, would show  
As beautiful as any there;  
And I'd like to hear the pipers blow,  
And shake a fut with Fanny there!

*William Makepeace Thackeray* [1811-1863]

### BACHELOR'S HALL

BACHELOR'S HALL! what a quare-lookin' place it is!  
Kape me from sich all the days of me life!  
Sure, but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,  
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

Say the old bachelor, gloomy an' sad enough,  
Placin' his tay-kettle over the fire;  
Soon it tips over—Saint Patrick! he's mad enough,  
If he were prisent, to fight with the squire!

## The Sabine Farmer's Serenade 1971

Now, like a pig in a mortar-bed wallowin',  
Say the old bachelor kneading his dough;  
Troth, if his bread he could ate without swallowin',  
How it would favor his palate, ye know!

He looks for the platter—Grimalkin is scourin' it!  
Sure, at a baste like that, swearin' 's no sin;  
His dishcloth is missing; the pigs are devourin' it—  
Thunder and turf! what a pickle he's in!

When his male's over, the table's left sittin' so;  
Dishes, take care of yourselves, if ye can;  
Divil a drop of hot water will visit ye,—  
Och, let him alone for a baste of a man!

Pots, dishes, pans, an' such grasy commodities,  
Ashes and praty-skins, kiver the floor;  
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,  
Sich as had niver been neighbors before.

Late in the night, when he goes to bed shiverin',  
Niver a bit is the bed made at all;  
He crapes like a terrapin under the kiverin';—  
Bad luck to the pictur of Bachelor's Hall!  
*John Finley [1796-1866]*

### THE SABINE FARMER'S SERENADE

'Twas on a windy night,  
At two o'clock in the morning,  
An Irish lad so tight,  
All wind and weather scorning,  
At Judy Callaghan's door,  
Sitting upon the palings,  
His love-tale he did pour,  
And this was part of his wailings:—  
*Only say  
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;  
Don't say nay,  
Charming Judy Callaghan.*

Oh! list to what I say,  
Charms you've got like Venus;  
Own your love you may,  
There's but the wall between us.  
You lie fast asleep  
Snug in bed and snoring;  
Round the house I creep,  
Your hard heart imploring.

I've got a pig and a sow,  
I've got a sty to sleep 'em  
A calf and a brindled cow,  
And a cabin too, to keep 'em;  
Sunday hat and coat,  
An old gray mare to ride on,  
Saddle and bridle to boot,  
Which you may ride astride on.

I've got an acre of ground,  
I've got it set with praties;  
I've got of 'baccy a pound,  
I've got some tea for the ladies;  
I've got the ring to wed,  
Some whiskey to make us gaily;  
I've got a feather bed  
And a handsome new shilleclagh.

You've got a charming eye,  
You've got some spelling and reading  
You've got, and so have I,  
A taste for genteel breeding;  
You're rich, and fair, and young,  
As everybody's knowing;  
You've got a decent tongue  
Whene'er 'tis set a-going.

For a wife till death  
I am willing to take ye;  
But, och! I waste my breath,  
The devil himself can't wake ye.

'Tis just beginning to rain,  
So I'll get under cover;  
To-morrow I'll come again,  
And be your constant lover.

*Only say  
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;  
Don't say nay,  
Charming Judy Callaghan.  
Francis Sylvester Mahony [1804-1866]*

## THE WIDOW MALONE

DID ye hear of the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
Who lived in the town of Athlone,  
Alone?  
Oh! she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts,  
So lovely the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So lovely the Widow Malone.  
Of lovers she had a full score,  
Or more;  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;  
From the minister down  
To the Clerk of the Crown,  
All were courting the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
All were courting the Widow Malone.  
But so modest was Mistress Malone,  
'Twas known  
No one ever could see her alone,  
Ohone!  
Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye,  
So bashful the Widow Malone,  
Ohone!  
So bashful the Widow Malone.





Which should be flowing free;  
Be no longer a churl  
Of its black silken curl,  
Och hone! Widow Machree!

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,  
Och hone! Widow Machree,  
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?  
Och hone! Widow Machree.  
See, the birds go in pairs,  
And the rabbits and hares,—  
Why, even the bears  
Now in couples agree;  
And the mute little fish,  
Though they can't spake, they wish,—  
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,  
Och hone! Widow Machree,  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
Och hone! Widow Machree.  
Sure the shovel and tongs  
To each other belongs,  
And the kettle sings songs  
Full of family glee;  
While alone with your cup,  
Like a hermit, you sup,  
Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,  
Och hone! Widow Machree,  
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl?  
Och hone! Widow Machree.  
With such sins on your head  
Sure your peace would be fled,  
Could you sleep in your bed  
Without thinking to see  
Some ghost or some sprite,  
That would wake you each night,  
Crying, "Och hone! Widow Machree"?

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree,  
 And, with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 You'd have me to desire  
 Then to stir up the fire,  
 And sure Hope is no liar  
 In whispering to me,  
 That the ghosts would depart,  
 When you'd me near your heart,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree!

*Samuel Lover [1797-1868]*

### THE PEACEABLE RACE

"WHO says that the Irish are fighters be birth?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Faix, there's not a more ppeaceable race on th' earth,  
 If ye l'ave 'em alone.

"Tim O'Toole? Well, I grant ye now, there is a lad  
 That's beset wid the curse o' pugnacity bad,  
 But he's jisht th' ixception that's provin' the rule;  
 An' what else could ye ask from a lad like O'Toole?  
 Shure, he's sich a big mountain o' muscle and bone,  
 Sizin' up to the heft o' some siventeen stone,  
 That he fair aggravates iv'ry other bould buck  
 To be wishful to thump him a little for luck,  
 An' to prove that there's others as clever as him.  
 Now, I ask ye, suppose ye was sturdy as Tim,  
 Don't ye think 'twould be right ye should take a delight  
 In definin' yer title an' test'in' yer might?"

Says little Dan Crone.

"Is it me? Arrah! now it is jokin' ye are.  
 But I bid ye be careful an' not go too far.  
 Shure, it's true I'm no more nor the height o' yer waist,  
 But there's many a bigger has sampled a taste  
 O' the knuckles that's bunched in this little ould fisht.  
 Where's the dog wouldn't fight whin his tail gets a twisht?"

Do I hunt fur the throuble? Mayhap, now, it's thrue  
 Upon certain occasions that's jisht what I do.  
 Shure, how else would they know—I'm that stunted an'  
 small—

I'd the heart of a man in me body at all?"  
 Says little Dan Crone.

"Well, thin, keep yer opinion. 'Tis little it's worth,"  
 Says little Dan Crone.  
 "Faix, we're jisht the most peaceable race on the earth,  
 If ye l'ave us alone."

*Thomas Augustin Daly* [1871-

# THE RECRUIT

SEZ Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Bedad. yer a bad 'un!  
 Now turn out yer toes!  
 Yer belt is unhookit,  
 Yer cap is on crookit,  
 Ye may not be dhrunk,  
 But, be jabers, ye look it!  
 Wan—two!  
 Wan—two!

Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through!

Wan—two!—

Time! Mark!

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!"

SEZ Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"A saint it ud sadden  
 To dhrill such a mug!  
 Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!—  
 Chin up!—ye gossoon, ye!  
 Ye've jaws like a goat—  
 Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!  
 Wan—two!  
 Wan—two!

Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!

Wan—two!—

Time! Mark!

Ye've eyes like a bat!—can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Yer figger wants padd'n'—

Sure, man, ye've no shape!

Behind ye yer shoulders

Stick out like two bowlders;

Yer shins is as thin

As a pair of pen-holders!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!

Wan—two!—

Time! Mark!

I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Me heart it ud gladden

To blacken yer eye.

Ye're gettin' too bold, ye

Compel me to scold ye,—

'Tis halt! that I say,—

Will ye heed what I told ye?

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Be jabers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!

Wan—two!—

Time! Mark!

What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"I'll not stay a gadd'n

Wid dagoes like you!

I'll travel no farther,

I'm dyin' for—wather;—

Come on, if ye like,—

Can ye loan me a quather?

Ya-as, you,  
 What,—two?  
 And ye'll pay the potheen? Ye're a daisy! Whurroo!  
 You'll do!  
 Whist! Mark!  
 The Rigiment's flattered to own ye, me spark!"

*Robert William Chambers* [1865-1933]

# FINNIGIN TO FLANNIGAN

SUPERINTINDINT wuz Flannigan;  
 Boss av the siction wuz Finnigin;  
 Whiniver the kyars got offen the thrack  
 An' muddled up things t' th' divil an' back,  
 Finnigin writ it to Flannigan,  
 Aftther the wreck wuz all on agin;  
 That is, this Finnigin  
 Repoorted to Flannigan.

Whin Finnigin furst writ to Flannigan,  
 He writed tin pages—did Finnigin,  
 An' he tould jist how the smash occurred;  
 Full minny a tajus, blunderin' wurrd  
 Did Finnigin write to Flannigan  
 Aftther the kyars had gone on agin.  
 That wuz how Finnigin  
 Repoorted to Flannigan.

Now Flannigan knowed more than Finnigin—  
 He'd more idjucation—had Flannigan;  
 An' it wore'm clane an' complatly out  
 To tell what Finnigin writ about  
 In his writin' to Musther Flannigan.  
 So he writed back to Finnigin:  
 "Don't do sich a sin agin;  
 Make 'em brief, Finnigin!"

Whin Finnigin got this from Flannigan,  
 He blushed rosy rid—did Finnigin;  
 An' he said: "I'll gamble a whole month's pa-ay  
 That it will be minny an' minny a da-ay

## 1980      Sons of the Emerald Isle

Befoore Sup'rintindint, that's Flannigan,  
Gits a whack at this very same sin agin.  
From Finnigin to Flannigan  
Repoorts won't be long agin."

Wan da-ay on the siction av Finnigin,  
On the road sup'rintinded be Flannigan,  
A rail give way on a bit av a curve  
An' some kyars wint off as they made the shwerve.  
"There's nobody hurted," sez Finnigin,  
"But repoorts must be made to Flannigan."  
An' he winked at McGorrigan,  
As married a Finnigin.

He wuz shantyin' thin, wuz Finnigin,  
As minny a railroader's been agin,  
An' the shmoky ol' lamp wuz burnin' bright  
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—  
Bilin' down his repoort, wuz Finnigin!  
An' he writed this here: "Musther Flannigan:  
Off agin, on agin,  
Gone agin.—Finnigin."

*Strickland W. Gillilan [1869—*

### BARNEY MCGEE

BARNEY MCGEE, there's no end of good luck in you  
Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you,  
Wild as a bull-pup and all of his pluck in you,—  
Let a man tread on your coat and he'll see!—  
Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,  
Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,  
Smile like a cherub, and hair that is carroty,—  
Wow, you're a rarity, Barney McGee!  
Mellow as Tarragon, prouder than Aragon—  
Hardly a paragon, you will agree—  
Here's all that's fine to you!  
Books and old wine to you!  
Girls be divine to you, Barney McGee!

Lucky the day when I met you unwittingly,  
Dining where vagabonds came and went flittingly.  
Here's some *Barbera* to drink it befittingly,  
That day at *Silvio's*, Barney McGee!  
Many's the time we have quaffed our Chianti there,  
Listened to Silvio quoting us Dante there,—  
Once more to drink *Nebiolo spumante* there,  
How we'd pitch Pommery into the sea!  
There where the gang of us met ere Rome rang of us,  
They had the hang of us to a degree.  
How they would trust to you!  
That was but just to you.  
Here's o'er their dust to you, Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, when you're sober you scintillate,  
But when you're in drink you're the pride of the intellect;  
Divil a one of us ever came in till late,  
Once at the bar where you happened to be—  
Every eye there like a spoke in you centering,  
You with your eloquence, blarney, and bantering—  
All Vagabondia shouts at your entering,  
King of the Tenderloin, Barney McGee!  
There's no satiety in your society  
With the variety of your *esprit*.  
Here's a long purse to you,  
And a great thirst to you!  
Fate be no worse to you, Barney McGee!

Och, and the girls whose poor hearts you deracinate,  
Whirl and bewilder and flutter and fascinate!  
Faith, it's so killing you are, you assassinate,—  
Murder's the word for you, Barney McGee!  
Bold when they're sunny and smooth when they're showery,—  
Oh, but the style of you, fluent and flowery!  
Chesterfield's way, with a touch of the Bowery!  
How would they silence you, Barney *machree*?  
Naught can your gab allay, learned as Rabelais  
(You in his abbey lay once on a spree).  
Here's to the smile of you  
(Oh, but the guile of you!)  
And a long while of you, Barney McGee!



Facile with phrases of length and Latinity,  
Like *honorificabilitudinit*,  
Where is the maid could resist your vicinity,  
Wiled by the impudent grace of your plea?  
Then your vivacity and pertinacity  
Carry the day with the devil's audacity;  
No mere veracity robs your sagacity  
Of perspicacity, Barney McGee.  
When all is new to them, what will you do to them?  
Will you be true to them? Who shall decree?  
Here's a fair strife to you!  
Health and long life to you!  
And a great wife to you, Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, you're the pick of gentility;  
Nothing can phase you, you've such a facility;  
Nobody ever yet found your utility,—  
That is the charm of you, Barney McGee;  
Under conditions that others would stammer in,  
Still unperturbed as a cat or a Cameron,  
Polished as somebody in the Decameron,  
Putting the glamor on prince or Pawnee!  
In your meanderin', love, and philanderin',  
Calm as a mandarin sipping his tea!  
Under the art of you,  
Parcel and part of you,  
Here's to the heart of you, Barney McGee!

You who were ever alert to befriend a man,  
You who were ever the first to defend a man,  
You who had always the money to lend a man,  
Down on his luck and hard up for a V!  
Sure, you'll be playing a harp in beatitude  
(And a quare sight you will be in that attitude)—  
Some day, where gratitude seems but a platitude,  
You'll find your latitude, Barney McGee.  
That's no flim-flam at all, frivol or sham at all,  
Just the plain— Damn it all, have one with me!  
Here's luck and more to you!  
Friends by the score to you,  
True to the core to you, Barney McGee!

*Richard Hovey* [1864-1900]

## PIPE AND CAN

### A RELIGIOUS USE OF TOBACCO

THE Indian weed now withered quite;  
Green at morn, cut down at night;  
Shows thy decay: all flesh is hay:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,  
Think thou behold'st the vanity  
Of worldly stuff, gone with a puff:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

But when the pipe grows foul within,  
Think of thy soul defiled with sin,  
And that the fire doth it require:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

The ashes, that are left behind,  
May serve to put thee still in mind  
That unto dust return thou must:  
Thus think, then drink Tobacco.

*Robert Wisdome (?) [?-1568]*

### ODE TO TOBACCO

THOU who, when fears attack,  
Bid'st them avaunt, and Black  
Care, at the horseman's back  
Perching, unseatest;  
Sweet when the morn is gray;  
Sweet, when they've cleared away  
Lunch; and at close of day  
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old  
For thee, though manifold  
Stories, I know, are told,

Not to thy credit;  
 How one (or two at most)  
 Drops make a cat a ghost—  
 Useless, except to roast—  
 Doctors have said it:

How they who use fusees  
 All grow by slow degrees  
 Brainless as chimpanzees,  
     Meagre as lizards;  
 Go mad, and beat their wives;  
 Plunge (after shocking lives)  
 Razors and carving-knives  
     Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!  
 Yet know I five or six  
 Smokers who freely mix  
     Still with their neighbors;  
 Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,  
 Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—  
 Daily absorbs a clay  
     After his labors.

Cats may have had their goose  
 Cooked by tobacco-juice;  
 Still why deny its use  
     Thoughtfully taken?  
 We're not as tabbies are:  
 Smith, take a fresh cigar!  
 Jones, the tobacco-jar!  
     Here's to thee, Bacon!

*Charles Stuart Calverley* [1831-1884]

## THE PIPE OF TOBACCO

LET the toper regale in his tankard of ale,  
 Or with alcohol moisten his thrapple,—  
 Only give me, I pray, a good pipe of soft clay,  
     Nicely tapered and thin in the stapple;—

And I shall puff, puff—let who will say enough!

No luxury else I'm in lack o',—

No malice I hoard 'gainst Queen, Prince, Duke, or Lord,  
While I pull at my Pipe of Tobacco.

When I feel the hot strife of the battle of life,

And the prospect is aught but enticin'—

Mayhap some real ill, like a protested bill,

Dims the sunshine that tinged the horizon,—

Only let me puff, puff—be they ever so rough,

All the sorrows of life I lose track o';

The mists disappear, and the vista is clear,

With a soothing mild Pipe of Tobacco.

And when joy after pain, like the sun after rain,

Stills the waters long turbid and troubled,

That life's current may flow with a ruddier glow,

And the sence of enjoyment be doubled,—

Oh! let me puff, puff—till I feel *quantum suff*.

Such luxury still I'm in lack o'!

Be joy ever so sweet, it would be incomplete

Without a good Pipe of Tobacco.

Should my recreant muse—sometimes apt to refuse

The guidance of bit and of bridle—

Still blankly demur, spite of whip and of spur,

Unimpassioned, inconstant, or idle,—

Only let me puff, puff—till the brain cries enough;—

Such excitement is all I'm in lack o';

And the poetic vein soon to fancy gives rein,

Inspired by a Pipe of Tobacco.

And when with one accord, round the jovial board,

In friendship our bosoms are glowing,

While with toast and with song we the evening prolong.

And with nectar the goblets are flowing—

Still let us puff, puff—be life smooth, be it rough,

Such enjoyment we're ever in lack o':

The more peace and good-will will abound as we fill

A jolly good Pipe of Tobacco!

John Usher [?]

## INTER SODALES

OVER a pipe the Angel of Conversation  
 Loosens with glee the tassels of his purse,  
 And, in a fine spiritual exaltation,  
 Hastens, a rosy spendthrift, to disburse  
 The coins new-minted of imagination.

An amiable, a delicate animation  
 Informs our thought, and earnest we rehearse  
 The sweet old farce of mutual admiration  
                     Over a pipe.

Heard in this hour's delicious divagation  
 How soft the song! the epigram how terse!  
 With what a genius for administration  
 We rearrange the rumbling universe,  
 And map the course of man's regeneration  
                     Over a pipe!

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

## THE MENU

I BEG you come tonight and dine.  
 A welcome waits you, and sound wine,—  
 The Roederer chilly to a charm,  
 As Juno's breath the claret warm,  
 The sherry of an ancient brand.  
 No Persian pomp, you understand,—  
 A soup, a fish, two meats, and then  
 A salad fit for aldermen  
 (When aldermen, alas the days!  
 Were really worth their *mayonnaise*);  
 A dish of grapes whose clusters won  
 Their bronze in Carolinian sun;  
 Next, cheese—for you the Neufchâtel,  
 A bit of Cheshire likes me well;  
*Café au lait* or coffee black,  
 With Kirsch or Kümmel or Cognac

(The German band in Irving Place  
 By this time purple in the face);  
 Cigars and pipes. These being through,  
 Friends shall drop in, a very few—  
 Shakespeare and Milton, and no more.  
 When these are guests I bolt the door,  
 With "Not at Home" to anyone  
 Excepting Alfred Tennyson.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich* [1836-1907]

### AD MINISTRAM\*

AFTER HORACE

DEAR Lucy, you know what my wish is,—  
 I hate all your Frenchified fuss;  
 Your silly entrées and made dishes  
 Were never intended for us.  
 No footman in lace and in ruffles  
 Need dangle behind my arm-chair;  
 And never mind seeking for truffles,  
 Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,  
 I prithee get ready at three:  
 Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,  
 And what better meat can there be?  
 And when it has feasted the master,  
 'Twill amply suffice for the maid;  
 Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,  
 And tipple my ale in the shade.

*William Makepeace Thackeray* [1811-1863]

### A SALAD

To make this condiment, your poet begs  
 The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;  
 Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,  
 Smoothness and softness to the salad give;  
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
 And, half-suspected, animate the whole.  
 Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,  
 Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;

\* For the original of this poem see page 3827.

But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,  
 To add a double quantity of salt;  
 Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca drown,  
 And twice with vinegar procured from town;  
 And, lastly, o'er the flavored compound toss  
 A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.  
 Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!  
 'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat:  
 Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,  
 And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl!  
 Screnely full, the epicure would say,  
 Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.

*Sydney Smith* [1771-1845]

VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT THE  
 ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO ROOM AT  
 THE DEVIL TAVERN

WELCOME all who lead or follow,  
 To the Oracle of Apollo—  
 Here he speaks out of his pottle,  
 Or the tripes, his tower bottle:  
 All his answers are divine,  
 Truth itself doth flow in wine.  
 Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,  
 Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;  
 He the half of life abuses,  
 That sits watering with the Muses.  
 Those dull girls no good can mean us;  
 Wine it is the milk of Venus,  
 And the poet's horse accounted:  
 Ply it, and you all are mounted.  
 'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,  
 Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker,  
 Pays all debts, cures all diseases,  
 And at once three senses pleases.  
 Welcome all who lead or follow,  
 To the Oracle of Apollo.

*Ben Jonson* [1573?-1637]

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of Poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known,  
 Happy field or mossy cavern,  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?  
 Have ye tippled drink more fine  
 Than mine host's Canary wine?  
 Or are fruits of Paradise  
 Sweeter than those dainty pies  
 Of venison? O generous food!  
 Dressed as though bold Robin Hood  
 Would, with his Maid Marian,  
 Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day  
 Mine host's sign-board flew away  
 Nobody knew whither, till  
 An Astrologer's old quill  
 To a sheepskin gave the story,—  
 Said he saw you in your glory,  
 Underneath a new-old Sign  
 Sipping beverage divine,  
 And pledging with contented smack  
 The Mermaid in the Zodiac!

Souls of Poets dead and gone,  
 What Elysium have ye known—  
 Happy field or mossy cavern—  
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

*John Keats* [1795-1821]

"GIVE ME ALE"

WHEN as the chill Sirocco blows,  
 And Winter tells a heavy tale;  
 When pyes and daws and rooks and crows  
 Sit cursing of the frosts and snows;  
 Then give me ale.



Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,  
Such as will make grimalkin prate;  
Bids valor burgeon in tall men,  
Quickens the poet's wit and pen,  
Despises fate.

Ale, that the absent battle fights,  
And frames the march of Swedish drum,  
Disputes with princes, laws, and rights,  
What's done and past tells mortal wights,  
And what's to come.

Ale, that the plowman's heart up-keeps  
And equals it with tyrants' thrones,  
That wipes the eye that over-weeps,  
And lulls in sure and dainty sleeps  
The o'er-wearied bones.

Grandchild of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,  
Wine's emulous neighbor, though but stale,  
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,  
And filling each man's heart with laughter—  
Ha! give me ale!

*Unknown*

### "JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD"

From "Gammer Gurton's Needle"

I CANNOT eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
I nothing am a-cold;  
I stuff my skin so full within  
Of jolly good ale and old.  
Back and side go bare, go bare;  
Both foot and hand go cold;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,  
 And a crab laid in the fire;  
 A little bread shall do me stead;  
 Much bread I not desire.  
 No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,  
 Can hurt me if I wold;  
 I am so wrapped and thoroughly lapped  
 Of jolly good ale and old.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life  
 Loveth well good ale to seek,  
 Full oft drinks she till ye may see  
 The tears run down her cheek:  
 Then doth she trowl to me the bowl  
 Even as a maltworm should,  
 And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part  
 Of this jolly good ale and old."

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,  
 Even as good fellows should do;  
 They shall not miss to have the bliss  
 Good ale doth bring men to;  
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls  
 Or have them lustily trolled,  
 God save the lives of them and their wives,  
 Whether they be young or old.  
 Back and side go bare, go bare;  
 Both foot and hand go cold;  
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
 Whether it be new or old.

*John Still* [1543?-1608]

## DRINK TO-DAY

From "The Bloody Brother"

DRINK to-day, and drown all sorrow;  
 You shall perhaps not do it to-morrow:  
 Best, while you have it, use your breath;  
 There is no drinking after death.

Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,  
 There is no cure 'gainst age but it:  
 It helps the headache, cough, and phthisic,  
 And is for all diseases physic.

Then let us swill, boys, for our health;  
 Who drinks well, loves the commonwealth.  
 And he that will to bed go sober  
 Falls with the leaf still in October.

*John Fletcher [1579-1625]*

CORONEMUS NOS ROSIS ANTEQUAM  
 MARCESCANT

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and rejoice,  
 With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!  
 The changeable world to our joy is unjust,  
     All treasure's uncertain,  
     Then down with your dust!  
 In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,  
 For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

We'll sport and be free with Moll, Betty, and Dolly,  
 Have oysters and lobsters to cure melancholy:  
 Fish-dinners will make a man spring like a flea,  
     Dame Venus, love's lady,  
     Was born of the sea:  
 With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,  
 For we shall be past it a hundred years hence.

Your most beautiful bride who with garlands is crowned  
 And kills with each glance as she treads on the ground,  
 Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such splendor  
     That none but the stars  
     Are thought fit to attend her,  
 Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,  
 Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,  
 Turn all our tranquill'ty to sighs and to tears?

Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do corrupt us,  
'Tis certain, *Post mortem*

*Nulla voluptas.*

For health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and sense,  
Must all come to nothing a hundred years hence.

*Thomas Jordan* [1612?-1685]

## THE EPICURE

AFTER ANACREON

FILL the bowl with rosy wine,  
Around our temples roses twine,  
And let us cheerfully awhile,  
Like the wine and roses, smile.  
Crowned with roses, we contemn  
Gyges' wealthy diadem.

To-day is ours; what do we fear?  
To-day is ours; we have it here!  
Let's treat it kindly, that it may  
Wish, at least, with us to stay.  
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,  
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

*Abraham Cowley* [1618-1667]

## DRINKING

AFTER ANACREON

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,  
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;  
The plants suck in the earth, and are,  
With constant drinking, fresh and fair;  
The sea itself (which one would think  
Should have but little need of drink),  
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,  
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.  
The busy sun (and one would guess  
By's drunken fiery face no less),

Drinks up the sea, and, when he's done,  
The moon and stars drink up the sun:  
They drink and dance by their own light;  
They drink and revel all the night.  
Nothing in nature's sober found,  
But an eternal "health" goes round.  
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high—  
Fill all the glasses there; for why  
Should every creature drink but I?  
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

*Abraham Cowley [1618-1667]*

### THE WINTER GLASS

THEN let the chill Sirocco blow,  
And gird us round with hills of snow;  
Or else go whistle to the shore,  
And make the hollow mountains roar.

Whilst we together jovial sit  
Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit;  
Where though bleak winds confine us home,  
Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to:  
When having drank all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want health than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply  
Our friendships with our charity.  
Men that remote in sorrows live,  
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,  
And those that languish into health,  
The afflicted into joy, the oppressed  
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favor return again more kind,  
And in restraint who stifled lie,  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

## Harry Carey's General Reply 1995

The brave shall triumph in success,  
The lovers shall have mistresses,  
Poor unregarded virtue praise,  
And the neglected poet bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;  
For freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be but what we are?

'Tis the plump grape's immortal juice  
That does this happiness produce,  
And will preserve us free together,  
Maugre mischance, or wind and weather.

Then let old Winter take his course,  
And roar abroad till he be hoarse,  
And his lungs crack with ruthless ire,  
It shall but serve to blow our fire.

Let him our little castle ply  
With all his loud artillery,  
Whilst sack and claret man the fort,  
His fury shall become our sport.

Or, let him Scotland take, and there  
Confine the plotting Presbyter;  
His zeal may freeze, whilst we, kept warm  
With love and wine, can know no harm.

*Charles Cotton [1630-1687]*

### HARRY CAREY'S GENERAL REPLY, TO THE LIBELLING GENTRY, WHO ARE ANGRY AT HIS WELFARE

WITH an honest old friend and a merry old song,  
And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,  
And laugh at the malice of those who repine  
That they must swig porter while I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal though ever so great,  
Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;  
But what I abhor and esteem as a curse  
Is poorness of Spirit, not poorness of Purse.

Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,  
Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;  
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,  
For the more we are envied, the higher we rise.

*Henry Carey* [ ? -1743]

#### GAFFER GRAY

"Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,  
Gaffer Gray,  
And why doth thy nose look so blue?"  
" 'Tis the weather that's cold,  
'Tis I'm grown very old,  
And my doublet is not very new,  
Well-a-day!"

"Then line that warm doublet with ale,  
Gaffer Gray,  
And warm thy old heart with a glass."  
"Nay, but credit I've none,  
And my money's all gone;  
Then say how may that come to pass?  
Well-a-day!"

"Hie away to the house on the brow,  
Gaffer Gray,  
And knock at the jolly priest's door."  
"The priest often preaches  
Against worldly riches,  
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,  
Well-a-day!"

"The lawyer lives under the hill,  
Gaffer Gray,  
Warmly fenced both in back and in front."

## A Reason Fair to Fill My Glass" 1997

"He will fasten his locks,  
And will threaten the stocks,  
Should he evermore find me in want.  
Well-a-day!"

"The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,  
Gaffer Gray,  
And the season will welcome you there."  
"His fat beeves and his beer,  
And his merry new year,  
Are all for the flush and the fair,  
Well-a-day!"

"My keg is but low, I confess,  
Gaffer Gray,  
What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live."  
"The poor man alone,  
When he hears the poor moan,  
Of his morsel a morsel will give,  
Well-a-day."

*Thomas Holcroft [1745-1809]*

### "A REASON FAIR TO FILL MY GLASS"

I've oft been asked by prosing souls  
And men of sober tongue,  
What joys there are in draining bowls  
And tippling all night long?  
But though these cautious knaves I scorn,  
For once I'll not disdain  
To tell them why I drink till morn  
And fill my glass again.

'Tis by the glow my bumper gives  
Life's picture's mellow made;  
The fading light then brightly lives,  
And softly sinks the shade:  
Some happier tint still rises there  
With every drop I drain,  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.



My muse, too, when her wings are dry,  
No frolic flight will take,  
But round the bowl she'll dip and fly  
Like swallows round a lake;  
Then if the nymphs will have their share  
Before they'll bless their swain,  
Why that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

In life I've rung all changes through,  
Run every pleasure down  
'Mid each extreme of folly, too,  
And lived with half the town;  
For me there's nothing new or rare  
Till wine deceives my brain,  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

There's many a lad I knew is dead,  
And many a lass grown old,  
And as the lesson strikes my head  
My weary heart grows cold;  
But wine awhile drives off despair,  
Nay, bids a hope remain,  
Why, that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

I find too when I stint my glass  
And sit with sober air,  
I'm posed by some dull reasoning ass  
Who treads the path of care;  
Or, harder still, am doomed to bear  
Some coxcomb's fribbling strain,  
And that I'm sure's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

Though hipped and vexed at England's fate  
In these convulsive days,  
I can't endure the ruined state  
My sober eye surveys;

## “ Let the Toast Pass ”

1999

But through the bottle's dazzling glare  
The gloom is seen less plain,  
And that I think's a reason fair  
To fill my glass again.

*Charles Morris* [1745-1838]

## “LET THE TOAST PASS”

From “ The School for Scandal ”

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,  
Here's to the widow of fifty;  
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

*Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,  
Now to the maid who has none, sir;  
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,  
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,  
And to her that's as brown as a berry;  
Here's to the wife, with a face full of woe,  
And now to the girl that is merry.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill the pint bumper quite up to the brim,  
So fill up your glasses, nay fill to the brim,  
And let us e'en toast them together.

*Lct the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

*Richard Brinsley Sheridan* [1751-1816]

## THE YEAR THAT'S AWA'

HERE's to the year that's awa'!

We will drink it in strong and in sma';  
And here's to ilk bonnie young lassie we lo'ed,  
While swift flew the year that's awa'.

Here's to the sodger who bled,  
And the sailor who bravely did fa';  
Their fame is alive though their spirits are fled  
On the wings of the year that's awa'.

Here's to the friends we can trust  
When storms of adversity blaw;  
May they live in our songs and be nearest our hearts,  
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.

*John Dunlop [1755-1820]*

## JOHN BARLEYCORN

THERE were three kings into the east,  
Three kings both great and high;  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him down,  
Put clods upon his head;  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,  
And showers began to fall:  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong;  
His head weel armed wi' pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn entered mild,  
When he grew wan and pale;  
His bending joints and drooping head  
Showed he began to fail.

His color sickened more and more,  
He faded into age;  
And then his enemies began  
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee;  
Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgelled him full sore;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit  
With water to the brim:  
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,  
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,  
To work him further woe:  
And still, as signs of life appeared,  
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame  
The marrow of his bones;  
But a miller used him worst of all,  
For he crushed him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,  
And drank it round and round,  
And still the more and more they drank,  
Their joy did more abound.

## Pipe and Can

John Barleycorn was a here bold,  
 Of noble enterprise;  
 For if you do but taste his blood,  
 'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;  
 'Twill heighten all his joy:  
 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,  
 Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,  
 Each man a glass in hand;  
 And may his great posterity  
 Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

*Robert Burns* [1759-1796]

## "FILL THE BUMPER FAIR"

FILL the bumper fair!  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.  
 Wit's electric flame  
 Ne'er so swiftly passes  
 As when through the frame  
 It shoots from brimming glasses.  
*Fill the bumper fair!*  
*Every drop we sprinkle*  
*O'er the brow of Care*  
*Smooths away a wrinkle.*

Sages can, they say,  
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,  
 And bring down its ray  
 From the starred dominions:—  
 So we, Sages, sit,  
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,  
 From the Heaven of Wit  
 Draw down all its lightning.

Wouldst thou know what first  
 Made our souls inherit  
 This ennobling thirst  
 From wine's celestial spirit?  
 It chanced upon that day,  
 When, as bards inform us,  
 Prometheus stole away  
 The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up  
 To Glory's fount aspiring,  
 Took ~~not~~ urn nor cup  
 To hide the pilfered fire in.—  
 But, oh his joy, when, round  
 The halls of Heaven spying,  
 Among the stars he found  
 A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,  
 Remains of last night's pleasure,  
 With which the Sparks of Soul  
 Mixed their burning treasure.  
 Hence the goblet's shower  
 Hath such spells to win us;  
 Hence its mighty power  
 O'er the flame within us.

*Fill the bumper fair!  
 Every drop we sprinkle  
 O'er the brow of Care  
 Smooths away a wrinkle.*

Thomas Moore [1779-1852]

“WREATHE THE BOWL”

WREATHE the bowl  
 With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us;  
 We'll take a flight  
 Towards heaven to-night,

And leave dull earth behind us!  
     Should Love amid  
     The wreaths be hid  
 That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,  
     No danger fear  
     While wine is near—  
 We'll drown him if he stings us.  
     Then, wreathe the bowl  
     With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us;  
     We'll take a flight  
     Towards heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us!

    'Twas nectar fed  
     Of old, 'tis said,  
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;  
     And man may brew  
     His nectar too;  
 The rich receipt's as follows:—  
     Take wine like this;  
     Let looks of bliss  
 Around it well be blended;  
     Then bring Wit's beam  
     To warm the stream,  
 And there's your nectar splendid!  
     So wreathe the bowl  
     With flowers of soul,  
 The brightest Wit can find us;  
     We'll take a flight  
     Towards heaven to-night,  
 And leave dull earth behind us!

    Say, why did Time  
     His glass sublime  
 Fill up with sands unsightly,  
     When wine, he knew,  
     Runs brisker through,  
 And sparkles far more brightly?  
     Oh, lend it us,  
     And, smiling thus,

The glass in two we'd sever,  
    Make pleasure glide  
    In double tide,  
And fill both ends forever!  
    Then wreath the bowl  
    With flowers of soul,  
The brightest Wit can find us;  
    We'll take a flight  
    Towards heaven to-night,  
And leave dull earth behind us!

*Thomas Moore* [1779-1852]

### SAINT PERAY

WHEN to any saint I pray,  
It shall be to Saint Peray.  
He alone, of all the brood,  
Ever did me any good:  
Many I have tried that are  
Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic, faint and sick,  
Once I prayed Saint Dominick:  
He was holy, sure, and wise;—  
Was 't not he that did devise  
Auto da Fès and rosaries?—  
But for one in my condition  
This good saint was no physician.

Next, in pleasant Normandie,  
I made a prayer to Saint Denis,  
In the great cathedral, where  
    All the ancient kings repose;  
But, how I was swindled there  
    At the "Golden Fleece,"—he knows!

In my wanderings, vague and various,  
    Reaching Naples—as I lay  
    Watching Vesuvius from the bay,  
I besought Saint Januarius.  
But I was a fool to try him;



Naught I said could liquefy him;  
And I swear he did me wrong,  
Keeping me shut up so long  
In that pest-house, with obscene  
Jews and Greeks and things unclean—  
What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score,—  
In Spain about as many more,—  
And in Rome almost as many  
As the loves of Don Giovanni,  
Did I pray to—sans reply;  
Devil take the tribe!—said I.

Worn with travel, tired and lame,  
To Assisi's walls I came:  
Sad and full of homesick fancies,  
I addressed me to Saint Francis:  
But the beggar never did  
Anything as he was bid,  
Never gave me aught—but fleas,—  
Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Provence, near Vacluse.  
Hard by the Rhone, I found a Saint  
Gifted with a wondrous juice,  
Potent for the worst complaint.

'Twas at Avignon that first—  
In the witching time of thirst—  
To my brain the knowledge came  
Of this blessed Catholic's name;  
Forty miles of dust that day  
Made me welcome Saint Peray.

Though till then I had not heard  
Aught about him, ere a third  
Of a litre passed my lips,  
All saints else were in eclipse.  
For his gentle spirit glided  
With such magic into mine,  
That methought such bliss as I did  
Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me and refection,—  
 Chastened hopes, calm retrospection,—  
 Softened images of sorrow,  
 Bright forebodings for the morrow,—  
 Charity for what is past,—  
 Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanack  
 The name of this good creature lack?  
 Or wherefore should the breviary  
 Omit a saint so sage and merry?  
 The Pope himself should grant a day  
 Especially to Saint Peray.  
 But, since no day hath been appointed,  
 On purpose, by the Lord's anointed,  
 Let us not wait—we'll do him right;  
 Send round your bottles, Hal—and set your night.

*Thomas William Parsons [1819-1892]*

## SPARKLING AND BRIGHT

SPARKLING and bright in liquid light,  
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in;  
 With hue as red as the rosy bed  
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.  
*Then fill to-night, with hearts as light,  
 To loves as gay and fleeting  
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
 And break on the lips while meeting.*

Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight  
 Of Time through Life's dominions,  
 We here a while would now beguile  
 The graybeard of his pinions,  
*To drink to-night, with hearts as light,  
 To loves as gay and fleeting  
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
 And break on the lips while meeting.*

But since Delight can't tempt the wight,  
 Nor fond Regret delay him,  
 Nor Love himself can hold the elf,  
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,  
*We'll drink to-night, with hearts as light,  
 To loves as gay and fleeting  
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,  
 And break on the lips while meeting.*  
 Charles Fenno Hoffman [1806-1884]

## THE MAHOGANY TREE

CHRISTMAS is here:  
 Winds whistle shrill,  
 Icy and chill,  
 Little care we:  
 Little we fear  
 Weather without,  
 Sheltered about  
 The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs  
 Birds of rare plume  
 Sang, in its bloom;  
 Night-birds are we:  
 Here we carouse,  
 Singing like them,  
 Perched round the stem  
 Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,  
 Boys, as we sit;  
 Laughter and wit  
 Flashing so free.  
 Life is but short—  
 When we are gone,  
 Let them sing on  
 Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,  
 Happy as this;

Faces we miss,  
Pleasant to see.  
Kind hearts and true,  
Gentle and just,  
Peace to your dust!  
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,  
Lurks at the gate:  
Let the dog wait;  
Happy we'll be!  
Drink, every one;  
Pile up the coals,  
Fill the red bowls  
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—  
Friend, art afraid?  
Spirits are laid  
In the Red Sea.  
Mantle it up;  
Empty it yet;  
Let us forget,  
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!  
Life and its ills,  
Duns and their bills,  
Bid we to flee.  
Come with the dawn,  
Blue-devil sprite,  
Leave us to-night  
Round the old tree.

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

TODLIN' HAME

WHEN I ha'e a saxpence under my thoom,  
Then I get credit in ilka toun;  
But aye when I'm puir they bid me gang by,  
Oh, poverty parts gude company!

Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,  
 Couldna' my love come todlin' hame?

Fair fa' the gudewife, and send her gude sale;  
 She gi'es us white bannocks to relish her ale;  
 Syne, if that her tippeny chance to be sma',  
 We tak' a gude scour o't, and ca't awa.

Todlin' hame, todlin' hame,  
 As round as a neep come todlin' hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,  
 Wi' twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet;  
 And aye when we wakened, we drank them dry.  
 What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I?

Todlin' butt, and todlin' ben,  
 Sae round as my love comes todlin' hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin' dow,  
 Ye're aye gude-humored when weetin' your mou'!  
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flea,  
 That 'tis a blithe nicht to the bairns and me,  
 When, todlin' hame, todlin' hame,  
 When, round as a neep, ye come todlin' hame.

*Unknown*

### THE CRUISKEEN LAWN

LET the farmer praise his grounds,  
 Let the huntsman praise his hounds,  
 The shepherd his dew-scented lawn;  
 But I, more blest than they,  
 Spend each happy night and day  
 With my charming little cruiskeen lawn, lawn, lawn,  
 My charming little cruiskeen lawn.

Gra machree ma cruiskeen,  
 Slainté geal mavourneen,  
 's gra machree a cooleen bawn.  
 Gra machree ma cruiskeen,  
 Slainté geal mavourneen,  
 Gra machree a cooleen bawn, bawn, bawn,  
 's gra machree a cooleen bawn.

Immortal and divine,  
Great Bacchus, god of wine,  
    Create me by adoption your son;  
In hope that you'll comply,  
My glass shall ne'er run dry,  
    Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.

And when grim death appears,  
In a few but pleasant years,  
    To tell me that my glass has run;  
I'll say, Begone, you knave,  
For bold Bacchus gave me leave  
    To take another cruiskeen lawn.

Then fill your glasses high,  
Let's not part with lips a-dry,  
    Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;  
And since we can't remain,  
May we shortly meet again,  
    To fill another cruiskeen lawn.

*Unknown*

### GIVE ME THE OLD

Old wine to drink!  
    Ay, give the slippery juice  
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose  
    Within the tun;  
Plucked from beneath the cliff  
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,  
    And ripened 'neath the blink  
    Of India's sun!  
    Peat whiskey hot,  
Tempered with well-boiled water!  
These make the long night shorter,—  
    Forgetting not  
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!  
Ay, bring the hill-side beech  
From where the owlets meet and screech,

And ravens croak;  
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;  
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,  
Dug 'neath the fern;  
The knotted oak,  
A fagot too, perhap,  
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,  
Shall light us at our drinking;  
While the oozing sap  
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!  
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,  
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,  
Time-honored tomes!  
The same my sire scanned before,  
The same my grandsire thumbèd o'er,  
The same his sire from college bore,  
The well-earned meed  
Of Oxford's domes:  
Old Homer blind,  
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by  
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lic;  
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,  
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!  
And Gervase Markham's venerie—  
Nor leave behind  
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!  
Ay, bring those chosen few,  
The wise, the courtly, and the true,  
So rarely found;  
Him for my wine, him for my stud,  
Him for my easel, distich, bud  
In mountain-walk!  
Bring Walter good,  
With soulful Fred, and learnèd Will,  
And thee, my alter ego (dearer still  
For every mood).

These add a bouquet to my wine!  
 These add a sparkle to my pine!  
 If these I tine,  
 Can books, or fire, or wine be good?

*Robert Hinckley Messinger [1811-1874]*

# THE SPIRIT OF WINE

*The Spirit of Wine  
 Sang in my glass, and I listened  
 With love to his odorous music,  
 His flushed and magnificent song.*

—"I am health, I am heart, I am life!  
 For I give for the asking  
 The fire of my father, the Sun,  
 And the strength of my mother, the Earth.  
 Inspiration in essence,  
 I am wisdom and wit to the wise,  
 His visible muse to the poet,  
 The soul of desire to the lover,  
 The genius of laughter to all.

"Come, lean on me, ye that are weary!  
 Rise, ye faint-hearted and doubting!  
 Haste, ye that lag by the way!  
 I am Pride, the consoler;  
 Valor and Hope are my henchmen;  
 I am the Angel of Rest.

"I am life, I am wealth, I am fame:  
 For I captain an army  
 Of shining and generous dreams;  
 And mine, too, all mine, are the keys  
 Of that secret spiritual shrine,  
 Where, his work-a-day soul put by,  
 Shut in with his saint of saints—  
 With his radiant and conquering self—  
 Man worships, and talks, and is glad.



"Come, sit with me, ye that are lonely,  
 Ye that are paid with disdain,  
 Ye that are chained, and would soar!  
 I am beauty and love;  
 I am friendship, the comforter;  
 I am that which forgives and forgets."—

*The Spirit of Wine*

*Sang in my heart, and I triumphed  
 In the savor and scent of his music,  
 His magnetic and mastering song.*

*William Ernest Henley [1849-1903]*

# "DAY AND NIGHT MY THOUGHTS INCLINE"

DAY and night my thoughts incline  
 To the blandishments of wine:  
 Jars were made to drain, I think,  
 Wine, I know, was made to drink.

When I die, (the day be far!)  
 Should the potters make a jar  
 Out of this poor clay of mine,  
 Let the jar be filled with wine!

*Richard Henry Stoddard [1825-1903]*

## FALSTAFF'S SONG

WHERE'S he that died o' Wednesday?  
 What place on earth hath he?  
 A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,  
 Where worms approaching be;  
 For the wight that died o' Wednesday,  
 Just laid the light below,  
 Is dead as the varlet turned to clay  
 A score of years ago.

Where's he that died o' Sabba' day?  
 Good Lord, I'd not be he!  
 The best of days is foul enough  
 From this world's fare to flee;

And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,  
 With his grave turf yet to grow,  
 Is dead as the sinner brought to pray  
 A hundred years ago.

Where's he that died o' yesterday?  
 What better chance hath he  
 To clink the can and toss the pot  
 When this night's junkets be?  
 For the lad that died o' yesterday  
 Is just as dead—ho! ho!—  
 As the whoreson knave men laid away  
 A thousand years ago.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman* [1833-1908]

# THE MALTWORM'S MADRIGAL

I DRINK of the Ale of Southwark, I drink of the Ale of  
 Chepe;

At noon I dream on the settle; at night I cannot sleep;  
 For my love, my love it groweth; I waste me all the day;  
 And when I see sweet Alison, I know not what to say.

The sparrow when he spieth his Dear upon the tree,  
 He beateth-to his little wing; he chirketh lustily;  
 But when I see sweet Alison, the words begin to fail;  
 I wot that I shall die of Love—an I die not of Ale.

Her lips are like the muscadel; her brows are black as ink;  
 Her eyes are bright as beryl stones that in the tankard wink;  
 But when she sees me coming, she shrilleth out—"Te-Hee!  
 Fye on thy ruddy nose, Cousin, what lackest thou of me?

"Fye on thy ruddy nose, Cousin! Why be thine eyes so  
 small?

Why go thy legs tap-lappetty like men that fear to fall?  
 Why is thy leathern doublet besmeared with stain and spot?  
 Go to. Thou art no man (she saith)—thou art a Pottle-  
 pot!"

"No man," i' faith. "No man!" she saith. And "Pottle-pot" thereto!

"Thou sleepest like our dog all day; thou drink'st as fishes do."

I would that I were Tibb the dog; he wags at her his tail;  
Or would that I were fish, in truth, and all the sea were Ale!

So I drink of the Ale of Southwark, I drink of the Ale of  
Chepe;

All day I dream in the sunlight; I dream and eke I weep,  
But little lore of loving can any flagon teach,

For when my tongue is loosèd most, then most I lose my  
speech.

*Austin Dobson* [1840-1921]

### THE POWER OF MALT

WHY, if 'tis dancing you would be,  
There's brisker pipes than poetry.  
Say, for what were hop-yards meant,  
Or why was Burton built on Trent?  
Oh, many a peer of England brews  
Livelier liquor than the Muse,  
And malt does more than Milton can  
To justify God's ways to man.  
Ale, man, ale's the stuff to drink  
For fellows whom it hurts to think:  
Look into the pewter pot  
To see the world as the world's not.

*Alfred Edward Housman* [1859-1936]

### A STEIN SONG

From "Spring"

GIVE a rouse, then, in the Maytime  
For a life that knows no fear!  
Turn night-time into daytime  
With the sunlight of good cheer!  
For it's always fair weather  
When good fellows get together,  
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba,  
 And the birds are on the wing,  
 And our hearts are patting juba  
 To the banjo of the spring,  
 Then it's no wonder whether  
 The boys will get together,  
 With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

For we're all frank-and-twenty  
 When the spring is in the air;  
 And we've faith and hope a-plenty,  
 And we've life and love to spare;  
 And it's birds of a feather  
 When we all get together,  
 With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious,  
 And the goal a golden thing,  
 And that God is not censorious  
 When his children have their fling;  
 And life slips its tether  
 When the boys get together,  
 With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

*Richard Hovey [1864-1900]*

# THE KAVANAGH

A STONE jug and a pewter mug,  
 And a table set for three!  
 A jug and a mug at every place,  
 And a biscuit or two with Briel  
 Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,  
 And a cheese like crusted foam!  
 The Kavanagh receives to-night!  
 McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!  
 And a health to the one away,  
 Who drifts down careless Italy,  
 God's wanderer and estray!

For friends are more than Arno's store  
Of garnered charm, and he  
Were blither with us here the night  
Than Titian bids him be.

Throw ope the window to the stars,  
And let the warm night in!  
Who knows what revelry in Mars  
May rhyme with rouse akin?  
Fill up and drain the loving cup  
And leave no drop to waste!  
The moon looks in to see what's up—  
Begad, she'd like a taste!

What odds if Leinster's kingly roll  
Be now an idle thing?  
The world is his who takes his toll,  
A vagrant or a king.  
What though the crown be melted down,  
And the heir a gypsy roam?  
The Kavanagh receives to-night!  
McMurrough is at home!

We three and the barley-bree!  
And the moonlight on the floor!  
Who were a man to do with less?  
What emperor has more?  
Three stone jugs of Cruiskeen Lawn,  
And three stout hearts to drain  
A slanter to the truth in the heart of youth  
And the joy of the love of men.

*Richard Hovey* [1864-1900]

# GLINTS O' SUNSHINE

## SONG

From "Love's Labor's Lost"

### I—SPRING

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,  
Cuckoo;  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, — O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

### II — WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
Tu-who;  
Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
     Tu-who;  
 Tu-whit, tu-who,—a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.  
     *William Shakespeare [1564-1616]*

### THE WIDOW

THE widow can bake, and the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, an' the widow can sew,  
 An' mony braw things the widow can do;  
 Then have at the widow, my laddie.  
 Wi' courage attack her baith early an' late;  
 To kiss her an' clap her ye maunna be blate:  
 Speak weel, an' do better: for that's the best gate  
 To win a young widow, my laddie.

The widow she's youthfu', an' never ae hair  
 The waur o' the wearing, an' has a good skair  
 O' everything lovely; she's witty an' fair,  
 An' has a rich jointure, my laddie.  
 What could ye wish better, your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 Wi' naithing but draw in your stool and sit down,  
 An' sport wi' the widow, my laddie.

Then till her, an' kill her wi' courtesy dead,  
 Though stark love an' kindness be a' ye can plead;  
 Be heartsome an' airy, an' hope to succeed  
 Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.  
 Strike iron while it's het, if ye'd have it to wald;  
 For fortune ay favors the active an' bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thoughtless an' cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

*Allan Ramsay [1686-1758]*

# SNEEZING

WHAT a moment, what a doubt!  
 All my nose is inside out, —  
 All my thrilling, tickling caustic,  
 Pyramid rhinocerostic,  
 Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!  
 How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,  
 How with rapturous torment wrings me!  
 Now says, "Sneeze, you fool,—get through it."  
 Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most del-ishi—  
 Ishi—ishi—most del-ishi!  
 (Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)  
 Snuff is a delicious thing.

*Leigh Hunt [1784-1859]*

## CAUTIONARY VERSES TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES

My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun  
 That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun;  
 Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an  
 offence

It is to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

For instance, ale may make you ail, your aunt an ant may  
 kill,

You in a vale may buy a veil, and Bill may pay the bill.

Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover, it may be

A peer appears upon the pier, who, blind, still goes to sea.

Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept our  
 greeting,

'Tis meet that men who meet to eat should eat their meat  
 when meeting.

Brawn on the board's no bore indeed, although from boar  
 prepared;

Nor can the fowl, on which we feed, foul feeding be declared.

Thus one ripe fruit may be a pear, and yet be pared again,  
 And still be one, which seemeth rare until we do explain.



It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample care:  
For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow  
hair?

A fat man's gait may make us smile, who have no gate to  
close:

The farmer sitting on his stile no stylish person knows:  
Perfumers men of scents must be; some Scilly men are  
bright;

A brown man oft deep read we see, a black a wicked wight.

Most wealthy men good manors have, however vulgar they;  
And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they play;  
So poets can't the baize obtain, unless their tailors choose;  
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek  
the Mews.

The dyer who by dycing lives, a dire life maintains;  
The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from his panes:  
By gardeners thyme is tied, 'tis true, when spring is in its  
prime;

But time or tide won't wait for you, if you are tied for time.

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun;  
A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously  
shun:

The fault admits of no defence; for wheresoe'er 'tis found,  
You sacrifice for sound the sense: the sense is never sound.

So let your words and actions too, one single meaning prove,  
And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love:  
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task  
is done;

But parents ne'er should let you go unpunished for a pun.

*Theodore Edward Hook [1788-1841]*

## A CREDO

For the sole edification  
Of this decent congregation,  
Goodly people, by your grant  
I will sing a holy chant—

I will sing a holy chant.  
If the ditty sound but oddly,  
'Twas a father, wise and godly,  
Sang it so long ago—  
Then sing as Martin Luther sang,  
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:  
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long!"

He, by custom patriarchal,  
Loved to see the beaker sparkle;  
And he thought the wine improved,  
Tasted by the lips he loved—

By the kindly lips he loved.  
Friends, I wish this custom pious  
Duly were observèd by us,  
To combine love, song, wine,  
And sing as Martin Luther sang,  
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:  
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long!"

Who refuses this our Credo,  
And who will not sing as we do,  
Were he holy as John Knox,  
I'd pronounce him heterodox!

I'd pronounce him heterodox,  
And from out this congregation,  
With a solemn commination,  
Banish quick the heretic,  
Who will not sing as Luther sang,  
As Doctor Martin Luther sang:  
"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,  
He is a fool his whole life long!"

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

### THE LAY OF THE LEVITE

THERE is a sound that's dear to me,  
It haunts me in my sleep;  
I wake, and, if I hear it not,  
I cannot choose but weep.

Above the roaring of the wind,  
 Above the river's flow,  
 Methinks I hear the mystic cry  
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

The exile's song, it thrills among  
 The dwellings of the free;  
 Its sound is strange to English ears,  
 But 'tis not strange to me;  
 For it hath shook the tented field  
 In ages long ago,  
 And hosts have quailed before the cry  
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

O, lose it not! forsake it not.  
 And let no time efface  
 The memory of that solemn sound,  
 The watchword of our race;  
 For not by dark and eagle eye,  
 The Hebrew shall ye know,  
 So well as by the plaintive cry  
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

Even now, perchance, by Jordan's banks,  
 Or Sidon's sunny walls,  
 Where, dial-like, to portion time  
 The palm-tree's shadow falls,  
 The pilgrims, wending on their way,  
 Will linger as they go,  
 And listen to the distant cry  
 Of "Clo!—old Clo!"

*William Edmondstoune Aytoun [1813-1865]*

### EARLY RISING

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"  
 So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:  
 And bless him, also, that he didn't keep  
 His great discovery to himself; nor try  
 To make it—as the lucky fellow might—  
 A close monopoly by natent-right!

Yes; bless the man who first invented sleep  
(I really can't avoid the iteration);  
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,  
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,  
Who first invented, and went round advising,  
That artificial cut-off,—Early Rising!

“Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,”  
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;  
Maxims like these are very cheaply said:  
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,  
Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,  
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed  
Is in the morning, if I reason right;  
And he who cannot keep his precious head  
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,  
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,  
Is up to knavery, or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sang about the “Seasons,” said  
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;  
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,  
At ten o'clock, A. M.,—the very reason  
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,  
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—  
Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—  
But when, alas! a nice review we take  
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,  
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep  
Are those we passed in childhood, or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile  
For the soft visions of the gentle night;  
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,  
To live as only in the angels' sight,  
In sleep's sweet realm so cozily shut in,  
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So let us sleep and give the Maker praise.

I like the lad who, when his father thought  
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase  
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,  
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all surprising;  
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

*John Godfrey Saxe [1816-1887]*

### EL CAPITAN-GENERAL

THERE was a captain-general who ruled in Vera Cruz,  
And what we used to hear of him was always evil news:  
He was a pirate on the sea—a robber on the shore,  
The Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

There was a Yankee skipper who round about did roam;  
His name was Stephen Folger, and Nantucket was his home:  
And having gone to Vera Cruz, he had been skinned full sore  
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

But having got away alive, though all his cash was gone,  
He said, "If there is vengeance, I will surely try it on!  
And I do wish I may be damned if I don't clear the score  
With Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

He shipped a crew of seventy men—well-armed men were  
they,  
And sixty of them in the hold he darkly stowed away;  
And, sailing back to Vera Cruz, was sighted from the shore  
By the Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

With twenty-five soldados he came on board so pleased,  
And said, "*Maldito* Yankee—again your ship is seized.  
How many sailors have you got?" Said Folger, "Ten—or  
more,"

To the Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"But come into my cabin and take a glass of wine.  
I do suppose, as usual, I'll have to pay a fine:

I have got some old Madeira, and we'll talk the matter o'er—  
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

And as over that Madeira the captain-general boozed,  
It seemed to him as if his head was getting quite confused;  
For it happened that some morphine had travelled from  
"the store"

To the glass of Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

"What is it makes the vessel roll? What sounds are these  
I hear?

It seems as if the rising waves were beating on my ear!"—  
"Oh, it is the breaking of the surf—just that and nothing  
more,  
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador!"

The governor was in a sleep which muddled all his brains;  
The seventy men had got his gang and put them all in chains;  
And when he woke the following day he could not see the  
shore,  
For he was out on the blue water—the Don San Salvador.

"Now do you see that yard-arm—and understand the  
thing?"

Said Captain Folger. "For all from that yard-arm you  
shall swing,

Or forty thousand dollars you shall pay me from your store,  
My Captain Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador."

The Capitano took a pen—the order he did sign—

"O Señor Yankee! but you charge amazing high for wine!"  
But 'twas not till the draft was paid they let him go ashore,  
El Señor Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

The greatest sharp some day will find another sharper wit;  
It always makes the Devil laugh to see a biter bit;  
It takes two Spaniards any day to come a Yankee o'er—  
Even two like Don Alonzo Estabán San Salvador.

*Charles Godfrey Leland [1824-1903]*

## THE LEGEND OF HEINZ VON STEIN

Out rode from his wild, dark castle  
The terrible Heinz von Stein;  
He came to the door of a tavern,  
And gazed on the swinging sign.

He sat himself down at a table,  
And growled for a bottle of wine;  
Up came with a flask and a corkscrew  
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then, seized with a deep love-longing,  
He uttered, "O damosel mine,  
Suppose you just give a few kisses  
To the valorous Ritter von Stein!"

But she answered, "The kissing business  
Is entirely out of my line;  
And I certainly will not begin it  
On a countenance ugly as thine!"

Oh, then the bold knight was angry,  
And cursed both coarse and fine;  
And asked, "How much is the swindle  
For your sour and nasty wine?"

And fiercely he rode to the castle,  
And sat himself down to dine;  
And this is the dreadful legend  
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

*Charles Godfrey Leland [1824-1903]*

## HALLOWE'EN

Of a' the festivals we hear,  
Frae Handsel-Monday till New Year,  
There's few in Scotland held mair dear  
For mirth, I ween,  
Or yet can boast o' better cheer,  
Than Hallowe'en.

Langsyne indeed, as now in climes  
Where priests for siller pardon crimes,  
The kintry 'round in Popish rhymes  
Did pray and graen;  
But customs vary wi' the times  
At Hallowe'en.

Ranged round a bleezing ingleside,  
Where nowther could nor hunger bide,  
The farmer's house, wi' secret pride,  
Will a' convene;  
For that day's wark is thrown aside  
At Hallowe'en.

Placed at their head the gudewife sits,  
And deals round apples, pears, and nits;  
Syne tells her guests, how, at sic bits  
Where she has been,  
Bogle's ha'e gart folk tyne their wits  
At Hallowe'en.

Grieved, she recounts how, by mischance,  
Puir pussy's forced a' night to prance  
Wi' fairies, wha in thousands dance  
Upon the green,  
Or sail wi' witches owre to France  
At Hallowe'en.

Syne, issued frae the gardy-chair,  
For that's the seat of empire there,  
To co'er the table wi' what's rare,  
Commands are gi'en;  
That a' fu' daintily may fare  
At Hallowe'en.

And when they've toomed ilk heapit plate,  
And a' things are laid out o' gate,  
To ken their matrimonial mate,  
The youngsters keen  
Search a' the dark decrees o' fate  
At Hallowe'en.



A' things prepared in order due,  
 Gosh guide's! what fearfu' pranks ensue!  
 Some i' the kiln-pat thraw a clew,  
     At whilk, bedene,  
 Their sweethearts by the far end pu'  
     At Hallowe'en.

Ithers, wi' some uncanny gift,  
 In an auld barn a riddle lift,  
 Where, thrice pretending corn to sift,  
     Wi' charms between,  
 Their joy appears, as white as drift,  
     At Hallowe'en.

But 'twere a langsome tale to tell  
 The gates o' ilka charm and spell;  
 Ance, gaen to saw hampseed himsel',  
     Puir Jock Maclean,  
 Plump in a filthy peat-pot fell  
     At Hallowe'en.

Half filled wi' fear, and droukit weel,  
 He frae the mire dught hardly speel;  
 But frae that time the silly chiel  
     Did never grien  
 To cast his cantrips wi' the Deil  
     At Hallowe'en.

O Scotland! famed for scenes like this,  
 That thy sons walk where wisdom is,  
 Till death in everlasting bliss  
     Shall steek their e'en,  
 Will ever be the constant wish  
     of

Jockie Mein.

*John Mayne* [1759-1836]

YAW, DOT IS SO!

YAW, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
 "Dis vorldt vas all a fleeting show!"  
     I shmokes mine pipe,  
     I trinks mine bier,

Und efry day to vork I go;  
 "Dis worlde vas all a fleeting show;"  
 Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
 I don't got mooch down here below.  
 I eadt und trink,  
 I vork und sleep,  
 Und find out, as I oldter grow,  
 I haf a hardter row to hoe;  
 Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
 Dis worlde don't gife me half a show;  
 Somedings to vear,  
 Some food to eadt;  
 Vot else? Shust vait a minude, dough;  
 Katrina, und der poys! oho!  
 Yaw, dot is so!

Yaw, dot is so! yaw, dot is so!  
 Dis worlde don't been a fleeting show.  
 I haf mine frau,  
 I haf mine poys  
 To sheer me, daily, as I go;  
 Dot's pest as anydings I know;  
 Yaw, dot is so!

*Charles Follen Adams [1842-*

## TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Two honder year ago de worl' is purty slow,  
 Even folk upon dis countree 's not so smart,  
 Den who is travel roun' an' look out de pleasan' groun'  
 For gecv' de Yankee peop' a leetle start?  
 I'll tole you who dey were, de beeg, rough voyageurs,  
 Wit' deir cousin w'at you call coureurs de bois,  
 Dat's fightin' all de tam, an' never care a dam,  
 An' ev'ry wan dem feller he's come from Canadaw  
 Baptême!  
 He's comin' all de way from Canadaw.

But He watch dem, le bon Dieu, for He's got some work to do,

An' He won't trust ev'rybody, no siree!

Only full-blood Canadien, lak Marquette an' Hennepin,

An' w'at you t'ink of Louis Verandrye?

On church of Bonsecours! makin' ready for de tour,

See dem down upon de knee, all prayin' dere—

Wit' de paddle on de han' ev'ry good Canadien man,

An' after dey be finish, hooraw for anyw'ere.

Yass, sir!

Dey're ready now for goin' anyw'ere.

De nort' win' know dem well, an' de prairie grass can tell

How often it is trample by de ole tam botte sauvage—

An' gray wolf on hees den kip very quiet, w'en

He hear dem boy a' singin' upon de long portage,

An' de night would fin' dem lie wit' deir faces on de sky,

An' de breeze would come an' w'isper on deir ear

'Bout de wife an' sweetheart dere on Soreal an' Trois Rivieres

Dey may never leev to see anoder year.

Dat's true,

Dey may never leev to kiss anoder year.

An' you'll know de place dey go, from de canyon down below,

Or de mountain wit' hees nose above de cloud,

De lak among de hill, w'ere de grizzly drink hees fill,

Or de rapid on de reever roarin' loud.

Ax de wil' deer if de flash of de ole Tree Reeve sash

He don't see it on de woods of Illinois,

An' de musk-ox as he go, w'ere de camp-fire melt de snow,

De smell he still remember of tabac Canadien!

Ha! Ha!

It's hard forgettin' smell of tabac Canadien!

So, ma frien', de Yankee man, he mus' try an' understan',

W'en he holler for dat flag de Star an' Stripe,

If he's little win' still lef' an' no danger hurt hese'f,

Den he better geev anoder cheer, ba cripe!

For de flag of la belle France, dat show de way across

From Louisbourg to Florida an' back.

## Wreck of the "Julie Plante" 2033

So raise it ev'ryw'ere, lak' de ole tam voyageurs,  
W'en you hear of de la Salle an' Cadillac—

Hooraw!

For de flag of de la Salle an' Cadillac.

*William Henry Drummond* [1854-1907]

### WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE"

ON wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"  
Got scar't an' run below;  
For de win' she blow lak hurricane,  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
Wan arpent from de shore.

De Captinne walk on de fronte deck,  
An' walk de hin' deck, too—  
He call de crew from up de hole  
He call de cook also.  
De cook she's name was Rosie,  
She come from Montreal,  
Was chambre maid on lumber barge.  
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'—cas'—wes'—  
De sout' win' she blow, too,  
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher Captinne,  
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"  
Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre,  
But still de scow she dreef,  
De crew he can't pass on de shore,  
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark, lak' one black cat,  
De wave run high an' fas',  
W'en de Captinne tak' de Rosie girl  
An' tie her to de mas'.

Den he also tak' de life preserve,  
 An' jomp off on de lak',  
 An' say, "Good by, ma Rosie dear,  
 I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' mornin' very early,  
 'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—  
 De Captinne, scow, an' de poor Rosie  
 Was corpses on de shore;  
 For de win' she blow lak' hurricane  
 Bimeby she blow some more,  
 An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
 Wan arpent from de shore.

## MORAL

Now, all good wood scow sailor man  
 Tak' warning by dat storm,  
 An' go an' marry some nice French girl  
 An' leev on wan beeg farm;  
 De win' can blow lak' hurricane,  
 An' s'pose she blow some more,  
 You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre,  
 So long you stay on shore.

*William Henry Drummond [1854-1907]*

## HUMPTY DUMPTY

*"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;  
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;  
 Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men  
 Could set Humpty Dumpty up again."*

FULL many a project that never was hatched  
 Falls down, and gets shattered beyond being patched;  
 And luckily, too! for if all came to chickens,  
 Then things without feathers might go to the dickens.

If each restless unit that moves among men  
 Might climb to a place with the privileged "ten,"  
 Pray tell us where all the commotion would stop!  
 Must the whole pan of milk, forsooth, rise to the top?

If always the statesman attained to his hopes,  
And grasped the great helm, who would stand by the ropes?  
Or if all dainty fingers their duties might choose,  
Who would wash up the dishes, and polish the shoes?

Suppose every aspirant writing a book  
Contrived to get published, by hook or by crook;  
Geologists then of a later creation  
Would be startled, I fancy, to find a formation  
Proving how the poor world did most woefully sink  
Beneath mountains of paper, and oceans of ink!

Or even suppose all the women were married;  
By whom would superfluous babies be carried?  
Where would be the good aunts that should knit all the  
stockings?

Or nurses, to do up the singings and rockings?  
Wise spinsters, to lay down their wonderful rules,  
And with theories rare to enlighten the fools,—  
Or to look after orphans, and primary schools?

No! Failure's a part of the infinite plan;  
Who finds that he can't, must give way to who can;  
And as one and another drops out of the race.  
Each stumbles at last to his suitable place.

So the great scheme works on,—though, like eggs from the  
wall,  
Little single designs to such ruin may fall,  
That not all the world's might, of its horses or men,  
Could set their crushed hopes at the summit again.

*Adeline D. T. Whitney* [1824-1906]

### STRICTLY GERM-PROOF

THE Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup  
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gamboled up;  
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undis-  
guised;—  
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease;  
 They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;  
 They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope  
 And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphrueted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;  
 They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled  
     shears;  
 They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the  
     hand  
 And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;  
 They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;  
 And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—  
 The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

*Arthur Guilerman* [1871-

### CAVE SEDEM!

BEWARE the deadly Sitting habit,  
 Or, if you sit, be like the rabbit,  
 Who keepeth ever on the jump  
 By springs concealed beneath his rump.

A little ginger 'neath the tail  
 Will oft for lack of brains avail;  
 Eschew the dull and slothful Seat,  
 And move about with willing feet!

Man was not made to sit a-trance,  
 And press, and press, and press his pants;  
 But rather, with an open mind,  
 To circulate among his kind.

And so, my son, avoid the snare  
 Which lurks within a cushioned chair;  
 To run like hell, it has been found,  
 Both feet must be upon the ground.

*Theodore F. MacManus* [1872-

## REVIVAL HYMN

From "Uncle Remus"

OH, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,  
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?  
How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late  
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?

No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!  
De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer,  
Sin's es sharp ez a bamboo-brier—  
Oh, Lord! fetch the mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a-stan'in' all aroun',  
Who's a gwine ter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-crown?  
Who's gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol',  
En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll?

You better come now ef you comin'—  
Ole Satun is loose en a bummin'—  
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin'—  
Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,  
En de Pairidise win' blow fur en blow strong,  
En Aberham's bosom, hit's saft en hit's wide,  
En right dar's de place whar de sinners oughter hidel

Oh, you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a lookin';  
Ef you fool wid ole Satun you'll git took in;  
You'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,  
Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place—  
Lct de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo' face;  
Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,  
En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.

No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,  
De sun mustn't set on yo' sorrer—  
Sin's es sharp ez a bamboo-brier,  
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

*Joel Chandler Harris [1848-1908]*



## THE POWER OF PRAYER

## THE FIRST STEAMBOAT UP THE ALABAMA

You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does meet.

De Lord, *He* made dese black-jack roots to twis' into a seat.  
Umph, dar! De Lord have mussy on dis blin' ole nigger's feet.

It pear to me dis mornin' I kin smell de fust o' June,  
I 'clar, I b'lieve dat mockin'-bird could play de fiddle soon!  
Dem yonder town-bells sounds like dey was ringin' in de moon.

Well, ef dis nigger *is* been blin' for fo'ty years or mo',  
Dese ears dey sees de world, like th'u' de cracks dat's in de do';  
For de Lord has built dis cabin wid de winders hind and 'fo'.

I know my front ones *is* stopped up, and things is sort o' dim;  
But den, th'u' *dem* temptations vain won't leak in on ole Jim!  
De back ones shows me earth enough, aldo' dey's mons'ous slim.

And as for Hebben—bless de Lord, and praise His holy name!  
*Dat* shines in all de co'ners o' dis cabin jes' de same  
As ef dat cabin hadn't nar a plank upon de frame!

Who *call* me? Listen down the ribber, Dinah! Don't you hyar  
Somebody holl'in' "*Hoo, Jim, hoo?*" My Sarah died las' y'ar;  
*Is* dat black angel done come back to call ole Jim from hyar?

My stars! dat can't be Sarah—shuh, jes' listen, Dinah, *now!*  
What kin be comin' up dat bend, a-makin' sich a row?  
Fus' bellerin', like a pawin' bull, den squealin' like a sow!

De Lord 'a' massy sakes alive! jes' hear—*Ker-woof! Ker-woof!*

De Debble's comin' round dat bend—he's comin', shuh enuff, A-splashin' up de water wid his tail and wid his hoof!

I'se pow'ful skeered; but neversomeless I ain't gwine run away;

I'm gwine to stan' stiff-legged for de Lord dis blessed day;  
You screech, and howl, and swish de water, Satan! Let us pray:

*O hebbently Mahs'r, what Thou willest dat mus' be jes' so,  
And ef Thou hast bespoke de word, some nigger's boun' to go.  
Den, Lord, please take ole Jim, and lef young Dinah hyar below!*

*Scuse Dinah, scuse her, Mahs'r; for she's sich a little chile,  
She hardly jes' begin to scramble up the home-yard stile;  
But dis old traveller's feet been tired dis many an' many a mile.*

*I'se wufless as de rotten pole o' las' year's fodder-stack;  
De rheumatiz done bit my bones: you hyar 'em crack and crack?  
I can't sit down 'dout gruntin' like 'twas breakin' o' my back.*

*What use de wheel when hub and spokes is warped and split  
and rotten?*

*What use dis dried up cotton-stalk when Life done picked my  
cotton?*

*I'se like a word, dat somebody done said, and den forgotten.*

*But Dinah! Shuh! dat gal jes' like dis little hick'ry-tree,  
De sap 's jis risin' in her; she do grow owdaciouslee—  
Lord, ef you's clarin' de underbrush, don't cut her down—cut  
me!*

*I would not proud presume—but yet I'll boldly make reques',  
Sence Jacob had dat wastlin' match, I, too, gwine do my bes';  
When Jacob got all underholt, de Lord He answered, Yes!*

*And what for waste de wittles now, and th'ow away de bread?  
Jes' for to strength dese idle hands to scratch dis ole bald head?  
Tink of de 'conomy. Mahs'r, ef dis ole Jim was dead!*

I calls dat a plain watermillion, you scamp, en I knows  
whah it growed;

It come fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel', dah on t'er side er de  
road.

You stole it, you rascal—you stole it! I watched you fum  
down in de lot.

En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger, you won't eb'n be a  
grease spot!

*I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy!* go cut me a hick'ry—make  
'ase!

En cut me de toughes' an keenes' you c'n fine anywhah on  
de place.

I'll l'arn you, Mr. Wi'yum Joe Vettters, ter steal en ter lie,  
you young sinner,

Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy, en makin' her leave  
cookin' dinner!

Now ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, suh? I is. I's ashamed  
you's my son!

En de holy accorjun angel he's ashamed er wut you has  
done;

En he done tuk it down up yander in coal-black, blood-red  
letters—

“One watermillion stoled by Wi'yum Josephus Vettters.”

En wut you s'posin' Brer Bascom, yo' teacher at Sunday  
school,

'Ud say ef he knowed how you's broke de good Lawd's Gol'n  
Rule?

Boy, whah's de raisin' I give you? Is you boun' fuh ter be a  
black villiun?

I's s'prised dat a chile er yo' mammy 'ud steal any man's  
watermillion.

En I's now gwiner cut it right open, en you shain't have  
narry bite,

Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—en dat in de day's  
broad light—

Ain't—*Lawdy!* it's GREEN! Mirandy! Mi-ran-dy! come on  
wi' dat switch!

*Well*, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion! who ever heerd tell  
er des sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y, you thump 'um, en w'en  
dey go pank dey is green;

But when dey go *punk*, now you mine me, dey's ripe—en  
dat's des wut I mean.

En nex' time you hooks watermillions—you heered me, you  
ign'ant young hunk,

Ef you don't want a lickin' all over, be sho dat dey allers  
go “punk!”

*Harrison Robertson* [1856-1939]

### A PLANTATION DITTY

DE gray owl sing fum de chimbly top:

“Who—who—is—you-oo?”

En I say: “Good Lawd, hit's des po' me,

En I ain't quite ready fer de Jasper Sea;

I'm po' en sinful, en you 'lowed I'd be;

Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell ter-morrer!”

De gray owl sing fum de cypress tree:

“Who—who—is—you-oo?”

En I say: “Good Lawd, ef you look you'll see

Hit ain't nobody but des po' me,

En I like ter stay 'twell my time is free;

Oh, wait, good Lawd, 'twell ter-morrer!”

*Frank L. Stanton* [1857-1927]

### ANGELINA

WHEN de fiddle gits to singin' out a ol' Vahginny reel,  
An' you 'mence to feel a ticklin' in yo' toe an' in yo' heel;  
Ef you t'ink you got 'uligion an' you wants to keep it, too,  
You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git yo'self clean out o' view.  
Case de time is mighty temptin' when de chune is in de swing,  
Fu' a darky, saint or sinner man, to cut de pigeon-wing.  
An' you couldn't he'p f'om dancin' ef yo' feet was boun' wif  
twine,

When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Don't you know Miss Angelina? She's de da'lin' of de place.  
W'y, dey ain't no high-toned lady wif sich manna's an'  
sich grace.

She kin move across de cabin, wif its planks all rough an'  
wo',

Jes' de same's ef she was dancin' on ol' mistus' ball-room flo'.  
Fact is, you do' see no cabin—evaht'ing you see look grand,  
An' dat one ol' squeaky fiddle soun' to you jes' lak a ban';  
Cotton britches look lak broadclof an' a linsey dress look fine,  
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Some folks say dat dancin's sinful, an' de blessed Lawd, dey  
say,

Gwine to punish us fu' steppin' w'en we hyeah de music  
play.

But I tell you I don' b'lieve it, fu' de Lawd is wise and good,  
An' he made de banjo's metal an' he made de fiddle's wood,  
An' he made de music in dem, so I don' quite t'ink he'll keer  
Ef our feet keeps time a little to de melodies we hyeah.

W'y, dey's somep'n downright holy in de way our faces  
shine,

When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Angelina steps so gentle, Angelina bows so low,

An' she lif' huh sku't so dainty dat huh shoetop skacely  
show:

An' dem teef o' huh'n a-shinin', ez she tek you by de han'—  
Go 'way, people, d' ain't anothah sich a lady in de lan'!

When she's movin' thoo de figgers er a-dancin' by huhsc'f,  
Folks jes' stan' stock-still a-sta'in', an' dey mos' nigh hol's  
dey bref;

An' de young mens, dey's a-sayin', "I's gwine mek dat  
damsel mine,"

When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

*Paul Laurence Dunbar* [1872-1906]

#### LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

OH, the Roman was a rogue,  
He erat was, you bettum;  
He ran his automobilis  
And smoked his cigarettum;

He wore a diamond studibus  
And elegant cravattum,  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And such a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hoc,  
And bet on games and equi;  
At times he won; at others, though,  
He got it in the nequi;  
He winked (quo usque tandem?)  
At puellas on the Forum,  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladiatorial,  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial;  
He often went on spreces  
And said, on starting homus,  
"Hic labor—opus est,  
Oh, where's my hic—hic—domus?"

Although he lived in Rome—  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ'l;  
Ah! what a different thing  
Was the homo (dative, hominy)  
Of far away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini.

*Thomas Ybarra* [1880—

## THE WISDOM OF FOLLY

THE cynics say that every rose  
Is guarded by a thorn that grows  
To spoil our posies:  
But I no pleasure therefore lack;  
I keep my hands behind my back  
When smelling roses.

'Tis proved that Sodom's appletarts  
 Have ashes as component parts  
     For those that steal them:  
 My soul no disillusion seeks;  
 I love my apples' rosy cheeks,  
     But never peel them.

Though outwardly a gloomy shroud,  
 The inner half of every cloud  
     Is bright and shining:  
 I therefore turn my clouds about  
 And always wear them inside out  
     To show the lining.

Our idols' feet are made of clay;  
 So stony-hearted critics say  
     With scornful mockings:  
 My images are deified  
 Because I keep them well supplied  
     With shoes and stockings.

My *modus operandi* this—  
 To take no heed of what's amiss;  
     And not a bad one:  
 Because as Shakespeare used to say  
 A merry heart goes twice the way  
     That tires a sad one.

*Ellen Thorneycraft Fowler* [1860-1929]

### THE POST THAT FITTED

Though tangled and twisted the course of true love,  
     This ditty explains  
 No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve  
     If the Lover has brains.

ERE the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary was engaged to  
     marry  
 An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called "my little  
     Carrie."  
 Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the other way.  
 Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight paltry dubs a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scanty furnished  
quarters—

Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge Boffkin's  
daughters.

Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a catch,  
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't make another  
match.

So they recognized the business, and, to feed and clothe the  
bride,

Got him made a Something Something somewhere on the  
Bombay side,

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to marry—  
As the artless Sleary put it: "Just the thing for me and  
Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—impulse of a baser  
mind?

No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling kind.

(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could gather:—

"Pears' shaving sticks will give you little taste and lots of  
lather.")

Frequently in public places his affliction used to smite  
Sleary with distressing vigor—always in the Boffkins' sight.  
Ere a week was over, Minnie weepingly returned his ring,  
Told him his "unhappy weakness" stopped all thought of  
marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened holy joy,—

Epileptic fits don't matter in Political employ,—

Wired three short words to Carrie—took his ticket, packed  
his kit—

Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long, lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read—and laughed until she  
wept—

Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched epilept."

Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits

Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-1936]



## JUST NONSENSE

NO!

No sun—no moon!

No morn—no noon—

No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—

No sky—no earthly view—

No distance looking blue—

No road—no street—no “t’other side the way”—

No end to any Row—

No indications where the Crescents go—

No top to any steeple—

No recognitions of familiar people—

No courtesies for showing ‘em—

No knowing ‘em!

No travelling at all—no locomotion,

No inkling of the way—no notion—

“No go”—by land or ocean—

No mail—no post—

No news from any foreign coast—

No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—

No company—no nobility—

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,

No comfortable feel in any member—

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,

No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,

November!

*Thomas Hood* [1799–1845]

## TO MINERVA

FROM THE GREEK

My temples throb, my pulses boil,

I’m sick of Song, and Ode, and Ballad—

So, Thyrsis, take the Midnight Oil,

And pour it on a lobster salad.

My brain is dull, my sight is foul,  
I cannot write a verse, or read,—  
Then, Pallas, take away thine Owl,  
And let us have a lark instead.

*Thomas Hood [1799-1845]*

## THE ALPHABET

A is an Angel of blushing eighteen;  
B is the Ball where the Angel was seen;  
C is the Chaperon, who cheated at cards;  
D is the Deuxtamps with Frank of the Guards;  
E is the Eye, killing slowly but surely;  
F is the Fan whence it peeped so demurely;  
G is the Glove of superlative kid;  
H is the Hand which it spitefully hid;  
I is the Ice which the fair one demanded;  
J is the Juvenile that dainty who handed;  
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art;  
L is the Lace which composed the chief part;  
M is the old Maid who watched the chits dance;  
N is the Nose she turned up at each glance;  
O is the Olga (just then in its prime);  
P is the Partner who wouldn't keep time;  
Q is a Quadrille put instead of the Lancers;  
R is the Remonstrances made by the dancers;  
S is the Supper where all went in pairs;  
T is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs;  
U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be goin'";  
V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in;  
W is the Waiter who sat up till eight;  
X is the exit, not rigidly straight;  
Y is the Yawning fit caused by the Ball;  
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

*Charles Stuart Calverley [1831-1884]*

## A TRAGIC STORY

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,  
And he a handsome pigtail wore;  
But wondered much, and sorrowed more,  
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,  
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,  
And have it hanging at his face,  
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found,—  
I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;  
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,  
All day the puzzled sage did spin;  
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—  
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,  
And up, and down, and in, and out  
He turned; but still the pigtail stout  
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,  
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,  
Alas! still faithful to his back,  
The pigtail hangs behind him.

*William Makepeace Thackeray* [1811-1863]

### THE JUMBLIES

THEY went to sea in a sieve, they did;  
In a sieve they went to sea;  
In spite of all their friends could say,  
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,  
In a sieve they went to sea.  
And when the sieve turned round and round,  
And every one cried, "You'll all be drowned!"  
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big;  
But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig:  
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumbles live:  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;  
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,  
In a sieve they sailed so fast,  
With only a beautiful pea-green veil  
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,  
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.  
And every one said who saw them go,  
"Oh! won't they be soon upset, you know?  
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;  
And, happen what may, it's extremely wrong  
In a sieve to sail so fast."

The water it soon came in, it did;  
The water it soon came in:  
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet  
In a pinky paper all folded neat:  
And they fastened it down with a pin.  
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar;  
And each of them said, "How wise we are!  
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long  
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,  
While round in our sieve we spin."

And all night long they sailed away;  
And, when the sun went down,  
They whistled and warbled a moony song  
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,  
In the shade of the mountains brown,  
"O Timballoo! How happy we are  
When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar!  
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,  
We sail away with a pea-green sail  
In the shade of the mountains brown."

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,—  
To a land all covered with trees:  
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,  
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,  
And a hive of silvery bees;  
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,  
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,

And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,  
And no end of Stilton cheese:

And in twenty years they all came back,—  
In twenty years or more;  
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!  
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."  
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;  
And every one said, "If we only live,  
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,  
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live:  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;  
And they went to sea in a sieve.

*Edward Lear* [1812-1888]

### THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat:  
They took some honey, and plenty of money  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"  
  
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?"  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the bong-tree grows;  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,

## The Pobble Who Has No Toes 2053

With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

*Edward Lear [1812-1888]*

### THE POBBLE WHO HAS NO TOES

The Pobble who has no toes  
Had once as many as we;  
When they said, "Some day you may lose them all;"  
He replied, "Fish fiddle-de-dee!"  
And his Aunt Jobiska made him drink  
Lavender water tinged with pink,  
For she said, "The World in general knows  
There's nothing so good for a Pobble's toes!"

The Pobble who has no toes  
Swam across the Bristol Channel;  
But before he set out he wrapped his nose  
In a piece of scarlet flannel.  
For his Aunt Jobiska said, "No harm  
Can come to his toes if his nose is warm;  
And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes  
Are safe,—provided he minds his nose."

The Pobble swam fast and well,  
And when boats or ships came near him,  
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell,  
So that all the world could hear him.

And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,  
 When they saw him nearing the further side,—  
 “He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska’s  
 Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!”

But before he touched the shore,—  
 The shore of the Bristol Channel,—  
 A sea-green Porpoise carried away  
 His wrapper of scarlet flannel.  
 And when he came to observe his feet,  
 Formerly garnished with toes so neat,  
 His face at once became forlorn  
 On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

And nobody ever knew,  
 From that dark day to the present,  
 Whoso had taken the Pobble’s toes,  
 In a manner so far from pleasant.  
 Whether the shrimps or crawfish gray,  
 Or crafty Mermaids stole them away—  
 Nobody knew; and nobody knows  
 How the Pobble was robbed of his twice five toes!

The Pobble who has no toes  
 Was placed in a friendly Bark,  
 And they rowed him back, and carried him up  
 To his Aunt Jobiska’s Park.  
 And she made him a feast, at his earnest wish,  
 Of eggs and buttercups fried with fish;  
 And she said, “It’s a fact the whole world knows,  
 That Pobbles are happier without their toes.”

*Edward Lear* [1812–1888]

## THE COURTSHIP OF THE YONGHY- BONGHY-BÒ

ON the Coast of Coromandel  
 Where the early pumpkins blow,  
 In the middle of the woods  
 Lived the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

Two old chairs, and half a candle,  
 One old jug without a handle,—  
     These were all his worldly goods:  
     In the middle of the woods,  
     These were all the worldly goods,  
 Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,  
 Of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

Once, among the Bong-trees walking  
 Where the early pumpkins blow,  
     To a little heap of stones  
     Came the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
 There he heard a Lady talking  
 To some milk-white Hens of Dorking,—  
     “’Tis the Lady Jingly Jones!  
     On that little heap of stones  
     Sits the Lady Jingly Jones!”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

“Lady Jingly! Lady Jingly!  
     Sitting where the pumpkins blow,  
     Will you come and be my wife?”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
 “I am tired of living singly,—  
 On this coast so wild and shingly,—  
     I’m a-weary of my life;  
     If you’ll come and be my wife,  
     Quite serene would be my life!”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

“On this Coast of Coromandel,  
     Shrimps and water-cresses grow,  
     Prawns are plentiful and cheap,”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
 “You shall have my chairs and candle  
 And my jug without a handle!  
     Gaze upon the rolling deep  
     (Fish is plentiful and cheap);  
     As the sea, my love is deep!”  
 Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.



Lady Jingly answered sadly,  
And her tears began to flow,—  
“Your proposal comes too late,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!  
I would be your wife most gladly!”  
(Here she twirled her fingers madly,)  
“But in England I’ve a mate!  
Yes! you’ve asked me far too late,  
For in England I’ve a mate,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

“Mr. Jones—(his name is Handel,—  
Handel Jones, Esquire, & Co.)  
Dorking fowls delights to send,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!  
Keep, oh! keep your chairs and candle,  
And your jug without a handle,—  
I can merely be your friend!  
—Should my Jones more Dorkings send,  
I will give you three, my friend!  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

“Though you’ve such a tiny body,  
And your head so large doth grow,—  
Though your hat may blow away,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!  
Though you’re such a Hoddy Doddy,—  
Yet I wish that I could modify the words I needs must say!  
Will you please to go away?  
That is all I have to say,  
Mr. Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò!”

Down the slippery slopes of Myrtle,  
Where the early pumpkins blow,  
To the calm and silent sea  
Fled the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
There, beyond the Bay of Gurtle,  
Lay a large and lively Turtle;—

"You're the Cove," he said, "for me;  
On your back beyond the sea,  
Turtle, you shall carry me!"  
Said the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

Through the silent-roaring ocean  
Did the Turtle swiftly go;  
Holding fast upon his shell  
Rode the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
With a sad primeval motion  
Towards the sunset isles of Boshen  
Still the Turtle bore him well.  
Holding fast upon his shell,  
"Lady Jingly Jones, farewell!"  
Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

From the Coast of Coromandel,  
Did that Lady never go;  
On that heap of stones she moans  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.  
On that Coast of Coromandel,  
In his jug without a handle,  
Still she weeps and daily mourns;  
On that little heap of stones  
To her Dorking Hens she moans  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò,  
For the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bò.

*Edward Lear* [1812-1888]

### NONSENSE VERSES

THERE was an Old Man with a beard,  
Who said, "It is just what I feared!  
Two Owls and a Hen,  
Four Larks and a Wren,  
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

There was an Old Man in a tree,  
Who was horribly bored by a bee;  
When they said, "Does it buzz?"  
He replied, "Yes, it does!  
It's a regular brute of a bee!"

There was an Old Man in a boat,  
 Who said, "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"  
 When they said, "No, you ain't!"  
 He was ready to faint,  
 That unhappy Old Man in a boat.

There was an Old Man with a poker,  
 Who painted his face with red ochre;  
 When they said, "You're a Guy!"  
 He made no reply,  
 But knocked them all down with his poker.

There was an Old Man who said, "Hush!  
 I perceive a young bird in this bush!"  
 When they said, "Is it small?"  
 He replied, "Not at all!  
 It is four times as big as the bush!"

*Edward Lear* [1812-18

### THE TURTLE AND FLAMINGO

A LIVELY young turtle lived down by the banks  
 Of a dark rolling stream called the Jingo,  
 And one summer day, as he went out to play,  
 Fell in love with a charming flamingo—  
 An enormously genteel flamingo!  
 An expansively crimson flamingo!  
 A beautiful, bouncing flamingo!

Spake the turtle in tones like a delicate wheeze:  
 "To the water I've oft seen you in go,  
 And your form has impressed itself deep on my shell,  
 You perfectly modeled flamingo!  
 You tremendously 'A 1' flamingo!  
 You inex-pres-si-ble flamingo!

"To be sure I'm a turtle, and you are a belle,  
 And *my* language is not your fine lingo;  
 But smile on me, tall one, and be my bright flame,  
 You miraculous, wondrous flamingo!  
 You blazingly beauteous flamingo!

You turtle-absorbing flamingo!  
You inflammably gorgeous flamingo!"

Then the proud bird blushed redder than ever before,  
And that was quite un-nec-es-sa-ry,  
And she stood on one leg and looked out of one eye,  
The position of things for to vary,—  
This aquatical, musing flamingo!  
This dreamy, uncertain flamingo!  
This embarrassing, harassing flamingo!

Then she cried to the quadruped, greatly amazed:  
"Why your passion toward *me* do you hurtle?  
I'm an ornithological wonder of grace,  
And you're an illogical turtle,—  
A waddling, impossible turtle!  
A low-minded, grass-eating turtle!  
A highly improbable turtle!"

Then the turtle sneaked off with his nose to the ground,  
And never more looked at the lasses;  
And falling asleep, while indulging his grief,  
Was gobbled up whole by Agassiz,—  
The peripatetic Agassiz!  
The turtle-dissecting Agassiz!  
The illustrious, industrious Agassiz!

Go with me to Cambridge some cool, pleasant day,  
And the skeleton lover I'll show you:  
He's in a hard case, but he'll look in your face,  
Pretending (the rogue!) he don't know you!  
Oh, the deeply deceptive young turtle!  
The double-faced, glassy-cased turtle!  
The *green*, but a very *mock*-turtle!

*James Thomas Fields [1816-1881]*

### JABBERWOCKY

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought.—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

*Lewis Carroll [1832-1898]*

### THE GARDENER'S SONG

From "Sylvie and Bruno"

HE thought he saw an Elephant,  
That practised on a fife:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A letter from his wife.  
"At length I realize," he said,  
"The bitterness of life!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo  
Upon the chimney-piece:  
He looked again, and found it was  
His Sister's Husband's Niece.  
"Unless you leave this house," he said,  
"I'll send for the Police!"

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake  
That questioned him in Greek:  
He looked again, and found it was  
The Middle of Next Week.  
"The one thing I regret," he said,  
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk  
Descending from the 'bus:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Hippopotamus.  
"If this should stay to dine," he said,  
"There won't be much for us!"

He thought he saw a Kangaroo  
That worked a coffee-mill:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Vegetable-Pill.  
"Were I to swallow this," he said,  
"I should be very ill!"

He thought he saw a Coach-and-Four  
That stood beside his bed:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Bear without a Head.  
"Poor thing," he said, "poor silly thing!  
It's waiting to be fed!"

He thought he saw an Albatross  
That fluttered round the lamp:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Penny-Postage-Stamp.  
"You'd best be getting home," he said:  
"The nights are very damp!"

He thought he saw a Garden Door  
That opened with a key:  
He looked again, and found it was  
A Double-Rule-of-Three:  
"And all its mystery," he said,  
"Is clear as day to me!"

*Lewis Carroll [1832-1898]*

## THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

From "Through the Looking-Glass"

THE sun was shining on the sea,  
Shining with all his might:  
He did his very best to make  
The billows smooth and bright—  
And this was odd, because it was  
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,  
Because she thought the sun  
Had got no business to be there  
After the day was done—  
"It's very rude of him," she said,  
"To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,  
The sands were dry as dry.  
You could not see a cloud, because  
No cloud was in the sky:  
No birds were flying overhead—  
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Were walking close at hand:  
They wept like anything to see  
Such quantities of sand:  
"If this were only cleared away,"  
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

## The Walrus and the Carpenter 2063

"If seven maids with seven mops  
Swept it for half a year,  
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,  
"That they could get it clear?"  
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,  
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"  
The Walrus did beseech.  
"A pleasant talk, a pleasant walk,  
Along the briny beach:  
We cannot do with more than four,  
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,  
But never a word he said:  
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,  
And shook his heavy head—  
Meaning to say he did not choose  
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,  
All eager for the treat:  
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,  
Their shoes were clean and neat—  
And this was odd, because, you know,  
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,  
And yet another four;  
And thick and fast they came at last,  
And more, and more, and more—  
All hopping through the frothy waves,  
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter  
Walked on a mile or so,  
And then they rested on a rock  
Conveniently low:  
And all the little Oysters stood  
And waited in a row.



"The time has come," the Walrus said,  
    "To talk of many things:  
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—  
    Of cabbages—and kings—  
And why the sea is boiling hot—  
    And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,  
    "Before we have our chat;  
For some of us are out of breath,  
    And all of us are fat!"  
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.  
    They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,  
    "Is what we chiefly need:  
Pepper and vinegar besides  
    Are very good indeed—  
Now, if you're ready, Oysters dear,  
    We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,  
    Turning a little blue.  
"After such kindness, that would be  
    A dismal thing to do!"  
"The night is fine," the Walrus said.  
    "Do you admire the view?"

"It was so kind of you to come!  
    And you are very nice!"  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
    "Cut us another slice.  
I wish you were not quite so deaf—  
    I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,  
    "To play them such a trick,  
After we've brought them out so far,  
    And made them trot so quick!"  
The Carpenter said nothing but  
    "The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:

"I deeply sympathize."

With sobs and tears he sorted out

Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief

Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,

"You've had a pleasant run!

Shall we be trotting home again?"

But answer came there none—

And this was scarcely odd, because

They'd eaten every one.

*Lewis Carroll* [1832-1898]

### CLEAN CLARA

WHAT! not know our Clean Clara?

Why, the hot folks in Sahara,

And the cold Esquimaux,

Our little Clara know!

Clean Clara, the Poet sings,

Cleaned a hundred thousand things!

She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,

She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,

She cleaned my lady, she cleaned my lord;

All the pictures in their frames,

Knights with daggers, and stomachered dames—

Cecils, Godfreys, Montforts, Graemes,

Winifreds—all those nice old names!

She cleaned the works of the eight-day clock,

She cleaned the spring of a secret lock,

She cleaned the mirror, she cleaned the cupboard;

All the books she India-rubbed!

She cleaned the Dutch-tiles in the place,

She cleaned some very old-fashioned lace;

The Countess of Miniver came to her,

"Pray, my dear, will you clean my fur?"

All her cleanings are admirable;  
To count your teeth you will be able,  
If you look in the walnut table!

She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler;  
She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler;  
Joseph going down into the pit,  
And the Shunammite woman with the boy in a fit;

You saw the reapers, *not* in the distance,  
And Elisha coming to the child's assistance,  
With the house on the wall that was built for the prophet,  
The chair, the bed, and the bolster of it;

The eyebrows all had a twirl reflective,  
Just like an eel; to spare invective,  
There was plenty of color, but no perspective.  
However, Clara cleaned it all,  
With a curious lamp, that hangs in the hall!  
She cleaned the drops of the chandeliers,—  
Madam, in mittens, was moved to tears!

She cleaned the cage of the cockatoo,  
The oldest bird that ever grew;  
I should say a thousand years old would do—  
I'm sure he looked it; but nobody knew;  
She cleaned the china, she cleaned the delf,  
She cleaned the baby, she cleaned herself!

To-morrow morning she means to try  
To clean the cobwebs from the sky;  
Some people say the girl will rue it,  
But my belief is she will do it.

So I've made up my mind to be there to see:  
There's a beautiful place in the walnut tree;  
The bough is as firm as a solid rock;  
She brings out her broom at six o'clock.

*William Brighty Rands* [1823-1882]

## THE LOVERS

SALLY SALTER, she was a young teacher who taught,  
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who praught,  
Though his enemies called him a screecher who sraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and sunk,  
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking, and wunk;  
While she, in her turn, kept thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,  
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,  
And what he was longing to do then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,  
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;  
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode;  
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode,  
And they came to the place to be tied, and were toed.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive, and they drove,  
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove,  
For whatever he couldn't contrive, she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole;  
At the feet where he wanted to kneel then he knole;  
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung,  
While Time his swift circuit was winging, and wung;  
And this was the thing he was bringing, and brung:

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught;  
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snaught;  
Was the one that she now liked to scratch, and she sraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing, and froze,  
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze  
The girl he had wished to be squeezing, and squeeze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,

"How could you deceive me, as you have decept?"

And she answered, "I promised to cleave, and I've cleft."

*Phæbe Cary (?) [1824-1871]*

### THE TWINS

IN form and feature, face and limb,  
I grew so like my brother,  
That folks got taking me for him,  
And each for one another.  
It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
It reached a fearful pitch;  
For one of us was born a twin,  
Yet not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,  
Before our names were fixed,  
As we were being washed by nurse,  
We got completely mixed;  
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,  
Or rather nurse's whim,  
My brother John got christened me,  
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness even dogged  
My footsteps when at school,  
And I was always getting flogged,  
For John turned out a fool.  
I put this question, fruitlessly,  
To every one I knew,  
"What *would* you do, if you were me,  
To prove that you were *you*?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide  
Of my domestic life,  
For somehow, my intended bride  
Became my brother's wife.

In fact, year after year the same  
Absurd mistakes went on,  
And when I died, the neighbors came  
And buried brother John.

*Henry Sambrooke Leigh [1837-1883]*

## A THIRENODY

*The Ahkoond of Swat is dead—London Papers*

WHAT, what, what,  
What's the news from Swat?  
Sad news,  
Bad news,  
Comes by the cable led  
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,  
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red  
Sea and the Med-  
iterranean—he's dead;  
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,  
Who wouldn't?  
He strove to disregard the message stern,  
But he Ahkoodn't.  
Dead, dead, dead;  
(Sorrow, Swats!)

Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,  
Swats whom he hath often led  
Onward to a gory bed,  
Or to victory,  
As the case might be,  
Sorrow, Swats!

Tears shed,  
Shed tears like water.  
Your great Ahkoond is dead!  
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!  
Your great Ahkoond is not,  
But lain 'mid worms to rot.  
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught

(Because he was a good Ahkoond)  
 Up to the bosom of Mahound.  
 Though earthy walls his frame surround  
 (Forever hallowed be the ground!)  
 And sceptics mock the lowly mound  
 And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"  
 His soul is in the skies,—  
 The azure skies that bend above his loved  
 Metropolis of Swat.  
 He sees with larger, other eyes,  
 Athwart all earthly mysteries—  
 He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
 With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!  
 Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond  
 With the noise of the mourning  
 Of the Swattish nation!  
 Fallen is at length  
 Its tower of strength,  
 Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;  
 Dead lies the great Ahkoond,  
 The great Ahkoond of Swat  
 Is not!

*George Thomas Lanigan [1845-1886]*

### THE FASTIDIOUS SERPENT

THERE was a snake that dwelt in Skye,  
 Over the misty sea, oh;  
 He lived upon nothing but gooseberry-pie  
 For breakfast, dinner, and tea, oh.  
 Now gooseberry-pie—as is very well known—  
 Over the misty sea, oh,  
 Is not to be found under every stone,  
 Nor yet upon every tree, oh.  
 And being so ill to please with his meat,  
 Over the misty sea, oh,  
 The snake had sometimes nothing to eat,  
 And an angry snake was he, oh.

Then he'd flick his tongue and his head he'd shake,  
Over the misty sea, oh,  
Crying, "Gooseberry-pie! For goodness' sake  
Some gooseberry-pie for me, oh!"

And if gooseberry-pie was not to be had,  
Over the misty sea, oh,  
He'd twine and twist like an eel gone mad,  
Or a worm just stung by a bee, oh.

But though he might shout and wriggle about,  
Over the misty sea, oh,  
The snake had often to go without  
His breakfast, dinner, and tea, oh.

*Henry Johnstone [1844-*

### MY RECOLLECTEST THOUGHTS

From "Davy and the Goblin"

My recollectest thoughts are those  
Which I remember yet;  
And bearing on, as you'd suppose,  
The things I don't forget.

But my resembllest thoughts are less  
Alike than they should be;  
A state of things, as you'll confess,  
You very seldom see.

And yet the mostest thought I love  
Is what no one believes—  
That I'm the sole survivor of  
The famous Forty Thieves!

*Charles Edward Carryl [1841-1920]*

### MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP

MR. FINNEY had a turnip  
And it grew behind the barn;  
And it grew and it grew,  
And that turnip did no harm.



There it grew and it grew  
Till it could grow no longer;  
Then his daughter Lizzie picked it  
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay and it lay  
Till it began to rot;  
And his daughter Susie took it  
And put it in the pot.

And they boiled it and boiled it  
As long as they were able;  
And then his daughters took it  
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife  
They sat them down to sup;  
And they ate and they ate  
And they ate that turnip up.

*Unknown*

### THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE

AN Austrian army, awfully arrayed,  
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade;  
Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.  
Every endeavor engineers essay  
For fame, for fortune,—fighting furious fray:  
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God  
How honors Heaven heroic hardihood!  
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,  
Kindred kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill!  
Labor low levels loftiest, longest lines;  
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines.  
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice naught  
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:  
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,  
Quite quailing, quaking, quickly quarter quest.

Reason returns, religious right redounds,  
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds:  
Truce to thee, Turkey—triumph to thy train!  
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!  
Vanish vain victory! vanish victory vain!  
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were  
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?  
Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!  
Zeno's, Zarpatus', Zoroaster's zeal,  
All, ail arouse! all against arms appeal!

*Alaric Alexander Watts* [1797-1864]

### ELLEN M'JONES ABERDEEN

MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS M'CLAN

Was the son of an elderly laboring man.

You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader, at sight,  
And p'r'aps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

From the bonnic blue Forth to the lovely Deeside,  
Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of the Clyde,  
There wasn't a child, or woman, or man  
Who could pipe with Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan.

No other could wake such detestable groans,  
With reed and with chanter—with bag and with drones:  
All day and all night he delighted the chiefs  
With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,  
And the neighboring maidens would gather around  
To list to his pipes and to gaze in his een,  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

All loved their M'Clan, save a Sassenach brute,  
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot;  
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way,  
Though his name it was Pattison Corby Torbay.

Torbay had incurred a good deal of expense  
To make him a Scotchman in every sense;  
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,  
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,  
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and kilt;  
Stick a skeän in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—  
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

Clonglocketty's pipings all night and all day  
Quite frenzied poor Pattison Corby Torbay:  
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

"Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus, my lad,  
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad.  
If you really must play on that cursed affair,  
My goodness! play something resembling an air."

Boiled over the blood of Macphairson M'Clan—  
The Clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man:  
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween!—  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

"Let's show," said M'Clan, "to this Sassenach loon  
That the bagpipes *can* play him a regular tune.  
Let's see," said M'Clan, as he thoughtfully sat,  
"'In My Cottage' is easy—I'll practice at that."

He blew at his "Cottage," and blew with a will,  
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until  
(You'll hardly believe it) M'Clan, I declare,  
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze—  
It wandered about into several keys;  
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware,  
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed and the Sassenach danced,  
He shrieked in his agony, bellowed and pranced;  
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

"Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around:  
And fill a' yer lugs wi' the exquisite sound.

An air frae the bagpipes—beat that if ye can!  
Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan!"

The fame of his piping spread over the land;  
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,  
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green,  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore  
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his claymore,  
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste),  
Divided Clonglocketty close to the waist.

Oh! loud were the wailings for Angus M'Clan,  
Oh! deep was the grief for that excellent man,  
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

It sorrowed poor Pattison Corby Torbay  
To find them "take on" in this serious way.  
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,  
And solaced their souls with the following words:—

"Oh, maidens," said Pattison, touching his hat,  
"Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that;  
Observe, I'm a very superior man,  
A much better fellow than Angus M'Clan."

They smiled when he winked and addressed them as "dears,"  
And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,  
A pleasanter gentleman never was seen—  
Especially Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen.

*William Schwenck Gilbert* [1836-1911]

## TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on!  
Through pathless realms of Space  
Roll on!  
What though I'm in a sorry case?

What though I cannot meet my bills?  
 What though I suffer toothache's ills?  
 What though I swallow countless pills?  
     Never *you* mind!  
     Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!  
 Through seas of inky air  
     Roll on!  
 It's true I've got no shirts to wear;  
 It's true my butcher's bill is due;  
 It's true my prospects all look blue—  
 But don't let that unsettle you!  
     Never *you* mind!  
     Roll on. (*It rolls on*)  
     William Schwenck Gilbert [1836-1911]

### HIS HEART WAS TRUE TO POLL

I'LL sing you a song, not very long,  
 But the story somewhat new,  
 Of William Kidd, who, whatever he did,  
 To his Poll was always true.  
 He sailed away in a gallant ship  
 From the port of old Bristol,  
 And the last words he uttered,  
 As his handkercher he fluttered,  
 Were, "My heart is true to Poll."

His heart was true to Poll,  
 His heart was true to Poll.  
     It's no matter what you do,  
     If your heart be only true:  
 And his heart *was* true to Poll.

'Twas a wreck. William, on shore he swam,  
 And looked about for an inn;  
 When a noble savage lady, of a color rather shady,  
 Came up with a kind of grin:

“Oh, marry *me*, and a king you’ll be,  
And in a palace loll;  
Or we’ll eat you willy-nilly.”  
So he gave his *hand*, did Billy,  
But his *heart* was true to Poll.

Away a twelvemonth sped, and a happy life he led  
As the King of the Kikeryboos;  
His paint was red and yellow, and he used a big umbrella,  
And he wore a pair of over-*shoes*;  
He’d corals and knives, and twenty-six wives,  
Whose beauties I cannot here extol:  
One day they all revolted,  
So he back to Bristol bolted,  
For his *heart* was true to Poll.

*Francis Cowley Burnand [1837-1917]*

### RED RIDING HOOD

Most worthy of praise were the virtuous ways  
Of Little Red Riding Hood’s ma,  
And no one was ever more cautious and clever  
Than Little Red Riding Hood’s pa.  
They never misled, for they meant what they said,  
And frequently said what they meant:  
They were careful to show her the way she should go,  
And the way that they showed her she went.  
For obedience she was effusively thanked,  
And for anything else she was carefully spanked.

It thus isn’t strange that Red Riding Hood’s range  
Of virtues so steadily grew,  
That soon she won prizes of various sizes,  
And golden encomiums too.  
As a general rule she was head of her school,  
And at six was so notably smart  
That they gave her a check for reciting *The Wreck*  
Of the *Hesperus* wholly by heart.  
And you all will applaud her the more, I am sure,  
When I add that the money she gave to the poor.

At eleven this lass had a Sunday-school class,  
At twelve wrote a volume of verse,  
At fourteen was yearning for glory, and learning  
To be a professional nurse.  
To a glorious height the young paragon might  
Have climbed, if not nipped in the bud,  
But the following year struck her smiling career  
With a dull and a sickening thud!  
(I have shed a great tear at the thought of her pain,  
And must copy my manuscript over again!)

Not dreaming of harm, one day on her arm  
A basket she hung. It was filled  
With drinks made of spices, and jellies, and ices,  
And chicken-wings, carefully grilled,  
And a savory stew, and a novel or two  
She persuaded a neighbor to loan,  
And a Japanese fan, and a hot-water can,  
And a bottle of eau de cologne,  
And the rest of the things that your family fill  
Your room with whenever you chance to be ill.

She expected to find her decrepit but kind  
Old grandmother waiting her call,  
Exceedingly ill. Oh, that face on the pillow  
Did not look familiar at all!  
With a whitening cheek she started to speak,  
But her peril she instantly saw:  
Her grandma had fled and she'd tackled instead  
Four merciless paws and a maw!  
When the neighbors came running the wolf to subdue,  
He was licking his chops—and Red Riding Hood's, too!

At this terrible tale some readers will pale,  
And others with horror grow dumb,  
And yet it was better, I fear, he should get her:—  
Just think what she might have become!  
For an infant so keen might in future have been  
A woman of awful renown,  
Who carried on fights for her feminine rights,  
As the Mayor of an Arkansas town,

Or she might have continued the sins of her 'teens  
And come to write verse for the Big Magazines!

THE MORAL: There's nothing much glummer  
Than children whose talents appal.  
One much prefers those that are dumber.  
And as for the paragons small—  
If a swallow cannot make a summer,  
It can bring on a summary fall!

*Guy Welmoré Carryl* [1873-1904]

### A NAUTICAL BALLAD

From "Davy and the Goblin"

A CAPITAL ship for an ocean trip  
Was the "Wallopings Window-blind,"  
No gale that blew dismayed her crew  
Or troubled the captain's mind.  
The man at the wheel was taught to feel  
Contempt for the wildest blow,  
And it often appeared, when the weather had cleared,  
That he'd been in his bunk below.

The boatswain's mate was very sedate,  
Yet fond of amusement, too;  
And he played hop-sotch with the starboard watch  
While the captain tickled the crew.  
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,  
For he sat on the after rail,  
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,  
In the teeth of the booming gale.

The captain sat in a commodore's hat  
And dined in a royal way  
On toasted pigs and pickles and figs  
And gummery bread each day.  
But the cook was Dutch and behaved as such;  
For the food that he gave the crew  
Was a number of tons of hot-cross buns  
Chopped up with sugar and glue.



And we all felt ill as mariners will  
 On a diet that's cheap and rude;  
 And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook  
 In a tub of his gluesome food.  
 Then nautical pride we laid aside,  
 And we cast the vessel ashore  
 On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poohpooh smiles,  
 And the Anagazanders roar.

Composed of sand was that favored land,  
 And trimmed with cinnamon straws;  
 And pink and blue was the pleasing hue  
 Of the Tickletoteaser's claws.  
 And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge  
 And shot at the whistling bee;  
 And the Binnacle-bats wore water-proof hats,  
 As they danced in the sounding sea.

On rubagub bark, from dawn to dark,  
 We fed, till we all had grown  
 Uncommonly shrunk—when a Chinese junk  
 Came by from the torriby zone.  
 She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care  
 And we cheerily put to sea;  
 And we left the crew of the junk to chew  
 The bark of the rubagub tree.

*Charles Edward Carryl* [1841-1920]

### THE PLAIN OF THE CAMEL

From "The Admiral's Caravan"

"CANARY-BIRDS feed on sugar and seed,  
 Parrots have crackers to crunch;  
 And as for the poodles, they tell me the noodles  
 Have chickens and cream for their lunch.  
 But there's never a question  
 About MY digestion—  
 ANYTHING does for me!

"Cats, you're aware, can repose in a chair,  
 Chickens can roost upon rails;  
 Puppies are able to sleep in a stable,  
 And oysters can slumber in pails.

But no one supposes  
A poor Camel dozes—  
ANY PLACE does for me!

“Lambs are enclosed where it’s never exposed.  
Coops are constructed for hens;  
Kittens are treated to houses well heated,  
And pigs are protected by pens.  
But a Camel comes handy  
Wherever it’s sandy—  
ANYWHERE does for me!

“People would laugh if you rode a giraffe,  
Or mounted the back of an ox;  
It’s nobody’s habit to ride on a rabbit,  
Or try to bestraddle a fox.  
But as for a Camel, he’s  
Ridden by families—  
ANY LOAD does for me!

“A snake is as round as a hole in the ground,  
And weasels are wavy and sleek;  
And no alligator could ever be straighter  
Than lizards that live in a creek,  
But a Camel’s all lumpy  
And bumpy and humpy—  
ANY SHAPE does for me!”

*Charles Edward Carryl* [1841-1920]

## THE FROG

BE kind and tender to the Frog,  
And do not call him names,  
As “Slimy-skin,” or “Polly-wog,”  
Or likewise, “Uncle James,”  
Or “Gape-a-grin,” or “Toad-gone-wrong,”  
Or “Billy Bandy-knees:”  
The Frog is justly sensitive  
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay  
A treatment kind and fair,

At least so lonely people say  
 Who keep a frog (and, by the way,  
 They are extremely rare).

*Hilaire Belloc* [1870-

### SAGE COUNSEL

THE lion is the beast to fight:  
 He leaps along the plain,  
 And if you run with all your might,  
 He runs with all his mane.  
 I'm glad I'm not a Hottentot,  
 But if I were, with outward cal-lum  
 I'd either faint upon the spot  
 Or hie me up a leafy pal-lum.

The chamois is the beast to hunt:  
 He's fleetier than the wind,  
 And when the chamois is in front  
 The hunter is behind.  
 The Tyrolese make famous cheese  
 And hunt the chamois o'er the chaz-zums;  
 I'd choose the former, if you please,  
 For precipices give me spaz-zums.

The polar bear will make a rug  
 Almost as white as snow:  
 But if he gets you in his hug,  
 He rarely lets you go.  
 And polar ice looks very nice,  
 With all the colors of a prissum:  
 But, if you'll follow my advice,  
 Stay home and learn your catechissum.

*Arthur Quiller-Couch* [1863-

### CHILD'S NATURAL HISTORY

#### GEESE

EV-ER-Y child who has the use  
 Of his sen-ses knows a goose.  
 Sees them un-der-neath the tree  
 Gath-er round the goose-girl's knee,

While she reads them by the hour  
From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er.  
How pa-tient-ly the geese at-tend!  
But do they re-al-ly com-pre-hend  
What Scho-pen-hau-er's driv-ing at?  
Oh, not at all; but what of that?  
Nei-ther do I; nei-ther does she;  
And, for that mat-ter, nor does he.

#### A SEAL

See, Chil-dren, the Fur-bear-ing Seal;  
Ob-serve his mis-di-rect-ed zeal;  
He dines with most ab-ste-mi-ous care  
On Fish, Ice Water and Fresh Air  
A-void-ing cond-i-ments or spice  
For fear his fur should not be nice  
And fine and soft and smooth and meet  
For Broad-way or for Re-gent Street.  
And yet some-how I often feel  
(Though for the kind Fur-bear-ing Seal  
I harbor a Re-spect Pro-found)  
He runs Fur-bear-ance in the ground.

#### THE YAK

This is the Yak, so neg-li-gee;  
His coif-fure's like a stack of hay;  
He lives so far from Any-where,  
I fear the Yak neg-lects his hair,  
And thinks, since there is none to see,  
What mat-ter how un-kempt he be:  
How would he feel if he but knew  
That in this Pic-ture-book I drew  
His Phys-i-og-no-my un-shorn,  
For chil-dren to de-ride and scorn?

#### THE MON-GOOS

This, Children, is the famed Mon-goos.  
He has an ap-pe-tite ab-struse:  
Strange to re-late, this crea-ture takes  
A cu-ri-ous joy in eat-ing snakes—

All kinds—though, it must be con-fessed,  
He likes the poi-son-ous ones the best.  
From him we learn how ve-ry small  
A thing can bring a-bout a Fall.  
O Mon-goos, where were you that day  
When Mistress Eve was led a-stray?  
If you'd but seen the ser-pent first,  
Our parents would not have been cursed,  
And so there would be no ex-cuse  
For MILTON, but for you—Mon-goos!  
*Oliver Herford* [1863-1935]

## IN FOREIGN PARTS

WHEN I lived in Singapore,  
It was something of a bore  
To receive the bulky Begums who came trundling to my  
door;  
They kept getting into tangles  
With their bingle-bongle-bangles,  
And the tiger used to bite them as he sat upon the floor.

When I lived in Timbuctoo,  
Almost everyone I knew  
Used to play upon the sackbut, singing "toodle-doodle-doo,"  
And they made ecstatic ballads,  
And consumed seductive salads,  
Made of chicory and hickory and other things that grew.

When I lived at Rotterdam,  
I possessed a spotted ram,  
Who would never feed on anything but hollyhocks and ham;  
But one day he butted down  
All the magnates of the town,  
So they slew him, though I knew him to be gentle as a lamb.

*But!*

When I got to Kandahar,  
It was very, very far,

And the people came and said to me, "How *very* plain you are!"

So I sailed across the foam,

And I toddle-waddled home,

And no more I'll go a-rovering beyond the harbor bar.

*Laura E. Richards* [1850-

# "SAID OPIE READ"

Said Opie Read to E. P. Roe,

"How do you like Gaboriau?"

"I like him very much indeed,"

Said E. P. Roe to Opie Read.

*Julian Street* [1879- ] and *James Montgomery Flagg* [1877-

# THE LAUGHING WILLOW

To see the Kaiser's epitaph

Would make a weeping willow laugh.

*Oliver Herford* [1863-1935]

# A GRAIN OF SALT

Of all the wimming doubly blest

The sailor's wife's the happiest,

For all she does is stay to home

And knit and darn—and let 'im roam.

Of all the husbands on the earth

The sailor has the finest berth,

For in 'is cabin he can sit

And sail and sail—and let 'er knit.

*Wallace Irwin* [1875-

# THE PURPLE COW

Reflections on a Mythic Beast,  
Who's Quite Remarkable, at Least.

I NEVER saw a Purple Cow;

I never Hope to See One;

But I can Tell you, Anyhow,

I'd rather See than Be One.

## CINQ ANS APRÈS

(Confession: and a portrait, Too,  
Upon a Background that I Rue!)

Ah, yes, I wrote the "Purple Cow"—  
I'm sorry, now, I Wrote it!  
But I can Tell you, Anyhow,  
I'll Kill you if you Quote it!

*Gelett Burgess* [1866-

## NONSENSE VERSES

THE Window has Four little Panes:  
But One have I:  
The Window-Panes are in its Sash,—  
I wonder why!

My Feet they haul me 'round the House:  
They hoist me up the Stairs:  
I only have to steer them and  
They ride me everywhere.

Remarkable truly, is Art!  
See—Elliptical wheels on a Cart!  
It looks very fair  
In the Picture up there:  
But imagine the Ride when you start!

I'd rather have Fingers than Toes:  
I'd rather have Eyes than a Nose:  
And as for my hair,  
I'm glad it's all there,  
I'll be awfully sad when it goes!

I wish that my Room had a Floor;  
I don't so much care for a Door,  
But this walking around  
Without touching the ground  
Is getting to be quite a bore!

*Gelett Burgess* [1866-

## VERS NONSENSIQUES

I AM gai. I am poet. I dvell  
 Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.  
 And I sing tralala  
 And I love my mamma,  
 And the English, I speaks him quite vell!

"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,  
 O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux!"  
 Ainsi tradusit Laure  
 Au profit d'Isadore  
 (Bon jeune homme, et son future époux.)

Il existe une espinstere à Tours  
 Un peu vite, et qui portait toujours  
 Un ulster peau-de-phoque,  
 Un chapeau biliogue,  
 Et des nicroboquers en velours.

Un marin naufragé (de Doncastre)  
 Pour prière, au milieu du désastre  
 Repetait à genoux  
 Ces mots simples et doux:—  
 "Scintellez, scintellez, petits astres!"

*George du Maurier* [1834-1896]

## HOME

A MELANCHOLY little man was seated on the ground;  
 He showed supreme indifference to everything around.  
 "Why do you not run home," I cried, "and tumble into  
 bed?"

He looked at me expressively, and presently he said:

"One rubber plant can never make a home,  
 Not even when combined with brush and comb,  
 And spoon, and fork, and knife,  
 And graphophone, and wife.  
 No! Something more is needed for a home."



I said: "What does your dwelling lack? The pretty hearth-side tone?

The note of domesticity?" He gave a fearful groan.

"Alas!" he cried, while from his seat he slowly upward bobbed

And seized his hat, "a flat's a flat!" Together then we sobbed:

"One rubber plant can never make a home;

One day did not suffice for building Rome.

One gas-log and a cat

Can't civilize a flat.

No! Something more is needed for a home."

*Unknown*

## TWO LIMERICKS

A CANNER, exceedingly canny,

One morning remarked to his granny,

"A canner can can

Anything that he can;

But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

A TUTOR who tooted a flute

Tried to teach two young tutors to toot.

Said the two to the tutor,

"Is it harder to toot, or

To tutor two tutors to toot?"

*Carolyn Wells* [18 -

## MORE LIMERICKS

A BRIGHT little maid of St. Thomas

One day found a suit of pajamas;

Said the maiden, "Well, well,

What these are, I can't tell,

But I'm certain the garments ain't mama's."

THERE was a young fellow named Tait,

Who dined with his girl at 8:08;

As Tait did not state,

I cannot relate

What Tait and his tête-à-tête ate at 8:08.

THERE was an old man of Tarentum,  
Who gnashed his false teeth till he bent 'em:  
And when asked for the cost  
Of what he had lost,  
Said, "I really can't tell, for I rent 'em!"

A LADY there was of Antigua,  
Who said to her spouse, "What a pig you are!"  
He answered, "My queen,  
Is it manners you mean,  
Or do you refer to my figure?"

THE poor benighted Hindoo,  
He does the best he kindoo;  
He sticks to caste  
From first to last;  
For pants he makes his skindoo.

THERE were three young women of Birmingham,  
And I know a sad story concerning 'em:  
They stuck needles and pins  
In the reverend shins  
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

THERE was a young lady of Niger  
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;  
They returned from the ride  
With the lady inside,  
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

THERE was a young lady of Wilts,  
Who walked up to Scotland on stilts;  
When they said it was shocking  
To show so much stocking,  
She answered: "Then what about kilts?"

THERE was a young girl of Lahore,  
The same shape behind as before.  
As no one knew where  
To offer a chair,  
She had to sit down on the floor.

*Cosmo Monkhouse [1840-1901]*

## Just Nonsense

As a beauty I'm not a great star,  
There are others more handsome by far.

But my face—I don't mind it,  
Because I'm behind it—  
It's the people in front that I jar.

*Anthony Euwer* [1877—

THERE was a small boy of Quebec,  
Who was buried in snow to his neck;

When they said, "Are you friz?"  
He replied, "Yes, I is—  
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865–1936]

THERE was a young man so benighted  
He didn't know when he was slighted,

But went to the party  
And ate just as hearty  
As if he'd been duly invited!

THERE was an old man of Nantucket  
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;

But his daughter, named Nan,  
Ran away with a man—  
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

*Dayton Voorhees, in Princeton Tiger, 1902*

He followed the pair to Pawtucket,  
Nan, and the man—and the bucket;

And he said to the man,  
"You're quite welcome to Nan,"—  
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.

## THE SAD TALE OF MR. MEARS

THERE was a man who had a clock,  
His name was Matthew Mears;  
And every day he wound that clock  
For eight and twenty years.

And then one day he found that clock  
An eight-day clock to be,  
And a madder man than Matthew Mears  
You would not wish to see.

*Unknown*

## OLD FAVORITES

### AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

From "The Vicar of Wakefield"

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song;  
And if you find it wondrous short,—  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran,—  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes:  
The naked every day he clad,—  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets  
The wondering neighbors ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye:  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That showed the rogues they lied:—  
The man recovered of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

*Oliver Goldsmith* [1728-1774]

### AN ELEGY

ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE

GOOD people all, with one accord,  
Lament for Madam Blaize,  
Who never wanted a good word—  
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,  
And always found her kind;  
She freely lent to all the poor—  
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please  
With manners wondrous winning;  
And never followed wicked ways—  
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new  
With hoop of monstrous size,  
She never slumbered in her pew—  
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux and more;  
The King himself has followed her—  
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,  
Her hangers-on cut short all;  
The doctors found, when she was dead—  
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,  
For Kent Street well may say,  
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—  
She had not died to-day.

*Oliver Goldsmith* [1728-1774]

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN  
SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED AND  
CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
"Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride  
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;  
O'erjoyed was he to find,  
That though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in;  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came downstairs,  
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword,  
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.



So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot become a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;  
Away went hat and wig:  
He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around;  
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"  
"’Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"  
They all at once did cry;  
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"—  
Said Gilpin—"So am I."

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there!  
For why?—his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware,

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see  
His neighbor in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,  
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell;  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why barcheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit  
And loved a timely joke;  
And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke:

“I came because your horse would come,  
And, if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here.—  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word  
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit,  
“My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.”

So turning to his horse, he said,  
“I am in haste to dine;  
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!  
For which he paid full dear;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might.  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin’s hat and wig:  
He lost them sooner than at first;  
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,  
"This shall be yours, when you bring back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain:  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"  
Not one of them was mute;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space;  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king!  
And Gilpin, long live he!  
And when he next doth ride abroad  
May I be there to see!

*William Cowper* [1731-1800].

## THE RAZOR-SELLER

A FELLOW in a market-town,  
Most musical, cried "Razors!" up and down,  
And offered twelve for eighteen pence;  
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,  
And, for the money, quite a heap,  
As every man should buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—  
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a thick black beard,  
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:  
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,  
And proudly to himself in whispers said,  
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose!

"No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,  
Provided that the razors *shave*;  
It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize."  
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,  
Smiling, in heart and soul content,  
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,  
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
Just like a hedger cutting furze;  
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried,—  
All were impostors. "Ah!" Hodge sighed,  
"I wish my eighteen pence were in my purse."

In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
 He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore;  
 Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry  
 faces,  
 And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er:

His muzzle, formed of *opposition* stuff,  
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;  
 So kept it,—laughing at the steel and suds.  
 Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,  
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,  
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods.  
 “Razors! a base, confounded dog!  
 Not fit to scrape a hog!”

Hodge sought the fellow,—found him,—and begun:  
 “P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun  
 That people flay themselves out of their lives.  
 You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,  
 Giving my whiskers here a scrubbing,  
 With razors just like oyster-knives.  
 Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,  
 To cry up razors that can't shave!”

“Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “I'm not a knave;  
 As for the razors you have bought,  
 Upon my soul, I never thought  
 That they would *shave*.”  
 “Not think they'd *shave*!” quoth Hodge, with wondering  
 eyes,  
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;  
 “What were they made for, then, you dog?” he cries.  
 “*Made*,” quoth the fellow, with a smile,— “*to sell*.”

John Wolcot [1738-1819]

### THE THREE WARNINGS

THE tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground:  
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
 That love of life increased with years

So much, that in our later stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,

The greatest love of life appears.  
This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,—  
If old assertions can't prevail,—  
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,  
Death called aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room,  
And looking grave—"You must," says he,  
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!  
With you!" the hapless husband cried;  
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!  
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:  
My thoughts on other matters go;  
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged, I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger;  
So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look—  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—  
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! No more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;  
And farther, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have,  
Before you're summoned to the grave.  
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,

And grant a kind reprieve,  
In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
But, when I call again this way,  
Well-pleased the world will leave."  
To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.



What next the hero of our tale befell,  
How long he lived, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursued his course,  
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse  
The willing Muse shall tell.

He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceived his growing old,

Nor thought of Death as near;  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,  
He passed his hours in peace.

But while he viewed his wealth increase,  
While thus along Life's dusty road  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.  
And now, one night, in musing mood  
As all alone he sat,

The unwelcome messenger of Fate  
Once more before him stood.

Half killed with anger and surprise,  
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cried.  
"So soon, d' ye call it?" Death replies.  
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!  
Since I was here before

'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined,  
"To spare the agèd would be kind:  
However, see your search be legal;  
And your authority—is 't regal?  
Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
With but a secretary's warrant.  
Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,  
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;  
But for that loss of time and ease,  
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best  
I seldom am a welcome guest;

But don't be captious, friend, at least:  
I little thought you'd still be able  
To stump about your farm and stable;  
Your years have run to a great length;  
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!  
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies:  
"However, you still keep your eyes;  
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,  
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true,  
But still there's comfort left for you:  
Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
I warrant you hear all the news."

"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,  
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,

"These are unwarrantable yearnings;

If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,

You've had your three sufficient warnings.

So, come along, no more we'll part."

He said, and touched him with his dart.

And now old Dodson, turning pale,

Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

*Hester Thrale Piozzi [1741-1821]*

## THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

ONE night came on a hurricane,  
The sea was mountains rolling,  
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,  
And said to Billy Bowling:  
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;  
Hark! don't ye hear it roar, now?  
Lord help 'em, how I pities them  
Unhappy folks on shore now!

“Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,  
 What danger they are all in,  
 And now lie quaking in their beds,  
 For fear the roof should fall in;  
 Poor creatures! how they envies us,  
 And wishes, I’ve a notion,  
 For our good luck, in such a storm,  
 To be upon the ocean!

“And as for them who’re out all day  
 On business from their houses,  
 And late at night are coming home,  
 To cheer their babes and spouses,—  
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck  
 Are comfortably lying,  
 My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots  
 About their heads are flying!

“And very often have we heard  
 How men are killed and undone  
 By overturns of carriages,  
 By thieves, and fires in London;  
 We know what risks all landmen run,  
 From noblemen to tailors;  
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence  
 That you and I are sailors.”

*Charles Dibdin* [1745-1814]

### TAM O’ SHANTER

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,  
 And drouthy neibors, neibors meet,  
 As market-days are wearing late,  
 And folk begin to tak the gate;  
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
 And gettin’ fou and unco happy,  
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel ihou wast a skellum,  
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou wast na sober;  
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;  
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied that, late or soon,  
Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;  
Or caught wi' warlocks i' the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,  
To think how monie counsels sweet,  
How monie lengthened, sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-night,  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;—  
They had been fou for weeks thegither!

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;  
And aye the ale was growing better:

The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious:  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
The storm without might rair and rustle,—  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drowned himself amang the nappy!  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blessed, but Tam was glorious,  
Q'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed:  
Or like the snowfall in the river,—  
A moment white—then melts forever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,  
Evanishing amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether time or tide;  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he taks the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,  
(A better never lifted leg,)  
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;

Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;  
 Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares;—  
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Where in the snaw the chapman smooored;  
 And past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neckbane;  
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,  
 Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
 The doubling storm roars through the woods;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll;  
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,  
 Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze;  
 Through ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn,  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
 Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquebae, we'll face the Devil!  
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.  
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,  
 She ventured forward on the light;  
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
 Nae cotillion brent new frac France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 A winnock-bunker in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;

A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge:  
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl,  
Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
That shawed the dead in their last dresses;  
And by some devilish cantrip slight,  
Each in its cauld hand held a light:  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;  
A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,—  
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,  
Till ilka carline swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,  
A' plump and strappin' in their teens;  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,  
Louping and flinging on a crummock,  
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenned what was what fu' brawlie;  
There was ae winsome wench and walie,  
That night enlisted in the core,  
(Lang after kenned on Carrick shore;  
For monie a beast to dead she shot,  
And perished monie a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear.)  
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That, while a lassie, she had worn,  
In longitude though sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
Ah! little kenned thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' two pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)  
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;  
Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jade she was, and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,  
And thought his very e'en enriched;  
Even Satan glowered, and fidget fu' fain,  
And hotched and blew wi' might and main:  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant all was dark;  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.  
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;



As eager runs the market-crowd,  
 When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
 Wi' monie an eldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the key-stane o' the brig;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss;  
 A running stream they dare na cross.  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fient a tail she had to shake!  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie pressed,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle!  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain gray tail;  
 The carline caught her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed!  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear:—  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

*Robert Burns* [1759-1796]

### GLUGGITY GLUG

From "The Myrtle and the Vine"

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,  
 And he had drunk stoutly at supper;  
 He mounted his horse in the night at the door,  
 And sat with his face to the crupper:

"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse,  
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,  
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,  
While I was enagged at the bottle,  
Which went gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,  
'Twas the friar's road home, straight and level;  
But, when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,  
So he scampered due north, like a devil:  
"This new mode of docking," the friar then said,  
"I perccive doesn't make a horse trot ill;  
And 'tis cheap,—for he never can eat off his head  
While I am engaged at the bottle,  
Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug."

The steed made a stop,—in a pond he had got,  
He was rather for drinking than grazing;  
Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange headless horses should trot,  
But to drink with their tails is amazing!"  
Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,  
In the pond fell this son of a pottle;  
Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under his nose,—  
I wish I were over a bottle,  
Which goes gluggity, gluggity—glug—glug—glug!"

*George Colman the Younger [1762-1836]*

### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great;  
His mind is ta'en up wi' things o' the State;  
He wanted a wife, his braw house to keep;  
But favor wi' wooin' was fashous to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well,—  
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well-pouthered, as guid as when new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;

He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat,—  
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that!

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,  
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;  
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,—  
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine.  
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"  
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low;  
And what was his errand he soon let her know.  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, "Na,"  
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa'.

Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gi'e;  
He mounted his mare, and rade cannily;  
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!"

And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;  
"Oh, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,—  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,  
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;  
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,  
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

*The first seven stanzas by Carolina Nairne [1766-1845]*

*The last two by Susan Ferrier [1782-1854]*

### THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

A WELL there is in the west country,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
There is not a wife in the west country  
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,  
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow from the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;  
Joyfully he drew nigh;  
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he,  
And he sat down upon the bank,  
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,  
At the Well to fill his pail,  
On the Well-side he rested it,  
And bade the Stranger hail.

"Now, art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he,  
"For, an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
Ever here in Cornwall been?  
For, an if she have, I'll venture my life  
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"  
The Stranger he made reply;  
"But that my draught should be better for that,  
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time  
Drank of this crystal Well;  
And, before the angel summoned her,  
She laid on the water a spell,—

"If the Husband, of this gifted Well  
 Shall drink before his Wife,  
 A happy man henceforth is he,  
 For he shall be Master for life;—

"But, if the Wife should drink of it first,  
 Heaven help the Husband then!"—  
 The Stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,  
 And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"  
 He to the Cornish-man said;  
 But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spake,  
 And sheepishly shook his head:—

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,  
 And left my Wife in the porch;  
 But i' faith, she had been wiser than me,  
 For she took a bottle to church."

*Robert Southey [1774-1843]*

### ADDRESS TO A MUMMY

AND thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)  
 In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,  
 When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
 And time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy.  
 Thou hast a tongue,—come, let us hear its tune;  
 Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!  
 Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—  
 Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
 But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—  
 To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?  
 Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
 Of either pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade,—  
Then say what secret melody was hidden  
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?  
Perhaps thou wert a Priest,—if so, my struggles  
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,  
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;  
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;  
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;  
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,  
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,  
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;  
For thou wert dead and buried and embalmed  
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:  
Antiquity appears to have begun  
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop—if that withered tongue  
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—  
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,  
And the great deluge still had left it green;  
Or was it then so old that history's pages  
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!  
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;  
But prithee tell us something of thyself,—  
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;  
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,  
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,  
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations:  
The Roman empire has begun and ended,  
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations;

And countless kings have into dust been humbled,  
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou hear not the pother o'er thy head,  
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,  
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,—  
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;  
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,  
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold:  
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,  
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;  
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?  
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh,—Immortal of the dead!  
Imperishable type of evanescence!  
Posthumous man,—who quit'st thy narrow bed,  
And standest undecayed within our presence!  
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,  
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,  
If its undying guest be lost for ever?  
O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure  
In living virtue, that when both must sever,  
Although corruption may our frame consume,  
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

*Horace Smith* [1779-1849]

### JOHN GRUMLIE

JOHN GRUMLIE swore by the light o' the moon  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
That he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.

His wife rose up in the morning  
Wi' cares and troubles enow—  
John Grumlie bide at hame, John,  
And I'll go haud the plow.

First ye maun dress your children fair,  
And put them a' in their gear;  
And ye maun turn the malt, John,  
Or else ye'll spoil the beer;  
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,  
That I span yesterday;  
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,  
Else they'll all lay away.

O he did dress his children fair,  
And put them a' in their gear;  
But he forgot to turn the malt,  
And so he spoiled the beer:  
And he sang loud as he reeled the tweel  
That his wife span yesterday;  
But he forgot to put up the hens,  
And the hens all layed away.

The hawket crummie loot down nae milk;  
He kirned, nor butter gat;  
And a' gade wrang, and naught gade right;  
He danced wi' rage, and grat;  
Then up he ran to the head o' the knowe  
Wi' mony a wave and shout—  
She heard him as she heard him not,  
And steered the stots about.

John Grumlie's wife cam hame at e'en,  
A weary wife and sad,  
And burst into a laughter loud,  
And laughed as she'd been mad:  
While John Grumlie swore by the light o' the moon  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
If my wife should na win a penny a day  
She's aye her will for me.

*Allan Cunningham* [1784-1842]



## THE NEEDLE

THE gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling  
 In waltz or cotillion, at whist or quadrille;  
 And seek admiration by vauntingly telling  
 Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;  
 But give me the fair one, in country or city,  
 Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,  
 Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,  
 While plying the needle with exquisite art:  
 The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
 The needle directed by beauty and art.

If Love have a potent, a magical token,  
 A talisman, ever resistless and true—  
 A charm that is never evaded or broken,  
 A witchery certain the heart to subdue—  
 'Tis this—and his armory never has furnished  
 So keen and unerring, or polished a dart;  
 Let Beauty direct it, so pointed and burnished,  
 And, oh! it is certain of touching the heart:  
 The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
 The needle directed by beauty and art.

Be wise, then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration  
 By dressing for conquest, and flirting with all;  
 You never, whate'er be your fortune or station,  
 Appear half so lovely at rout or at ball,  
 As gayly convened at a work-covered table,  
 Each cheerfully active and playing her part,  
 Beguiling the task with a song or a fable,  
 And plying the needle with exquisite art:  
 The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,  
 The needle directed by beauty and art.

*Samuel Woodworth [1784-1842]*

## MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*)

I WAS in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,  
 I saw a little vulgar Boy,—I said, "What make you here?"

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;”

Again I said, “What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?”

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy,—he deemed I meant to scoff,—

And when the little heart is big, a little “sets it off.”

He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—

He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

“Hark! don’t you hear, my little man?—it’s striking nine,”  
I said,

“An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.  
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold,—  
O fie!

It’s very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!”

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,  
His bosom throbbed with agony,—he cried like anything!  
I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur,—  
“Ah!

I have n’t got no supper! and I have n’t got no Ma!

“My father, he is on the seas,—my mother’s dead and gone!  
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;  
I have not had, this livelong day, one drop to cheer my heart,  
Nor ‘brown’ to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

“If there’s a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,  
By day or night, then blow me tight!” (he was a vulgar Boy;)  
“And now I’m here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent  
To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monument!”

“Cheer up! cheer up! my little man,—cheer up!” I kindly  
said,

“You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head;  
If you should jump from off the pier, you’d surely break your  
legs,

Perhaps your neck,—then Bogey’d have you, sure as eggs  
are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me  
and sup!

My landlady is Mrs. Jones,—we must not keep her up,—  
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you,—  
Come home, you little vulgar Boy,—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy."  
I bad him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—  
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,  
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,  
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."  
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubbed the  
delf,  
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho,—I went to Mr. Cobb,—  
I changed a shilling (which in town the people call a Bob)—  
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child,—  
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it  
mild!"

When I came back I gazed about,—I gazed on stool and  
chair,—  
I could not see my little friend,—because he was not there!  
I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the sofa, too,—  
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons.—I looked, but could not see  
The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I'm at tea;  
I could not see my sugar-tongs, my silver watch,—oh, dear!  
I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my mackintosh,—it was not to be seen!  
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed and lined  
with green;  
My carpet-bag,—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and  
soy,—  
My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,  
 "Oh, Mrs. Jones, what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty  
 go?

That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night  
 He's stolen my things and run away!" Says she, "And  
 sarve you right!"

Next morning I was up betimes,— I sent the Crier round,  
 All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound  
 To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;  
 But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried, "O  
 No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,  
 There was a common sailor-man a walking up and down;  
 I told my tale,—he seemed to think I'd not been treated well,  
 And called me "Poor old Buffer"—what that means I can-  
 not tell.

That sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore  
 A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard be-  
 fore,—

A little "gallows-looking chap,"—dear me, what could he  
 mean?—

With a "carpet-swab" and "mucking-togs," and a hat  
 turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him  
 "sheer,"—

It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer;  
 And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their  
 use,—

It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so  
 loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say  
 He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away  
 In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,  
 And they were now, as he supposed, "*somewheres*" about  
 the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap,—he's been upon the Mill,—

And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"

He said "he'd done me werry brown," and "nicely *stowed* the *swag*,"—

That's French, I fancy, for a hat, or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;

He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"

I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come about."

He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,  
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done me brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,  
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described "the swag,"  
My mackintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;  
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ,  
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

#### MORAL

Remember, then, that when a boy I've heard my Grandma tell,

"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,

Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be blowed!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out  
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!

## “The Captain Stood on the Carronade” 2125

And when you go to Margate next, just stop and ring the bell,  
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!

*Richard Harris Barham [1788-1845]*

### “THE CAPTAIN STOOD ON THE CARRONADE”

THE Captain stood on the Carronade—“First lieutenant,”  
says he,

“Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me:  
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons, because I'm bred to  
the sea;

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.  
Odds blood, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,  
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the vic-  
tory.

“That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,  
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we*;

I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his  
gun;

If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.  
Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,  
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the vic-  
tory.”

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had  
enough;

“I little thought,” said he, “that your men were of such  
stuff;”

The Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made  
to he;

“I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish  
to be.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,  
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the vic-  
tory.”

Our Captain sent for all of us; “My merry men,” said he,  
“I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be;

You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;

If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,  
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory."

*Frederick Marryat* [1792-1848]

### FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY

#### A PATHETIC BALLAD

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms;  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, "Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:  
Said he, "They're only pegs;  
But there's as wooden members quite  
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray;  
So he went to pay her his devours  
When he'd devoured his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff;  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off!

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
Is this your love so warm?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat,  
Should be more uniform!"

She said, "I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave;  
But I will never have a man  
With both feet in the grave!

"Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow,  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now!"

"O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call I left my legs  
In Badajoz's *breaches*!"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms!"

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray,  
I know why you refuse:—  
Though I've no feet, some other man  
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;  
But now a long farewell!  
For you will be my death:—alas!  
You will not be my *Nell*!"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got,  
And life was such a burthen grown,  
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line!



One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off,—of course  
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead  
As any nail in town,—  
For though distress had cut him up,  
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,  
To find out why he died—  
And they buried Ben at four cross-roads,  
With a *stake* in his inside!

*Thomas Hood* [1799-1845]

#### FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That, though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,  
He'll be as good as me;  
For when your swain is in our boat  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A coming to herself.

‘And is he gone, and is he gone?’  
She cried, and wept outright;  
“Then I will to the water-side,  
And see him out of sight.”

A waterman came up to her;  
“Now, young woman,” said he,  
“If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea.”

“Alas! they’ve taken my beau, Ben,  
To sail with old Benbow;”  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she’d said, Gee woe!

Says he, “They’ve only taken him  
To the tender-ship, you see.”  
“The tender-ship,” cried Sally Brown,  
“What a hardship that must be!

“O, would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I’d follow him!  
But O, I’m not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

“Alas! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales.”

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That’s underneath the world;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,  
To see how she got on,  
He found she’d got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown! O Sally Brown!  
How could you serve me so?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow!"

Then, reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a heavy sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing, "All's Well!"  
But could not, though he tried;  
His head was turned,—and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell;  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton tolled the bell.

*Thomas Hood* [1799-1845]

### "PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE"

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:  
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:  
So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—  
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,  
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat*:  
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more  
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss, but the parting was woe;  
For the moment will come when such comers must go.  
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—  
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

*Thomas Hood* [1799-1845]

## OLD GRIMES

Old Grimes is dead; that good old man

We never shall see more:

He used to wear a long black coat,

All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,

His feelings all were true;

His hair was some inclined to gray—

He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,

His breast with pity burned;

The large, round head upon his cane

From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all;

He knew no base design:

His eyes were dark and rather small,

His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,

In friendship he was true;

His coat had pocket-holes behind,

His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes

He passed securely o'er,

And never wore a pair of boots

For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,

Nor fears misfortune's frown:

He wore a double-breasted vest—

The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,

And pay it its desert:

He had no malice in his mind,

No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse—  
 Was sociable and gay:  
 He wore large buckles on his shoes,  
 And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,  
 He did not bring to view,  
 Nor made a noise, town-meeting days,  
 As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw  
 In trust to fortune's chances,  
 But lived (as all his brothers do)  
 In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,  
 His peaceful moments ran;  
 And everybody said he was  
 A fine old gentleman.

*Albert Gorton Greene* [1802-1868]

### THE ANNUITY

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—  
 An unco week it proved to be—  
 For there I met a waesome wife  
 Lamentin' her viduity.  
 Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,  
 I thought her heart wad burst the shell,  
 And,—I was sac left tac mysel,—  
 I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—  
 She just was turned o' saxty-three;  
 I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh,  
 By human ingenuity.  
 But years have come, and years have gane,  
 And there she's yet as stieve 's a stane—  
 The limmer's growin' young again,  
 Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane and skin,  
But that, it seems, is naught to me;  
She's like to live—although she's in  
The last stage o' tenuity.  
She munches wi' her wizened gums,  
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums;  
But comes, as sure as Christmas comes,  
To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,  
As spunkie as a growin' flea—  
An' there she sits upon my back,  
A livin' perpetuity.  
She hunkles by her ingle side,  
An' toasts an' toasts her wrunkled hide—  
Lord kens how lang she yet may bide  
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care  
For an insurance company;  
Her chance o' life was stated there,  
Wi' perfect perspicuity.  
But tables here or tables there,  
She's lived ten years beyond her share,  
An's like to live a dizzen mair,  
To ca' for her annuity.

I got the loun that drew the deed—  
We spelled it o'er right carefully;—  
In vain he yerked his souple head,  
To find an ambiguity:  
It's dated—tested—a' complete—  
The proper stamp—nae word delete—  
And diligence, as on decreet,  
May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast,—  
I thought a kink might set me free;  
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,  
Wi' constant assiduity.

But deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,  
And missed the auld anatomy—  
It just cost me a tooth, forbye  
Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—  
Her only son was lost at sea—  
But aff her wits behoved to flit,  
An' leave her in fatuity!  
She threeps, an' threeps, he's livin' yet,  
For a' the tellin' she can get;  
But catch the doited runt forget  
To ca' for her annuity!

If there's a sough o' cholera,  
Or typhus,—wha sae gleg as she?  
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',  
In siccan superfluity!  
She doesna need—she's fever proof—  
The pest gaed owre her very roof—  
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof  
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell, her arm she brak—  
A compound fracture as could be—  
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,  
Whate'er was the gratuity.  
It's cured! She handles 't like a flail—  
It does as weel in bits as hale—  
But I'm a broken man mysel  
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken bances  
Are weel as flesh and bances can be;  
She beats the tades that live in stanes,  
An' fatten in vacuity!  
They die when they're exposed to air,  
They canna thole the atmosphere—  
But her! expose her onywhere,  
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,  
Sma' crime it wad appear to me;  
Ca' t murder—or ca' t homicide—  
I'd justify 't—an' do it tae.  
But how to fell a withered wife  
That's carved out o' the tree of life—  
The timmer limmer dares the knife  
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot—but whar's the mark?  
Her vital parts are hid frae me;  
Her backbone wanders through her sark  
In an unkenne'd corkscrewity.  
She's palsified, an' shakes her head  
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see 't;  
It's past the power o' steel or lead  
To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned; but go she'll not  
Within a mile o' loch or sea;  
Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat  
O' siccan exiguity.  
It's fitter far to hang the rope—  
It draws out like a telescope;  
'Twad tak' a dreadfu' length o' drop  
To settle her annuity.

Will poison do 't? It has been tried,  
But, be't in hash or fricassee,  
That's just the dish she can't abide,  
Whatever kind o' *goul* it hae.  
It's needless to assail her doubts,—  
She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,—  
An' only eats an' drinks what suits  
Hersel an' her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man  
Threescore and ten, perchance, may be;  
She's ninety-four. Let them wha can,  
Explain the incongruity.



She should hae lived afore the flood—  
 She's come o' patriarchal blood,  
 She's some auld Pagan, mummified  
 Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and oot—  
 She's sauted to the last degree—  
 There's pickle in her very snoot  
 Sae caper-like an' cruelty.  
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her—  
 They've kyanized the useless knir,—  
 She canna decompose—nae mair  
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock,  
 As this eternal jaud wears me;  
 I could withstand the single shock,  
 But not the continuity.  
 It's pay me here, an' pay me there,  
 An' pay me, pay me, evermair—  
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—  
 I'm *charged* for her annuity!

*George Outram* [1805-1856]

### THE SMACK IN SCHOOL

A DISTRICT school, not far away,  
 Mid Berkshire's hills, one winter's day,  
 Was humming with its wonted noise  
 Of threescore mingled girls and boys;  
 Some few upon their tasks intent,  
 But more on furtive mischief bent.  
 The while the master's downward look  
 Was fastened on a copy-book;  
 When suddenly, behind his back,  
 Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack,  
 As 'twere a battery of bliss  
 Let off in one tremendous kiss!  
 "What's that?" the startled master cries;  
 "That, thir," a little imp replies,

## The Pope He Leads a Happy Life" 2137

"Wath William Willith, if you pleathe,—  
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"  
With frown to make a statue thrill,  
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"  
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,  
With stolen chattels on his back,  
Will hung his head in fear and shame,  
And to the awful presence came,—  
A great, green, bashful simpleton,  
The butt of all good-natured fun.  
With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,  
The threatener faltered,—"I'm amazed  
That you, my biggest pupil, should  
Be guilty of an act so rude!  
Before the whole set school to boot—  
What evil genius put you to't?"  
"Twas she herself, sir," sobbed the lad,  
"I did not mean to be so bad;  
But when Susannah shook her curls,  
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls  
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,  
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,  
But up and kissed her on the spot!  
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not.  
But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—  
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

*William Pitt Palmer* [1805-1884]

## "THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE"

From "Harry Lorrequer"

THE Pope he leads a happy life,  
He fears not married care nor strife,  
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine,—  
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But yet all happy's not his life,  
He has no maid, nor blooming wife;  
Nor child has he to raise his hope—  
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,  
His is a life of jollity;  
He's wives as many as he will—  
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man,  
He must obey the Alcoran;  
He dare not drink one drop of wine—  
I would not change his lot for mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,  
I'll drink my own, my native land;  
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,  
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

And when my maiden kisses me,  
I'll think that I the Sultan be;  
And when my cheery glass I tope,  
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

*Charles Lever* [1806-1872]

## THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I WROTE some lines once on a time  
In wondrous merry mood,  
And thought, as usual, men would say  
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
I laughed as I would die;  
Albeit, in the general way,  
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;  
How kind it was of him,  
To mind a slender man like me,  
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,  
And, in my humorous way,  
I added (as a trifling jest),  
"There'll be the devil to pay."

## The Ballad of the Oysterman 2139

He took the paper, and I watched,  
And saw him peep within;  
At the first line he read, his face  
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,  
And shot from ear to ear;  
He read the third; a chuckling noise  
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;  
The fifth; his waistband split;  
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,  
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
I watched that wretched man,  
And since, I never dare to write  
As funny as I can.

*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

### THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-side,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide;  
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,  
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,  
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;  
He saw her wave a handkerchief, as much as if to say,  
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,  
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should  
see;  
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,  
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this  
here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,

And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;

Oh, there are kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—  
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Oh, what was that, my daughter?"

"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."

"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"

"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Now bring me my harpoon!

I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb;  
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoond,

And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,  
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below

*Oliver Wendell Holmes [1809-1894]*

### LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city  
Who took a boat and went to sea.  
But first with beef and captain's biscuits  
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,  
And the youngest he was little Billee.  
Now when they got as far as the Equator  
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"I am extremely hungaree."

To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,  
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,  
"With one another we shouldn't agree!  
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,  
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,  
So undo the button of your chemie."

When Bill received this information  
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,  
Which my poor mammy taught to me."  
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,  
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,  
And down he fell on his bended knee.  
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment  
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,  
And North and South Amerikee:  
There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,  
With Admiral Napier, K. C. B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's,  
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee:  
But as for little Bill he made him  
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

## THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair:  
Bishop and abbot and prior were there;  
Many a monk, and many a friar,  
Many a knight, and many a squire,

With a great many more of lesser degree,—  
In sooth, a goodly company;  
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.  
    Never, I ween,  
    Was a prouder seen,  
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

    In and out  
    Through the motley rout,  
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;  
    Here and there  
    Like a dog in a fair,  
    Over comfits and cates,  
    And dishes and plates,  
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all!  
    With a saucy air,  
    He perched on the chair  
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,  
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;  
    And he peered in the face  
    Of his Lordship's Grace,  
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"  
    And the priests, with awe,  
    As such freaks they saw,  
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,  
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,  
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!  
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,—  
    Came in order due,  
    Two by two,  
Marching that grand refectory through.  
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
Embossed and filled with water, as pure  
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur

Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
Carried lavender-water and cau-de-Cologne;  
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more  
A napkin bore,  
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
And a Cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white:  
From his finger he draws  
His costly turquoise;  
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
Deposits it straight  
By the side of his plate,  
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;  
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,  
And a deuce of a rout,  
And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;  
The friars are kneeling,  
And hunting, and feeling  
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.  
The Cardinal drew  
Off each plum-colored shoe,  
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;  
He peeps, and he feels  
In the toes and the heels;  
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—  
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,  
—They turn up the rugs,  
They examine the mugs:



But no!—no such thing;  
They can't find THE RING!  
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it,  
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book:  
In holy anger, and pious grief,  
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!  
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,  
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head!  
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;  
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,  
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;  
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;  
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;  
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!  
Never was heard such a terrible curse!  
But what gave rise  
To no little surprise,  
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,  
The night came on,  
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;  
When the sacristan saw,  
On crumpled claw  
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw.  
No longer gay,  
As on yesterday;  
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;  
His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand,  
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;  
His eye so dim,  
So wasted each limb,  
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!  
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!  
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw,  
When the monks he saw,  
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;  
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,  
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"  
Slower and slower  
He limped on before,  
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,  
Where the first thing they saw,  
Midst the sticks and the straw,  
Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw.

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,  
And off that terrible curse he took;  
The mute expression  
Served in lieu of confession,  
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!  
—When those words were heard,  
That poor little bird  
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.  
He grew sleek and fat;  
In addition to that,  
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat.  
His tail wagged more  
Even than before;  
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,  
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.  
He hopped now about  
With a gait devout;  
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;  
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied, or if any one swore,  
Or slumbered in prayer-time, and happened to snore,  
That good Jackdaw  
Would give a great "Caw!"  
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"  
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,  
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

He long lived the pride  
Of that countryside,  
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;  
When, as words were too faint  
His merits to paint,  
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;  
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,  
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow!

*Richard Harris Barham [1788-1845]*

### THE ALARMED SKIPPER

MANY a long, long year ago,  
Nantucket skippers had a plan  
Of finding out, though "lying low,"  
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,  
And then by sounding, through the night,  
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,  
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,  
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot;  
And so below he 'd "douse the glim,"—  
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,  
This ancient skipper might be found;  
No matter how his craft would rock,  
He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then  
Run down and wake him, with the lead;  
He'd up and taste, and tell the men  
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,  
A curious wag—the peddler's son;  
And so he mused (the wanton wretch!)  
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools,  
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,  
What ground he's on; Nantucket schools  
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead,  
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth  
That stood on deck—a parsnip-bed,—  
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."  
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,  
Opened his eyes in wondrous haste,  
And then upon the floor he sprung.

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,  
Hauled on his boots, and roared to Marden,  
"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are  
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

*James Thomas Fields* [1816-1881]

#### THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said  
To a lady from over the Rhine;  
And the lady shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again the lady shook her head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband of course?" the Marshal said  
To the lady from over the Rhine;  
And again she shook her flaxen head,  
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the Marshal said  
 To the lady from over the Rhine;  
 And again she shook her flaxen head,  
 And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,  
 And always answering 'Nine'?"

"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said  
 The lady from over the Rhine.

*John Godfrey Saxe* [1816-1887]

### PYRAMUS AND THISBE

THIS tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one,  
 Is old; but the manner is wholly a new one.  
 One Ovid, a writer of some reputation,  
 Has told it before in a tedious narration;  
 In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,  
 But which nobody reads on account of its dullness.

Young Peter Pyramus,—*I* call him Peter,  
 Not for the sake of the rhyme or the meter,  
 But merely to make the name completer,—  
 For Peter lived in the olden times,  
 And in one of the worst of pagan climes  
 That flourish now in classical fame,  
 Long before either noble or boor  
 Had such a thing as a *Christian* name,—  
 Young Peter, then, was a nice young beau  
 As any young lady would wish to know;  
 In years, I ween, he was rather green,  
 That is to say, he was just eighteen,—  
 A trifle too short, and a shaving too lean,  
 But "a nice young man" as ever was seen,  
 And fit to dance with a May-day queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl  
 As ever ensnared the heart of an earl  
 In the magical trap of an auburn curl,—

A little Miss Thisbe, who lived next door  
(They slept, in fact, on the very same floor,  
With a wall between them, and nothing more,—  
Those double dwellings were common of yore),  
And they loved each other, the legends say,  
In that very beautiful, bountiful way,  
That every young maid and every young blade  
Are wont to do before they grow staid,  
And learn to love by the laws of trade.  
But (alack-a-day, for the girl and the boy!)  
A little impediment checked their joy,  
And gave them, awhile, the deepest annoy.—  
For some good reason, which history cloaks,  
The match didn't happen to please the old folks!

So Thisbe's father and Peter's mother  
Began the young couple to worry and bother,  
And tried their innocent passion to smother  
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other!  
But who ever heard of a marriage deterred  
Or even deferred  
By any contrivance so very absurd  
As scolding the boy, and caging his bird?

Now, Peter, who wasn't discouraged at all  
By obstacles such as the timid appal,  
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,  
Which wasn't so thick but removing a brick  
Made a passage,—though rather provokingly small.  
Through this little chink the lover could greet her,  
And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,  
While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter, —  
For kisses, like folks with diminutive souls,  
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes!

'Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love,  
Laid a nice little plot to meet at a spot  
Near a mulberry-tree in a neighboring grove;  
For the plan was all laid by the youth and the maid,

Whose hearts, it would seem, were uncommonly bold ones,  
To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.

In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,  
The beautiful maiden slipped out of the house,  
The mulberry-tree impatient to find;  
While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,  
Strolled leisurely out some minutes behind.

While waiting alone by the trysting-tree,  
A terrible lion as e'er you set eye on  
Came roaring along quite horrid to sec,  
And caused the young maiden in terror to flee;  
(A lion's a creature whose regular trade is  
Blood,—and "a terrible thing among ladies,")  
And, losing her veil as she ran from the wood,  
The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter, arriving, and seeing the veil  
All covered o'er and reeking with gore,  
Turned, all of a sudden, exceedingly pale,  
And sat himself down to weep and to wail;  
For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter  
Made up his mind in very short meter  
That Thisbe was dead, and the lion had eat her!  
So breathing a prayer, he determined to share  
The fate of his darling, "the loved and the lost,"  
And fell on his dagger, and gave up the ghost!

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau  
Lying dead by her veil (which she happened to know),  
She guessed in a moment, the cause of his erring,  
And, seizing the knife, that had taken his life,  
In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring!

#### MORAL

Young gentlemen: Pray recollect, if you please,  
Not to make assignations near mulberry-trees;  
Should your mistress be missing, it shows a weak head  
To be stabbing yourself, till you know she is dead.

Young ladies: You shouldn't go strolling about  
When your anxious mammas don't know you are out;  
And remember that accidents often befall  
From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall.

*John Godfrey Saxe [1816-1887]*

## MY FAMILIAR

*Ecce iterum Crispinus!*

AGAIN I hear that creaking step!—  
He's rapping at the door!—  
Too well I know the boding sound  
That ushers in a bore.  
I do not tremble when I meet  
The stoutest of my foes,  
But Heaven defend me from the friend  
Who comes—but never goes!

He drops into my easy chair,  
And asks about the news,  
He peers into my manuscript,  
And gives his candid views;  
He tells me where he likes the line,  
And where he's forced to grieve;  
He takes the strangest liberties,—  
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily paper through  
Before I've seen a word;  
He scans the lyric (that I wrote),  
And thinks it quite absurd;  
He calmly smokes my last cigar,  
And coolly asks for more;  
He opens everything he sees—  
Except the entry door!

He talks about his fragile health  
And tells me of the pains  
He suffers from a score of ills  
Of which he ne'er complains;



And how he struggled once with Death  
 To keep the fiend at bay;  
 On themes like those away he goes—  
 But never goes away!

He tells me of the carping words  
 Some shallow critic wrote;  
 And every precious paragraph  
 Familiarly can quote;  
 He thinks the writer did me wrong;  
 He'd like to run him through!  
 He says a thousand pleasant things—  
 But never says, "Adieu!"

Whene'er he comes--that dreadful man—  
 Disguise it as I may,  
 I know that, like an autumn rain,  
 He'll last throughout the day.  
 In vain I speak of urgent tasks;  
 In vain I scowl and pout;  
 A frown is no extinguisher—  
 It does not put him out!

I mean to take the knocker off,  
 Put crape upon the door,  
 Or hint to John that I am gone  
 To stay a month or more.  
 I do not tremble when I meet  
 The stoutest of my foes,  
 But Heaven defend me from the friend  
 Who never, never goes!

*John Godfrey Saxe* [1816-1887]

#### HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty,  
 Dey had biano-blayin;  
 I feiled in lofe mit a Merican frau,  
 Her name was Madilda Yane.

She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,  
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,  
Und ven dey looket indo mine,  
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I vent dere you'll pe pound.  
I valset mit Madilda Yane  
Und vent shpinnen round und round.  
De pooticest Fraulein in de House,  
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,  
Und efery dime she give a shoomp  
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
I dells you it cost him dear.  
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks  
Of foost-rate Lager Beer.  
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in  
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.  
I dinks dat so vinc a barty  
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;  
Dere all vas Souse und Brouse,  
Ven de sooper coomed in, de gompany  
Did make demselfs to house;  
Dey ate das Brot und Gensy broost,  
De Bratwurst und Braten fine,  
Und vash der Abendessen down  
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;  
We all cot troonk ash bigs.  
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier,  
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.  
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane  
Und she shlog me on de kop,  
Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks  
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—  
 Where ish dat barty now?  
 Where ish de lofely golden cloud  
 Dat float on de moundains' prow?  
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—  
 De shtar of de shpirit's light?  
 All goned afay mit de Lager Beer—  
 Afay in de Ewigkeit!

*Charles Godfrey Leland* [1824-1903]

### "NOTHING TO WEAR"

#### AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE

MISS FLORA McFLIMSEY, of Madison Square,  
 Has made three separate journeys to Paris,  
 And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
 That she and her friend Mrs. Harris  
 (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)  
 Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping  
 In one continuous round of shopping,—  
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,—  
 For all manner of things that a woman can put  
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,  
 Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,  
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
 In front or behind, above or below;  
 For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;  
 Dresses for breakfasts and dinners and balls;  
 Dresses to sit in and stand in and walk in;  
 Dresses to dance in and flirt in and talk in;  
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all;  
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;  
 All of them different in color and pattern,  
 Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,  
 Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,  
 Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;

In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,  
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,  
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;  
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,  
While McFlimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,  
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer *Arago*,  
Formed, McFlimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,  
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,  
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,  
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,  
But for which the ladies themselves manifested  
Such particular interest, that they invested  
Their own proper persons in layers and rows  
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,  
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;  
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,  
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.  
Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,  
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout  
For an actual belle and a possible bride;  
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,  
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside,  
Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,  
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the  
day

This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,  
This same Miss McFlimsey, of Madison Square,  
The last time we met was in utter despair,  
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,  
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—  
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,  
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;  
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,

When, at the same moment, she had on a dress  
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less  
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,  
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's  
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
I had just been selected as he who should throw all  
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal  
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"  
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,  
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."  
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,  
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,  
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,  
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.  
Without any romance or raptures or sighs,  
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,  
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,  
It was one of the quietest business transactions,  
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,  
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.  
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,  
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,  
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,  
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,  
And flirt when I like,—now, stop, don't you speak,—  
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,  
Or talk to me either at party or ball,  
But always be ready to come when I call;  
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,  
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough  
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be  
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,  
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,  
Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss McFlimsey and gained her,  
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,

I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder  
 At least in the property, and the best right  
 To appear as its escort by day and by night;  
 And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball,—  
     Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,  
     And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe,—  
 I considered it only my duty to call,  
     And see if Miss Flora intended to go.  
 I found her,—as ladies are apt to be found,  
 When the time intervening between the first sound  
 Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter  
 Than usual,—I found—I won't say, I caught her,—  
 Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning  
 To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.  
 She turned as I entered,—“Why, Harry, you sinner,  
 I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!”  
 “So I did,” I replied; “but the dinner is swallowed  
     And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,  
 So being relieved from that duty, I followed  
     Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door;  
 And now will your ladyship so condescend  
 As just to inform me if you intend  
 Your beauty and graces and presence to lend  
 (All of which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)  
 To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?”

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,  
 And answered quite promptly, “Why, Harry, *mon cher*,  
 I should like above all things to go with you there;  
 But really and truly—I've nothing to wear.”

“Nothing to wear! go just as you are;  
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,  
 I engage, the most bright and particular star  
     On the Stuckup horizon”—I stopped—for her eye,  
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,  
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery  
     Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,  
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose  
     (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,

"How absurd that any sane man should suppose  
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again: "Wear your crimson brocade,"  
(Second turn-up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."  
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy." "Your pink"—  
"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."  
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—  
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a  
Quaker."

"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-  
maker

Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac  
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."  
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—  
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike  
it

As more *comme il faut*"—"Yes, but, dear me! that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,  
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine,

'That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,

'That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich *grenadine*—

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turned the head of the head of the  
nation;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here I ripped *out* something, perhaps rather rash,  
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression  
More striking than classic, it “settled my hash,”  
And proved very soon the last act of our session.  
“Fiddlesticks, it is, sir? I wonder the ceiling  
Doesn’t fall down and crush you—oh! you men have no  
feeling;

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,  
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,  
Your silly pretense,—why, what a mere guess it is!  
Pray, what do you know of a woman’s necessities!  
I have told you and shown you I’ve nothing to wear,  
And it’s perfectly plain you not only don’t care,  
But you do not believe me” (here the nose went still  
higher).

“I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.  
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;  
You’re a brute and a monster, and—I don’t know what.”  
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,  
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,  
As gentle expletives which might give relief;  
But this only proved as spark to the powder,  
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;  
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed  
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed  
To express the abusive, and then its arrears  
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,  
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an ob-  
servation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,  
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,  
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay  
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;  
Then, without going through the form of a bow,  
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how,—  
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,  
At home and up stairs, in my own easy-chair;  
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,  
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,



Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,  
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,  
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be  
bruited

Abroad in society, I've instituted  
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,  
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,  
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,

But that there exists the greatest distress  
In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,  
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air  
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."  
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts  
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,  
Of which let me mention only a few:

In one single house, on Fifth Avenue,  
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,  
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new  
In the way of flounced silks, and, thus left in the lurch,  
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.

In another large mansion, near the same place,  
Was found a deplorable, heartrending case  
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.

In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,  
Total want, long continued, of camel's-hair shawls;

And a suffering family, whose case exhibits  
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;

One deserving young lady almost unable  
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;

Another confined to the house, when it's windier  
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.

Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific

Ever since the sad loss of the steamer Pacific,  
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation

(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation  
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),

But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars  
 Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,  
 And all as to style most *recherche* and rare,  
 The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,  
 And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic  
 That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic;  
 For she touchingly says that this sort of grief  
 Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,  
 And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare  
 For the victims of such overwhelming despair.  
 But the saddest by far of all these sad features  
 Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures  
 By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,  
 Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds  
 By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for  
 days

Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,  
 Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,  
 And deride their demands as useless extravagance;  
 One case of a bride was brought to my view,  
 Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,  
 Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,  
 To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.  
 The consequence was, that when she got there,  
 At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,  
 And when she proposed to finish the season

At Newport, the monster refused out and out,  
 For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,

Except that the waters were good for his gout.  
 Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,  
 And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain  
 From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,  
 Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity  
 Of every benevolent heart in the city,  
 And spur up Humanity into a canter  
 To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.  
 Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,  
 Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?

Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is  
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,  
Take charge of the matter? Or won't Peter Cooper  
The corner-stone lay of some spendid super-  
Structure, like that which to-day links his name  
In the Union unending of honor and fame;  
And found a new charity just for the care  
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,  
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,  
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?  
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,  
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?  
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,  
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,  
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,  
Won't someone discover a new California?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day  
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,  
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,  
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,  
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt  
Their children have gathered, their city have built;  
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,  
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;  
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,  
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,  
Grove through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair  
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,  
Half-starved, and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,  
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;  
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell  
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,  
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,  
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;  
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,—  
Spoiled children of Fashion,—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere  
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,

## Darius Green and His Flying-Machine 2163

Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of Time  
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,  
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,  
Unscreened by its trappings and shows and pretence,  
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,  
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;  
O daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!  
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

*William Allen Butler* [1825-1902]

### DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING-MACHINE

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,  
Wise or otherwise, good or bad,  
Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump  
With flapping arms from stake or stump,  
Or, spreading the tail of his coat for a sail,  
Take a soaring leap from post or rail,  
And wonder why *he* couldn't fly,  
And flap and flutter and wish and try,—  
If ever you knew a country dunce  
Who didn't try that as often as once,  
All I can say is, that's a sign  
He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:  
The son of a farmer,—age fourteen;  
His body was long and lank and lean,—  
Just right for flying, as will be seen;  
He had two eyes as bright as a bean,  
And a freckled nose that grew between,  
A little awry;—for I must mention  
That he had riveted his attention  
Upon his wonderful invention,  
Twisting his tongue as he twisted the strings,  
And working his face as he worked the wings,  
And with every turn of gimlet and screw  
Turning and screwing his mouth round too,  
Till his nose seemed bent to catch the scent,

Around some corner, of new-baked pies,  
And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes  
Grew puckered into a queer grimace,  
That made him look very droll in the face,  
And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more  
Than ever a genius did before,  
Excepting Daedalus of yore  
And his son Icarus, who wore  
Upon their backs those wings of wax  
He had read of in the old almanacs.  
Darius was clearly of the opinion,  
That the air was also man's dominion,  
And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,  
We soon or late should navigate  
The azure as now we sail the sea.  
The thing looks simple enough to me;  
And, if you doubt it,  
Hear how Darius reasoned about it:

"The birds can fly, an' why can't I?  
Must we give in," says he with a grin,  
" 'T the bluebird an' phoebe are smarter'n we be?  
Jest fold our hands, an' see the swaller  
An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?  
Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,  
No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?  
Jest show me that! er prove 't the bat  
Hez got more brains than's in my hat,  
An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"

He argued further: "Ner I can't see  
What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,  
Fer to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—  
Ain't my business importanter'n his'n is?  
That Icarus was a silly cuss,—  
Him an' his daddy Daedalus;  
They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax  
Wouldn't stan' sun-heat an' hard whacks:  
I'll make mine o' luther, er suthin' er other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:  
 "But I ain't goin' to show my hand  
 To nummies that never can understand  
 The fust idee that's big an' grand.  
 They'd 'a' laft an' made fun  
 O' Creation itself afore 'twas done!"  
 So he kept his secret from all the rest,  
 Safely buttoned within his vest;  
 And in the loft above the shed  
 Himself he locks, with thimble and thread  
 And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,  
 And all such things as geniuses use;—  
 Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!  
 A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;  
 An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as  
 Some wire, and several old umbrellas;  
 A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;  
 A piece of harness; and straps and strings;  
 And a big strong box, in which he locks  
 These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke  
 And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk  
 Around the corner to see him work,—  
 Sitting cross-leggèd, like a Turk,  
 Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,  
 And boring the holes with a comical quirk  
 Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.  
 But vainly they mounted each other's backs,  
 And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;  
 With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks  
 He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;  
 And a bucket of water, which one would think  
 He had brought up into the loft to drink  
 When he chanced to be dry,  
 Stood always nigh, for Darius was sly!  
 And, whenever at work he happened to spy  
 At chink or crevice a blinking eye,  
 He let a dipper of water fly:

"Take that! an', ef ever ye git a peep,  
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"  
And he sings as he locks his big strong box:  
"The weasel's head is small an' trim,  
An' he is leetle an' long an' slim,  
An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,  
An', ef yeou'll be advised by me,  
Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So day after day  
He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,  
Till at last 'twas done,—  
The greatest invention under the sun!  
"An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July, and the weather was dry,  
And not a cloud was on all the sky,  
Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,  
Half mist, half air,  
Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—  
Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen  
For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.

Thought cunning Darius, "Now I shan't go  
Along 'ith the fellers to see the show:  
I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!  
An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,  
I'll hev full swing fer to try the thing,  
An' practyse a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"  
Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!  
I've got sich a cold—a toothache—I—  
My gracious!—feel's though I should fly!"  
Said Jotham, "'Sho! guess ye better go."

But Darius said, "No!  
Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,  
'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red  
O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."  
For all the while to himself he said,—

"I tell ye what!

I'll fly a few times around the lot,  
 To see how 't seems, then soon's I've got  
 The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,  
 I'll astonish the nation, an' all creation,  
 By flyin' over the ccelebration!  
 Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;  
 I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;  
 I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan' on the steeple;  
 I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!  
 I'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an' crow;  
 An I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,  
 'What world's this 'ere that I've come near?'  
 Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;  
 An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

He crept from his bed;  
 And, seeing the others were gone, he said,  
 "I'm a-gittin' over the cold 'n my head."  
 And away he sped,  
 To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,  
 When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,  
 "What on airth is he up to, hey?"  
 "Don'o',—the' 's suthin' er other to pay,  
 Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."  
 Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!  
*He* never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,  
 Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."  
 Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!  
 Le's hurry back, an' hide 'n the barn,  
 An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"  
 "Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,  
 Along by the fences, behind the stack,  
 And one by one, through a hole in the wall,  
 In under the dusty barn they crawl,  
 Dressed in their Sunday garments all;  
 And a very astonishing sight was that,  
 When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat  
 Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.



And there they hid; and Reuben slid  
The fastenings back, and the door undid.

“Keep dark!” said he,  
“While I squint an’ see what the’ is to see.”

As knights of old put on their mail,—  
From head to foot an iron suit,  
Iron jacket and iron boot,  
Iron breeches, and on the head  
No hat, but an iron pot instead,  
And under the chin the bail,—  
(I believe they called the thing a helm,)—  
And, thus accoutred, they took the field,  
Sallying forth to overwhelm  
The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm;  
So this modern knight prepared for flight,  
Put on his wings and strapped them tight,—  
Jointed and jaunty, strong and light,—  
Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—  
Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!  
And a helm had he, but that he wore,  
Not on his head, like those of yore,  
But more like the helm of a ship.

“Hush!” Reuben said, “he’s up in the shed!  
He’s opened the winder,—I see his head!  
He stretches it out, an’ pokes it about,  
Lookin’ to see ’f the coast is clear,  
An’ nobody near;—  
Guess he don’o’ who’s hid in here!  
He’s riggin’ a spring-board over the sill!  
Stop laffin’, Solomon! Burke, keep still!  
He’s a climbin’ out now—Of all the things!  
What’s he got on? I van, it’s wings!  
An’ that t’other thing? I vum, it’s a tail!  
An’ there he sets like a hawk on a rail!  
Steppin’ careful, he travels the length  
Of his spring-board, and teeters to try its strength.  
Now he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;  
Peeks over his shoulder, this way an’ that,

## Darius Green and His Flying-Machine 2169

Fer to see 'f the' 's any one passin' by;  
But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.  
*They* turn up at him a wonderin' eye,  
To see—The dragon! he's goin' to fly!  
Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!  
Flop—flop—an' plump to the ground with a thump!  
Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,  
Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—  
Heels over head, and head over heels,  
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—  
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,  
In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,  
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,  
Broken braces and broken springs,  
Broken tail and broken wings,  
Shooting-stars, and various things,—  
Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,  
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.  
Away with a bellow fled the calf,  
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?  
'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,  
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying;  
"Say, D'rius! how de yeou like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,  
Darius just turned and looked that way,  
As he stanchd his sorrowful nose with his cuff,  
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"  
He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight  
O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the MORAL here:  
And this is the moral,—Stick to your sphere;  
Or, if you insist, as you have the right,  
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,  
The moral is,—Take care how you light.

*John Townsend Trowbridge* [1827-1916]

## THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and myname is Truthful James;  
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;  
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row  
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan  
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,  
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,  
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see  
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same Society,  
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones  
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,  
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;  
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,  
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost  
mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at  
fault,—  
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault:  
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,  
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent  
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;  
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant  
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when  
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,  
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the  
floor,  
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage  
 In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;  
 And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a  
     sin,  
 Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thomp-

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,  
 For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful  
     James;  
 And I've told in simple language what I know about the row  
 That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

*Bret Harle* [1839-1902]

## DOW'S FLAT

1856

Dow's FLAT. That's its name:  
     And I reckon that you  
 Are a stranger? The same?  
     Well, I thought it was true,—  
 For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place  
     at first view.

It was called after Dow,—  
     Which the same was an ass;  
 And as to the how  
     Thet the thing kem to pass,—  
 Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down here  
     in the grass.

You see this 'yer Dow  
     Hed the worst kind of luck;  
 He slipped up somehow  
     On each thing thet he struck.  
 Why, ef he'd a-straddled thet fence-rail, the derned thing  
     'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar  
Till he couldn't pay rates;  
He was smashed by a car  
When he tunnelled with Bates;  
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five  
kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;  
But the boys they stood by,  
And they brought him the stuff  
For a house, on the sly;  
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on  
when no one was nigh.

But this 'yer luck of Dow's  
Was so powerful mean  
That the spring near his house  
Dried right up on the green;  
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop to  
be seen.

Then the bar petered out,  
And the boys wouldn't stay;  
And the chills got about,  
And his wife fell away;  
But Dow in his well kept a peggin' in his usual ridicilous  
way.

One day,—it was June,—  
And a year ago, jest,—  
This Dow kem at noon  
To his work like the rest,  
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid  
in his breast.

He goes to the well,  
And he stands on the brink,  
And stops for a spell  
Jest to listen and think:  
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir!), you sec, kinder  
made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals  
In the gulch were at play,  
And a gownd that was Sal's  
Kinder flapped on a bay:  
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've heer'd  
the folks say.

And—That's a peart hoss  
Thet you've got—ain't it now?  
What might be her cost?  
Eh? Oh!—Well, then, Dow—  
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that  
day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
Sorter caved in the side,  
And he looked and turned sick,  
Then he trembled and cried.  
For you see the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—beg your  
parding, young man,—there you lied!

It was *gold*,—in the quartz,  
And it ran all alike;  
And I reckon five oughts  
Was the worth of that strike;  
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the same  
isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat;  
And the thing of it is  
That he kinder got that  
Through sheer contrairiness:  
For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck  
made him certain to miss.

Thet's so! Thar's your way,  
To the left of yon tree;  
But—a—look h'yur, say?  
Won't you come up to tea?  
No? Well, then the next time you're passin'; and ask after  
Dow,— and thet's *me*.

## PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870

WHICH I wish to remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar:  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;  
And I shall not deny,  
In regard to the same,  
What that name might imply;  
But his smile it was pensive and childlike.  
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,  
And quite soft was the skies;  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand:  
It was Euchre. The same  
He did not understand;  
But he smiled, as he sat by the table,  
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
In a way that I grieve,  
And my feelings were shocked  
At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,  
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chinee,  
And the points that he made,  
Were quite frightful to see,—

Till at last he put down a right bower,  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
And he gazed upon me;  
And he rose with a sigh,  
And said, "Can this be?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—  
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand,  
But the floor it was strewed,  
Like the leaves on the strand,  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four jacks,—  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts;  
And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

*Bret Harle* [1839-1902]

### THE RETORT

Old Birch, who taught the village school,  
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;  
He was as stubborn as a mule,  
And she as playful as a rabbit.

Poor Kate had scarce become a wife  
Before her husband sought to make her  
The pink of country-polished life,  
And prim and formal as a Quaker.



One day the tutor went abroad,  
And simple Katie sadly missed him;  
When he returned, behind her lord  
She shyly stole, and fondly kissed him.

The husband's anger rose, and red  
And white his face alternate grew:  
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,  
"O, dear! I *didn't know 'twas you!*"  
*George Pope Morris [1802-1864]*

### THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW

COME, Micky and Molly and dainty Dolly,  
Come, Betty and blithesome Bill;  
Ye gossips and neighbors, away with your labors!  
Come to the top of the hill.  
For there are Jenny and jovial Joe;  
Jolly and jolly, jolly they go,  
Jogging over the hill.

By apple and berry, 'tis twelve months merry  
Since Jenny and Joe were wed!  
And never a bother or quarrelsome pother  
To trouble the board or bed.  
So Joe and Jenny are off to Dunmow:  
Happy and happy, happy they go,  
Young and rosy and red.

Oh, Jenny's as pretty as doves in a ditty;  
And Jenny, her eyes are black;  
And Joey's a fellow as merry and mellow  
As ever shouldered a sack.  
So quick, good people, and come to the show  
Merry and merry, merry they go,  
Bumping on Dobbin's back.

They've pranked up old Dobbin with ribbons and bobbin,  
And tethered his tail in a string!  
The fat flitch of bacon is not to be taken  
By many that wear the ring!

## The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell" 2177

Good luck, good luck, to Jenny and Joe!  
Jolly and jolly, jolly they go.

Hark! how merry they sing:

"O, merry, merry, merry are we,  
Happy as birds that sing in a tree!  
All of the neighbors are merry to-day,  
Merry are we, and merry are they.  
O merry are we! for love, you see,  
Fetters a heart and sets it free.

"O happy, happy, happy is life  
For Joe (that's me) and Jenny my wife!  
All of the neighbors are happy, and say—  
'Never were folk so happy as they!'  
O happy are we! for love, you see,  
Fetters a heart and sets it free.

"O jolly, jolly, jolly we go,  
I and my Jenny, and she and her Joe.  
All of the neighbors are jolly, and sing—  
'She is a queen, and he is a king!'  
O jolly are we! for love, you see,  
Fetters a heart and sets it free."

*James Carnegie* [1827-1905]

### THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'Twas on the shores that round our coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,  
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he;  
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,  
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
Till I really felt afraid,  
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,  
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
And I'll eat my hand if I understand  
However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
Is a trick all seamen larn,  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*  
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,  
And there on a reef we come to grief,  
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned  
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),  
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men  
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,  
Till a-hungry we did feel,  
So we drawed a lot, and, accordin', shot  
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,  
And a delicate dish he made;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig;  
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question, 'Which  
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,  
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me;  
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom.  
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—  
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;  
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he: 'Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,  
While I can—and will—cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,  
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,  
Which his smiling features tell,  
'Twill soothing be if I let you see  
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

“And he stirred it round and round and round,  
 And he sniffed at the foaming froth;  
 When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals  
 In the scum of the boiling broth.

“And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
 And—as I eating be  
 The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,  
 For a wessel in sight I see.

. . . . .

“And I never iarf, and I never smile,  
 And I never lark nor play;  
 But sit and croak, and a single joke  
 I have—which is to say:

“Oh, I am a cook and a captain hold  
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
 And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
 And the crew of the captain’s gig!”

*William Schwenck Gilbert* [1836-1911]

### CAPTAIN REECE

Of all the ships upon the blue,  
 No ship contained a better crew  
 Than that of worthy Captain Reece,  
 Commanding of the *Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,  
 For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,  
 Did all that lay within him to  
 Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,  
 Their captain danced to them like mad,  
 Or told, to make the time pass by,  
 Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather-bed had every man,  
 Warm slippers and hot-water can,  
 Brown windsor from the captain’s store,  
 A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn,  
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,  
And on all very sultry days  
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops  
Stood handily on all the "tops":  
And, also, with amusement rife,  
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea  
From Mister Mudie's libraree;  
The *Times* and *Saturday Review*  
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N.,  
Was quite devoted to his men;  
In point of fact, good Captain Reece  
Beatified the *Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve, at half past ten,  
He said (addressing all his men),  
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do,  
To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan  
I'll make you happy if I can;  
My own convenience count as *nil*;  
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee  
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,  
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man);  
He cleared his throat, and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,  
Ten female cousins and a niece,  
A ma, if what I'm told is true,  
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,  
More friendly-like we all shall be,  
If you united of 'em to  
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,  
Let each select from them a wife;  
And as for nervous me, old pal,  
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man,  
Debated on his coxswain's plan:  
"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill;  
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting girl.  
Has just been promised to an earl,  
And all my other familee  
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to  
The happiness of all my crew?  
The word I gave you I'll fulfil;  
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,  
I'll settle thousands on you all,  
And I shall be, despite my hoard,  
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of the *Mantelpiece*,  
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece:  
"I beg your honor's leave," he said,  
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who  
Would be the very thing for you—  
She long has loved you from afar,  
She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day—  
Addressed her in his playful way—  
“And did it want a wedding-ring?  
It was a tempting ickle sing!

“Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,  
We'll all be married this day week  
At yonder church upon the hill;  
It is my duty, and I will!”

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,  
And widowed ma of Captain Reece,  
Attended there as they were bid;  
It was their duty, and they did.

*William Schwenck Gilbert* [1836-1911]

“'SPÄCIALLY JIM ”

I wus mighty good-lookin' when I wus young,  
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,  
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,  
'Späcially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,  
Clipper an' han'som' an' trim;  
But I tossed up my head an' made fun o' the crowd,  
'Späcially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men,  
An' I wouldn't take stock in him!  
But they kep' on a-comin' in spite o' my talk,  
'Späcially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'  
( 'Späcially Jim! )  
I made up my mind I'd settle down  
An' take up with him.

So we wus married one Sunday in church,  
'Twas crowded full to the brim;  
'Twas the only way to git rid of 'em all,  
'Späcially Jim.

*Bessie Morgan* [18 -



## ROBINSON CRUSOE

From "Davy and the Goblin"

THE night was thick and hazy,  
When the "Piccadilly Daisy"  
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;  
And I think the water drowned 'em,  
For they never, never found 'em,  
And I know they did n't come ashore with me.

Oh! 'twas very sad and lonely  
When I found myself the only  
Population on this cultivated shore;  
But I've made a little tavern  
In a rocky little cavern,  
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking  
For a girl to do my cooking,  
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;  
But I had that fellow Friday  
Just to keep the tavern tidy,  
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I have a little garden  
That I'm cultivating lard in,  
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;  
For I live on toasted lizards,  
Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,  
And I'm really very fond of beetle-pie.

The clothes I had were furry,  
And it made me fret and worry  
When I found the moths were eating off the hair;  
And I had to scrape and sand 'em,  
And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,  
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

I sometimes seek diversion  
In a family excursion

With the few domestic animals you see;  
And we take along a carrot  
As refreshments for the parrot,  
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

Then we gather as we travel  
Bits of moss and dirty gravel,  
And we chip off little specimens of stone;  
And we carry home as prizes  
Funny bugs of handy sizes,  
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

If the roads are wet and muddy,  
We remain at home and study,—  
For the Goat is very clever at a sum,—  
And the Dog, instead of fighting,  
Studies ornamental writing,  
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,  
And we rise again at seven;  
And I wish to call attention, as I close,  
To the fact that all the scholars  
Are correct about their collars,  
And particular in turning out their toes.

*Charles Edward Carryl [1841-1900]*

### CASEY AT THE BAT

THE outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day;  
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to  
play;  
And so, when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,  
A sickly silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest  
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;  
They thought, if only Casey could but get a whack, at that,  
They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,  
And the former was a pudding and the latter was a fake;  
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,  
For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the  
bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,  
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;  
And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred,  
There was Jimmy safe on second, and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,  
It bounded from the mountain-top, and rattled in the dell;  
It struck upon the hillside, and recoiled upon the flat;  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his  
place,  
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's  
face;  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with  
dirt,  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on  
his shirt;  
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through  
the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there;  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled  
roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant  
shore;

"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand.  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised  
his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;  
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,  
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo  
answered, "Fraud!"

But a scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;  
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles  
strain,

And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in  
hate,

He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are  
light;

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children  
shout,

But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck  
out.

*Ernest Lawrence Thayer* [1863-1940]

## AT A COWBOY DANCE

Git yer little sage hens ready,  
Trot 'em out upon the floor—  
Line up there, you cusses! Steady!  
Lively, now! One couple more.  
Shorty, shed that old sombrero;  
Bronco, douse that cigarette;  
Stop that cussin', Casimero,  
'Fore the ladies! Now, all set!

S'lute yer ladies, all together!  
Ladies opposite the same—  
Hit the lumber with yer leathers!  
Balance all, an' swing yer dame!  
Bunch the heifers in the middle;  
Circle stags an' do-se-do!  
Pay attention to the fiddle!  
Swing her round an' off you go!

First four forward! Back to places!  
Second follow—shuffle back!  
Now you've got it down to cases—  
Swing 'em till their trotters crack!  
Gents all right a-heel-and-toein'!  
Swing 'em, kiss 'em if you kin—  
On to next an' keep a-goin'  
Till you hit yer pards ag'in!

Gents to center; ladies round 'em,  
Form a basket; balance all!  
Whirl yer gals to where you found 'em!  
Promenade around the hall!  
Balance to yer pards an' trot 'em  
Round the circle double quick!  
Grab an' kiss 'em while you've got 'em—  
Hold 'em to it if they kick!

Ladies, left hand to yer sonnies!  
Alaman! Grand right an' left!  
Balance all, an' swing yer honeys—  
Pick 'em up an' feel their heft!  
Promenade like skeery cattle—  
Balance all an' swing yer sweets!  
Shake yer spurs an' make 'em rattle!  
Keno! Promenade to seats.

*James Barton Adams* [1843-1918]

## BEHOLD THE DEEDS

(Being the Plaint of Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, Salesman of Fancy Notions, held in durance of his Landlady for a failure to connect on Saturday Night.)

I WOULD that all men my hard case might know,  
How grievously I suffer for no sin:

I, Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, for lo!

I of my landlady am lockèd in  
For being short on this sad Saturday,  
Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay:  
She has turned and is departed with my key;  
Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,

I sing, (as prisoners to their dungeon-stones  
When for ten days they expiate a spree):

Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

One night and one day have I wept my woe;

Nor wot I, when the morrow doth begin,  
If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,

To pray them to advance the requisite tin  
For ransom of their salesman, that he may  
Go forth as other boarders go away—  
As those I hear now flocking from their tea,  
Led by the daughter of my landlady

Piano-ward. This day, for all my moans,  
Dry bread and water have been servèd me.

Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so

The heart of the young he-boardèr doth win,  
Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*—

That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the "bunko skin"  
The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray  
That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye  
Ere sits she with a lover, as did we  
Once sit together, Amabel! Can it be

That all that arduous wooing not atones  
For Saturday's shortness of trade dollars three?

*Behold* the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Yea! she forgets the arm that was wont to go  
 Around her waist. She wears a buckle, whose pin  
 Galleth the crook of her young man's elbow.

I forget not, for I that youth have been.  
 Smith was aforetime the Lothario gay.  
 Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay  
 Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he;  
 But his noise brought no pleasaunce, verily.

Small ease he got of playing on the bones  
 Or hammering on the stove-pipe, that I see.

Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Thou, for whose fear the figurative crow

I eat, accursed be thou and all thy kin!

Thee will I show up—yea, up will I show

Thy too thick buckwheats, and thy tea too thin.

Ay! here I dare thee, ready for the fray:

Thou dost *not* "keep a first-class house," I say!

It dost not with the advertisements agree.

Thou lodgest a Briton with a puggaree.

And thou hast harbored Jacobses and Cohns,

Also a Mulligan. Thus denounce I thee!

Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

#### ENVOY

Boarders! the worst I have not told to ye:

She hath stolen my trousers, that I may not flee

Privily by the window. Hence these groans.

There is no fleeing in a *robe de nuit*.

Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

Henry Cuyler Bunner [1855-1896]

#### DE FUST BANJO

From "Christmas Night in the Quarters"

Go 'way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.

Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo  
 talkin'?

About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!

About de ha'r whut is n't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin'!

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—  
Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—  
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber-patches,  
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah  
*Natchez*.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';  
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';  
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to  
happen:  
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—  
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!  
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—  
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder  
rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,  
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbes;  
De people all wuz drowned out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,  
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de  
bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';  
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';  
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tel , whut wid all de  
fussin',  
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an'  
cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,  
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket:  
An' so, fur to amuse he-se'f, he steamed some wood an'  
bent it,  
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on: made bridge an' screws  
an' aprin:  
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';  
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it:  
An' den de mighty question riz: how wuz he gwine to string  
it?



De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';  
De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong,—des fit fur banjo-  
stringin';  
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner graces:  
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig,—'twuz "Nebber  
min' de wedder,"—  
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder:  
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin': Noah called de  
figgers;  
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob n'ggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de  
slighstes' showin'  
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';  
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways: his people nebber los'  
'em—  
Fur whar you finds de nigger— dar's de banjo an' de 'pos-  
sum!

*Irwin Russell* [1853-1879]

PART V

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM, HISTORY  
AND LEGEND

“HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE”

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;  
And Freedom shall awhile repair  
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

*William Collins* [1721-1759]

# MY COUNTRY

## AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
    Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
    Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,—  
    Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
    Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
    Sweet Freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,—  
    The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
    To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
    Great God, our King.

*Samuel Francis Smith* [1808–1895]

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O SAY, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous  
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-  
ing!

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:

O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:

'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion  
A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a  
nation.

Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,

And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

*Francis Scott Key [1780-1843]*

## THE AMERICAN FLAG

## I

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there;  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure, celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand,  
The symbol of her chosen land.

## II

Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,  
And see the lightning-lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—  
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle-stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory!

## III

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high,  
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on:  
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,

Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
 And, as his springing steps advance,  
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance;  
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,  
 And gory sabres rise and fall,  
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;  
     Then shall thy metcor-glances glow,  
 And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
     Each gallant arm that strikes below  
 That lovely messenger of death.

## IV

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
 When death, careering on the gale,  
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
 And frightened waves rush wildly back  
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
 Each dying wanderer of the sea  
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
 And smile to see thy splendors fly  
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

## V

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
     By angel hands to valor given;  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
     And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
 Forever float that standard sheet!  
     Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
     And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

*Joseph Rodman Drake [1795-1820]*

## YANKEE DOODLE

FATHER and I went down to camp,  
     Along with Captain Gooding,  
 And there we see the men and boys,  
     As thick as hasty pudding.

*Chorus*—Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle, dandy,  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,  
As rich as 'Squire David;  
And what they wasted every day  
I wish it could be savèd.

The 'lasses they eat every day  
Would keep our house a winter;  
They have so much that, I'll be bound,  
They eat whene'er they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,  
As big as a log of maple,  
Upon a deucèd little cart,  
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,  
It takes a horn of powder,  
And makes a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself  
As Siah's underpinning;  
And father went as nigh again,  
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,  
I thought he would have cocked it;  
It scared me so, I shrunk it off,  
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,  
He kind of clapped his hand on't,  
And stuck a crooked stabbing-iron  
Upon the little end on't.



## My Country

And there I see a pumpkin shell  
As big as mother's basin;  
And every time they touched it off,  
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,  
The heads were made of leather,  
They knocked upon 't with little clubs  
To call the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,  
And gentlefolks about him,  
They say he's grown so tarnal proud  
He will not ride without 'em.

He had got on his meeting clothes,  
And rode a strapping stallion,  
And gave his orders to the men,—  
I guess there was a million.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,  
They looked so tearing fine ah,  
I wanted peskily to get,  
To give to my Jemima.

And then I see a snarl of men  
A digging graves, they told me.  
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,  
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off,  
Nor stopped, as I remember,  
Nor turned about, till I got home,  
Locked up in mother's chamber.

*Edward Bangs (?) [fl. 1776]*

## HAIL! COLUMBIA

HAIL! Columbia, happy land!  
Hail! ye heroes, heaven-born band,  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won;  
Let independence be your boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost,  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.

*Chorus*—Firm, united let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty,  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!  
Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies  
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;  
While offering peace, sincere and just,  
In heaven we place a manly trust,  
That truth and justice will prevail,  
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring through the world with loud applause!  
Let every clime to freedom dear  
Listen with a joyful ear;  
With equal skill, with steady power,  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war, or guides with ease  
The happier time of honest peace.

Behold the chief, who now commands,  
Once more to serve his country stands,  
The rock on which the storm will beat!  
But, armed in virtue, firm and true,  
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you.  
When hope was sinking in dismay,  
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,  
His steady mind, from changes free,  
Resolved on death or liberty.

*Joseph Hopkinson* [1770-1842]

## COLUMBIA

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies;  
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,  
While ages on ages thy splendor unfold,  
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,  
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;  
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,  
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;  
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;  
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,  
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.  
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,  
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;  
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,  
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,  
And the east see the morn hide the beams of her star.  
New bards, and new sages, unrivalled shall soar  
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more;  
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,  
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;  
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring  
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,  
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;  
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,  
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;  
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,  
And virtue's bright image, instamped on the mind,  
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,  
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,  
The nations admire and the ocean obey;  
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,  
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.

“Oh Mother of a Mighty Race” 2203

As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,  
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;  
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,  
Hush the tumult of war and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,  
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,  
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;  
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired;  
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,  
And a voice as of angels, enchantingly sung:  
“Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,  
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.”

*Timothy Dwight* [1752-1817]

“OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE”

OH mother of a mighty race,  
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!  
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,  
Admire and hate thy blooming years.  
With words of shame  
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread  
That tints thy morning hills with red;  
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet  
Within thy woods are not more fleet;

Thy hopeful eye  
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,  
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.  
They do not know how loved thou art,  
How many a fond and fearless heart

Would rise to throw  
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,  
What virtues with thy children bide;  
How true, how good, thy graceful maids  
Make bright, like flowers, the valley-shades;

## My Country

What generous men  
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest  
By thy lone rivers of the West;  
How faith is kept, and truth revered,  
And man is loved, and God is feared,  
In woodland homes,  
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates and rest  
For Earth's down-trodden and oppressed,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

Power, at thy bounds,  
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow  
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.  
Deep in the brightness of the skies  
The thronging years in glory rise,  
And, as they fleet,  
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

*William Cullen Bryant* [1794-1878]

## HYMN OF THE WEST

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, MO., 1904

O THOU, whose glorious orbs on high  
Engird the earth with splendor round,  
From out Thy secret place draw nigh  
The courts and temples of this ground;  
Eternal Light,  
Fill with Thy might  
These domes that in Thy purpose grew,  
And lift a nation's heart anew!

Illumine Thou each pathway here,  
To show the marvels God hath wrought!  
Since first Thy people's chief and seer  
Looked up with that prophetic thought.

Bade Time unroll  
The fateful scroll,  
And empire unto Freedom gave  
From cloudland height to tropic wave.  
Poured through the gateways of the North  
Thy mighty rivers join their tide,  
And, on the wings of morn sent forth,  
Their mists the far-off peaks divide.  
By Thee unscaled,  
The mountains yield  
Ores that the wealth of Ophir shame,  
And gems enwrought of seven-hued flame.  
Lo, through what years the soil hath lain,  
At Thine own time to give increase—  
The greater and the lesser grain,  
The ripening boll, the myriad fleece!  
Thy creatures graze  
Appointed ways;  
League after league across the land  
The ceaseless herds obey Thy hand.  
Thou, whose high archways shine most clear  
Above the plenteous Western plain,  
Thine ancient tribes from round the sphere  
To breathe its quickening air are fain:  
And smiles the sun  
To see made one  
Their brood throughout Earth's greenest space,  
Land of the new and lordlier race!  
*Edmund Clarence Stedman [1833-1908]*

## CONCORD HYMN

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT,  
APRIL 19, 1836

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set to-day a votive stone;  
That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson* [1803-1882]

#### BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath  
are stored;  
He 'hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift  
sword;  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling  
camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and  
damps;  
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring  
lamps;  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:  
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall  
deal;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his  
heel,  
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:  
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!  
 Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
 While God is marching on.

*Julia Ward Howe [1819-1910]*

### THE EAGLE'S SONG

THE lioness whelped, and the sturdy cub  
 Was seized by an eagle and carried up,  
 And homed for a while in an eagle's nest,  
 And slept for a while on an eagle's breast;  
 And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:  
 "To be staunch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"

The lion-whelp sprang from the eyrie nest,  
 From the lofty crag where the queen birds rest;  
 He fought the King on the spreading plain,  
 And drove him back o'er the foaming main.  
 He held the land as a thrifty chief,  
 And reared his cattle, and reaped his sheaf,  
 Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,  
 Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore  
 To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore;  
 And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,  
 And Industry lived with the Northern one.  
 Tears for the time when they broke and fought!  
 Tears was the price of the union wrought!  
 And the land was red in a sea of blood,  
 Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,  
 Behold on their shield the word "Refrain!"



And the lion cubs twain sing the eagle's song:  
"To be staunch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"  
For the eagle's beak, and the lion's paw,  
And the lion's fangs, and the eagle's claw,  
And the eagle's swoop, and the lion's might,  
And the lion's leap, and the eagle's sight,  
Shall guard the flag with the word "Refrain."  
Now that the two are one again!

*Richard Mansfield [1857-1907]*

### THE FLAG GOES BY

HATS off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!  
  
Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.  
Hats off!  
The colors before us fly;  
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State:  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong:  
Pride and glory and honor,—all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

*Henry Holcomb Bennett [1863-1924]*

### UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far  
And unforeseen of foe or friend,  
Beneath what unexpected star,  
Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach  
The Admiral of Nations guides  
Thy blind obedient keels to reach  
The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington  
Knew not that God was planning then  
The trumpet word of Jefferson  
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,  
What was it but despair and shame?  
Who saw behind the cloud the sun?  
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,  
Disaster on disaster come,  
The slave's emancipated feet  
Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds  
To mightier issues than we planned;  
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,  
My country, serves Its dark command.

## My Country

I do not know beneath what sky  
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;  
I only know it shall be high,  
I only know it shall be great.

*Richard Hovey* [1864-1900]

## ON A SOLDIER FALLEN IN THE PHILIPPINES

STREETS of the roaring town,  
Hush for him, hush, be still!  
He comes, who was stricken down  
Doing the word of our will.  
Hush! Let him have his state.  
Give him his soldier's crown,  
The grists of trade can wait  
Their grinding at the mill,  
But he cannot wait for his honor, now the trumpet has been  
blown.  
Wreathe pride now for his granite brow, lay love on his  
breast of stone.

Toll! Let the great bells toll  
Till the clashing air is dim,  
Did we wrong this parted soul?  
We will make it up to him.  
Toll! Let him never guess  
What work we set him to.  
Laurel, laurel, yes;  
He did what we bade him do.  
Praise, and never a whispered hint but the fight he fought  
was good;  
Never a word that the blood on his sword was his country's  
own heart's-blood.

A flag for the soldier's bier  
Who dies that his land may live;  
O, banners, banners here,  
That he doubt not nor misgive!

## An Ode in Time of Hesitation 2211

That he heed not from the tomb  
The evil days draw near  
When the nation, robed in gloom,  
With its faithless past shall strive.  
Let him never dream that his bullet's scream went wide of  
its island mark,  
Home to the heart of his darling land where she stumbled  
and sinned in the dark.

*William Vaughn Moody* [1869-1910]

### AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING AT BOSTON THE STATUE OF ROBERT  
GOULD SHAW, KILLED WHILE STORMING FORT WAGNER,  
JULY 18, 1863, AT THE HEAD OF THE FIRST ENLISTED  
NEGRO REGIMENT, THE 54th MASSACHUSETTS

BEFORE the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens made  
To thrill the heedless passer's heart with awe,  
And set here in the city's talk and trade  
To the good memory of Robert Shaw,  
This bright March morn I stand,  
And hear the distant spring come up the land;  
Knowing that what I hear is not unheard  
Of this boy soldier and his negro band,  
For all their gaze is fixed so stern ahead,  
For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.  
The land they died to save from death and shame  
Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's great name,  
And by her pangs these resolute ghosts are stirred.

### II

Through street and mall the tides of people go  
Heedless; the trees upon the Common show  
No hint of green; but to my listening heart  
The still earth doth impart  
Assurance of her jubilant emprise,  
And it is clear to my long-searching eyes

That love at last has might upon the skies.  
The ice is runneled on the little pond;  
A telltale patter drips from off the trees;  
The air is touched with southland spiceries,  
As if but yesterday it tossed the frond  
Of pendant mosses where the live-oaks grow  
Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,  
Or had its will among the fruits and vines  
Of aromatic isles asleep beyond  
Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

## III

Soon shall the Cape Ann children shout in glee,  
Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse;  
Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose  
Go honking northward over Tennessee;  
West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-Marie,  
And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung,  
And yonder where, gigantic, willful, young,  
Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,  
With restless violent hands and casual tongue  
Moulding her mighty fates,  
The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen;  
And like a larger sea, the vital green  
Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung  
Over Dakota and the prairie states.  
By desert people immemorial  
On Arizonan mesas shall be done  
Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun;  
Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice  
More splendid, when the white Sierras call  
Unto the Rockies straightway to arise  
And dance before the unveiled ark of the year,  
Sounding their windy cedars as for shawms,  
Unrolling rivers clear  
For flutter of broad phylacteries;  
While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas  
That watch old sluggish glaciers downward creep  
To fling their icebergs thundering from the steep,

## An Ode in Time of Hesitation 2213

And Mariposa through the purple calms  
Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms  
Where East and West are met,—  
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set  
To say that East and West are twain,  
With different loss and gain:  
The Lord hath sundered them; let them be sundered yet.

### IV

Alas! what sounds are these that come  
Sullenly over the Pacific seas,—  
Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb  
The season's half-awakened ecstasies?  
Must I be humble, then,  
Now when my heart hath need of pride?  
Wild love falls on me from these sculptured men;  
By loving much the land for which they died  
I would be justified.  
My spirit was away on pinions wide  
To soothe in praise of her its passionate mood  
And ease it of its ache of gratitude.  
Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay  
On me and the companions of my day.  
I would remember now  
My country's goodliness, make sweet her name.  
Alas! what shade art thou  
Of sorrow or of blame  
Liftest the lyric leafage from her brow,  
And pointest a slow finger at her shame?

Lies! lies! It cannot be! The wars we wage  
Are noble, and our battles still are won  
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.  
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.  
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat  
And scramble in the market-place of war;  
Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.

Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,  
This delicate and proud New England soul  
Who leads despised men, with just-unshackled feet,  
Up the large ways where death and glory meet,  
To show all peoples that our shame is done,  
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

## VI

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning sand  
All night he lay, speaking some simple word  
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,  
Holding each poor life gently in his hand  
And breathing on the base rejected clay  
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand  
Against the breaking day;  
And lo, the shard the potter cast away  
Was grown a fiery chalice, crystal-fine,  
Fulfilled of the divine  
Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.  
Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed  
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,  
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,  
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed,—  
They swept, and died like freemen on the height,  
Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;  
And when the battle fell away at night  
By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust  
Obscurely in a common grave with him  
The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.  
Now limb doth mingle with dissolved limb  
In nature's busy old democracy  
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows  
Sweet by the southern sea,  
And heart with crumpled heart climbs in the rose:—  
The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew  
This mountain fortress for no earthly hold  
Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old  
Of spiritual wrong,  
Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong,

## An Ode in Time of Hesitation 2215

Expugnable but by a nation's rue  
And bowing down before that equal shrine  
By all men held divine,  
Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

### VII

O bitter, bitter shade!  
Wilt thou not put the scorn  
And instant tragic question from thine eyes?  
Do thy dark brows yet crave  
That swift and angry stave—  
Unmeet for this desirous morn—  
That I have striven, striven to evade?  
Gazing on him, must I not deem they err  
Whose careless lips in street and shop aver  
As common tidings, deeds to make his cheek  
Flush from the bronze, and his dead throat to speak?  
Surely some elder singer would arise,  
Whose harp hath leave to threaten and to mourn  
Above this people when they go astray.  
Is Whitman, the strong spirit, overworn?  
Has Whittier put his yearning wrath away?  
I will not and I dare not yet believe!  
Though furtively the sunlight seems to grieve,  
And the spring-laden breeze  
Out of the gladdening west is sinister  
With sounds of nameless battle overseas;  
Though when we turn and question in suspense  
If these things be indeed after these ways,  
And what things are to follow after these,  
Our fluent men of place and consequence  
Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow phrase,  
Or for the end-all of deep arguments  
Intone their dull commercial liturgies—  
I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!  
I will not hear the thin satiric praise  
And muffled laughter of our enemies,  
Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword  
Till we have changed our birthright for a gourd  
Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut;



Showing how wise it is to cast away  
The symbols of our spiritual sway,  
That so our hands with better ease  
May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's keys.

## VIII

Was it for this our fathers kept the law?  
This crown shall crown their struggle and their ruth?  
Are we the eagle nation Milton saw  
Mewing its mighty youth,  
Soon to possess the mountain winds of truth,  
And be a swift familiar of the sun  
Where aye before God's face His trumpets run?  
Or have we but the talons and the maw,  
And for the abject likeness of our heart  
Shall some less lordly bird be set apart?—  
Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat?  
Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?

## IX

Ah no!  
We have not fallen so.  
We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us know!  
'Twas only yesterday sick Cuba's cry  
Came up the tropic wind, "Now help us, for we die!"  
Then Alabama heard,  
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho  
Shouted a burning word.  
Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,  
And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,  
East, west, and south, and north,  
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young  
Shed on the awful hill slope of San Juan,  
By the unforgotten names of eager boys  
Who might have tasted girls' love and been stung  
With the old mystic joys  
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,  
But that the heart of youth is generous,—  
We charge you, ye who lead us,  
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!  
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!

One least leaf plucked for chaffier from the bays  
 Of their dear praise,  
 One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,  
 The implacable republic will require;  
 With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,  
 Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,  
 But surely, very surely, slow or soon  
 That insult deep we deeply will requite.  
 Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!  
 For save we let the island men go free,  
 Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts  
 Will curse us from the lamentable coasts  
 Where walk the frustrate dead.  
 The cup of trembling shall be drainèd quite,  
 Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,  
 With ashes of the hearth shall be made white  
 Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent;  
 Then on your guiltier head  
 Shall our intolerable self-disdain  
 Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;  
 For manifest in the disastrous light  
 We shall discern the right  
 And do it, tardily.—O ye who lead,  
 Take heed!  
 Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite  
*William Vaughn Moody* [1869-1910]

## THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

UNTRAMMELLED Giant of the West,  
 With all of Nature's gifts endowed,  
 With all of Heaven's mercies blessed,  
 Nor of thy power unduly proud—  
 Peerless in courage, force, and skill,  
 And godlike in thy strength of will,—  
  
 Before thy feet the ways divide:  
 One path leads up to heights sublime;  
 Downward the other slopes, where bide  
 The refuse and the wrecks of Time.

## My Country

Choose then, nor falter at the start,  
O choose the nobler path and part!

Be thou the guardian of the weak,  
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;  
No guerdon for thy valor seek,  
No end beyond the avowed end.  
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,  
Be godlike in the will to serve!

*Joseph B. Gilder* [1858-1936]

## DIXIE

[THE ORIGINAL VERSION]

I WISH I was in de land ob cotton,  
Old times dar am not forgotten;  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!  
In Dixie land whar I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin',  
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

*Chorus*—Den I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!  
In Dixie's land we'll took our stand, to lib  
an' die in Dixie,  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!  
Away, away, away down south in Dixie!

Old missus marry Will de weaber,  
William was a gay deceaber,  
When he put his arm around 'er,  
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

His face was sharp as a butcher cleaber,  
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;  
Will run away, missus took a decline, O,  
Her face was the color of bacon rhine, O.

While missus libbed, she libbed in clover,  
When she died, she died all over;  
How could she act de foolish part,  
An' marry a man to break her heart?

Buckwheat cakes an' stony batter  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
Here's a health to de next old missus,  
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us.

Now if you want to drive 'way sorrow,  
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow;  
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,  
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble.

*Daniel Decatur Emmett [1815-1904]*

### DIXIE

SOUTHRONS, hear your country call you!  
Up, lest worse than death befall you!  
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!  
Lo! all the beaçon-fires are lighted,—  
Let all hearts be now united!  
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!  
Advance the flag of Dixie!  
Hurrah! hurrah!  
For Dixie's land we take our stand,  
And live or die for Dixie!  
To arms! To arms!  
And conquer peace for Dixie!  
To arms! To arms!  
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!  
Northern flags in South winds flutter!  
Send them back your fierce defiance!  
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!  
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!  
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,  
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices  
At your cannons' ringing voices!

## My Country

For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,  
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,  
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!  
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!  
Let them hence each other plunder!

Swear upon your country's altar  
Never to submit or falter,  
Till the spoilers are defeated,  
Till the Lord's work is completed!

Halt not till our Federation  
Secures among earth's powers its station!  
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,  
Hear your children tell the story!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,  
Victory soon shall bring them gladness,—  
To arms!

Exultant pride soon vanquish sorrow;  
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.

To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!  
Advance the flag of Dixie!  
Hurrah! hurrah!

For Dixie's land we take our stand,  
And live or die for Dixie!

To arms! To arms!  
And conquer peace for Dixie!  
To arms! To arms!  
And conquer peace for Dixie!

*Albert Pike [1809-1891]*

## MY MARYLAND

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland!  
His torch is at thy temple door,  
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle-queen of yore,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,  
Maryland!  
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,  
Maryland!  
For life or death, for woe or weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,  
Maryland!  
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland!  
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,  
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,  
And all thy slumberers with the just,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,  
Maryland!  
Come with thy panoplied array,  
Maryland!  
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,  
With Watson's blood at Monterey,  
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,  
Maryland!  
Virginia should not call in vain,  
Maryland!  
She meets her sisters on the plain,—  
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain

## My Country

That baffles minions back amain,  
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,  
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,  
Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng  
Stalking with Liberty along,  
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,  
Maryland!

For thou wast ever bravely meek,  
Maryland!

But lo! there surges forth a shriek,  
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,  
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,  
Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,  
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,  
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,  
Than crucifixion of the soul,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,  
Maryland!

The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,  
Maryland!

She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;  
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!  
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!  
Maryland, my Maryland!

*James Ryder Randall* [1839-1908]

## THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

THE knightliest of the knightly race  
That, since the days of old,  
Have kept the lamp of chivalry  
Alight in hearts of gold;  
The kindest of the kindly band  
That, rarely hating ease,  
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,  
And Raleigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills  
Against embattled foes,  
And planted there, in valleys fair,  
The lily and the rose;  
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,  
Whose beauty stars the earth,  
And lights the hearths of happy homes  
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept  
The names of noble sires,—  
And slumbered while the darkness crept  
Around their vigil-fires;  
But aye the “Golden Horseshoe” knights  
Their old Dominion keep,  
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,  
But not a knight asleep!

*Francis Orray Ticknor [1822-1874]*

## AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN

ALL hail! thou noble land,  
Our Fathers' native soil!  
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,  
Gigantic grown by toil,  
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!  
For thou, with magic might,  
Canst reach to where the light  
Of Phœbus travels bright  
The world o'er!



## My Country

The Genius of our clime,  
From his pine-embattled steep,  
Shall hail the guest sublime;  
While the Tritons of the deep  
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim  
Then let the world combine,—  
O'er the main our naval line,  
Like the milky-way shall shine,  
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed  
Since our Fathers left their home,  
Their pilot in the blast,  
O'er untravelled seas to roam,  
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of honest fame  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains?

While the language free and bold  
Which the bard of Avon sung,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of heaven rung  
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;—  
While this, with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,  
From rock to rock repeat  
Round our coast;—

While the manners, while the arts,  
That mould a nation's soul,  
Still cling around our hearts,—  
Between let Ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:  
Yet, still, from either beach  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
“We are One!”

*Washington Allston [1779-1843]*

## TO ENGLAND

## I

LEAR and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient tale  
Before thy Shakespear gave it deathless fame;  
The times have changed, the moral is the same.  
So like an outcast, dowerless and pale,  
Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale  
Spread her young banner, till its sway became  
A wonder to the nations. Days of shame  
Are close upon thee; prophets raise their wail.  
When the rude Cossack with an outstretched hand  
Points his long spear across the narrow sea,—  
“Lo! there is England!” when thy destiny  
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou dost stand  
Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land,—  
God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be!

## II

Stand, thou great bulwark of man's liberty!  
Thou rock of shelter, rising from the wave,  
Sole refuge to the overwearied brave  
Who planned, arose, and battled to be free,  
Fell, undeterred, then sadly turned to thee,—  
Saved the free spirit from their country's grave,  
To rise again, and animate the slave,  
When God shall ripen all things. Britons, ye  
Who guard the sacred outpost, not in vain  
Hold your proud peril! Freemen undefiled,  
Keep watch and ward! Let battlements be piled  
Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled, till the main  
Sink under them; and if your courage wane,  
Through force or fraud, look westward to your child!

*George Henry Boker [1823-1890]*

## AMERICA

NOR force nor fraud shall sunder us! Oh ye  
Who north or south, on east or western land,  
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,  
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God

For God; Oh ye who in eternal youth  
 Speak with a living and creative flood  
 This universal English, and do stand  
 Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand  
 Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,  
 Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free  
 Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be  
 Lords of an Empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,  
 Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,  
 And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

*Sydney Dobell* [1824-1874]

### TO AMERICA

#### ON A PROPOSED ALLIANCE BETWEEN TWO GREAT NATIONS

WHAT is the voice I hear

On the winds of the western sea?

Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear

And say what the voice may be.

'Tis a proud free people calling loud to a people proud  
 and free.

And it says to them: "Kinsmen, hail;

We severed have been too long.

Now let us have done with a worn-out tale—

The tale of ancient wrong—

And our friendship last long as our love doth last, and be  
 stronger than death is strong."

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,

And blood of the self-same clan;

Let us speak with each other face to face

And answer as man to man,

And loyally love and trust each other as none but free  
 men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,

Shamrock, Thistle, and Rose,

And the Star-spangled Banner unfurl with these—

A message to friends and foes

Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the  
 war wind blows—

A message to bond and thrall to wake,  
For whenever we come, we twain,  
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,  
And his menace be void and vain,  
For you are lords of a strong land and we are lords of the

Yes, this is the voice of the bluff March gale;  
We severed have been too long,  
But now we have done with a worn-out tale—  
The tale of an ancient wrong—  
And our friendship shall last as love doth last and be  
stronger than death is strong.

*Alfred Austin* [1835-1913]

### SAXON GRIT

WORN with the battle of Stamford town,  
Fighting the Norman by Hastings bay,  
Harold the Saxon's sun went down,  
While the acorns were falling one autumn day.  
Then the Norman said, "I am lord of the land:  
By tenor of conquest here I sit;  
I will rule you now with the iron hand;"  
But he had not thought of the Saxon grit.

He took the land, and he took the men,  
And burnt the homesteads from Trent to Tyne,  
Made the freemen serfs by a stroke of the pen,  
Eat up the corn and drank the wine,  
And said to the maiden, pure and fair,  
"You shall be my leman, as is most fit,  
Your Saxon churl may rot in his lair;"  
But he had not measured the Saxon grit.

To the merry greenwood went bold Robin Hood,  
With his strong-hearted yeomanry ripe for the fray,  
Driving the arrow into the marrow  
Of all the proud Normans who came in his way;

Scorning the fetter, fearless and free,  
Winning by valor, or foiling by wit,  
Dear to our Saxon folk ever is he,  
This merry old rogue with the Saxon grit.

And Kett the tanner whipped out his knife,  
And Watt the smith his hammer brought down,  
For ruth of the maid he loved better than life,  
And by breaking a head, made a hole in the Crown.  
From the Saxon heart rose a mighty roar,  
"Our life shall not be by the King's permit;  
We will fight for the right, we want no more;"  
Then the Norman found out the Saxon grit.

For slow and sure as the oaks had grown  
From acorns falling that autumn day,  
So the Saxon manhood in thorpe and town  
To a nobler stature grew alway;  
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,  
Standing by law and the human right,  
Many times failing, never once quailing,  
So the new day came out of the night.

. . . . .

Then rising afar in the Western sea,  
A new world stood in the morn of the day,  
Ready to welcome the brave and free,  
Who would wrench out the heart and march away  
From the narrow, contracted, dear old land,  
Where the poor are held by a cruel bit,  
To ampler spaces for heart and hand—  
And here was a chance for the Saxon grit.

Steadily steering, eagerly peering,  
Trusting in God your fathers came,  
Pilgrims and strangers, fronting all dangers,  
Cool-headed Saxons, with hearts aflame.  
Bound by the letter, but free from the fetter,  
And hiding their freedom in Holy Writ,  
They gave Deuteronomy hints in economy,  
And made a new Moses of Saxon grit.

They whittled and waded through forest and fen,  
Fearless as ever of what might befall;  
Pouring out life for the nurture of men,  
In faith that by manhood the world wins all.  
Inventing baked beans and no end of machines;  
Great with the rifle and great with the axe—  
Sending their notions over the oceans,  
To fill empty stomachs and straighten bent backs.

Swift to take chances that end in the dollar,  
Yet open of hand when the dollar is made,  
Maintaining the meetin', exalting the scholar,  
But a little too anxious about a good trade;  
This is young Jonathan, son of old John,  
Positive, peaceable, firm in the right,  
Saxon men all of us, may we be one,  
Steady for freedom, and strong in her might.

Then, slow and sure, as the oaks have grown  
From the acorns that fell on that autumn day,  
So this new manhood in city and town,  
To a nobler stature will grow alway;  
Winning by inches, holding by clinches,  
Slow to contention, and slower to quit,  
Now and then failing, never once quailing,  
Let us thank God for the Saxon grit.

*Robert Collyer* [1823-1912]

## AT GIBRALTAR

ENGLAND, I stand on thy imperial ground,  
Not all a stranger; as thy bugles blow,  
I feel within my blood old battles flow,—  
The blood whose ancient founts in thee are found.  
Still surging dark against the Christian bound  
While Islam presses; well its peoples know  
Thy heights that watch them wandering below;  
I think how Lucknow heard their gathering sound.

I turn, and meet the cruel, turbaned face.  
 England! 'tis sweet to be so much thy son!  
 I feel the conqueror in my blood and race;  
 Last night Trafalgar awed me, and to-day  
 Gibraltar wakened; hark, thy evening gun  
 Startles the desert over Africa!

*George Edward Woodberry* [1855-1930]

### GIBRALTAR

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm  
 Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more  
 We ride into still water and the calm  
 Of a sweet evening screened by either shore  
 Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,  
 Our exile is accomplished. Once again  
 We look on Europe, mistress as of yore  
 Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.  
 Ay, this is the famed rock, which Hercules  
 And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this door  
 England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill  
 Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze  
 And at the summons of the rock gun's roar  
 To see her red coats marching from the hill.

*Wilfrid Scawen Blunt* [1840-1922]

### MOTHER ENGLAND

THERE was a rover from a western shore,  
 England! whose eyes the sudden tears did drown,  
 Beholding the white cliff and sunny down  
 Of thy good realm, beyond the sea's uproar.  
 I, for a moment, dreamed that, long before,  
 I had beheld them thus, when, with the frown  
 Of sovereignty, the victor's palm and crown  
 Thou from the tilting-field of nations bore.  
 Thy prowess and thy glory dazzled first;  
 But when in fields I saw the tender flame  
 Of primroses, and full-fleeced lambs at play,  
 Meseemed I at thy breast, like these, was nursed;

Then mother—Mother England!—home I came  
Like one who hath been all too long away!

II

As nestling at thy feet in peace I lay,  
A thought awoke and restless stirred in me:  
“My land and congeners are beyond the sea,  
Theirs is the morning and the evening day.  
Wilt thou give ear while this of them I say:—  
‘Haughty art thou, and they are bold and free,  
As well befits who have descent from thee,  
And who have trodden brave the forlorn way.  
Children of thine, but grown to strong estate;  
Nor scorn from thee would they be slow to pay,  
Nor check from thee submissly would they bear;  
Yet, Mother England! yet their hearts are great,  
And if for thee should dawn some darkest day,  
At cry of thine, how proudly would they dare!’”

*Edith M. Thomas* [1854-1925]

“GOD SAVE THE KING”

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,

God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!

O Lord our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall.  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks;  
On Thee our hearts we fix,  
God save us all!



## My Country

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
 On him be pleased to pour,  
     Long may he reign.  
 May he defend our laws,  
 And ever give us cause,  
 To sing with heart and voice,  
     God save the King!

*Henry Carey (?) [ ? -1743]*

## RULE, BRITANNIA

From "Alfred" ,

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
     Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
     And guardian angels sung the strain:  
     *Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,*  
     *Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee  
     Must, in their turns, to tyrants fall,  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,  
     The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
     More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies  
     Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
     All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
     But work their woe, and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
     Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
 All thine shall be the subject main,  
     And every shore it circles, thine.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair:  
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,  
Britons never will be slaves.*

*James Thomson [1700-1748]*

“YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND”

YE Mariners of England  
That guard our native seas!  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe;  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow!  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave!—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave:  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy winds do blow!  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is o’er the mountain-waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below,

## My Country

As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy winds do blow!  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow!  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

*Thomas Campbell* [1777-1844]

## "READY, AY, READY"

OLD England's sons are English yet,  
 Old England's hearts are strong;  
 And still she wears her coronet  
 Aflame with sword and song.  
 As in their pride our fathers died,  
 If need be, so die we;  
 So wicld we still, gainsay who will,  
 The sceptre of the sea.  
 England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;  
 Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!

We've Raleighs still for Raleigh's part,  
 We've Nelsons yet unknown;  
 The pulses of the Lion Heart  
 Beat on through Wellington.  
 Hold, Britain, hold thy creed of old,  
 Strong foe and steadfast friend,  
 And, still unto thy motto true,  
 Defy not, but defend.  
 England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;  
 Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!

“Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights” 2235

Men whispered that our arm was weak,  
Men said our blood was cold,  
And that our hearts no longer speak  
The clarion-note of old;  
But let the spear and sword draw near  
The sleeping lion's den,  
His island shore shall start once more  
To life with armèd men.  
England, stand fast; let heart and hand be steady;  
Be thy first word thy last,—Ready, ay, ready!

*Herman Charles Merivale* [1806-1874]

“OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS”

From “On a Mourner”

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet;  
Above her shook the starry lights,  
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,  
Self-gathered in her prophet-mind,  
But fragments of her mighty voice  
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stepped she down through town and field  
To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men revealed  
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle-altar gazing down,  
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,  
And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.  
The wisdom of a thousand years  
Is in them. May perpetual youth  
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,  
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
 Turning to scorn with lips divine  
 The falsehood of extremes!

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

## AN ODE

### IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS

WHAT constitutes a State?  
 Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,  
 Thick wall or moated gate;  
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;  
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
 Not starred and spangled courts,  
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.  
 No:—men, high-minded men,  
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued  
 In forest, brake, or den,  
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,—  
 Men who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;  
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,  
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:—  
 These constitute a State;  
 And sovereign Law, that State's collected will,  
 O'er thrones and globes elate  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.  
 Smit by her sacred frown,  
 The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks;  
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown  
 Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,  
 Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!  
 No more shall Freedom smile?  
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?

Since all must life resign,  
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
 'Tis folly to decline,  
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

*William Jones [1746-1794]  
 (The last four lines are said  
 to have been added by Dr.  
 Samuel Johnson.)*

## ENGLAND, 1802

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look  
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed,  
 To think that now our life is only dressed  
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,  
 Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook  
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:  
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:  
 No grandeur now in nature or in book  
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
 This is idolatry; and these we adore:  
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:  
 The homely beauty of the good old cause  
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

## II

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:  
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again,  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

## III

Great men have been among us; hands that penned  
 And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:  
 The later Sidney, Marvell, Harrington,  
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.  
 These moralists could act and comprehend:  
 They knew how genuine glory was put on;  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
 In splendor: what strength was, that would not bend  
 But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
 No single volume paramount, no code,  
 No master spirit, no determined road;  
 But equally a want of books and men!

## IV

It is not to be thought of that the flood  
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
 Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"—  
 Roused though it be full often to a mood  
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—  
 That this most famous stream in bogs and sands  
 Should perish; and to evil and to good  
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
 Armory of the invincible Knights of old:  
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
 That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
 Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung  
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

When I have borne in memory what has tamed  
 Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
 When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
 The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
 I had, my Country—am I to be blamed?

Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find  
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;  
And I by my affection was beguiled:  
What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

“ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND”

WHAT have I done for you,  
England, my England?  
What is there I would not do,  
England, my own?  
With your glorious eyes austere,  
As the Lord were walking near,  
Whispering terrible things and dear  
As the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,  
England, my England,  
Match the master-work you’ve done,  
England, my own?  
When shall he rejoice agen  
Such a breed of mighty men  
As come forward, one to ten,  
To the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,  
England, my England:—  
“Take and break us: we are yours,  
England, my own!



## My Country

Life is good, and joy runs high  
 Between English earth and sky:  
 Death is death; but we shall die  
     To the Song on your bugles blown,  
     England—  
     To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,  
     England, my England:  
 You with worlds to watch and ward,  
     England, my own!  
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys  
 Of such teeming destinies,  
 You could know nor dread nor ease  
     Were the Song on your bugles blown,  
     England,  
     Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might  
     England, my England,  
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,  
     England, my own,  
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,  
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,  
 There's the menace of the Word  
     In the Song on your bugles blown,  
     England—  
     Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

## ENGLAND

THERE she sits in her Island-home,  
     Peerless among her Peers!  
 And Liberty oft to her arms doth come,  
     To ease its poor heart of tears.  
 Old England still throbs with the muffled fire  
     Of a past she can never forget:  
 And again shall she herald the world up higher:  
     For there's life in the Old Land yet.

They would mock at her now, who of old looked forth

In their fear, as they heard her afar;

But loud will your wail be, O Kings of the Earth!

When the Old Land goes down to the war.

The Avalanche trembles, half-launched, and half-riven,

Her voice will in motion set:

O ring out the tidings, wide-reaching as Heaven!

There's life in the Old Land yet.

The old nursing Mother's not hoary yet,

There is sap in her ancient tree:

She lifteth a bosom of glory yet,

Through her mists, to the Sun and the Sea—

Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,

Or a star in a dark cloud set;

Ye may blazon her shame,—ye may leap at her name,—

But there's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the storm burst, you will find the Old Land

Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!

She will fight as she fought when she took her stand

For the Right in the olden day.

Rouse the old royal soul; Europe's best hope

Is her sword-edge for Victory set!

She shall dash Freedom's foes down Death's bloody slope;

For there's life in the Old Land yet.

*Gerald Massey [1828-1907]*

## THE SONG OF THE BOW

From "The White Company"

WHAT of the bow?

The bow was made in England:

Of true wood, of yew-wood,

The wood of English bows;

So men who are free

Love the old yew-tree

And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?

The cord was made in England:

A rough cord, a tough cord,

A cord that bowmen love;

## My Country

And so we will sing  
Of the hempen string  
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?  
The shaft was cut in England:  
A long shaft, a strong shaft,  
Barbed and trim and true;  
So we'll drink all together  
To the gray goose-feather  
And the land where the gray goose flew.

What of the mark?  
Ah, seek it not in England:  
A bold mark, our old mark,  
Is waiting over-sea.  
When the strings harp in chorus,  
And the lion flag is o'er us,  
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?  
The men were bred in England:  
The bowmen—the yeomen,  
The lads of dale and fell.  
Here's to you—and to you!  
To the hearts that are true  
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

*Arthur Conan Doyle* [1859-1930]

## AN ENGLISH MOTHER

EVERY week of every season out of English ports go forth,  
White of sail or white of trail, East, or West, or South, or  
North,  
Scattering like a flight of pigeons, half a hundred home-sick  
ships,  
Bearing half a thousand striplings—each with kisses on his  
lips  
Of some silent mother, fearful lest she show herself too fond,  
Giving him to bush or desert as one pays a sacred bond,

—Tell us, you who hide your heartbreak, which is sadder,  
when all's done,  
To repine, an English mother, or to roam, an English son?

You who shared your babe's first sorrow when his cheek no  
longer pressed  
On the perfect, snow-and-roseleaf beauty of your mother-  
breast,  
In the rigor of his nurture was your woman's mercy mute,  
Knowing he was doomed to exile with the savage and the  
brute?  
Did you school yourself to absence all his adolescent years,  
That, though you be torn with parting, he should never see  
the tears?  
Now his ship has left the offing for the many-mouthèd  
sea,  
This your guerdon, empty heart, by empty bed to bend the  
knee!

And if he be but the latest thus to leave your dwindling  
board,  
Is a sorrow less for being added to a sorrow's hoard?  
Is the mother-pain the duller that to-day his brothers  
stand,  
Facing ambuscades of Congo or alarms of Zululand?  
Toil, where blizzards drift the snow like smoke across the  
plains of death?  
Faint, where tropic fens at morning steam with fever-laden  
breath?  
Die, that in some distant river's veins the English blood may  
run—  
Mississippi, Yangtze, Ganges, Nile, Mackenzic, Amazon?

Ah! you still must wait and suffer in a solitude untold  
While your sisters of the nations call you passive, call you  
cold—  
Still must scan the news of sailings, breathless search the  
slow gazette,  
Find the dreadful name . . . and, later, get his blithe fare-  
well! And yet——

Shall the lonely at the hearthstone shame the legions who  
have died  
Grudging not the price their country pays for progress and  
for pride?  
—Nay; but, England, do not ask us thus to emulate your  
scars  
Until women's tears are reckoned in the budgets of your  
wars.

*Robert Underwood Johnson* [1853-1937]

### AVE IMPERATRIX!

SET in this stormy Northern sea,  
Queen of these restless fields of tide,  
England! what shall men say of thee,  
Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,  
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,  
And through its heart of crystal pass,  
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,  
The long white-crested waves of fight,  
And all the deadly fires which are  
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,  
The treacherous Russian knows so well,  
With gaping blackened jaws are seen  
To leap through hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars  
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,  
To battle with the storm that mars  
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows  
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,  
And the high steep of Indian snows  
Shake to the tread of armed men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies  
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,  
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise  
When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes  
To tell how he hath heard afar  
The measured roll of English drums  
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet  
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,  
England with bare and bloody feet  
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,  
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,  
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight  
Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,  
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,  
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand  
The grave white-turbaned merchants go;

And on from thence to Ispahan,  
The gilded garden of the sun,  
Whence the long dusty caravan  
Brings cedar and vermilion;

And that dread city of Cabul  
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,  
Whose marble tanks are ever full  
With water for the noonday heat;

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar  
A little maid Circassian  
Is led, a present from the Czar  
Unto some old and bearded Khan,—

## My Country

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,  
And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;  
But the sad dove, that sits alone  
In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean  
To greet her love with love-lit eyes:  
Down in some treacherous black ravine,  
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see  
The lingering wistful children wait  
To climb upon their father's knee;  
And in each house made desolate,

Pale women who have lost their lord  
Will kiss the relics of the slain—  
Some tarnished epaulette,—some sword—  
Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields  
Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,  
Where we might deck their broken shields  
With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,  
And many in the Afghan land,  
And many where the Ganges falls  
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,  
And others in the seas which are  
The portals to the East, or by  
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!  
O silence of the sunless day!  
O still ravine! O stormy deep!  
Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And thou whose wounds are never healed,  
Whose weary race is never won,  
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield  
For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,  
Change thy glad song to song of pain;  
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,  
And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore  
Possess the flower of English land!—  
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,  
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound  
The whole round world with nets of gold,  
If hidden in our heart is found  
The care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,  
Pine-forest-like, on every main?  
Ruin and wreck are at our side,  
Grim warders of the House of Pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?  
Where is our English chivalry?  
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,  
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,  
What word of love can dead lips send!  
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!  
Is this the end? Is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead  
To vex their solemn slumber so;  
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,  
Up the steep road must England go,



## My Country

Yet when this fiery web is spun,  
 Her watchmen shall descry from far  
 The young Republic like a sun  
 Rise from these crimson seas of war.

*Oscar Wilde* [1856-1900]

## RECESSIONAL

GOD of our fathers, known of old—  
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
 The Captains and the Kings depart—  
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tube and iron shard—  
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,—  
 For frantic boast and foolish word,  
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! AMEN.

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-1936]

## THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

O, PADDY dear, an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?  
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!  
No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be  
seen,  
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the Green!  
I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,  
And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does she  
stand?"  
She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,  
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the  
Green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel Red,  
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;  
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the  
sod,—  
And never fear, 'twill take root there, though under foot 'tis  
trod!  
When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they  
grow,  
And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not  
show,  
Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen,  
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the Green.

*Unknown*

## DARK ROSALEEN

O my dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep!  
The priests are on the ocean green.  
They march along the deep.  
There's wine from the royal Pope  
Upon the ocean green,  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales  
Have I roamed for your sake;  
All yesterday I sailed the sails  
On river and on lake.  
The Erne, at its highest flood,  
I dashed across unseen,  
For there was lightning in my blood,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,  
Red lightning lightened through my blood,  
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,  
To and fro do I move.  
The very soul within my breast  
Is wasted for you, love!  
The heart in my bosom faints  
To think of you, my Queen,  
My life of life, my saint of saints,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
My life, my love, my saint of saints,  
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,  
Are my lot, night and noon,  
To see your bright face clouded so,  
Like to the mournful moon.  
But yet will I rear your throne  
Again in golden sheen;  
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!

'Tis you shall have the golden throne,  
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,  
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,  
Will I fly for your weal:  
Your holy, delicate white hands  
Shall girdle me with steel.  
At home in your emerald bowers,  
From morning's dawn till e'en,  
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,  
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,  
I could plough the high hills,  
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,  
To heal your many ills!  
And one beamy smile from you  
Would float like light between  
My toils and me, my own, my true,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Would give me life and soul anew,  
A second life, a soul anew,  
My dark Rosaleen!

Oh! the Erne shall run red  
With redundance of blood,  
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
And flames wrap hill and wood,  
And gun-peal and slogan-cry  
Wake many a glen serene,  
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!

The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,  
Ere you shall fade, ere you can die,  
My dark Rosaleen!

*James Clarence Mangan* [1803-1849]

### EXILE OF ERIN

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again, in the green sunny bowers  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!  
O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wildwood?  
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?  
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

O my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
 Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet, all its sad recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,—  
 Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers, Erin go bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—  
 Erin mavournin, Erin go bragh!

*Thomas Campbell* [1777-1844]

### ANDROMEDA

THEY chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel  
 stone;  
 The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own;  
 The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.  
 Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,  
 Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;  
 The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main:  
 But, lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;  
 'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming  
 Across the western main.

O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!

*James Jeffrey Roche* [1847-1908]

### IRELAND

*Si oblitus fuero tui Ierusalem: solivioni detur dextera mea.*

THY sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea,  
 Are sisters; the sad winds are of thy race:  
 The heart of melancholy beats in thee,  
 And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,

Mournful and mighty Mother! who art kin  
To the ancient earth's first woe,  
When holy Angels wept, beholding sin.  
For not in penance do thy true tears flow,  
Not thine the long transgression: at thy name,  
We sorrow not with shame,  
But proudly: for thy soul is as the snow.

Old as the sorrow for lost Paradise  
Seems thine old sorrow: thou in the mild West,  
Who wouldst thy children upon earth suffice  
For Paradise, and pure Hesperian rest;  
Had not the violent and bitter fates  
Burned up with fiery feet  
The greenness of thy pastures; had not hates,  
Envies, and desolations, with fierce heat  
Wasted thee, and consumed the land of grace,  
Beauty's abiding place;  
And vexed with agony bright joy's retreat.

Swift at the word of the Eternal Will,  
Upon thee the malign armed Angels came.  
Flame was their winging, flame that laps thee still;  
And in the anger of their eyes was flame.  
One was the Angel of the field of blood,  
And one of lonelier death:  
One saddened exiles on the ocean flood,  
And famine followed on another's breath.  
Angels of evil, with incessant sword,  
Smote thee, O land adored!  
And yet smite: for the Will of God so saith.

A severing and sundering they wrought,  
A rending of the soul. They turned to tears  
The laughter of thy waters: and they brought,  
To sow upon thy fields, quick seed of fears;  
That brother should hate brother, and one roof  
Shelter unkindly hearts;  
Friend from his ancient friendship hold aloof,  
And comrades learn to play sad alien parts,

Province from noble province dwell estranged,  
And all old trusts be changed;  
And treason teach true men her impious arts.

But yet in their reluctant hands they bore  
Laurel, and palm, and crown, and bay: an host,  
Heartened by wrath and sorrow more and more,  
Strove ever, giving up the mighty ghost;  
The field well fought, the song well sung, for sake,  
Mother! of thee alone:  
Sorrow and wrath bade deathless courage wake,  
And struck from burning harps a deathless tone.  
With palm and laurel won, with crown and bay,  
Went proudly down death's way  
Children of Ireland, to their deathless throne.

Proud and sweet habitation of thy dead!  
Throne upon throne, its thrones of sorrow filled:  
Prince on prince coming with triumphant tread,  
All passion, save the love of Ireland, stilled.  
By the forgetful waters they forget  
Not thee, O Inisfail!  
Upon thy fields their dreaming eyes are set,  
They hear thy winds call ever through each vale.  
Visions of victory exalt and thrill  
Their hearts' whole hunger still:  
High beats their longing for the living Gael.

Sarsfield is sad there with his last desire;  
FitzGerald mourns with Emmet; ancient chiefs  
Dream on their saffron-mantled hosts, afire  
Against the givers of their Mother's griefs.  
*Was it for naught, captain asks captain old,*  
*Was it in vain, we fell?*  
*Shall we have fallen like the leaves of gold,*  
*And no green spring wake from the long dark spell?*  
*Shall never a crown of summer fruitage come*  
*From blood of martyrdom?*  
*Yet to our faith will we not say farewell!*



There the white soul of Davis, there the worn,  
 Waste soul of Mangan, there the surging soul  
 Of Grattan, hunger for thy promised morn:  
 There the great legion of thy martyr roll,  
 Filled with the fames of seven hundred years,

Hunger to hear the voice,  
 Sweeter than marriage music in their ears,  
 That shall bid thee and all thy sons rejoice.  
 There bide the spirits who for thee yet burn:

*Ah! might we but return,  
 And make once more for thee the martyr choice!*

*No swordsmen are the Christians! Oisín cried:  
 O Patrick! thine is but a little race.*

Nay, ancient Oisín! they have greatly died  
 In battle glory and with warrior grace.  
 Signed with the Cross, they conquered and they fell;

Sons of the Cross, they stand:  
 The Prince of Peace loves righteous warfare well,  
 And loves thine armies. O our Holy Land!  
 The Lord of Hosts is with thee, and thine eyes

Shall see upon thee rise  
 His glory, and the blessing of His Hand.

Thou hast no fear: with immemorial pride,  
 Bright as when Oscar ran the morning glades;  
 The knightly Fenian hunters at his side,  
 The sunlight through green leaves glad on their blades:  
 The heart in thee is full of joyous faith.

Not in the bitter dust  
 Thou crouchest, heeding what the coward saith:  
 But, radiant with an everlasting trust,  
 Hearst thine ancient rivers in their glee  
 Sing themselves on to sea,  
 Thy winds make melody: O joy most just!

Nay! we insult thee not with tears, although  
 With thee we sorrow: not as for one dead  
 We mourn, for one in the cold earth laid low.  
 Still is the crown upon thy sovereign head,

Still is the scepter within thy strong hand,  
Still is the kingdom thine:  
The armies of thy sons on thy command  
Wait, and thy starry eyes through darkness shine.  
Tears for the dear and dead! For thee, *All hail!*  
Unconquered Inisfail!  
Tears for the lost: thou livest, O divine!

Thou passest not away: the sternest powers  
Spoil not all beauty of thy face, nor mar  
All peace of thy great heart, O pulse of ours!  
The darkest cloud dims thee not all, O star!  
Ancient and proud thy sorrows, and their might  
That of the murmuring waves:  
They hearten us to fight the unceasing fight,  
Filled with the grace, that flows from holy graves.  
Sons pass away, and thou hast sons as true  
To fight the fight anew:  
Thy welfare, all the gain their warfare craves.

Sweet Mother! in what marvellous dear ways  
Close to thine heart thou keepest all thine own!  
Far off, they yet can consecrate their days  
To thee, and on the swift winds westward blown,  
Send thee the homage of their hearts, their vow  
Of one most sacred care:  
To thee devote all passionate power, since thou  
Vouchsafest them, O land of love! to bear  
Sorrow and joy with thee. Each far son thrills  
Toward thy blue dreaming hills,  
And longs to kiss thy feet upon them, Fair!

*If death come swift upon me, it will be  
Because of the great love I bear the Gael!*  
So sang upon the separating sea  
Columba, while his boat sped out of hail,  
And all grew lonely. But some sons thou hast,  
Whose is an heavier lot,  
Close at thy side: they see thy torment last,  
And all their will to help thee helps thee not.

Fulfilled, for glory of the battle won?

Hast thou no prophet left?

Is all thy Druid wizardry undone,

And thou of thy foreknowledge quite bereft?

Nay! but the power of faith is prophecy,

Vision, and certainty:

Faith, that hath walked the waves, and mountains cleft.

As haunting Tirnanoge within the sea,

So hid within the Eyes of God thy fate

Lies dreaming: and when God shall bid it be,

Ah, then the fair perfection of thy state!

Bravely the gold and silver bells shall chime,

When thou art wed with peace:

Far to the desert of their own sad clime

Shall fly the ill Angels, when God bids them cease.

Thine shall be only a majestic joy,

No evil can destroy:

The sorrows of thy soul shall have release.

Thy blood of martyrs to the martyrs' Home

Cries from the earth: the altar of high Heaven

Is by their cries besieged and overcome:

The Rainbow Throne and flaming Spirits Seven

Know well the music of that agony,

That surge of a long sigh.

That voice of an unresting misery,

That ardor of anguish unto the Most High.

Thou from thy wronged earth pleadest with the Just,

Whose loving mercy must

Hear, and command thy death in life to die.

Golden allies are thine, bright souls of Saints,

Glad choirs of intercession for the Gael:

Their flame of prayer ascends, their stream of plaints

Flows to the wounded feet, for Inisfail.

Victor, the Angel of thy Patrick, pleads;

Mailed Michael with his sword

Kneels there, the champion of thy bitter needs,

Prince of the shining armies of the Lord:

And there, Star of the Morning and the Sea,  
 Mary pours prayer for thee:  
 And unto Mary be thy prayers outpoured.

*O Rose! O Lily! O Lady full of grace!  
 O Mary Mother! O Mary Maid! hear thou.  
 Glory of Angels! Pity, and turn thy face,  
 Praying thy Son, even as we pray thee now,  
 For thy dear sake to set thine Ireland free:*

*Pray thou thy little Child!  
 Ah! who can help her, but in mercy He?  
 Pray then, pray thou for Ireland, Mother mild!  
 O Heart of Mary! pray the Sacred Heart:*

*His, at Whose word depart  
 Sorrows and hates, home to Hell's waste and wild.*

*Lionel Johnson [1867-1902]*

## TO THE DEAD OF '98

GOD rest you, rest you, rest you, Ireland's dead!

Peace be upon you shed,  
 Peace from the Mercy of the Crucified,  
 You, who for Ireland died!  
 Soft fall on you the dews and gentle airs  
 Of interceding prayers,  
 From lowly cabins of our ancient land,  
 Yours yet, O Sacred Band!

God rest you, rest you: for the fight you fought  
 Was His; the end you sought,  
 His; from His altar fires you took your flame,  
 Hailing His Holy Name.

Triumphantly you gave yourselves to death:  
 And your last breath  
 Was one last sigh for Ireland, sigh to Him,  
 As the loved land grew dim.

And still, blessèd and martyr souls! you pray  
 In the same faith this day:  
 From forth your dwelling beyond sun and star,  
 Where only spirits are,

Your prayers in a perpetual flight arise,  
 To fold before God's Eyes  
 Their tireless wings, and wait the Holy Word  
 That one day shall be heard.  
*Not unto us, they plead, Thy goodness gave*  
*Our mother to enslave;*  
*To us Thou gavest death for love of her:*  
*Ah, what death lovelier?*  
*But to our children's children give to see*  
*The perfect victory!*  
*Thy dead beseech thee: to Thy living give*  
*In liberty to live!*

Lionel Johnson [1867-1902]

### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

WHO fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?  
 Who blushes at the name?  
 When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
 Who hangs his head for shame?  
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,  
 Who slights his country thus;  
 But a true man, like you, man,  
 Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
 The faithful and the few—  
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,  
 Some sleep in Ireland, too;  
 All, all are gone—but still lives on  
 The fame of those who died;  
 All true men, like you, men,  
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
 Their weary hearts have laid,  
 And by the stranger's heedless hands  
 Their lonely graves were made;

But, though their clay be far away  
Beyond the Atlantic foam,  
In true men, like you, men,  
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;  
Among their own they rest;  
And the same land that gave them birth  
Has caught them to her breast;  
And we will pray that from their clay  
Full many a race may start  
Of true men, like you, men,  
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days  
To right their native land;  
They kindled here a living blaze  
That nothing shall withstand.  
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—  
They fell and passed away;  
But true men, like you, men,  
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to unite.  
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
Though sad as theirs your fate;  
And true men be you, men,  
Like those of Ninety-Eight!

*John Kells Ingram [1823-1907]*

### CUSHLA MA CHREE

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises!  
An emerald set in the ring of the sea!  
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,  
Thou queen of the west! the world's cushla ma chree!

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger—  
 There smiles hospitality hearty and free;  
 Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,  
 And the wanderer is welcomed with *cushla ma chree*.

Thy sons they are brave; but, the battle once over,  
 In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;  
 And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover  
 The soul-speaking blush that says *cushla ma chree*.

Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin!  
 While sadly I wander an exile from thee;  
 And, firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,  
 May heaven defend its own *cushla ma chree*!

*John Philpot Curran [1750-1817]*

## THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND

THERE'S a dear little plant that grows in our isle,  
 'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;  
 And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,  
 And with dew from his eye often wet it.  
 It thrives through the bog, through the brake, and the  
 mireland;  
 And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland—  
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,  
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant still grows in our land,  
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,  
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,  
 In each climate that they may appear in;  
 And shine through the bog, through the brake, and the  
 mireland,  
 Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.  
 The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,  
 The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,  
 When its three little leaves are extended,  
 Denotes on one stalk we together should toil,  
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;

And still through the bog, through the brake, and the  
mireland,  
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland,  
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,  
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

*Andrew Cherry* [1762-1812]

### MY LAND

SHE is a rich and rare land;  
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,  
She is a dear and rare land—  
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—  
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;  
I'd freely die to save her,  
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land;  
No! she's a warm and bold land;  
Oh! she's a true and old land—  
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,  
And virtue still reward her,  
No foe would cross her border—  
No friend within it pine.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,  
Oh! she's a true and rare land!  
Yes, she's a rare and fair land—  
This native land of mine.

*Thomas Osborne Davis* [1814-1845]

### FAINNE GAEL AN LAE

‘Until the day break and the shadows flee away’

ERE the long roll of the ages end  
And the days of time are done,  
The Lord shall unto Erin send  
His own appointed One,



## My Country

Whose soul must wait the hour of Fate,  
 His name be known to none;  
 But his feet shall stand on the Irish land  
 In the rising of the sun.

In darkness of our captive night,  
 Whilst storms the watch-tower shake,  
 Some shall not sleep, but vigil keep  
 Until the morning break;  
 Until through clouds of threatening hate,  
 The seas of sorrow o'er,  
 The first red beam of the sun-burst gleam  
 Illumines Erin's shore.

Oh! perfect, pure, exalted One,  
 For whom in prayer we wait,  
 Of Irish-born thou happiest son  
 And noblest of the great;  
 As night to noon goes swift and soon,  
 May years now roll away  
 And bring the hour of thy conquering power  
 And the dawning of the day!

Alice Milligan [18 -

## IRELAND

IRELAND, O Ireland, center of my longings,  
 Country of my fathers, home of my heart!  
 Overseas you call me: *Why an exile from me?*  
*Wherefore sea-severed, long leagues apart?*

As the shining salmon, homeless in the sea-depths,  
 Hears the river call him, scents out the land,  
 Leaps and rejoices in the meeting of the waters,  
 Breasts weir and torrent, nests in the sand;

Lives there and loves; yet with the year's returning,  
 Rusting in the river, pines for the sea,  
 Sweeps back again to the ripple of the tideway,  
 Roamer of the waters, vagabond and free;—

Wanderer am I like the salmon of the rivers;  
 London is my ocean, murmurous and deep,  
 Tossing and vast; yet through the roar of London  
 Comes to me thy summons, calls me in sleep.

Pearly are the skies in the country of my fathers,  
 Purple are thy mountains, home of my heart.  
 Mother of my yearning, love of all my longings,  
 Keep me in remembrance, long leagues apart.

*Stephen Lucius Gwynn* [1865—

“HILLS O’ MY HEART”

HILLS o’ my heart!

I have come to you at calling of my one love and only,  
 I have left behind the cruel scarlet wind of the east,  
 The hearth of my fathers wanting me is lonely,  
 And empty is the place I filled at gathering of the feast.

Hills o’ my heart!

You have cradled him I love in your green quiet hollows,  
 Your wavering winds have hushed him to soft forgetful  
 sleep,  
 Below dusk boughs where bird-voice after bird-voice follows  
 In shafts of silver melody that split the hearkening deep.

Hills o’ my heart!

Let the herdsman who walks in your high haunted places  
 Give him strength and courage, and weave his dreams  
 alway:  
 Let your cairn-heaped hero-dead reveal their grand exultant  
 faces,  
 And the Gentle Folk be good to him betwixt the dark and  
 day.

Hills o’ my heart!

And I would the Green Harper might wake his soul to singing  
 With music of the golden wires heard when the world  
 was new,  
 That from his lips an echo of its sweetness may come ringing,  
 A song of pure and noble hopes—a song of all things true.

Hills o' my heart!

For sake of the yellow head that drew me wandering over  
Your misty crests from my own home where sorrow bided  
then,

I set my seven blessings on your kindly heather cover,  
On every starry moorland loch, and every shadowy glen,  
Hills o' my heart!

*Ethna Carbery* [1866-1902]

### SCOTLAND YET

GAE bring my guid auld harp ance mair,  
Gae bring it free and fast,  
For I maun sing anither sang,  
Ere a' my glee be past;  
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,  
The burden o't shall be,  
Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's knowes,  
And Scotland's hills for me;  
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,  
Wi' a' the honors three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,  
And, foaming frae the fells,  
Her fountains sing o' freedom still,  
As they dance down the dells;  
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,  
That's girded by the sea;  
Then Scotland's vales and Scotland's dales,  
And Scotland's hills for me;  
We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,  
Wi' a' the honors three.

The thistle wags upon the fields,  
Where Wallace bore his blade,  
That gave her foemen's dearest bluid  
To dye her auld gray plaid;  
And looking to the lift, my lads,  
He sang this doughty glee,

Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,  
 And Scotland's hills for me;  
 We'll drink a cup for Scotland yet,  
 Wi' a' the honors three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,  
 Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;  
 Gie me the hills where Ossian lies,  
 And Coila's minstrel sang;  
 For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,  
 That kenna to be free;  
 Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,  
 And Scotland's hills for me;  
 We'll drink a cup to Scotland yet,  
 Wi' a' the honors three.

*Henry Scott Riddell* [1798-1870]

# THE WATCH ON THE RHINE \*

A VOICE resounds like thunder-peal,  
 'Mid clashing waves and clang of steel:—  
 "The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!  
 Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

*Chorus*—Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:  
 Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand a hundred thousand strong,  
 Quick to avenge their country's wrong;  
 With filial love their bosoms swell,  
 They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race  
 From heaven look down and meet their gaze;  
 They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,  
 Be German as this breast of mine!

"While flows one drop of German blood,  
 Or sword remains to guard thy flood,  
 While rifle rests in patriot hand,—  
 No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

\* For the original of this poem see page 3833.

“Our oath resounds, the river flows,  
 In golden light our banner glows;  
 Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:  
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!”  
*After the German of Max Schneckenburger [1819-1849]*

### THE GERMAN FATHERLAND \*

WHICH is the German's fatherland?  
 Is't Prussia's or Swabia's land?  
 Is't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?  
 Or where the Northern sea-gull screams?—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?  
 Bavaria's or Styria's land?  
 Is't where the Marsian ox unbends?  
 Or where the Marksman iron rends?—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?  
 Pomerania's or Westphalia's land?  
 Is it where sweep the Dunian waves?  
 Or where the thundering Danube raves?—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?  
 O, tell me now the famous land!  
 Is't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?  
 Such lands and people please me well.—

Ah, no, no, no!

His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?  
 Come, tell me now the famous land.  
 Doubtless, it is the Austrian state,  
 In honors and in triumphs great.—

\* For the original of this poem see page 3834

Ah, no, no!  
His fatherland's not bounded so!  
Which is the German's fatherland?  
So tell me now at last the land!—  
As far's the German accent rings  
And hymns to God in heaven sings,—  
That is the land,—  
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,  
Where oaths attest the graspèd hand,—  
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,  
And in the heart love warmly lies;—  
That is the land,—  
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,  
Where wrath pursues the foreign band,—  
Where every Frank is held a foe,  
And Germans all as brothers glow;—  
That is the land,—  
All Germany's thy fatherland!

All Germany, then, the land shall be;  
Watch o'er it, God, and grant that we  
With German hearts, in deed and thought,  
May love it truly as we ought.

Be this the land,  
All Germany shall be the land!

*From the German of Ernst Moritz Arndt [1769-1860]*

### THE MARSEILLAISE \*

YE sons of freedom, wake to glory!  
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!  
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,

\* For the original of this poem see page 3836

## My Country

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?  
To arms! to arms, ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe;  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,  
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;  
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;  
And shall we basely view the ruin,  
While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
Spreads desolation far and wide,  
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,  
To meet and vend the light and air;  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore:  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms! to arms, ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe;  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

*Adapted from the French of Rouget de Lisle [1760-1836]*

## SOLDIER SONGS

### "CHARLIE IS MY DARLING"

'Twas on a Monday morning  
Richt early in the year,  
That Charlie cam' to our toun,  
The young Chevalier.

*And Charlie he's my darling,  
My darling, my darling;  
Charlie he's my darling,  
The young Chevalier !*

As he was walking up the street,  
The city for to view,  
Oh, there he spied a bonny lass  
The window looking through.

Say licht's he jumped up the stair,  
And tirl'd at the pin;  
And wha sae ready as hersel'  
To let the laddie in?

He set his Jenny on his knee,  
All in his Highland dress;  
For brawly weel he kenn'd the way  
To please a bonny lass.

It's up yon heathery mountain,  
And down yon scroggy glen,  
We daurna gang a-milking,  
For Charlie and his men.

*And Charlie he's my darling,  
My darling, my darling;  
Charlie he's my darling,  
The young Chevalier !*

*Unknown*



## THE FAREWELL

It was a' for our rightfu' King  
We left fair Scotland's strand;  
It was a' for our rightfu' King  
We e'er saw Irish land,  
My dear—  
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a' is done in vain;  
My love and native land, farewell,  
For I maun cross the main,  
My dear—  
For I maun cross the main.

He turned him right and round about  
Upon the Irish shore,  
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,  
With, Adieu for evermore,  
My dear—  
With, Adieu for evermore!

The sodger frae the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main;  
But I hae parted frae my love,  
Never to meet again,  
My dear—  
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,  
And a' folk bound to sleep,  
I think on him that's far awa',  
The lee-lang night, and weep,  
My dear—  
The lee-lang night, and weep.

*Robert Burns [1759-1796]*

“HERE’S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT’S AWA’”

HERE’S a health to them that’s awa’,  
Here’s a health to them that’s awa’;  
And wha winna wish guid-luck to our cause,  
May never guid-luck be their fa’!  
It’s guid to be merry and wise,  
It’s guid to be honest and true,  
It’s guid to support Caledonia’s cause,  
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here’s a health to them that’s awa’,  
Here’s a health to them that’s awa’;  
Here’s a health to Charlie, the chief o’ the clan,  
Although that his band be sma’.  
May Liberty meet wi’ success!  
May Prudence protect her frae evil!  
May tyrants and Tyranny tine in the mist,  
And wander their way to the devil!

Here’s a health to them that’s awa’,  
Here’s a health to them that’s awa’;  
Here’s a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,  
That lives at the lug o’ the law!  
Here’s freedom to him that wad read!  
Here’s freedom to him that wad write!  
There’s nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,  
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here’s a health to them that’s awa’,  
Here’s a health to them that’s awa’;  
Here’s Maitland and Wycombe, and who does na like ’em  
We’ll build in a hole o’ the wa’.  
Here’s timmer that’s red at the heart,  
Here’s fruit that’s sound at the core!  
May he that would turn the buff and blue coat  
Be turned to the back o’ the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa',  
 Here's a health to them that's awa';  
 Here's Chieftain McLeod, a chieftain worth gowd,  
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!  
 Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,  
 And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;  
 And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,  
 May they never eat of her bread!

*Robert Burns [1759-1796]*

### THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND

Oh where! and oh where! is your Highland laddie gone?  
 He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the  
     throne;  
 And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.

Oh where! and oh where! does your Highland laddie dwell!  
 He dwells in merry Scotland at the sign of the Blue Bell;  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my laddie well.

What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?  
 His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plaid;  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh suppose, that your Highland lad should die?  
 The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down and cry;  
 And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die!

*Unknown*

### THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,  
     O where hae ye been?  
 They hae slain the Earl of Murray,  
     And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntly!  
     And wherefore did ye sae?  
 I bade you bring him wi' you,  
     But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
O he might hae been a king!

He was a braw gallant,  
And he played at the ba';  
And the bonny Earl of Murray  
Was the flower amang them a'!

He was a braw gallant,  
And he played at the gluve;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
O he was the Queen's luve!

O lang will his Lady  
Look owre the Castle Doune,  
Ere she see the Earl of Murray  
Come sounding through the toun!

*Unknown*

#### PIBROCH OF DONALD DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,  
Pibroch of Donuil,  
Wake thy wild voice anew,  
Summon Clan-Conuil!  
Come away, come away,  
Hark to the summons!  
Come in your war array,  
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
From mountain so rocky;  
The war-pipe and pennon  
Are at Inverlochy.  
Come every hill-plaid, and  
True heart that wears one;  
Come every steel blade, and  
Strong hand that bears one.

## Soldier Songs

Leave untended the herd,  
     The flock without shelter;  
 Leave the corpse uninterred,  
     The bride at the altar;  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
     Leave nets and barges:  
 Come with your fighting gear,  
     Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when  
     Forests are rended:  
 Come as the waves come, when  
     Navies are stranded!  
 Faster come, faster come,  
     Faster and faster—  
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,  
     Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come—  
     See how they gather!  
 Wide waves the eagle plume,  
     Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
     Forward each man set!  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
     Kneel for the onset!

*Walter Scott [1771-1832]*

## BORDER BALLAD

*From "The Monastery"*

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale;  
     Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in order?  
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!  
     All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border!  
     Many a banner spread  
     Flutters above your head,  
 Many a crest that is famous in story.  
     Mount and make ready, then,  
     Sons of the mountain glen,  
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

## “When Banners Are Waving” 2279

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing;  
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;  
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;  
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.  
Trumpets are sounding;  
War-steeds are bounding;  
Stand to your arms, then, and march in good order.  
England shall many a day  
Tell of the bloody fray  
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

*Walter Scott [1771-1832]*

### “WHEN BANNERS ARE WAVING”

WHEN banners are waving, and lances are pushing;  
When captains are shouting, and war-horses rushing;  
When cannon are roaring, and hot bullets flying,  
He that would honor win, must not fear dying.  
Though shafts fly so quick that it seems to be snowing;  
Though streamlets with blood more than water are flowing;  
Though with sabre and bullet our bravest are dying,  
We speak of revenge, but we ne’er speak of flying.  
Come, stand to it, heroes! The heathen are coming;  
Horsemen are round the walls, riding and running;  
Maidens and matrons all Arm! arm! are crying,  
From petards the wildfire’s flashing and flying.  
The trumpets from turrets high loudly are braying;  
The steeds for the onset are snorting and neighing;  
As waves in the ocean, the dark plumes are dancing;  
As stars in the blue sky, the helmets are glancing.  
Their ladders are planting, their sabres are sweeping;  
Now swords from our sheaths by the thousand are leaping;  
Like the flash of the levin, ere men hearken thunder,  
Swords gleam, and the steel caps are cloven asunder.  
The shouting has ceased, and the flashing of cannon!  
I looked from the turret for crescent and pennon:  
As flax touched by fire, as hail in the river,  
They were smote, they were fallen, and had melted for ever.

*Unknown*

## THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules;  
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;  
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can  
compare,  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British Grenadier.

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,  
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;  
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,  
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades;  
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears;  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

And when the seige is over, we to the town repair,  
The townsmen cry "Hurra, boys, here comes a grenadier,  
Here comes the grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts  
or fears,  
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers."

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those  
Who carry cups and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes;  
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,  
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

*Unknown*

## HEART OF OAK

COME, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,  
To add something more to this wonderful year:  
To honor we call you, not press you like slaves;  
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships,  
Heart of oak are our men,  
We always are ready:  
Steady, boys, steady!  
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,  
They never see us but they wish us away;  
If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore;  
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes!  
They frighten our women, our children and beaux;  
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea;  
Her standard is Justice—her watchword, "Be free."  
Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing,  
"Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King,"  
*David Garrick [1717-1779]*

### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw;  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:  
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.



I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

*Thomas Campbell [1777-1844]*

### THE CAVALIER'S SONG

A STEED, a steed of matchless speed!  
A sword of metal keen!  
All else to noble hearts is dross,  
All else on earth is mean.  
The neighing of the war-horse proud,  
The rolling of the drum,  
The clangor of the trumpet loud,  
Be sounds from heaven that come;  
And oh! the thundering press of knights,  
Whenas their war-cries swell,  
May tole from heaven an angel bright,  
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mount! then mount, brave gallants all,  
And don your helms amain;  
Death's couriers, Fame and Honor, call  
Us to the field again.  
No shrewish fears shall fill our eye  
When the sword-hilt's in our hand—  
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sigh  
For the fairest of the land!

Let piping swain, and craven wight,  
Thus weep and puling cry;  
Our business is like men to fight,  
And hero-like to die!

*William Motherwell* [1797-1835]

## CAVALIER TUNES

## I—MARCHING ALONG

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,  
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing:  
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop,  
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,  
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles  
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!  
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,  
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup  
Till you're—

*Chorus.*—Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

Hampton to hell, and his obsequies' knell.  
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well!  
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!  
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

*Chorus.*—Marching along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls  
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!  
Hold by the right, you double your might;  
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh from the fight,

*Chorus.*—March we along, fifty-score strong,  
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!

## II—GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,  
 King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?  
 Who raised me the house that sank once?  
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?  
 Who found me in wine you drank once?

*Cho.*—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,  
 King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,  
 By the old fool's side that begot him?  
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,  
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

*Cho.*—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,  
 King Charles!

## III—BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!  
 Rescue my castle before the hot day  
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.

*Cho.*—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;  
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray  
 "God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

*Cho.*—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,  
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:  
 Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

*Cho.*—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude, that, honest and gay,  
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!  
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?"

*Cho.*—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

### THE SONG OF THE CAMP

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camps allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay, grim and threatening, under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,  
"We storm the forts to-morrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon:  
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory:  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—  
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But, as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
 The bloody sunset's embers,  
 While the Crimean valleys learned  
 How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell  
 Rained on the Russian quarters,  
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,  
 And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
 For a singer, dumb and gory;  
 And English Mary mourns for him  
 Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
 Your truth and valor wearing:  
 The bravest are the tenderest,—  
 The loving are the daring.

*Bayard Taylor* [1825-1878]

## REVEILLE

THE morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!  
 The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,  
 And the sleepy mist on the river lies,  
 Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.

Awake! awake! awake!  
 O'er field and wood and brake,  
 With glories newly born,  
 Comes on the blushing morn.  
 Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night;  
 You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright;  
 Come, part with them all for a while again,—  
 Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.

Turn out! turn out! turn out!  
 You have dreamed full long, I know.  
 Turn out! turn out! turn out!  
 The east is all aglow.  
 Turn out! turn out!

## I Give My Soldier Boy a Blade" 2287

From every valley and hill there come  
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;  
And out in the fresh, cool morning air  
The soldiers are swarming everywhere

Fall in! fall in! fall in!

Every man in his place,  
Fall in! fall in! fall in!

Each with a cheerful face,  
Fall in! fall in!

*Michael O'Connor* [1837-1862]

## "I GIVE MY SOLDIER BOY A BLADE"

I GIVE my soldier boy a blade,  
In fair Damascus fashioned well:  
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,  
Who first beneath its fury fell,  
I know not; but I hope to know,  
That, for no mean or hireling trade,  
To guard no feeling base or low—  
I give my soldier boy the blade!

Cool, calm, and clear—the lucid flood  
In which its tempering work was done;—  
As calm, as clear, in wind and wood,  
Be thou where'er it sees the sun!  
For country's claim at honor's call,  
For outraged friend, insulted maid,  
At mercy's voice to bid it fall—  
I give my soldier boy the blade!

The eye which marked its peerless edge,  
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,  
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,  
Are gone with all their flame and noise;  
Yet still the gleaming sword remains!  
So, when in dust I low am laid,  
Remember by these heartfelt strains,  
I give my soldier boy the blade!

*William Maginn* [1793-1842]

## STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

COME, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,  
 Stir up the camp-fire bright;  
 No growling if the canteen fails,  
 We'll make a roaring night.  
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,  
 There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,  
 To swell the Brigade's rousing song  
 Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the qucer slouched hat  
 Cocked o'er his eye askew;  
 The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,  
 So calm, so blunt, so true.  
 The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;  
 Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell;  
 Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" well!  
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!  
 Old Massa's goin' to pray.  
 Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!  
 Attention! it's his way.  
 Appealing from his native sod,  
*In forma pauperis* to God:  
 "Lay bare Thine arm: stretch forth Thy rod!  
 Amen!" That's "Stonewall's way."

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!  
 Steady! the whole brigade!  
 Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win  
 His way out, ball and blade!  
 What matter if our shoes are worn?  
 What matter if our feet are torn?  
 "Quick step! we're with him before morn!"  
 That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

The sun's bright lances rout the mists  
 Of morning, and, by George!  
 Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,  
 Hemmed in an ugly gorge.  
 Pope and his Dutchmen, whipped before;  
 "Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;  
 "Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!"  
 In "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Ah! Maiden, wait and watch and yearn  
 For news of Stonewall's band!  
 Ah! Widow, read, with eyes that burn,  
 That ring upon thy hand.  
 Ah! Wife, sew on, pray on, hope on;  
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn;  
 The foe had better ne'er been born  
 That gets in "Stonewall's way."

*John Williamson Palmer [1825-1906]*

## MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,  
 Where Rappahannock's waters  
 Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain  
 Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents  
 In meads of heavenly azure;  
 And each dread gun of the elements  
 Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made  
 No forest leaf to quiver;  
 And the smoke of the random cannonade  
 Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down  
 With cannon grimly planted,  
 O'er listless camp and silent town  
 The golden sunset slanted.



## Soldier Songs

When on the fervid air there came  
A strain,—now rich, now tender;  
The music seemed itself aflame  
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which, eve and morn,  
Played measures brave and nimble,  
Had just struck up with flute and horn  
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks;  
Till, margined by its pebbles,  
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"  
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band,  
With movement light and tricky,  
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,  
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,  
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,  
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow  
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause; and then again  
The trumpets pealed sonorous,  
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain  
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew  
To kiss the shining pebbles;  
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue  
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles sang  
Above the stormy riot;  
No shout upon the evening rang—  
There reigned a holy quiet.

## The "Grey Horse Troop" 2291

The sad, slow stream, its noiseless flood  
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;  
All silent now the Yankees stood,  
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard  
That plaintive note's appealing,  
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred  
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,  
As by the wand of fairy,  
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,  
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies  
Bend in their beauty o'er him;  
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,  
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain  
In April's tearful weather,  
The vision vanished, as the strain  
And daylight died together.

But Memory, waked by Music's art,  
Expressed in simplest numbers,  
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—  
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines—  
That bright, celestial creature,  
Who still, 'mid War's embattled lines,  
Gave this one touch of Nature.

*John Reuben Thompson [1823-1873]*

### THE "GREY HORSE TROOP"

ALL alone on the hillside—  
Larry an' Barry an' me;  
Nothin' to see but the sky an' the plain,  
Nothin' to see but the drivin' rain,

Nothin' to see but the painted Sioux,  
Gallop'ing, gallop'ing: "Whoop—whuroo!  
The divil in yellow is down in the mud!"  
Sez Larry to Barry, "I'm losin' blood."

"Cheers for the Greys!" yells Barry;  
"Second Dragoons!" groans Larry;  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Egan's Grey Troop!  
Whoop! ye divils—ye've got to whoop;  
Cheer for the troopers who die: sez I—  
"Cheer for the troop that never shall diel

All alone on the hillside—  
Larry an' Barry an' me;  
Flat on our bellies, an' pourin' in lead—  
Seven rounds left, an' the horses dead—  
Barry a-cursin' at every breath;  
Larry beside him, as white as death;  
Indians gallop'ing, gallop'ing by,  
Wheelin' and squealin' like hawks in the sky!

"Cheers for the Greys!" yells Barry;  
"Second Dragoons!" groans Larry;  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Egan's Grey Troop!  
Whoop! ye divils—ye've got to whoop;  
Cheer for the troopers who die: sez I—  
"Cheer for the troop that never shall die!"

All alone on the hillside—  
Larry an' Barry an' me;  
Two of us livin' and one of us dead—  
Shot in the head, and God!—how he bled!  
"Larry's done up," sez Barry to me;  
"Divvy his cartridges! Quick! gimme three!"  
While nearer an' nearer an' plainer in view,  
Galloped an' galloped the murderin' Sioux.

"Cheers for the Greys!" yells Barry;  
"Cheer—" an' he falls on Larry.  
Alas! alas! for Egan's Grey Troop!  
The Red Sioux, hovering stoop to swoop;

Two out of three lay dead, while I  
Cheered for the troop that never shall die.

All alone on the hillside—  
Larry an' Barry an' me;  
An' I fired an' yelled till I lost my head,  
Cheerin' the livin, cheerin' the dead,  
Swingin' my cap, I cheered until  
I stumbled and fell. Then over the hill  
There floated a trumpeter's silvery call,  
An' Egan's Grey Troop galloped up, that's all.

Drink to the Greys,—an' Barry!  
Second Dragoons,—an' Larry!  
Here's a bumper to Egan's Grey Troop!  
Let the crape on the guidons droop;  
Drink to the troopers who die, while I  
Drink to the troop that never shall die!

*Robert William Chambers* [1865-1933]

# DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.  
"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color-Sergeant said.  
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead  
March play,

The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hangin' him  
to-day;

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,  
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Color-Sergeant said.

They're hangin' Danny Deeever, they are marchin' of 'im  
round,  
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deeever by 'is coffin on the  
ground;  
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin'  
hound—  
O they're hangin' Danny Deeever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-Parade.  
"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said.  
"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.  
"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.  
They are hangin' Danny Deeever, you must mark 'im to  
'is place,  
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must look 'im in the  
face;  
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,  
While they're hangin' Danny Deeever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.  
"It's Danny fightin' 'ard fur life," the Color-Sergeant said.  
"What's that that whimpers over'cad?" said Files-on-Parade.  
"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant  
said.  
For they're done with Danny Deeever, you can 'ear the  
quickstep play,  
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;  
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their  
beer to-day,  
After hangin' Danny Deeever in the mornin'.

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-1936]

### GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin an' beer  
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,  
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;  
But when it comes to slaughter

You will do your work on water,  
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.  
Now in Injia's sunny clime,  
Where I used to spend my time  
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,  
Of all them black-faced crew  
The finest man I knew  
Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.  
    He was "Din! Din! Din!  
    You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!  
    Hi! *slippey hitherao!*  
    Water! get it! *Panee lao!*  
    You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore  
Was nothin' much before,  
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,  
For a piece o' twisty rag  
An' a goatskin water-bag  
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.  
When the sweatin' troop-train lay  
In a sidin' through the day,  
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eye-brows crawl,  
We shouted "*Harry By!*"  
Till our throats were bricky-dry,  
Then we wopped 'im cause 'e couldn't serve us all.  
    It was "Din! Din! Din!  
    You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?  
    You put some *juldee* in it  
    Or I'll *marrow* you this minute,  
    If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one  
Till the longest day was done;  
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.  
If we charged or broke or cut,  
You could bet your bloomin' nut,  
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.  
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,  
'E would skip with our attack,

An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"  
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide  
'E was white, clear white, inside  
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!  
It was "Din! Din! Din!"  
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green  
When the cartridges ran out,  
You could 'ear the front-files shout,  
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night  
When I dropped be'ind the fight  
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.  
I was chokin' mad with thirst,  
An' the man that spied me first  
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.  
'E lifted up my 'ead,  
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,  
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green:  
It was crawlin' an' it stunk,  
But of all the drinks I've drunk,  
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.  
It was "Din! Din! Din!"  
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;  
'E's chawin' up the ground,  
An' 'e's kickin' all around:  
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away  
To where a *dooli* lay,  
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.  
'E put me safe inside,  
An' just before 'e died:  
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.  
So I'll meet 'im later on  
At the place where 'e is gone—  
Where it's always double drill an' no canteen;  
'E'll be squattin' on the coals,  
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,  
An' I'll git a swig in hell from Gunga Din!

Yes, Din! Din! Din!  
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!  
Though I've belted you an' flayed you,  
By the livin' Gawd that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-1936]

### THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

A CHEER and salute for the Admiral, and here's to the Captain bold,  
And never forget the Commodore's debt when the deeds of might are told!  
They stand to the deck through the battle's wreck when the great shells roar and screech—  
And never they fear when the foe is near to practice what they preach:  
But off with your hat and three times three for Columbia's true-blue sons,  
The men below who batter the foe—the men behind the guns!

Oh, light and merry of heart are they when they swing into port once more,  
When, with more than enough of the "green-backed stuff," they start for their leave-o'-shore;  
And you'd think, perhaps, that the blue-bloused chaps who loll along the street  
Are a tender bit, with salt on it, for some fierce "mustache" to eat—  
Some warrior bold, with straps of gold, who dazzles and fairly stuns  
The modest worth of the sailor boys—the lads who serve the guns.

But say not a word till the shot is heard that tells that the fight is on,  
Till the long, deep roar grows more and more from the ships of "Yank" and "Don,"



Till over the deep the tempests sweep of fire and bursting  
shell,  
And the very air is a mad Despair in the throes of a living  
hell;  
Then down, deep down, in the mighty ship, unseen by the  
midday suns,  
You'll find the chaps who are giving the raps—the men be-  
hind the guns!

Oh, well they know how the cyclones blow that they loose  
from their cloud of death,  
And they know is heard the thunder-word their fierce ten-  
incher saith!  
The steel decks rock with the lightning shock, and shake  
with the great recoil,  
And the sea grows red with the blood of the dead and reaches  
for his spoil—  
But not till the foe has gone below or turns his prow and  
runs,  
Shall the voice of peace bring sweet release to the men be-  
hind the guns!

*John Jerome Rooney [1866-1934]*

### THE FIGHTING RACE

"READ out the names!" and Burke sat back,  
And Kelly drooped his head,  
While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—  
Went down the list of the dead.  
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,  
The crews of the gig and yawl,  
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,  
Carpenters, coal-passers—all.  
Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,  
Said Burke in an offhand way:  
"We're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe!  
Kelly and Burke and Shea."  
"Well, here's to the Maine, and I'm sorry for Spain,"  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke.

"Wherever fighting's the game,  
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"  
Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."

"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,  
"When it's touch-and-go for life?"

Said Shea, "It's thirty-odd years, bedad,  
Since I charged to drum and fife  
Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen  
Stopped a rebel ball on its way;  
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—  
Kelly and Burke and Shea—  
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"

Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,  
In the cradle of our soldier race,  
After one good stand-up fight.

My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,  
And fighting was not his trade;  
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,  
With Hessian blood on the blade."

"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great  
When the word was 'clear the way!'

We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—  
Kelly and Burke and Shea."

"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,  
Said, "We were at Ramillies;

We left our bones at Fontenoy  
And up in the Pyrenees;

Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,  
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent;

We're all over Austria, France, and Spain,  
Wherever they pitched a tent.

We've died for England from Waterloo  
To Egypt and Dargai;

And still there's enough for a corps or crew,  
Kelly and Burke and Shea."

"Well, here's to good honest fighting-blood!"  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,  
If they seldom die in bed,  
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"  
Said Burke; then Kelly said:

"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,  
The Angel with the sword,  
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands  
Are ranged in one big horde,  
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,  
Will stretch three deep that day,  
From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates—  
Kelly and Burke and Shea."

"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"  
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

*Joseph I. C. Clarke* [1846-1925]

## “HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE ”

‘SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O’ER”

From “The Lady of the Lake ”

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o’er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle’s enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more:  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armor’s clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark’s shrill fife may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here’s no war-steed’s neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans, or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! the chase is done;  
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun,  
Bugles here shall sound reveille.

## “How Sleep the Brave”

Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail ye  
 Here no bugles sound reveille.

*Walter Scott [1771-1832]*

## “PEACE TO THE SLUMBERERS”

PEACE to the slumberers!  
 They lie on the battle-plain,  
 With no shroud to cover them;  
 The dew and the summer rain  
 And all that sweep over them.  
 Peace to the slumberers!

Vain was their bravery!—  
 The fallen oak lies where it lay  
 Across the wintry river;  
 But brave hearts, once swept away,  
 Are gone, alas! forever.  
 Vain was their bravery!

Woe to the conqueror!  
 Our limbs shall lie as cold as theirs  
 Of whom his sword bereft us,  
 Ere we forget the deep arrears  
 Of vengeance they have left us!  
 Woe to the conqueror!

*Thomas Moore [1779-1852]*

## THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him.

“Land of song!” said the warrior-bard,  
“Though all the world betrays thee,  
*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
*One* faithful harp shall praise thee!”

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman’s chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he loved ne’er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder,  
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery!”

*Thomas Moore* [1779–1852]

“IT IS GREAT FOR OUR COUNTRY TO DIE”

O, IT is great for our country to die, where ranks are con-  
tending!

Bright is the wreath of our fame; Glory awaits us for  
aye,—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never end-  
ing,—

Glory that never shall fade, never, O never, away!

O, it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes  
Warrior-youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,  
Wet by a mother’s warm tears. They crown him with gar-  
lands of roses,  
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs  
above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country  
hath perished;  
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her  
smile;  
There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;  
Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral  
pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;

Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, rolling sea;

But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted forever;

There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and  
free.

O, then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank  
to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, Victory's shout in our ear!

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory  
cherish;

We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet  
music to hear.

*James Gates Percival* [1795-1856]

### A BALLAD OF HEROES

*Now all your victories are in vain*—A. MARY F. ROBINSON

BECAUSE you passed, and now are not,—

Because, in some remoter day,

Your sacred dust from doubtful spot

Was blown of ancient airs away,—

Because you perished,—must men say

Your deeds were naught, and so profane

Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,

The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

Though, it may be, above the plot

That hid your once imperial clay,

No greener than o'er men forgot

The unregarding grasses sway;—

Though there no sweeter is the lay

From careless bird,—though you remain

Without distinction of decay,—

The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No. For while yet in tower or cot

Your story stirs the pulses' play;

And men forget the sordid lot—

The sordid care, of cities gray;

While yet, beset in homelier fray,

They learn from you the lesson plain

That Life may go, so Honor stay,—  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

ENVOY

Heroes of old! I humbly lay  
The laurel on your graves again;  
Whatever men have done, men may,—  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!  
*Austin Dobson* [1840-1921]

WAR IS KIND

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.  
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky  
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,  
Little souls who thirst for fight—  
These men were born to drill and die.  
The unexplained glory flies above them;  
Great is the battle-god, great—and his kingdom  
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.  
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,  
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.

Swift-blazing flag of the regiment,  
Eagle with crest of red and gold,  
These men were born to drill and die.  
Point for them the virtue of slaughter,  
Make plain to them the excellence of killing,  
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button  
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.

*Stephen Crane* [1870-1900]



## ENGLAND'S DEAD

SON of the ocean isle!  
Where sleep your mighty dead?  
Show me what high and stately pile  
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep,  
Free, free, the white sail spread!  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,  
By the pyramid o'erswayed,  
With fearful power the noonday reigns,  
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun  
From heaven look fiercely red,  
Unfelt by those whose task is done,—  
*There* slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might  
Along the Indian shore,  
And far, by Ganges' banks at night  
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!  
It hath no tone of dread  
For those that from their toils are gone;—  
*There* slumber England's dead!

Loud rush the torrent-floods  
The western wilds among,  
And free, in green Columbia's woods  
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!  
Let the arrow's flight be sped!  
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done?—  
*There* slumber England's dead!

The mountain-storms rise high  
In the snowy Pyrenees,  
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,  
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!  
Let the forest-wreaths be shed:  
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—  
*There* slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose,  
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,  
When round the ship the ice-fields close,  
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on!  
Let the cold-blue desert spread!  
*Their* course with mast and flag is done,—  
Even *there* sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,  
The men of field and wave!  
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep,  
Free, free the white sail spread!  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans* [1793-1835]

## THE PIPES O' GORDON'S MEN

HOME comes a lad with the bonnie hair,  
And the kilted plaid that the hill-clans wear;  
And you hear the mother say,  
"Whear ha' ye ben, wee Laddie; whear ha' ye ben th' day?"  
"O! I ha' ben wi' Gordon's men;  
Dinna ye hear th' bagpipes play?  
And I followed th' soldiers across the green,  
And doon th' road ta Aberdeen.

And when I'm a man, my Mother,  
 And th' Hielanders parade,  
 I'll be marchin' there, wi' my Father's pipes,  
 And I'll wear th' red cockade."

Beneath the Soudan's sky ye ken the smoke,  
 As the clans reply when the tribesmen spoke.  
 Then the charge roars by!  
 The death-sweat clings to the kilted form that the stretcher  
     brings,  
 And the iron-nerved surgeons say,  
 "Whear ha' ye ben, my Laddie; whear ha' ye ben th' day?"  
 "O, I ha' ben wi' Gordon's men;  
 Dinna ye hear th' bagpipes play?  
 And I piped th' clans from the river barge  
 Across the sands, and through the charge.  
 And I—skirled—th' pibroch—keen—an' high,  
 But th' pipes—ben broke—an' —my—lips—ben—dry."

## CORONACH

Upon the hill-side, high and steep,  
 Where rank on rank the soldiers sleep,—  
 Where the silent cannons beside the path,  
 Point the last forced-march that the soldier hath,—  
 Where the falling grave-grass has partly hid  
 The round-shot, heaped in a pyramid—  
 A white stone rises. Across its face  
 You can read the words that the chisels trace:  
 "Whear ha' ye ben, wee Laddie; whear ha' ye ben th' day?"  
 "O, I ha' ben wi' Gordon's men;  
 Dinna ye hear th' bagpipes play?"

*J. Scott Glasgow* [18 —

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,  
     Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
     Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—

Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—  
 Under the one, the Blue;  
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,  
 Those in the gloom of defeat,  
 All with the battle-blood gory,  
 In the dusk of eternity meet:—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—  
 Under the laurel, the Blue;  
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours  
 The desolate mourners go,  
 Lovingly laden with flowers,  
 Alike for the friend and the foe:—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—  
 Under the roses, the Blue;  
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor  
 The morning sun-rays fall,  
 With a touch impartially tender,  
 On the blossoms blooming for all:—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—  
 Broidered with gold, the Blue;  
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,  
 On forest and field of grain,  
 With an equal murmur falleth  
 The cooling drip of the rain:—  
 Under the sod and the dew,  
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—  
 Wet with the rain, the Blue;  
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
 The generous deed was done.  
 In the storms of the years that are fading  
 No braver battle was won:—  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment Day:—  
     Under the blossoms, the Blue;  
     Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,  
 Or the winding rivers be red:  
 They banish our anger forever  
 When they laurel the graves of our dead!  
     Under the sod and the dew,  
     Waiting the Judgment Day:—  
     Love and tears for the Blue;  
     Tears and love for the Gray.

*Francis Miles Finch* [1827-1907]

### THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
 The soldier's last tattoo;  
 No more on Life's parade shall meet  
 That brave and fallen few.  
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
 Their silent tents are spread,  
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
 Now swells upon the wind;  
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
 Of loved ones left behind;  
 No vision of the morrow's strife  
 The warrior's dream alarms;  
 No braying horn nor screaming fife  
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;  
Their plumèd heads are bowed;  
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
Is now their martial shroud.  
And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow,  
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout, are past;  
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that nevermore may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane  
That sweeps his great plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe.  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged  
O'er all that stricken plain,  
For never fiercer fight had waged  
The vengeful blood of Spain;  
And still the storm of battle blew,  
Still swelled the gory tide;  
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,  
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command  
Called to a martyr's grave  
The flower of his belovèd land,  
The nation's flag to save.

## “How Sleep the Brave”

By rivers of their fathers' gore  
His first-born laurels grew,  
And well he deemed the sons would pour  
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept  
O'er Angostura's plain,  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above its mouldered slain.  
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
Alone awakes each sullen height  
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air.  
Your own proud land's heroic soil  
Shall be your fitter grave;  
She claims from war his richest spoil—  
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
Far from the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
On many a bloody shield;  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
Dear as the blood ye gave;  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your grave;  
Nor shall your story be forgot,  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
In deathless song shall tell,  
When many a vanished age hath flown,  
The story how ye fell;  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Shall dim one ray of glory's light  
That gilds your deathless tomb.

*Theodore O'Hara* [1820-1867]

### ROLL-CALL

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the Orderly cried;  
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,  
From the lips of a soldier standing near,—  
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell;  
This time no answer followed the call;  
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:  
Killed or wounded—he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,  
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,  
As plain to be read as open books,  
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,  
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,  
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,  
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,  
That day, in the face of a murderous fire  
That swept them down in its terrible ire;  
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came  
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,  
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,  
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.



"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"

"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.

They were brothers, these two; the sad wind  
sighed,

And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:

"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,

"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead  
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;

I paused a moment and gave him to drink;

He murmured his mother's name, I think,  
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory,—yes; but it cost us dear:

For that company's roll, when called at night,

Of a hundred men who went into the fight,  
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

*Nathaniel Graham Shepherd* [1835-1869]

## DIRGE

### FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE

Room for a Soldier! lay him in the clover;

He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;

Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:

Where the rain may rain upon it,

Where the sun may shine upon it,

Where the lamb hath lain upon it,

And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;

Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,

Where the whippoorwill shall mourn, where the oriole  
perches:

Make his mound with sunshine on it,

Where the bee will dine upon it,

Where the lamb hath lain upon it,

And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover;  
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;  
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:

Where the rain may rain upon it,  
Where the sun may shine upon it,  
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,  
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often  
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften;  
He never could look cold, till we saw him in his coffin:

Make a mound with sunshine on it,  
Where the wind may sigh upon it,  
Where the moon may stream upon it,  
And Memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain or Colonel,"—whatever invocation  
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—  
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty  
nation!

Long as the sun doth shine upon it  
Shall grow the goodly pine upon it,  
Long as the stars do gleam upon it  
Shall Memory come to dream upon it.

*Thomas William Parsons* [1819-1892]

### DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

CLOSE his eyes; his work is done!  
What to him is friend or foe-man,  
Rise of moon, or set of sun,  
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know:  
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,  
Proved his truth by his endeavor;  
Let him sleep in solemn night,  
Sleep forever and forever.

# “How Sleep the Brave”

Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know:  
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,  
Roll the drum and fire the volley!  
What to him are all our wars,  
What but death-bemocking folly?  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know:  
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye;  
Trust him to the hand that made him.  
Mortal love weeps idly by:  
God alone has power to aid him.  
Lay him low, lay him low,  
In the clover or the snow!  
What cares he? he cannot know:  
Lay him low!

*George Henry Boker [1823-1890]*

## “BLOW, BUGLES, BLOW”

BLOW, bugles, blow, soft and sweet and low,  
Sing a good-night song for them who bravely faced the foe;  
Sing a song of truce to pain,  
Where they sleep nor wake again,  
'Neath the sunshine or the rain—  
Blow, bugles, blow.

Wave, banners, wave, above each hero's grave,  
Fold them, O thou stainless flag that they died to save;  
All thy stars with glory bright,  
Bore they on through Treason's night,  
Through the darkness to the light—  
Wave, banners, wave.

“Such is the Death the Soldier Dies” 2317

Fall, blossoms, fall, over one and all,  
They who heard their country's cry and answered to the  
call;  
'Mid the shock of shot and shell,  
Where they bled and where they fell,  
They who fought so long and well—  
Fall, blossoms, fall.

Sigh, breezes, sigh, so gently wandering by,  
Bend above them tenderly, blue of summer sky;  
All their weary marches done,  
All their battles fought and won,  
Friend and lover, sire and son—  
Sigh, breezes, sigh.

*John S. McGroarty* [1862-

“SUCH IS THE DEATH THE SOLDIER DIES”

SUCH is the death the soldier dies:  
He falls,—the column speeds away;  
Upon the dabbled grass he lies,  
His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke-wraiths drift among the trees,  
The battle storms along the hill;  
The glint of distant arms he sees;  
He hears his comrades shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags, that fade  
And vanish in the rolling din:  
He knows the sweeping charge is made,  
The cheering lines are closing in.

Unmindful of his mortal wound,  
He faintly calls and seeks to rise;  
But weakness drags him to the ground:—  
Such is the death the soldier dies.

*Robert Burns Wilson* [1850-1916]

## THE BRAVE AT HOME

*From "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies"*

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash  
With smile that well her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,  
Though Heaven alone records the tear,  
And Fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear  
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,  
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder,  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear  
The bolts of death around him rattle,  
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

*Thomas Buchanan Read [1822-1872]*

## SOMEBODY'S DARLING

INTO a ward of the whitewashed walls  
Where the dead and the dying lay—  
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.

Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,  
 Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—  
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—  
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold  
 Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;  
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould—  
 Somebody's darling is dying now.  
 Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow  
 Brush the wandering waves of gold;  
 Cross his hands on his bosom now—  
 Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake;  
 Murmur a prayer, soft and low;  
 One bright curl from the cluster take—  
 They were Somebody's pride, you know.  
 Somebody's hand hath rested there;  
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?  
 And have the lips of a sister fair  
 Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He has Somebody's love;  
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there;  
 Somebody wafted his name above,  
 Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.  
 Somebody wept when he marched away,  
 Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;  
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;  
 Somebody clung to his parting hand;—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,  
 Yearning to hold him again to her heart;  
 There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,  
 And the smiling, child-like lips apart.  
 Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,  
 "*Somebody's darling slumbers here!*"

Marie R. La Coste [1842—

## LITTLE GIFFEN

Out of the focal and foremost fire,  
Out of the hospital walls as dire,  
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene  
(Eighteenth battle and *he* sixteen!)—  
Spectre such as you seldom see,  
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeon said;  
"Little the doctor can help the dead!"  
So we took him and brought him where  
The balm was sweet on the summer air;  
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—  
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath—  
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.  
Months of torture, how many such!  
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;  
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye  
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,—

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite  
The crippled skeleton learned to write.  
"Dear Mother," at first, of course; and then,  
"Dear Captain," inquiring about "the men."  
Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,  
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day:  
"Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!"  
Little Giffen was up and away;  
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,  
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.  
"I'll write, if spared." There was news of the fight;  
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king  
 Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,  
 With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,  
 And the tender legend that trembles here,  
 I'd give the best on his bended knee,  
 The whitest soul of my chivalry,  
 For Little Giffen of Tennessee.

*Francis Orray Ticknor [1822-1874]*

## ODE

*Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.*

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,  
 Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;  
 Though yet no marble column craves  
 The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth  
 The blossom of your fame is blown,  
 And somewhere, waiting for its birth,  
 The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years  
 Which keep in trust your storied tombs,  
 Behold! your sisters bring their tears,  
 And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile  
 More proudly on these wreaths to-day,  
 Than when some cannon-moulded pile  
 Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!  
 There is no holier spot of ground  
 Than where defeated valor lies,  
 By mourning beauty crowned!

*Henry Timrod [1829-1867]*



## SENTINEL SONGS

WHEN falls the soldier brave,  
Dead at the feet of wrong,  
The poet sings and guards his grave  
With sentinels of song.

Songs, march! he gives command,  
Keep faithful watch and true;  
The living and dead of the Conquered Land  
Have now no guards save you.

Gray Ballads! mark ye well!  
Thrice holy is your trust!  
Go! halt by the fields where warriors fell;  
Rest arms! and guard their dust.

List! Songs! your watch is long,  
The soldiers' guard was brief;  
Whilst right is right, and wrong is wrong,  
Ye may not seek relief.

Go! wearing the gray of grief!  
Go! watch o'er the Dead in Gray!  
Go! guard the private and guard the chief,  
And sentinel their clay!

And the songs, in stately rhyme,  
And with softly-sounding tread,  
Go forth, to watch for a time—a time—  
Where sleep the Deathless Dead.

And the songs, like funeral dirge,  
In music soft and low,  
Sing round the graves, whilst hot tears surge  
From hearts that are homes of woe.

What though no sculptured shaft  
Immortalize each brave?  
What though no monument epitaphed  
Be built above each grave?

When marble wears away,  
And monuments are dust,  
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay  
Will still fulfil their trust.

With lifted head, and steady tread,  
Like stars that guard the skies,  
Go watch each bed, where rest the dead,  
Brave Songs, with sleepless eyes.

*Abram J. Ryan* [1839-1888]

# HEROES

THE winds that once the Argo bore  
Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines,  
And her hull is the drift of the deep-sea floor,  
Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.  
You may seek her crew on every isle  
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas,  
But, out of their rest, no charm can wile  
Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more  
By windy Ilion's sea-built walls;  
Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,  
Shouts, "O ye gods, 'tis Hector falls!"  
On Ida's mount is the shining snow,  
But Jove has gone from its brow away;  
And red on the plain the poppies grow  
Where Greek and Trojan fought that day.

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?  
Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?  
Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red  
All that is left of the brave of yore?  
Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,  
Far in the young world's misty dawn?  
Or to teach as gray-haired Nestor taught?  
Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

## 2324 "How Sleep the Brave"

Gone? In a grander form they rise.  
 Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,  
 And catch the light of their clearer eyes,  
 And wreath their brows with immortal flowers.  
 Wherever a noble deed is done,  
 'Tis the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;  
 Wherever Right has a triumph won,  
 There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field  
 Than Greek and Trojan fiercely trod;  
 For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,  
 And the gleam above is the smile of God.  
 So, in his isle of calm delight,  
 Jason may sleep the years away;  
 For the heroes live, and the sky is bright,  
 And the world is a braver world to-day.  
Edna Dean Proctor [1838-1923]

### THE ONLY SON

O BITTER wind toward the sunset blowing,  
 What of the dales to-night?  
 In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,  
 What ring of festal light?

*"In the great window as the day was dwindling  
 I saw an old man stand;  
 His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,  
 But the list shook in his hand."*

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,  
 No sound of joy or wail?  
 "'A great fight and a good death,' he muttered;  
 'Trust him, he would not fail.'"

What of the chamber dark where she was lying  
 For whom all life is done?  
 "Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying  
 'My son, my little son.'"

Henry Newbolt [1862-1938]

## YOUNG WINDEBANK

THEY shot young Windebank just here,  
By Merton, where the sun  
Strikes on the wall. 'Twas in a year  
Of blood the deed was done.

At morning from the meadows dim  
He watched them dig his grave.  
Was this in truth the end for him,  
The well beloved and brave?

He marched with soldier scarf and sword,  
Set free to die that day,  
And free to speak once more the word  
That marshalled men obey.

But silent on the silent band  
That faced him stern as death,  
He looked and on the summer land,  
And on the grave beneath.

Then with a sudden smile and proud  
He waved his plume and cried,  
"The king! the king!" and laughed aloud,  
'The king! the king!' and died.

Let none affirm he vainly fell,  
And paid the barren cost  
Of having loved and served too well  
A poor cause and a lost.

He in the soul's eternal cause  
Went forth as martyrs must—  
The kings who make the spirit laws  
And rule us from the dust.

Whose wills unshaken by the breath  
Of adverse Fate endure,  
To give us honor strong as death  
And loyal love as sure.

*Margaret L. Woods [1856-*

## A HARROW GRAVE IN FLANDERS

HERE in the marshland, past the battered bridge,  
 One of a hundred grains untimely sown,  
 Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,  
 He rests, unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn:  
 School triumphs earned apace in work and play;  
 Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn  
 And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;  
 Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep  
 Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate  
 His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil  
 From life's alembic, through this holier fate,  
 The man's essential soul, the hero-will?  
 We ask: and wait.

*Robert Offley Ashburton [1858-*

## V. D. F.

You from Givenchy, since no years can harden  
 The beautiful dead, when holy twilight reaches  
 The sleeping cedar and the copper beeches,  
 Return to walk again in Wadham Garden.  
 We, growing old, grow stranger to the College,  
 Symbol of youth, where we were young together,  
 But you, beyond the reach of time and weather,  
 Of youth in death forever keep the knowledge.  
 We hoard our youth, we hoard our youth, and fear it,  
 But you, who freely gave what we have hoarded,  
 Are with the final goal of youth rewarded—  
 The road to travel and the traveler's spirit.  
 And therefore, when for us the stars go down,  
 Your star is steady over Oxford Town.

*Unknown*

## POEMS OF HISTORY

### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

[710 B. C.]

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

*George Gordon Byron* [1788-1824]

## THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

[538 B. C.]

THE King was on his throne,  
The Satraps thronged the hall;  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival.  
A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deemed divine,—  
Jehovah's vessels hold  
The godless Heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand:  
The fingers of a man;—  
A solitary hand  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
And bade no more rejoice;  
All bloodless waxed his look,  
And tremulous his voice.  
“Let the men of lore appear,  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill;  
And the unknown letters stood,  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw,—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
 A stranger and a youth,  
 He heard the King's command,  
 He saw that writing's truth.  
 The lamps around were bright,  
 The prophecy in view:  
 He read it on that night,—  
 The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar's grave is made,  
 His kingdom passed away,  
 He, in the balance weighed,  
 Is light and worthless clay;  
 The shroud, his robe of state,  
 His canopy, the stone:  
 The Mede is at his gate!  
 The Persian on his throne!”

*George Gordon Byron* [1788-1824]

# HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

[c. 496 B. C.]

LARS PORSENA of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore  
 That the great house of Tarquin  
 Should suffer wrong no more.  
 By the Nine Gods he swore it,  
 And named a trysting-day,  
 And bade his messengers ride forth,  
 East and west and south and north,  
 To summon his array.

East and west and south and north  
 The messengers ride fast,  
 And tower and town and cottage  
 Have heard the trumpet's blast.  
 Shame on the false Etruscan  
 Who lingers in his home,  
 When Porsena of Clusium  
 Is on the march for Rome.



The horsemen and the footmen  
Are pouring in amain  
From many a stately market-place,  
From many a fruitful plain,  
From many a lonely hamlet,  
Which, hid by beech and pine,  
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest  
Of purple Apennine;

From lordly Volaterræ  
Where scowls the far-famed hold  
Piled by the hands of giants  
For godlike kings of old;  
From sea-girt Populonia,  
Whose sentinels descry  
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops  
Fringing the southern sky;

From the proud mart of Pisæ,  
Queen of the western waves,  
Where ride Massilia's triremes  
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;  
From where sweet Clanis wanders  
Through corn and vines and flowers,  
From where Cortona lifts to heaven  
Her diadem of towers.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns  
Drop in dark Auser's rill;  
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs  
Of the Ciminian hill;  
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus  
Is to the herdsman dear;  
Best of all pools the fowler loves  
The great Volsinian mere.

But now no stroke of woodman  
Is heard by Auser's rill;  
No hunter tracks the stag's green path  
Up the Ciminian hill;

Unwatched along Clitumnus  
 Grazes the milk-white steer;  
 Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip  
 In the Volsinian mere.

The harvests of Arretium,  
 This year, old men shall reap;  
 This year, young boys in Umbro  
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;  
 And in the vats of Luna,  
 This year, the must shall foam  
 Round the white feet of laughing girls  
 Whose sires have marched to Rome.

There be thirty chosen prophets,  
 The wisest of the land,  
 Who alway by Lars Porsena  
 Both morn and evening stand:  
 Evening and morn the Thirty  
 Have turned the verses o'er,  
 Traced from the right on linen white  
 By mighty seers of yore.

And with one voice the Thirty  
 Have their glad answer given:  
 "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena,—  
 Go forth, beloved of Heaven!  
 Go, and return in glory  
 To Clusium's royal dome,  
 And hang round Nurscia's altars  
 The golden shields of Rome!"

And now hath every city  
 Sent up her tale of men;  
 The foot are fourscore thousand,  
 The horse are thousands ten.  
 Before the gates of Sutrium  
 Is met the great array;  
 A proud man was Lars Porsena  
 Upon the trysting-day.

For all the Etruscan armies  
Were ranged beneath his eye,  
And many a banished Roman,  
And many a stout ally;  
And with a mighty following,  
To join the muster, came  
The Tusculan Mamilius,  
Prince of the Latian name.

But by the yellow Tiber  
Was tumult and affright:  
From all the spacious champaign  
To Rome men took their flight.  
A mile around the city,  
The throng stopped up the ways;  
A fearful sight it was to see  
Through two long nights and days.

For agèd folk on crutches,  
And women great with child,  
And mothers, sobbing over babes  
That clung to them and smiled,  
And sick men borne in litters  
High on the necks of slaves,  
And troops of sunburned husbandmen  
With reaping-hooks and staves,

And droves of mules and asses  
Laden with skins of wine,  
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,  
And endless herds of kine,  
And endless trains of wagons,  
That creaked beneath the weight  
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,  
Choked every roaring gate.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,  
Could the wan burghers spy  
The line of blazing villages  
Red in the midnight sky.

The Fathers of the City,  
They sat all night and day,  
For every hour some horseman came  
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward  
Have spread the Tuscan bands,  
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote  
In Crustumerium stands.  
Verbenna down to Ostia  
Hath wasted all the plain;  
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,  
And the stout guards are slain.

I wis, in all the Senate  
There was no heart so bold  
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,  
When that ill news was told.  
Forthwith up rose the Consul,  
Up rose the Fathers all;  
In haste they girded up their gowns,  
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council, standing  
Before the River-Gate;  
Short time was there, ye well may guess,  
For musing or debate.  
Out spake the Consul roundly:  
"The bridge must straight go down;  
For, since Janiculum is lost,  
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,  
All wild with haste and fear:  
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul,—  
Lars Porsena is here."  
On the low hills to westward  
The Consul fixed his eye,  
And saw the swarthy storm of dust  
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer  
Doth the red whirlwind come;  
And louder still, and still more loud,  
From underneath that rolling cloud,  
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,  
The trampling and the hum.  
And plainly and more plainly  
Now through the gloom appears,  
Far to left and far to right,  
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,  
The long array of helmets bright,  
The long array of spears.

And plainly and more plainly,  
Above that glimmering line,  
Now might ye see the banners  
Of twelve fair cities shine;  
But the banner of proud Clusium  
Was highest of them all,—  
The terror of the Umbrian,  
The terror of the Gaul.

And plainly and more plainly  
Now might the burghers know,  
By port and vest, by horse and crest,  
Each warlike Lucumo:  
There Cilnius of Arretium  
On his fleet roan was seen;  
And Astur of the fourfold shield,  
Girt with the brand none else may wield;  
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,  
And dark Verbenna from the hold  
By reedy Thrasymene.

Fast by the royal standard,  
O'erlooking all the war,  
Lars Porsena of Clusium  
Sat in his ivory car.

By the right wheel rode Mamilius,  
 Prince of the Latian name;  
 And by the left false Sextus,  
 That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus  
 Was seen among the foes,  
 A yell that rent the firmament  
 From all the town arose.  
 On the house-tops was no woman  
 But spat towards him and hissed,  
 No child but screamed out curses,  
 And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,  
 And the Consul's speech was low,  
 And darkly looked he at the wall,  
 And darkly at the foe:  
 "Their van will be upon us  
 Before the bridge goes down;  
 And if they once may win the bridge,  
 What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,  
 The Captain of the Gate:  
 "To every man upon this earth  
 Death cometh soon or late.  
 And how can man die better  
 Than facing fearful odds  
 For the ashes of his fathers  
 And the temples of his Gods,

"And for the tender mother  
 Who dandled him to rest,  
 And for the wife who nurses  
 His baby at her breast,  
 And for the holy maidens  
 Who feed the eternal flame,—  
 To save them from false Sextus  
 That wrought the deed of shame?"

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,  
With all the speed ye may;  
I, with two more to help me,  
Will hold the foe in play.  
In yon strait path a thousand  
May well be stopped by three:  
Now who will stand on either hand,  
And keep the bridge with me?”

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—  
A Ramnian proud was he:  
“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”  
And out spake strong Herminius,—  
Of Titian blood was he:  
“I will abide on thy left side,  
And keep the bridge with thee.”

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,  
“As thou sayest so let it be.”  
And straight against that great array  
Forth went the dauntless Three.  
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel  
Spared neither land nor gold,  
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,  
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;  
Then all were for the state;  
Then the great man helped the poor,  
And the poor man loved the great:  
Then lands were fairly portioned;  
Then spoils were fairly sold:  
The Romans were like brothers  
In the brave days of old.

Now Roman is to Roman  
More hateful than a foe,  
And the Tribunes beard the high,  
And the Fathers grind the low.

As we wax hot in faction,  
 In battle we wax cold;  
 Wherefore men fight not as they fought  
 In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening  
 Their harness on their backs,  
 The Consul was the foremost man  
 To take in hand an axe;  
 And Fathers, mixed with Commons  
 Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,  
 And smote upon the planks above,  
 And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,  
 Right glorious to behold,  
 Came flashing back the noonday light,  
 Rank behind rank, like surges bright  
 Of a broad sea of gold.  
 Four hundred trumpets sounded  
 A peal of warlike glee,  
 As that great host with measured tread,  
 And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,  
 Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,  
 Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,  
 And looked upon the foes,  
 And a great shout of laughter  
 From all the vanguard rose;  
 And forth three chiefs came spurring  
 Before that deep array;  
 To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,  
 And lifted high their shields, and flew  
 To win the narrow way:

Aunus, from green Tifernum,  
 Lord of the Hill of Vines;  
 And Scius, whose eight hundred slaves  
 Sicken in Ilva's mines;  
 And Picus, long to Clusium  
 Vassal in peace and war,



Who led to fight his Umbrian powers  
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,  
The fortress of Nequinum lowers  
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus  
Into the stream beneath;  
Herminius struck at Seius;  
And clove him to the teeth;  
At Picus brave Horatius  
Darted one fiery thrust,  
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms  
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Then Ocnus of Falerii  
Rushed on the Roman Three;  
And Lausulus of Urgo,  
The rover of the sea;  
And Aruns of Volsinium,  
Who slew the great wild boar,—  
The great wild boar that had his den  
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,  
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,  
Along Albinia's shore.

Herminius smote down Aruns;  
Lartius laid Ocnus low;  
Right to the heart of Lausulus  
Horatius sent a blow:  
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate!  
No more, aghast and pale,  
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark  
The track of thy destroying bark;  
No more Campania's hinds shall fly  
To woods and caverns, when they spy  
Thy thrice-accursèd sail!"

But now no sound of laughter  
Was heard among the foes;  
A wild and wrathful clamor  
From all the vanguard rose.

Six spears' lengths from the entrance,  
Halted that deep array,  
And for a space no man came forth  
To win the narrow way.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:  
And lo! the ranks divide;  
And the great Lord of Luna  
Comes with his stately stride.  
Upon his ample shoulders  
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,  
And in his hand he shakes the brand  
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,  
A smile serene and high;  
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,  
And scorn was in his eye.  
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter  
Stand savagely at bay;  
But will ye dare to follow,  
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword  
With both hands to the height,  
He rushed against Horatius,  
And smote with all his might.  
With shield and blade Horatius  
Right deftly turned the blow.  
The blow, though turned came yet too nigh;  
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.  
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry  
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius  
He leaned one breathing-space,  
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,  
Sprang right at Astur's face.  
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet  
So fierce a thrust he sped,  
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out  
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna  
Fell at that deadly stroke,  
As falls on Mount Avernus  
A thunder-smitten oak.  
Far o'er the crashing forest  
The giant arms lie spread;  
And the pale augurs, muttering low,  
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius  
Right firmly pressed his heel,  
And thrice and four times tugged amain,  
Ere he wrenched out the steel.  
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,  
Fair guests, that waits you here!  
What noble Lucumo comes next  
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge  
A sullen murmur ran,  
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,  
Along that glittering van.  
There lacked not men of prowess,  
Nor men of lordly race,  
For all Etruria's noblest  
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest  
Felt their hearts sink to see  
On the earth the bloody corpses,  
In the path the dauntless Three;  
And, from the ghastly entrance  
Where those bold Romans stood,  
All shrank, like boys who, unaware,  
Ranging the woods to start a hare,  
Come to the mouth of the dark lair  
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear  
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost  
To lead such dire attack;

But those behind cried "Forward!"  
 And those before cried "Back!"  
 And backward now and forward  
 Wavers the deep array;  
 And on the tossing sea of steel  
 To and fro the standards reel,  
 And the victorious trumpet-peal  
 Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment  
 Stood out before the crowd;  
 Well known was he to all the Three,  
 And they gave him greeting loud:  
 "Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!  
 Now welcome to thy home!  
 Why dost thou stay, and turn away?  
 Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;  
 Thrice looked he at the dead;  
 And thrice came on in fury,  
 And thrice turned back in dread;  
 And, white with fear and hatred,  
 Scowled at the narrow way  
 Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,  
 The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axc and lever  
 Have manfully been plied;  
 And now the bridge hangs tottering  
 Above the boiling tide.  
 "Come back, come back, Horatius!"  
 Loud cried the Fathers all.—  
 "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!  
 Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;—  
 Herminius darted back;  
 And, as they passed, beneath their feet  
 They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,  
And on the farther shore  
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,  
They would have crossed once more;

But with a crash like thunder  
Fell every loosened beam,  
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck  
Lay right athwart the stream:  
And a long shout of triumph  
Rose from the walls of Rome,  
As to the highest turret-tops  
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken,  
When first he feels the rein,  
The furious river struggled hard,  
And tossed his tawny mane,  
And burst the curb, and bounded,  
Rejoicing to be free;  
And whirling down, in fierce career,  
Battlement, and plank, and pier,  
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,  
But constant still in mind,—  
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,  
And the broad flood behind.  
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,  
With a smile on his pale face;  
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,  
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning  
Those craven ranks to see;  
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,  
To Sextus naught spake he;  
But he saw on Palatinus  
The white porch of his home;  
And he spake to the noble river  
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

“O Tiber! Father Tiber!

To whom the Romans pray,  
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,  
Take thou in charge this day!”

So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed  
The good sword by his side,  
And, with his harness on his back,  
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow  
Was heard from either bank,  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing where he sank;  
And when above the surges  
They saw his crest appear,  
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,  
And even the ranks of Tuscany  
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,  
Swollen high by months of rain;  
And fast his blood was flowing,  
And he was sore in pain,  
And heavy with his armor,  
And spent with changing blows;  
And oft they thought him sinking,  
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,  
In such an evil case,  
Struggle through such a raging flood  
Safe to the landing-place;  
But his limbs were borne up bravely  
By the brave heart within,  
And our good Father Tiber  
Bore bravely up his chin.

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;—  
“Will not the villain drown?  
But for this stay, ere close of day  
We should have sacked the town!”

“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,  
“And bring him safe to shore;  
For such a gallant feat of arms  
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;  
Now on dry earth he stands;  
Now round him throng the Fathers  
To press his gory hands;  
And now, with shouts and clapping,  
And noise of weeping loud,  
He enters through the River-Gate,  
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,  
That was of public right,  
As much as two strong oxen  
Could plough from morn till night;  
And they made a molten image,  
And set it up on high,  
And there it stands unto this day  
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium,  
Plain for all folk to see,—  
Horatius in his harness,  
Halting upon one knee;  
And underneath is written,  
In letters all of gold,  
How valiantly he kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring  
Unto the men of Rome,  
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them  
To charge the Volscian home;  
And wives still pray to Juno  
For boys with hearts as bold  
As his who kept the bridge so well  
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter  
When the cold north-winds blow,  
And the long howling of the wolves  
Is heard amidst the snow;  
When round the lonely cottage  
Roars loud the tempest's din,  
And the good logs of Algidus  
Roar louder yet within;  
When the oldest cask is opened,  
And the largest lamp is lit;  
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,  
And the kid turns on the spit;  
When young and old in circle  
Around the firebrands close;  
When the girls are weaving baskets,  
And the lads are shaping bows;  
When the goodman mends his armor,  
And trims his helmet's plume;  
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily  
Goes flashing through the loom;  
With weeping and with laughter  
Still is the story told,  
How well Horatius kept the bridge  
In the brave days of old.

*Thomas Babington Macaulay [1800-1859]*

## LEONIDAS

[480 B. C.]

SHOUT for the mighty men  
Who died along this shore,  
Who died within this mountain's glen!  
For never nobler chieftain's head  
Was laid on valor's crimson bed,  
Nor ever prouder gore  
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day  
Upon thy strand. Thermopylæ!  
Shout for the mighty men  
Who on the Persian tents,



Like lions from their midnight den  
 Bounding on the slumbering deer,  
 Rushed—a storm of sword and spear;

Like the roused elements,  
 Let loose from an immortal hand  
 To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear—

Greece is a hopeless slave.  
 Leonidas! no hand is near  
 To lift thy falchion now;  
 No warrior makes the warrior's vow  
 Upon thy sea-washed grave.  
 The voice that should be raised by men  
 Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! The surge,  
 The tree, the rock, the sand  
 On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,  
 In sounds that speak but to the free,  
 The memory of thine and thee!

The vision of thy band  
 Still gleams within the glorious dell  
 Which their gore hallowed as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?

Mother of men like these!  
 Has not thy outcry gone  
 Where justice has an ear to hear?  
 Be holy! God shall guide thy spear,  
 Till in thy crimsoned seas  
 Are plunged the chain and scimitar.  
 Greece shall be a new-born star!

*George Croly* [1780-1860]

#### ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

[AUGUST, 30 B. C.]

I AM dying, Egypt, dying!  
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
 And the dark Plutonian shadows  
 Gather on the evening blast;

Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me,  
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,  
Listen to the great heart-secrets  
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
Bear their eagles high no more,  
And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;  
Though no glittering guards surround me,  
Prompt to do their master's will,  
I must perish like a Roman,  
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions  
Mock the lion thus laid low;  
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,  
'Twas his own that struck the blow:  
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,  
Turned aside from glory's ray—  
His who, drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble  
Dare assail my name at Rome,  
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,  
Weeps within her widowed home,  
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,—  
Altars, augurs, circling wings,—  
That her blood, with mine commingled,  
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian—  
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!—  
Light the path to Stygian horrors,  
With the splendor of thy smile;  
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,  
Let his brow the laurel twine:  
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!

Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;

They are coming—quick, my falchion!

Let me front them ere I die.

Ah, no more amid the battle

Shall my heart exulting swell;

Isis and Osiris guard thee—

Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

*William Haines Lytle* [1826–1863]

### BOADICEA: AN ODE

[62 A. D.]

WHEN the British warrior queen,

Bleeding from the Roman rods,

Sought, with an indignant mien,

Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak

Sat the Druid, hoary chief,

Every burning word he spoke

Full of rage and full of grief:

“Princess! if our agèd eyes

Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,

'Tis because resentment ties

All the terrors of our tongues.

“Rome shall perish:—write that word

In the blood that she has spilt;

Perish, hopeless and abhorred,

Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“Rome, for empire far renowned,

Tramples on a thousand states;

Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—

Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.

“Other Romans shall arise

Heedless of a soldier's name;

Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,

Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs  
From the forests of our land,  
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew  
Thy posterity shall sway;  
Where his eagles never flew,  
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,  
Pregnant with celestial fire,  
Bending as he swept the chords  
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,  
Felt them in her bosom glow,  
Rushed to battle, fought and died;  
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

“Ruffians! pitiless as proud,  
Heaven awards the vengeance due;  
Empire is on us bestowed,  
Shame and ruin wait for you!”

*William Cowper* [1731–1800]

“HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN”

[NOVEMBER, 1120]

THE bark that held the prince went down,  
The sweeping waves rolled on;  
And what was England’s glorious crown  
To him that wept a son?  
He lived—for life may long be borne,  
Ere sorrow break its chain;—  
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—  
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,  
The stately and the brave;  
But which could fill the place of one,  
That one beneath the wave?

Before him passed the young and fair,  
 In pleasure's reckless train;  
 But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—  
 He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,  
 He heard the minstrel sing;  
 He saw the tourney's victor crowned  
 Amidst the knightly ring;  
 A murmur of the restless deep  
 Was blent with every strain,  
 A voice of winds that would not sleep—  
 He never smiled again!

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace  
 Of vows once fondly poured,  
 And strangers took the kinsman's place  
 At many a joyous board;  
 Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,  
 Were left to heaven's bright rain,  
 Fresh hopes were born for other years—  
 He never smiled again!

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans* [1793-1835]

## BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN

[JUNE 24, 1314]

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;  
 Welcome to your gory bed,  
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:  
 See the front o' battle lour:  
 See approach proud Edward's power,—  
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?  
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?  
 Wha sae base as be a slave?  
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!  
By your sons in servile chains,  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!  
Tyrants fall in every foe!  
Liberty's in every blow!—  
Let us do or die!

*Robert Burns* [1759–1796]

### CORONACH

From "The Lady of the Lake"

HE is gone on the mountain,  
He is lost to the forest,  
Like a summer-dried fountain,  
When our need was the sorest.  
The font, reappearing  
From the raindrops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper  
Takes the ears that are hoary,  
But the voice of the weeper  
Wails manhood in glory.  
The autumn winds rushing  
Waft the leaves that are serest.  
But our flower was in flushing,  
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,  
 Like the foam on the river,  
 Like the bubble on the fountain,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever!

*Walter Scott* [1771-1832]

### CREÇY

[AUGUST 26, 1346]

AT Creçy by Somme in Ponthieu  
 High up on a windy hill  
 A mill stands out like a tower:  
 King Edward stands on the mill.  
 The plain is seething below,  
 As Vesuvius seethes with flame,  
 But O! not with fire, but gore,  
 Earth incarnadined o'er,  
 Crimson with shame and with fame.  
 To the King run the messengers, crying,  
 "Thy Son is hard pressed to the dying!"  
 "Let alone: for to-day will be written in story  
 To the great world's end and for ever:  
 So let the boy have the glory."

Erin and Gwalia there  
 With England are ranked against France;  
 Out-facing the oriflamme red  
 The red dragons of Merlin advance;  
 As a harvest in autumn renewed  
 The lances bend over the fields;  
 Snow-thick our arrow-heads white  
 Level the foe as they light;  
 Knighthood to yeomanry yields:  
 Proud heart, the King watches, as higher  
 Goes the blaze of the battle, and nigher:  
 "To-day is a day will be written in story  
 To the great world's end, and for ever!  
 Let the boy alone have the glory."

Harold at Senlac-on-Sea  
By Norman arrow laid low,  
When the shield-wall was breached by the shaft,  
Thou art avenged by the bow!  
Chivalry! name of romance!  
Thou art henceforth but a name;  
Weapon that none can withstand,  
Yew in the Englishman's hand,  
Flight-shaft unerring in aim!  
As a lightning-struck forest the foemen  
Shiver down to the stroke of the bowmen;  
"O to-day is a day will be written in story  
To the great world's end, and for ever!  
So, let the boy have the glory."

Pride of Liguria's shore  
Genoa wrestles in vain;  
Vainly Bohemia's king  
King-like is laid with the slain.  
The Blood-lake is wiped out in blood,  
The shame of the centuries o'er;  
Where the pride of the Norman had sway,  
The lions lord over the fray,  
The legions of France are no more:  
The Prince to his father kneels lowly:  
"His is the battle—his wholly!  
For to-day is a day will be written in story  
To the great world's end, and for ever!  
So, let him have the spurs and the glory."  
*Francis Turner Palgrave* [1824-1897]

## THE PATRIOT'S PASS-WORD

[JULY 9, 1386]

"MAKE way for Liberty!" he cried,  
Made way for Liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,  
A living wall, a human wood;



A wall,—where every conscious stone  
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;  
A rampart all assaults to bear,  
Till time to dust their frames should wear:  
A wood,—like that enchanted grove  
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,  
Where every silent tree possessed  
A spirit prisoned in its breast,  
Which the first stroke of coming strife  
Might startle into hideous life:  
So still, so dense, the Austrians stood,  
A living wall, a human wood.  
Impregnable their front appears,  
All-horrent with projected spears,  
Whose polished points before them shine,  
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,  
Bright as the breakers' splendors run  
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band  
Contended for their father-land:  
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke  
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,  
And forged their fetters into swords,  
On equal terms to fight their lords,  
And what insurgent rage had gained  
In many a mortal fray maintained.  
Marshall'd once more, at Freedom's call,  
They came to conquer or to fall,  
Where he who conquered, he who fell,  
Was deemed a dead, or living, Tell;  
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,  
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,  
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,  
Heroes in his own likeness grew,  
And warriors sprang from every sod,  
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death  
Hung on the passing of a breath;

The fire of conflict burned within,  
The battle trembled to begin;  
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,  
Point for assault was nowhere found;  
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,  
The unbroken line of lances blazed:  
That line 'twere suicide to meet,  
And perish at their tyrants' feet:  
How could they rest within their graves,  
And leave their homes the haunts of slaves?  
Would they not feel their children tread  
With clanging chains, above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,  
Annihilates the invader's power:  
All Switzerland is in the field,  
She will not fly, she cannot yield,  
She must not fall; her better fate  
Here gives her an immortal date.  
Few were the number she could boast,  
Yet every freeman was a host,  
And felt as 'twere a secret known  
That one should turn the scale alone,  
While each unto himself were he  
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one* indeed;  
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried!  
There sounds not to the trump of fame  
The echo of a nobler name.  
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,  
In rumination deep and long,  
Till you might see, with sudden grace,  
The very thought come o'er his face,  
And by the motion of his form  
Anticipate the bursting storm,  
And by the uplifting of his brow  
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,  
The field was in a moment won;

“Make way for Liberty!” he cried,  
Then ran, with arms extended wide,  
As if his dearest friend to clasp;  
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;  
“Make way for Liberty!” he cried;  
Their keen points met from side to side;  
He bowed amidst them, like a tree,  
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;  
“Make way for Liberty!” they cry,  
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,  
As rushed the spears through Arnold’s heart;  
While, instantaneous as his fall,  
Rout, ruin, panic seized them all;  
An earthquake could not overthrow  
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;  
Thus Death made way for Liberty!

*James Montgomery* [1771–1854]

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

[AUGUST 10, 1388]

It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When muir-men win their hay,  
That the doughty Earl of Douglas rade  
Into England, to take a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,  
With them the Lindsays gay;  
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,  
And they rue it to this day.

And they hae harried the dales o’ Tyne,  
And half o’ Bambrough-shire,  
And the Otter-dale they burned it hale,  
And set it a’ on fire.

Then he cam' up to Newcastle,  
And rade it round about:  
"O wha's the lord of this castle?  
Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,  
And O but he spake hie!  
"I am the lord of this castle,  
My wife's the lady gay."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,  
Sae weel it pleases me,  
For, ere I cross the Border fells,  
The tane of us shall dee."

He took a lang spear in his hand,  
Shod with the metal free,  
And for to meet the Douglas there  
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady looked,  
Frae aff the castle-wa',  
As down before the Scottish spear  
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,  
And never an eye to sec,  
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;  
But your sword sall gae wi me.'

"Now gae ye up to Otterbourne,  
And wait there dayis three,  
And gin I come not ere they end,  
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;  
'Tis pleasant there to be;  
But there is naught at Otterbourne  
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,  
The birds fly wild frae tree to tree;  
But there is neither bread nor kale  
To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
Where you sall welcome be;  
And, if ye come not at three days' end,  
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,  
"By the might of Our Ladye;"  
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,  
"My troth I plight to thee."

They licted high on Otterbourne,  
Upon the bent sae broun;  
They licted high on Otterbourne,  
And pitched their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,  
He sent his horse to grass;  
And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was.

But up then spak' a little page,  
Before the peep o' dawn:  
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!  
Sae loud I hear ye lie:  
For Percy had not men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.

"But I hae dreamed a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Sky;  
I saw a deid man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I."

He belted on his gude braid-sword,  
And to the field he ran,  
But he forgot the hewmont strong,  
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,  
I wot he was fu' fain;  
They swakkit swords, till sair they swat,  
And the blud ran down like rain.

But Percy wi' his gude braid-sword,  
That could sae sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.

And then he called his little foot-page,  
And said, "Run speedily,  
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

"My nephew gude," the Douglas said,  
"What recks the death of ane?  
Last night I dreamed a dreary dream,  
And I ken the day's thy ain!

"My wound is deep; I fain wad sleep;  
Tak' thou the vanguard o' the three,  
And bury me by the braken-bush,  
That grows on yonder lilye lea.

"O bury me by the braken-bush,  
Beneath the blumin' brier;  
Let never living mortal ken  
That a kindly Scot lies here."

He lifted up that noble lord,  
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;  
He hid him by the braken-bush,  
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinders flew,  
And mony a gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons gude, in English blude  
They wat their hose and shoon;  
The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
Till a' the fray was dunc.

The Percy and Montgomery met,  
That cither of other was fain;  
They swakkit swords, and sair they swat,  
And the blude ran down between.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,  
"Or else I will lay thee low!"  
"To whom maun I yield," quoth Earl Percy,  
"Since I see it maun be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord or loun,  
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
But yield thee to the braken-bush,  
That grows upon yon lilye lea."

"I will not yield to a braken-bush,  
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;  
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;  
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,  
About the breaking o' the day;  
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush,  
And the Percy led captive away.

*Unknown*

## AGINCOURT

[OCTOBER 25, 1415]

FAIR stood the wind for France  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
    Longer will tarry;  
But putting to the main,  
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train  
    Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
Furnished in warlike sort,  
Marcheth towards Agincourt  
    In happy hour;  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stopped his way,  
Where the French general lay  
    With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
    Unto him sending;  
Which he neglects the while  
As from a nation vile,  
Yet with an angry smile  
    Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then,  
"Though they to one be ten  
    Be not amazèd:  
Yet have we well begun:  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
    By fame been raisèd.



“And for myself (quoth he)  
This my full rest shall be:  
England ne’er mourn for me  
Nor more esteem me:  
Victor I will remain  
Or on this earth lie slain,  
Never shall she sustain  
Loss to redeem me.

“Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell:  
No less our skill is  
Than when our grandsire great  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
Lopped the French lilies.”

The Duke of York so dread  
The eager vanguard led;  
With the main Henry sped  
Among his henchmen.  
Excester had the rear,  
A braver man not there;  
O Lord, how hot they were  
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,  
Armor on armor shone,  
Drum now to drum did groan,  
To hear was wonder;  
That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake:  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O noble Erpingham,  
Which didst the signal aim  
To our hid forces!

When from a meadow by,  
Like a storm suddenly  
The English archery  
    Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,  
Arrows a cloth-yard long  
That like to serpents stung,  
    Piercing the weather;  
None from his fellow starts,  
But playing manly parts,  
And like true English hearts  
    Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
And forth their bilbos drew,  
And on the French they flew,  
    Not one was tardy;  
Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down the French peasants went—  
    Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
His broadsword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding  
    As to o'erwhelm it;  
And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
    Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood  
    With his brave brother;  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight.  
Yet in that furious fight  
    Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
 Oxford the foe invade,  
 And cruel slaughter made  
     Still as they ran up;  
 Suffolk his axe did ply,  
 Beaumont and Willoughby  
 Bare them right doughtily,  
     Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day  
 Fought was this noble fray,  
 Which fame did not delay  
     To England to carry.  
 O when shall English men  
 With such acts fill a pen?  
 Or England breed again  
     Such a King Harry?

*Michael Drayton [1563-1631]*

## A BALLAD OF ORLEANS

[1429]

THE fray began at the middle-gate,  
     Between the night and the day;  
 Before the matin bell was rung  
     The foe was far away.  
 There was no knight in the land of France  
     Could gar that foe to flee,  
 Till up there rose a young maiden,  
     And drove them to the sea.

*Sixty forts around Orleans town,  
     And sixty forts of stone !  
 Sixty forts at our gates last night—  
     To-day there is not one !*

Talbot, Suffolk, and Pole are fled  
     Beyond the Loire, in fear—  
 Many a captain who would not drink,  
     Hath drunken deeply there—

Many a captain is fallen and drowned,  
And many a knight is dead,  
And many die in the misty dawn  
While forts are burning red.

The blood ran off our spears all night  
As the rain runs off the roofs—  
God rest their souls that fell i' the fight  
Among our horses' hoofs!  
They came to rob us of our own  
With sword and spear and lance,  
They fell and clutched the stubborn earth,  
And bit the dust of France!

We fought across the moonless dark  
Against their unseen hands—  
A knight came out of Paradise  
And fought among our bands.  
Fight on, O maiden knight of God,  
Fight on and do not tire—  
For lo! the misty break o' the day  
Sees all their forts on fire!

*Sixty forts around Orleans town,  
And sixty forts of stone!  
Sixty forts at our gates last night—  
To-day there is not one!*

*A. Mary F. Robinson [1857—*

## COLUMBUS

[JANUARY, 1487]

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud  
In learning's pomp that day,  
For there a robed and stately crowd  
Pressed on in long array.  
A mariner with simple chart  
Confronts that conclave high,  
While strong ambition stirs his heart,  
And burning thoughts of wonder part  
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face,  
 In whispered tones they speak,  
 And lines upon their tablets trace,  
 Which flush each ashen cheek;  
 The Inquisition's mystic doom  
 Sits on their brows severe,  
 And bursting forth in visioned gloom,  
 Sad heresy from burning tomb  
 Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time  
 Thy splendid dream shall crown;  
 Yon Western Hemisphere sublime,  
 Where unshorn forests frown,  
 The awful Andes' cloud-wrapped brow,  
 The Indian hunter's bow,  
 Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,  
 And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou  
 To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, World-finder! Thou hast need!  
 In Fate's unfolding scroll,  
 Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,  
 That rack the noble soul.  
 On! on! Creation's secrets probe,  
 Then drink thy cup of scorn,  
 And wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,  
 Sleep like that master of the globe,  
 All glorious,—yet forlorn.

*Lydia Huntly Sigourney* [1791-1865]

## COLUMBUS

[AUGUST 3—OCTOBER 12, 1492]

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,  
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
 Before him not the ghost of shores,  
 Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"  
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy check.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day,  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—  
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! a light! a light! a light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

*Joaquin Miller* [1839-1913]

## A LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

[SEPTEMBER 9, 1513]

I'VE heard them liting at our ewe-milking,  
 Lasses a-liting before dawn o' day;  
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning:  
 "The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,  
 Lasses are lanely and dowie and wae;  
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,  
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,  
 The bandsters are lyart, and runckled, and gray:  
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleecching—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming  
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;  
 But ilk ane sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!  
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;  
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost  
 The prime o' our land, lie cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair liting at our ewe-milking;  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;  
 Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning:  
 "The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away."

*Jane Elliot* [1727-1805]

## SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

[1583]

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
 Sailed the corsair Death;  
 Wild and fast blew the blast,  
 And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
Glisten in the sun;  
On each side, like pennons wide,  
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
Dripped with silver rain;  
But where he passed there was cast  
Laden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night;  
And nevermore, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand;  
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"  
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star  
Were hanging in the shrouds;  
Every mast, as it passed,  
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold!  
As of a rock was the shock;  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.



Southward through day and dark,  
 They drift in close embrace,  
 With mist and rain, o'er the open main;  
 Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,  
 They drift through dark and day;  
 And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream,  
 Sinking, vanish all away.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### THE ARMADA: A FRAGMENT

[JULY 21-29, 1588]

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;  
 I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,  
 When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain,  
 The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,  
 There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth  
 Bay;  
 The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's  
 isle,  
 At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.  
 At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;  
 And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.  
 Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;  
 The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall;  
 Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;  
 And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;  
 Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the  
 drums:  
 His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample  
 space;  
 For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.  
 And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,  
 As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,  
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.  
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard  
field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.  
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,  
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters  
lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers,  
fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your  
blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;  
Our glorious *Semper Eadem*, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy  
fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of  
gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,  
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall  
be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford  
Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;  
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame  
spread,

High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on Beachy  
Head.

Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern  
shire,

Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of  
fire.

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:  
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless  
caves:

O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery  
herald flew:

He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of  
Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down;  
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,  
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red light:  
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;  
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:  
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,  
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street:  
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;  
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,  
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.  
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;  
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;  
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still:  
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill;  
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales;  
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales;

Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely  
height;  
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of  
light;  
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately  
fane,  
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless  
plain;  
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent:  
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled  
pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

*Thomas Babington Macaulay* [1800-1859]

“GOD SAVE ELIZABETH!”

LET them come, come never so proudly,  
O'er the green waves as giants ride;  
Silver clarions menacing loudly,  
“All the Spains” on their banners wide;  
High on deck of the gilded galleys  
Our light sailors they scorn below:—  
We will scatter them, plague, and shatter them,  
Till their flag hauls down to their foe!  
For our oath we swear  
By the name we bear,  
By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—  
Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death!  
God save Elizabeth!

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva  
Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn,  
Lords and Princes by Philip's favor;—  
We by birthright are noble born!  
Freemen born of the blood of freemen:  
Sons of Crécy and Flodden are we!  
We shall sunder them, fire, and plunder them;  
English boats on the English sea!

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,  
 Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil, and Brooke,  
 Hang like wasps by the flagships towered,  
 Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak!  
 Let them range their seven-mile crescent,  
 Giant galleons, canvas wide!  
 Ours will harry them, board, and carry them,  
 Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride.

Has God risen in wrath and scattered?  
 Have His tempests smote them in scorn?  
 Past the Orcades, dumb and tattered,  
 'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn?  
 We were as lions hungry for battle;  
 God has made our battle His own!  
 God has scattered them, sunk, and shattered them:  
 Give the glory to Him alone!  
 While our oath we swear  
 By the name we bear,  
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—  
 Her's ever and her's still, come life, come death!  
 God save Elizabeth!

*Francis Turner Palgrave* [1824-1897]

## IVRY

[MARCH 14, 1590]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!  
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!  
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant  
 land of France!  
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the  
 waters,  
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.  
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;  
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls  
 annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,  
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish  
spears.

There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his  
hand;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled  
flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor dressed;  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and  
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout: "God save our Lord  
the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks  
of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.  
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies,—upon them with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white  
crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding  
star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned  
his rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and  
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,  
"Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to  
man.

But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:  
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren  
go."

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France  
to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.  
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;  
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.  
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,  
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lor-  
raine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide; that all the host may know  
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His  
Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest  
point of war,  
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall  
return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-  
men's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be  
bright;  
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-  
night;  
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised  
the slave,  
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the  
brave.  
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;  
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!  
*Thomas Babington Macaulay* [1800-1859]

## THE "REVENGE"

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET [SEPTEMBER, 1591]

AT Florés in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
And a pinnace, like a fluttered bird, came flying from far  
away:  
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-three!"  
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am no  
coward;  
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,  
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.  
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?"  
  
Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no  
coward;  
You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.  
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.  
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord  
Howard,  
To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."  
  
So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war that  
day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven;  
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the land  
Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,



And we laid them on the ballast down below;  
For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blessed him in their pain, that they were not left  
to Spain,

To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,  
And he sailed away from Florés till the Spaniard came in  
sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?

Good Sir Richard, tell us now,

For to fight is but to die!

There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and we roared a hurrah,  
and so

The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were  
seen,

And the little *Revenge* ran on through the long sea-lane  
between.

Thousands of their soldiers looked down from their decks  
and laughed,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft  
Running on and on, till delayed

By their mountain-like *San Philip* that, of fifteen hundred  
tons,

And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of  
guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we stayed.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall

Long and loud,

Four galleons drew away

From the Spanish fleet that day,

And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,  
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and  
went,  
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content;  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand  
to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musque-  
teers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his  
ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over  
the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the  
fifty-three,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons  
came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her  
dead and her shame.  
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could  
fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"  
Though his vessel was all but a wreck;  
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night  
was gone,  
With a grisly wound to be dressed he had left the deck,  
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,  
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over  
the summer sea,  
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a  
ring;  
But they dared not touch us again, for they feared that we  
still could sting,

So they watched what the end would be.  
And we had not fought them in vain,  
But in perilous plight were we,  
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
And half of the rest of us maimed for life  
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;  
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark  
and cold,  
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was  
all of it spent;  
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;  
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
“We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
As may never be fought again!  
We have won great glory, my men!  
And a day less or more  
At sea or ashore,  
We die—does it matter when?  
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in  
twain!  
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!”  
And the gunner said, “Ay, ay,” but the seamen made re-  
ply:  
“We have children, we have wives,  
And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us go;  
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.”  
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.  
And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at  
last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign  
grace;  
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:  
“I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and  
true;  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.  
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!”  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

## The Song of the Spanish Main 2381

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true,  
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;  
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,  
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep.  
And they manned the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,  
And away she sailed with her loss and longed for her own;  
When a wind from the lands they had ruined awoke from sleep,  
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,  
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,  
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain,  
And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island crags  
To be lost evermore in the main.

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

### THE SONG OF THE SPANISH MAIN

Out in the south, when the day is done,  
And the gathered winds go free,  
Where golden-sanded rivers run,  
Fair islands fade in the setting sun,  
And the great ships stagger, one by one,  
Up from the windy sea.

Out in the south, where a twilight shroud  
Hangs o'er the ocean's rim,  
Sail on sail, like a floating cloud,  
Galleon, brigantine, cannon-browed,  
Rich from the Indies, homeward crowd,  
Singing a Spanish hymn.

Out in the south, when the sun has set  
And the lightning flickers pale,  
The cannon bellow their steady threat,

The ships grind, all in a crimson sweat,  
And hoarse throats call, "Have ye stricken yet?"  
Across the quarter-rail.

Out in the south, in the dead of night,  
When I hear the thunder speak,  
'Tis the Englishmen in their pride and might  
Mad with glory and blind with fight,  
Locked with the Spaniards, left and right,  
Fighting them cheek to cheek.

Out in the south, when the dawn's pale light  
Walks cold on the beaten shore,  
And the mists of night, like clouds of fight,  
Silvery violet, blinding bright,  
Drift in glory from height to height  
Where the white-tailed eagles soar;

There comes a song through the salt and spray,  
Blood-kin to the ocean's roar,  
"All day long down Florez way  
Richard Grenville stands at bay.  
Come and take him if ye may!"  
Then hush, forevermore.

*John Bennett* [1865-

## HENRY HUDSON'S QUEST

[1609]

Out from the harbor of Amsterdam  
The Half Moon turned her prow to sea;  
The coast of Norway dropped behind,  
Yet Northward still kept she  
Through the drifting fog and the driving snow,  
Where never before man dared to go:  
"O Pilot, shall we find the strait that leads to the Eastern  
Sea?"  
"A waste of ice before us lies—we must turn back," said he.

Westward they steered their tiny bark,  
Westward through weary weeks they sped,  
Till the cold gray strand of a stranger-land  
Loomed through the mist ahead.  
League after league they hugged the coast,  
And their Captain never left his post:  
"O Pilot, see you yet the strait that leads to the Eastern  
Sea?"  
"I see but the rocks and the barren shore; no strait is  
there," quoth he.

They sailed to the North—they sailed to the South—  
And at last they rounded an arm of sand  
Which held the sea from a harbor's mouth—  
The loveliest in the land;  
They kept their course across the bay,  
And the shore before them fell away:  
"O Pilot, see you not the strait that leads to the Eastern  
sea?"  
"Hold the rudder true! Praise Christ Jesu! the strait is  
here," said he.

Onward they glide with wind and tide,  
Past marshes gray and crags sun-kissed;  
They skirt the sills of green-clad hills,  
And meadows white with mist—  
But alas! the hope and the brave, brave dream!  
For rock and shallow bar the stream:  
"O Pilot, can this be the strait that leads to the Eastern  
Sea?"  
"Nay, Captain, nay; 'tis not this way; turn back we must,"  
said he.

Full sad was Hudson's heart as he turned  
The Half Moon's prow to the South once more;  
He saw no beauty in crag or hill,  
No beauty in curving shore;  
For they shut him away from that fabled main  
He sought his whole life long,—in vain:

"O Pilot, say, can there be a strait that leads to the  
Eastern Sea?"

"God's crypt is sealed! 'Twill stand revealed in His own  
good time," quoth he.

*Burton Egbert Stevenson* [1872-

## TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

[1611]

You brave heroic minds,  
Worthy your country's name,  
That honor still pursue;  
Go and subdue!  
Whilst loitering hinds  
Lurk here at home, with shame.

Britons, you stay too long:  
Quickly aboard bestow you,  
And with a merry gale  
Swell your stretched sail,  
With vows as strong  
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,  
West and by south forth keep!  
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,  
When Eolus scowls,  
You need not fear,  
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea,  
Success you still entice,  
To get the pearl and gold,  
And ours to hold  
Virginia,  
Earth's only paradise;

Where nature hath in store  
Fowl, venison, and fish,

And the fruitful'st soil,  
Without your toil,  
Three harvests more,  
All greater than your wish

And the ambitious vine  
Crowns with his purple mass  
The cedar reaching high  
To kiss the sky,  
The cypress, pine,  
And useful sassafras;

To whom the Golden Age  
Still nature's laws doth give,  
No other cares attend,  
But them to defend  
From winter's rage,  
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell  
Of that delicious land,  
Above the seas that flows,  
The clear wind throws,  
Your hearts to swell  
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore  
(Thanks to God first given)  
O you the happiest men,  
Be frolic then!  
Let cannons roar,  
Frighting the wide heaven;

And in regions far,  
Such heroes bring ye forth  
As those from whom we came,  
And plant our name  
Under that star  
Not known unto our North;



And as there plenty grows  
 Of laurel everywhere,—  
     Apollo's sacred tree,—  
     You it may see,  
 A poet's brows  
 To crown, that may sing there.

Thy *Voyages* attend  
 Industrious Hakluyt,  
     Whose reading shall inflame  
     Men to seek fame,  
 And much commend  
 To after-times thy wit.

*Michael Drayton* [1563-1631]

“THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME”

[AUGUST 15, 1620]

THE word of God to Leyden came,  
     Dutch town by Zuyder Zee:  
 Rise up, my children of no name,  
     My kings and priests to be.  
 There is an empire in the West,  
     Which I will soon unfold;  
 A thousand harvests in her breast,  
     Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe!  
     Old things are passed away.  
 Bishops and kings from earth I wipe;  
     Too long they've had their day.  
 A little ship have I prepared  
     To bear you o'er the seas;  
 And in your souls, my will declared,  
     Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry:  
     I hear their voice, How long?  
 It mingles with their praises high,  
     And with their victor song.

The thing they longed and waited for.  
But died without the sight;  
So, this shall be! I wrong abhor,  
The world I'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,  
You've other work to do;  
For Freedom's commonwealth there's room,  
And you shall build it too.  
I'm tired of bishops and their pride,  
I'm tired of kings as well;  
Henceforth I take the people's side,  
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,  
And from the king, his crown;  
Let all my captives be released;  
Lift up, whom men cast down.  
Their pastors let the people choose,  
And choose their rulers too;  
Whom they select, I'll not refuse,  
But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims rose, at this, God's word,  
And sailed the wintry seas:  
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,  
Nor thought of wealth or ease.  
They left the towers of Leyden town,  
They left the Zuyder Zee;  
And where they cast their anchor down,  
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

*Jeremiah Eames Rankin* [1828-1904]

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

[NOVEMBER 19, 1620]

THE breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came:  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear,—  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim-band;  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod!  
They have left unstained what there they found—  
Freedom to worship God!

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans* [1793-1835]

## THE MAYFLOWER

[DECEMBER 21, 1620]

DOWN in the bleak December bay  
The ghostly vessel stands away;  
Her spars and halyards white with ice,  
Under the dark December skies.  
A hundred souls, in company,  
Have left the vessel pensively,—  
Have reached the frosty desert there,  
And touched it with the knees of prayer.

And now the day begins to dip,  
The night begins to lower  
Over the bay, and over the ship  
Mayflower.

Neither the desert nor the sea  
Imposes rites: their prayers are free;  
Danger and toil the wild imposes,  
And thorns must grow before the roses.  
And who are these?—and what distress  
The savage-acred wilderness  
On mother, maid, and child may bring,  
Beseems them for a fearful thing;

For now the day begins to dip,  
The night begins to lower  
Over the bay, and over the ship  
Mayflower.

But Carver leads (in heart and health  
A hero of the commonwealth)  
The axes that the camp requires,  
To build the lodge, and heap the fires.  
And Standish from his warlike store  
Arrays his men along the shore,

Distributes weapons resonant,  
 And dons his harness militant;  
     For now the day begins to dip,  
 The night begins to lower  
     Over the bay, and over the ship  
     Mayflower;

And Rose, his wife, unlocks a chest—  
 She sees a Book, in vellum dressed,  
 She drops a tear, and kisses the tome,  
 Thinking of England and of home:  
 Might they—the Pilgrims, there and then  
 Ordained to do the work of men—  
 Have seen, in visions of the air,  
 While pillowed on the breast of prayer  
     (When now the day began to dip,  
 The night began to lower  
     Over the bay, and over the ship  
     Mayflower),

The Canaan of their wilderness  
 A boundless empire of success;  
 And seen the years of future nights  
 Jewelled with myriad household lights;  
 And seen the honey fill the hive;  
 And seen a thousand ships arrive;  
 And heard the wheels of travel go;  
 It would have cheered a thought of woe,  
     When now the day began to dip,  
 The night began to lower  
     Over the bay, and over the ship  
     Mayflower.

*Erastus Wolcott Ellsworth* [1822-1902]

### THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?  
     The waves that brought them o'er  
 Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray  
     As they break along the shore;

Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day  
When the Mayflower moored below;  
When the sea around was black with storms,  
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep  
Still brood upon the tide;  
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep  
To stay its waves of pride.  
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,  
When the heavens looked dark, is gone,—  
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud  
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile,—sainted name!  
The hill whose icy brow  
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,  
In the morning's flame burns now.  
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night  
On the hillside and the sea,  
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,—  
But the Pilgrim,—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:  
When summer's throned on high,  
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,  
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.  
The earliest ray of the golden day  
On that hallowed spot is cast;  
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,  
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:  
It walks in noon's broad light;  
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,  
With the holy stars, by night.  
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,  
And still guard this ice-bound shore,  
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,  
Shall foam and freeze no more.

## THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON; SERGEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT.

[JUNE 14, 1645]

OH, WHEREFORE come ye forth, in triumph from the North,  
 With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red?  
 And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout?  
 And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
 And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;  
 For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,  
 Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,  
 That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,  
 And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced  
 hair,  
 And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,  
 The General rode along us to form us for the fight;  
 When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a  
 shout  
 Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,  
 The cry of battle rises along their charging line:  
 For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!  
 For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,  
 His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;  
 They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close  
 your ranks!  
 For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.  
O Lord, put forth Thy might! O Lord, defend the right!  
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:  
Hark! hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on  
our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 'tis he,  
boys!

Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,  
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,  
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accursed,  
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide  
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar;  
And he,—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes  
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war!

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,  
First give another stab to make your search secure;  
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and  
loquets,  
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were  
gay and bold,  
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day;  
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chamber in the rocks,  
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven, and hell,  
and fate?

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?  
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,  
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and  
your spades?



Down! down! forever down, with the mitre and the crown!  
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the  
Pope!  
There is woe in Oxford halls; there is wail in Durham's stalls;  
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his cope.

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ills,  
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's  
sword;  
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear  
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and  
the Word!

*Thomas Babington Macaulay* [1800-1859]

#### THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

[MAY 21, 1650]

COME hither, Evan Cameron!  
Come, stand beside my knee:  
I hear the river roaring down  
Towards the wintry sea.  
There's shouting on the mountain-side,  
There's war within the blast;  
Old faces look upon me,  
Old forms go trooping past:  
I hear the pibroch wailing  
Amidst the din of fight,  
And my dim spirit wakes again  
Upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host  
Through wild Lochaber's snows,  
What time the plaided clans came down  
To battle with Montrose.  
I've told thee how the Southrons fell  
Beneath the broad claymore,  
And how we smote the Campbell clan  
By Inverlochy's shore.

I've told thee how we swept Dundee,  
 And tamed the Lindsays' pride;  
 But never have I told thee yet  
 How the great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes;—  
 O deed of deathless shame!  
 I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet  
 With one of Assynt's name—  
 Be it upon the mountain's side,  
 Or yet within the glen,  
 Stand he in martial gear alone,  
 Or backed by armèd men—  
 Face him, as thou wouldst face the man  
 Who wronged thy sire's renown;  
 Remember of what blood thou art,  
 And strike the caitiff down!

They brought him to the Watergate,  
 Hard bound with hempen span,  
 As though they held a lion there,  
 And not a fenceless man.  
 They set him high upon a cart,—  
 The hangman rode below,—  
 They drew his hands behind his back,  
 And bared his noble brow.  
 Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,  
 They cheered the common throng,  
 And blew the note with yell and shout,  
 And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart  
 Grow sad and sick that day,  
 To watch the keen malignant eyes  
 Bent down on that array.  
 There stood the Whig west-country lords,  
 In balcony and bow;  
 There sat their gaunt and withered dames,  
 And their daughters all a-row.

And every open window  
Was full as full might be  
With black-robed Covenanting carles,  
That goodly sport to see!

But when he came, though pale and wan,  
He looked so great and high,  
So noble was his manly front,  
So calm his steadfast eye,  
The rabble rout forebore to shout,  
And each man held his breath,  
For well they knew the hero's soul  
Was face to face with death.  
And then a mournful shudder  
Through all the people crept,  
And some that came to scoff at him  
Now turned aside and wept.

But onwards—always onwards,  
In silence and in gloom,  
The dreary pageant labored,  
Till it reached the house of doom.  
Then first a woman's voice was heard  
In jeer and laughter loud,  
And an angry cry and a hiss arose  
From the heart of the tossing crowd:  
Then, as the Graeme looked upwards,  
He saw the ugly smile  
Of him who sold his king for gold,—  
The master-fiend Argyle!

The Marquis gazed a moment,  
And nothing did he say,  
But Argyle's cheek grew ghastly pale  
And he turned his eyes away.  
The painted harlot by his side,  
She shook through every limb,  
For a roar like thunder swept the street,  
And hands were clenched at him:

And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,  
"Back, coward, from thy place!  
For seven long years thou hast not dared  
To look him in the face."

Had I been there with sword in hand,  
And fifty Camerons by,  
That day through high Dunedin's streets  
Had pealed the slogan-cry.  
Not all their troops of trampling horse,  
Nor might of mailèd men,  
Not all the rebels in the south  
Had borne us backwards then!  
Once more his foot on Highland heath  
Had trod as free as air,  
Or I, and all who bore my name,  
Been laid around him there!

It might not be. They placed him next  
Within the solemn hall,  
Where once the Scottish kings were throned  
Amidst their nobles all.  
But there was dust of vulgar feet  
On that polluted floor,  
And perjured traitors filled the place  
Where good men sate before.  
With savage glee came Warriston  
To read the murderous doom;  
And then uprose the great Montrose  
In the middle of the room.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight,  
And by the name I bear,  
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross  
That waves above us there,  
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—  
And oh, that such should be!—  
By that dark stream of royal blood  
That lies 'twixt you and me,—

I have not sought in battle-field  
A wreath of such renown,  
Nor dared I hope on my dying day  
To win the martyr's crown!

'There is a chamber far away  
Where sleep the good and brave,  
But a better place ye have named for me  
Than by my fathers' grave.  
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,  
This hand hath always striven,  
And ye raise it up for a witness still  
In the eye of earth and heaven.  
Then nail my head on yonder tower,  
Give every town a limb,—  
And God who made shall gather them:  
I go from you to Him!"

The morning dawned full darkly,  
The rain came flashing down,  
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt  
Lit up the gloomy town:  
The thunder crashed across the heaven,  
The fatal hour was come;  
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,  
The 'larum of the drum.  
There was madness on the earth below  
And anger in the sky,  
And young and old, and rich and poor,  
Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!  
How dismal 'tis to see  
The great tall spectral skeleton,  
The ladder and the tree!  
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—  
The bells begin to toll—  
"He is coming! he is coming!  
God's mercy on his soul!"

One last long peal of thunder:  
The clouds are cleared away,  
And the glorious sun once more looks down  
Amidst the dazzling day.

“He is coming! he is coming!”  
Like a bridegroom from his room,  
Came the hero from his prison  
To the scaffold and the doom.  
There was glory on his forehead,  
There was luster in his eye,  
And he never walked to battle  
More proudly than to die;  
There was color in his visage,  
Though the cheeks of all were wan,  
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,  
That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,  
And he turned him to the crowd;  
But they dared not trust the people,  
So he might not speak aloud.  
But he looked upon the heavens,  
And they were clear and blue,  
And in the liquid ether  
The eye of God shone through;  
Yet a black and murky battlement  
Lay resting on the hill,  
As though the thunder slept within—  
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers  
With anxious scowl drew near,  
As you have seen the ravens flock  
Around the dying deer.  
He would not deign them word nor sign,  
But alone he bent the knee,  
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace  
Beneath the gallows-tree.

## Poems of History

Then radiant and serene he rose,  
 And cast his cloak away:  
 For he had ta'en his latest look  
 Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,  
 Like a glory round the shriven,  
 And he climbed the lofty ladder  
 As it were the path to heaven.  
 Then came a flash from out the cloud,  
 And a stunning thunder-roll;  
 And no man dared to look aloft,  
 For fear was on every soul.  
 There was another heavy sound,  
 A hush and then a groan;  
 And darkness swept across the sky—  
 The work of death was done!  
*William Edmondstoune Aytoun [1813-1865]*

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S  
 RETURN FROM IRELAND

[1650]

THE forward youth that would appear  
 Must now forsake his Muses dear,  
 Nor in the shadows sing  
 His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,  
 And oil the unused armor's rust,  
 Removing from the wall  
 The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease  
 In the inglorious arts of peace,  
 But through adventurous war  
 Urged his active star;

And, like the three-forked lightning, first  
 Breaking the clouds where it was nursed,

Did through his own side  
His fiery way divide;

For 'tis all one to courage high,  
The emulous, or enemy,  
And with such, to enclose  
Is more than to oppose;—

'Then burning through the air he went,  
And palaces and temples rent;  
And Cæsar's head at last  
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame  
The face of angry Heaven's flame;  
And if we would speak true,  
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where  
He lived reservèd and austere  
(As if his highest plot  
To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valor climb  
To ruin the great work of time,  
And cast the Kingdoms old  
Into another mould;

Though Justice against Fate complain,  
And plead the ancient rights in vain—  
But those do hold or break  
As men are strong or weak—

Nature, that hateth emptiness,  
Allows of penetration less,  
And therefore must make room  
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war  
Where his were not the deepest scar?  
And Hampton shows what part  
He had of wiser art;



Where, twining subtle fears with hope,  
He wove a net of such a scope  
That Charles himself might chase  
To Caresbrooke's narrow case;

That thence the Royal actor borne  
The tragic scaffold might adorn:  
While round the armèd bands  
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean  
Upon that memorable scene,  
But with his keener eye  
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,  
To vindicate his helpless right;  
But bowed his comely head  
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour  
Which first assured the forcèd power:  
So when they did design  
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,  
Did fright the architects to run;  
And yet in that the State  
Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are ashamed  
To see themselves in one year tamed;  
So much one man can do  
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,  
And have, though overcome, confessed  
How good he is, how just  
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,  
But still in the republic's hand—

How fit he is to sway  
That can so well obey!

He to the Commons' feet presents  
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,  
And, what he may, forbears  
His fame, to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt  
To lay them at the public's skirt.  
So when the falcon high  
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search  
But on the next green bough to perch;  
Where, when he first does lure,  
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume,  
While victory his crest does plume?  
What may not others fear,  
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul,  
To Italy an Hannibal,  
And to all States not free  
Shall Climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find  
Within his parti-colored mind,  
But, from this valor, sad,  
Shrink underneath the plaid

Happy, if in the tufted brake  
The English hunter him mistake,  
Nor lay his hounds in near  
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son.  
March indefatigably on,  
And for the last effect,  
Still keep the sword erect:

Besides the force it has to fright  
 The spirits of the shady night;  
 The same arts that did gain  
 A power, must it maintain.

*Andrew Marvell* [1621-1678]

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

[1655]

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;  
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,  
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow  
 A hundred-fold, who, having learnt thy way,  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

*John Milton* [1608-1674]

## MORGAN

[1668]

OH, what a set of Vagabundos,  
 Sons of Neptune, sons of Mars,  
 Raked from todos otros mundos,  
 Lascars, Gascons, Portsmouth tars,  
 Prison mate and dock-yard fellow,  
 Blades to Meg and Molly dear,  
 Off to capture Porto Bello  
 Sailed with Morgan the Buccaneer!

Out they voyaged from Port Royal  
 (Fathoms deep its ruins be,  
 Pier and convent, fortress loyal,  
 Sunk beneath the gaping sea):

On the Spaniard's beach they landed,  
Dead to pity, void of fear,—  
Round their blood-red flag embanded,  
Led by Morgan the Buccaneer.

Dawn till dusk they stormed the castle,  
Beat the gates and gratings down;  
Then, with ruthless rout and wassail,  
Night and day they sacked the town,  
Staved the bins its cellars boasted,  
Port and Lisbon, tier on tier,  
Quaffed to heart's content, and toasted  
Harry Morgan the Buccaneer:

Stripped the church and monastery,  
Racked the prior for his gold,  
With the traders' wives made merry,  
Lipped the young and mocked the old,  
Diced for hapless señoritas  
(Sire and brother bound anear),—  
Juanas, Lolas, Manuelitas,  
Cursing Morgan the Buccaneer.

Lust and rapine, flame and slaughter,  
Forayed with the Welshman grim:  
"Take my pesos, spare my daughter!"  
"Ha! ha!" roared that devil's limb,  
"These shall jingle in our pouches,  
She with us shall find good cheer."  
"Lash the graybeard till he crouches!"  
Shouted Morgan the Buccaneer.

Out again through reef and breaker,  
While the Spaniard moaned his fate,  
Back they voyaged to Jamaica,  
Flush with doubloons, coins of eight,  
Crosses wrung from Popish varlets,  
Jewels torn from arm and ear,—  
Jesu! how the Jews and harlots  
Welcomed Morgan the Buccaneer!

*Edmund Clarence Stedman* [1833-1908]

THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE BLOODY  
BROOK

[SEPTEMBER 18, 1675]

COME listen to the Story of brave Lathrop and his Men,—  
How they fought, how they died,  
When they marched against the Red Skins in the Autumn  
Days, and then  
How they fell, in their pride,  
By Pocumtuck Side.

“Who will go to Deerfield Meadows and bring the ripened  
Grain?”  
Said old Mosely to his men in Array.  
“Take the Wagons and the Horses, and bring it back again:  
But be sure that no Man stray  
All the Day, on the Way.”

Then the Flower of Essex started, with Lathrop at their  
head,  
Wise and brave, bold and true.  
He had fought the Pequots long ago, and now to Mosely said,  
“Be there Many, be there Few,  
I will bring the Grain to you.”

They gathered all the Harvest, and marched back on their  
Way,  
Through the Woods which blazed like Fire.  
No Soldier left the Line of march to wander or to stray,  
Till the Wagons were stalled in the Mire,  
And the Beasts began to tire.

The Wagons have all forded the Brook as it flows,  
And then the Rear-Guard stays  
To pick the purple Grapes that are hanging from the Boughs,  
When, crack!—to their Amaze,  
A hundred Fire-locks blaze!

## The Song of the Western Men 240

Brave Lathrop, he lay dying; but as he fell he cried,  
    "Each Man to his Tree," said he,  
"Let no one yield an Inch;" and so the Soldier died;  
    And not a Man of all can see  
    Where the Foe can be.

And Philip and his Devils pour in their Shot so fast,  
    From behind and before,  
That Man after Man is shot down and breathes his last.  
    Every Man lies dead in his Gore  
    To fight no more,—no more!

Oh, weep, ye Maids of Essex, for the Lads who have died,—  
    The Flower of Essex they!  
The Bloody Brook still ripples by the black Mountain-side,  
But never shall they come again to see the ocean-tide,  
And never shall the Bridegroom return to his Bride,  
    From that dark and cruel Day,—cruel Day!

*Edward Everett Hale* [1822-1909]

## THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

[1688]

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand!  
    A merry heart and true!  
King James's men shall understand  
    What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?  
    And shall Trelawny die?  
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men  
    Will know the reason why!

Out spake their captain brave and bold,  
    A merry wight was he:  
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,  
    We'll set Trelawny free!

“We’ll cross the Tamar, land to land,  
 The Severn is no stay,  
 With ‘One and all!’ and hand in hand,  
 And who shall bid us nay?

“And when we come to London Wall,  
 A pleasant sight to view,  
 Come forth! come forth, ye cowards all,  
 Here’s men as good as you!

“Trelawny he’s in keep and hold,  
 Trelawny he may die;  
 But here’s twenty thousand Cornish bold  
 Will know the reason why!”

*Robert Stephen Hawker [1803-1875]*

### BONNIE DUNDEE

From “The Doom of Devoirgoil”

[1689]

To the Lords of Convention ’twas Claver’s who spoke,  
 “Ere the King’s crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke;  
 So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me  
 Come follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!

*“Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,  
 Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;  
 Come open the West Port and let me gang free,  
 And it’s room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!”*

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;  
 But the Provost, douce man, said, “Just e’en let him be,  
 The Gude Town is well quit of that deil of Dundee!”

As he rode doun the sanctified bends of the Bow,  
 Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;  
 But the young plants of grace they looked couthie and slee,  
 Thinking, Luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonnie Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market was thranged,  
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;  
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,  
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,  
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;  
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free  
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,  
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:  
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three,  
For the love of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee."

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes.  
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!  
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,  
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth;  
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;  
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three  
Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide,  
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;  
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free,  
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—  
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;  
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,  
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!"

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,  
The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,  
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea  
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonnie Dundee.

*Walter Scott [1771-1832]*



## A BALLAD OF SARSFIELD

[1690]

SARSFIELD went out the Dutch to rout,  
And to take and break their cannon;  
To Mass went he at half-past three,  
And at four he crossed the Shannon.  
Tirconnel slept. In dream his thoughts  
Old fields of victory ran on;  
And the chieftains of Thomond in Limerick's towers  
Slept well by the banks of Shannon.  
He rode ten miles and he crossed the ford,  
And couched in the wood and waited;  
Till, left and right, on marched in sight  
That host which the true men hated.  
"Charge!" Sarsfield cried; and the green hill-side  
As they charged replied in thunder;  
They rode o'er the plain and they rode o'er the slain  
And the rebel rout lay under.  
The spark flashed out—like a sailor's shout  
The sound into heaven ascended;  
The hosts of the sky made to earth reply,  
And the thunders twain were blended!  
Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout,  
And to take and break their cannon;—  
A century after, Sarsfield's laughter  
Was echoed from Dungannon.

*Aubrey Thomas De Vere* [1814-1902]

## THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

[AUGUST 13, 1704]

It was a summer evening;  
Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he before his cottage-door  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
That he beside the rivulet,  
In playing there, had found:  
She ran to ask what he had found,  
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in my garden,  
For there's many here about;  
And often, when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out;  
For many thousand men," said he,  
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
Young Peterkin, he cries;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
"Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout;  
But what they fought each other for  
I could not well make out;  
But everybody said," quoth he,  
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burned his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then,  
 And new-born baby, died;  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight  
 After the field was won;  
 For many thousand bodies here  
 Lay rotting in the sun:  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won  
 And our good Prince Eugene."  
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"  
 Said little Wilhelmine.  
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,  
 "It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke,  
 Who this great fight did win."  
 "But what good came of it at last?"  
 Quoth little Peterkin.  
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he;  
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

*Robert Southey* [1774-1843]

### LOVEWELL'S FIGHT

[MAY 8, 1725]

Of worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing,  
 How valiantly he served his country and his King;  
 He and his valiant soldiers did range the woods full wide,  
 And hardships they endured to quell the Indian's pride.

'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,  
 They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;  
 He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land,  
 Which leads into a pond. as we're made to understand.

Our men resolved to have him, and travelled two miles round  
Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his ground;  
Then spake up Captain Lovewell, "Take you good heed,"  
says he,

"This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.

"The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh at hand,  
In order to surround us upon this neck of land;  
Therefore we'll march in order, and each man leave his pack  
That we may briskly fight them, when they make their at-  
tack."

They came unto this Indian, who did them thus defy,  
As soon as they came nigh him, two guns he did let fly,  
Which wounded Captain Lovewell, and likewise one man  
more,

But when this rogue was running, they laid him in his gore.

Then having scalped the Indian, they went back to the spot  
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found  
them not,

For the Indians having spied them, when they them down  
did lay,

Did seize them for their plunder, and carry them away.

These rebels lay in ambush, this very place hard by,  
So that an English soldier did one of them espy,  
And cried out, "Here's an Indian!" With that they started  
out,

As fiercely as old lions, and hidecously did shout.

With that our valiant English all gave a loud huzza,  
To show the rebel Indians they feared them not a straw:  
So now the fight began, and as fiercely as could be,  
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were forced to flee.

Then spake up Captain Lovewell, when first the fight began:  
"Fight on, my valiant heroes! you see they fall like rain."  
For as we are informed, the Indians were so thick  
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,  
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond  
To which our men retreated, and covered all the rear;  
The rogues were forced to face them, although they skulked  
for fear.

Two logs there were behind them, that close together lay,  
Without being discovered, they could not get away;  
Therefore our valiant English they travelled in a row,  
And at a handsome distance, as they were wont to go.

'Twas ten o'clock in the morning when first the fight begun,  
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun;  
Excepting that the Indians some hours before 'twas night  
Drew off into the bushes and ceased awhile to fight;

But soon again returned, in fierce and furious mood,  
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud;  
For as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell,  
Scarce twenty of their number at night did get home well.

And that our valiant English till midnight there did stay,  
To see whether the rebels would have another fray;  
But they no more returning, they made off towards their  
home,  
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.

Of all our valiant English there were but thirty-four,  
And of the rebel Indians there were about fourscore.  
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,  
The rest were killed and wounded, for which we all must  
mourn.

Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,  
They killed Lieutenant Robbins, and wounded good young  
Frye,  
Who was our English Chaplain; he many Indians slew,  
And some of them he scalped when bullets round him flew.

Young Fullam, too, I'll mention, because he fought so well;  
Endeavoring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell:

But yet our valiant Englishmen in fight were ne'er dismayed,

But still they kept their motion, and Wymans Captain made,

Who shot the old chief Paugus, which did the foe defeat,

Then set his men in order, and brought off the retreat;

And, braving many dangers and hardships in the way,

They safe arrived at Dunstable, the thirteenth day of May.

*Unknown*

### ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST

WRITTEN ON THE TAKING OF CARTHAGENA FROM THE SPANIARDS, 1739

As near Portobello lying  
On the gently-swelling flood,  
At midnight, with streamers flying,  
Our triumphant navy rode;  
There while Vernon sat all-glorious  
From the Spaniards' late defeat,  
And his crews, with shouts victorious,  
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,  
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;  
Then, each heart with fear confounding,  
A sad troop of ghosts appeared;  
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,  
Which for winding-sheets they wore,  
And, with looks by sorrow clouded,  
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,  
When the shade of Hosier brave  
His pale bands was seen to muster,  
Rising from their watery grave:  
O'er the glimmering wave he hied him,  
Where the Burford reared her sail,  
With three thousand ghosts beside him,  
And in groans did Vernon hail.

“Heed, oh, heed our fatal story!  
I am Hosier’s injured ghost;  
You who now have purchased glory  
At this place where I was lost:  
Though in Portobello’s ruin,  
You now triumph free from fears,  
When you think on our undoing,  
You will mix your joys with tears.

“See these mournful spectres sweeping  
Ghastly o’er this hated wave,  
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping;  
These were English captains brave.  
Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,  
Who were once my sailors bold;  
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,  
While his dismal tale is told.

“I, by twenty sail attended,  
Did this Spanish town affright;  
Nothing then its wealth defended  
But my orders—not to fight!  
Oh! that in this rolling ocean  
I had cast them with disdain,  
And obeyed my heart’s warm motion,  
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

“For resistance I could fear none;  
But with twenty ships had done  
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,  
Hast achieved with six alone.  
Then the Bastimentos never  
Had our foul dishonor seen,  
Nor the sea the sad receiver  
Of this gallant train had been.

“Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismayed,  
And her galleons leading home,  
Though condemned for disobeying,  
I had met a traitor’s doom:

To have fallen, my country crying,  
'He has played an English part,'  
Had been better far than dying  
Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,  
Thy successful arms we hail;  
But remember our sad story,  
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.  
Sent in this foul clime to languish,  
Think what thousands fell in vain,  
Wasted with disease and anguish,  
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence with all my train attending,  
From their oozy tombs below,  
Through the hoary foam ascending,  
Here I feed my constant woe.  
Here the Bastimentos viewing,  
We recall our shameful doom,  
And, our plaintive cries renewing,  
Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves forever mourning  
Shall we roam, deprived of rest,  
If, to Britain's shores returning,  
You neglect my just request;  
After this proud foe subduing,  
When your patriot friends you see,  
Think on vengeance for my ruin,  
And for England—shamed in me."

*Richard Glover [1712-1785]*

## FONTENOY

[APRIL 30, 1745]

THRICE at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,  
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain as-  
sailed;  
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,  
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.



As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst,  
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.

The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,  
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.  
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!  
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at even-tide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread;  
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head.

Steady they step a-down the slope, steady they climb the hill,

Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still,  
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace-blast,

Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;

And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,  
With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force:  
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,

They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean-banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;

As stubble to the lava-tide, French squadrons strew the ground;

Bombshell and grape and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired;

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried.  
To death they rush, but rude their shock; not unavenged they died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein.

"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed: "the Irish troops remain."

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,  
Had not these exiles ready been, fresh, vehement, and  
true.

“Lord Clare,” he said, “you have your wish; there are your  
Saxon foes!”

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes.  
How fierce the look these exiles wear, who’re wont to be so  
gay!

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-  
day:

The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith ’twas writ could  
dry;

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women’s  
parting cry;

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country  
overthrown—

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles  
were.

O’Brien’s voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he com-  
mands:

“Fix bayonets—charge!” Like mountain-storm rush on  
those fiery bands.

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys  
grow,

Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gal-  
lant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill, to face that battle-  
wind!

Their bayonets the breakers’ foam, like rocks the men be-  
hind!

One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surg-  
ing smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong  
Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza:

“Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanagh!”

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,  
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;  
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled  
     with gore;  
 Through shattered ranks and severed files and trampled  
     flags they tore.  
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,  
     staggered, fled;  
 The green hillside is matted close with dying and with  
     dead.  
 Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,  
 While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.  
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,  
 With bloody plumes, the Irish stand—the field is fought and  
     won!

*Thomas Osborne Davis* [1814-1845]

### LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

[APRIL 16, 1746]

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;  
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!  
 And aye the saut tear blins her e'e:  
 Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—  
 A wae fu' day it was to me!  
 For there I lost my father dear,  
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,  
 Their graves are growing green to see:  
 And by them lies the dearest lad  
 That ever blest a woman's e'e!  
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,  
 A bluidy man I trow thou be;  
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair  
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

*Robert Burns* [1759-1796]

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

[OCTOBER 15, 1746]

MR. THOMAS PRINCE, *loquitur*

A FLEET with flags arrayed  
Sailed from the port of Brest,  
And the Admiral's ship displayed  
The signal: "Steer southwest."  
For this Admiral D'Anville  
Had sworn by cross and crown  
To ravage with fire and steel  
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,  
In the houses there was fear  
Of the coming of the fleet,  
And the danger hovering near.  
And while from mouth to mouth  
Spread the tidings of dismay,  
I stood in the Old South,  
Saying humbly: "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;  
But if in thy Providence  
A tempest should arise  
To drive the French Fleet hence,  
And scatter it far and wide,  
Or sink it in the sea,  
We should be satisfied,  
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,  
For my soul was all on flame,  
And even as I prayed  
The answering tempest came;  
It came with a mighty power,  
Shaking the windows and walls,  
And tolling the bell in the tower,  
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly  
    Unsheathed its flaming sword,  
And I cried: "Stand still, and see  
    The salvation of the Lord!"  
The heavens were black with cloud,  
    The sea was white with hail,  
And ever more fierce and loud  
    Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,  
    And the broad sails in the van  
Like the tents of Cushan shook,  
    Or the curtains of Midian.  
Down on the reeling decks  
    Crashed the o'erwhelming seas:  
Ah, never were there wrecks  
    So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke  
    The great ships of the line;  
They were carried away as a smoke,  
    Or sank like lead in the brine.  
O Lord! before thy path  
    They vanished and ceased to be,  
When thou didst walk in wrath  
    With thine horses through the sea!  
                    *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* [1807-1882]

### PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

From "Tales of a Wayside Inn"

[APRIL 18-19, 1775]

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed.  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.



So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
 To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
 Through all our history, to the last,  
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
 The people will waken and listen to hear  
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* [1807-1882]

### NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE

[APRIL 19, 1775]

'Twas the dead of the night. By the pincknot's red light  
 Brooks lay, half-asleep, when he heard the alarm,—  
 Only this, and no more, from a voice at the door:  
 "The Red-Coats are out, and have passed Phips's farm."

Brooks was booted and spurred; he said never a word:  
 Took his horn from its peg, and his gun from the rack;  
 To the cold midnight air he led out his white mare,  
 Strapped the girths and the bridle, and sprang to her  
 back.

Up the North County road at her full pace she strode,  
 Till Brooks reined her up at John Tarbell's to say,  
 "We have got the alarm,—they have left Phips's farm;  
 You rouse the East Precinct, and I'll go this way."

John called his hired man, and they harnessed the span;  
 They roused Abram Garfield, and Abram called me:  
 Turn out right away; let no minute-man stay;  
 The Red-Coats have landed at Phips's," says he.

By the Powder-House Green seven others fell in;  
 At Nahum's the men from the Saw-Mill came down;  
 So that when Jabez Bland gave the word of command,  
 And said, "Forward, march!" there marched forward  
 THE TOWN.

Parson Wilderspin stood by the side of the road,  
 And he took off his hat, and he said, "Let us pray!  
 O Lord, God of might, let thine angels of light  
 Lead thy children to-night to the glories of day!  
 And let thy stars fight all the foes of the Right  
 As the stars fought of old against Sisera."

And from heaven's high arch those stars blessed our march,  
 Till the last of them faded in twilight away;  
 And with morning's bright beam, by the banks of the stream  
 Half the county marched in, and we heard Davis say:

"On the King's own highway I may travel all day,  
 And no man hath warrant to stop me," says he;  
 "I've no man that's afraid, and I'll march at their head."  
 Then he turned to the boys, "Forward, march! Follow  
 me."

And we marched as he said, and the Fifer he played  
 The old "White Cockade," and he played it right well.  
 We saw Davis fall dead, but no man was afraid;  
 That bridge we'd have had, though a thousand men fell.

This opened the play, and it lasted all day.  
 We made Concord too hot for the Red-Coats to stay;  
 Down the Lexington way we stormed, black, white, and gray  
 We were first in the feast, and were last in the fray.

They would turn in dismay, as red wolves turn at bay.  
 They levelled, they fired, they charged up the road.  
 Cephas Willard fell dead; he was shot in the head  
 As he knelt by Aunt Prudence's well-sweep to load.

John Danforth was hit just in Lexington Street,  
 John Bridge at that lane where you cross Beaver Falls,  
 And Winch and the Snows just above John Munroe's—  
 Swept away by one swoop of the big cannon-balls.

I took Bridge on my knee, but he said, "Don't mind me;  
Fill your horn from mine,—let me lie where I be.  
Our fathers," says he, "that their sons might be free,  
Left their king on his throne, and came over the sea;  
And that man is a knave, or a fool who, to save  
His life for a minute, would live like a slave."

Well, all would not do! There were men good as new,—  
From Rumford, from Saugus, from towns far away,—  
Who filled up quick and well for each soldier that fell;  
And we drove them, and drove them, and drove them,  
all day.

We knew, every one, it was war that begun,  
When that morning's marching was only half done.

In the hazy twilight, at the coming of night,  
I crowded three buckshot and one bullet down.  
'Twas my last charge of lead; and I aimed her and said,  
"Good luck to you, lobsters, in old Boston Town."

In a barn at Milk Row, Ephraim Bates and Munroe,  
And Baker, and Abram, and I made a bed.  
We had mighty sore feet, and we'd nothing to eat;  
But we'd driven the Red-Coats, and Amos, he said:  
"It's the first time," says he, "that it's happened to me  
To march to the sea by this road where we've come;  
But confound this whole day, but we'd all of us say  
We'd rather have spent it this way than to home."

The hunt had begun with the dawn of the sun,  
And night saw the wolf driven back to his den.  
And never since then, in the memory of men,  
Has the Old Bay State seen such a hunting again.

*Edward Everett Hale* [1822-1909]

## WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL

[JUNE 16-17, 1775]

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!  
Will ye give it up to slaves?  
Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?  
What's the mercy despots feel?  
Hear it in that battle-peal!  
Read it on yon bristling steel!  
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?  
Will ye to your homes retire?  
Look behind you!—they're afire!  
And, before you, see  
Who have done it! From the vale  
On they come—and will ye quail?  
Leaden rain and iron hail  
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!  
Die we may,—and die we must:  
But, O, where can dust to dust  
Be consigned so well,  
As where heaven its dewes shall shed  
On the martyred patriot's bed,  
And the rocks shall raise their head,  
Of his deeds to tell?

*John Pierpont* [1785-1866]

## THE MARYLAND BATTALION

[BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, AUGUST 27, 1776]

SPRUCE Macaronis, and pretty to see,  
Tidy and dapper and gallant were we;  
Blooded fine gentlemen, proper and tall,  
Bold in a fox-hunt, and gay at a ball;  
Prancing soldados, so martial and bluff,  
Billets for bullets, in scarlet and buff—  
But our cockades were clasped with a mother's low  
prayer,  
And the sweethearts that braided the swordknots were  
fair.

There was grummer of drums humming hoarse in the hills,  
And the bugles sang fanfaron down by the mills;  
By Flatbush the bagpipes were droning amain,  
And keen cracked the rifles in Martense's lane;  
For the Hessians were flecking the hedges with red,  
And the grenadiers' tramp marked the roll of the dead.

Three to one, flank and rear, flashed the files of St. George,  
The fierce gleam of their steel as the glow of a forge.  
The brutal boom-boom of their swart cannoneers  
Was sweet music compared with the taunt of their cheers—  
For the brunt of their onset, our crippled array,  
And the light of God's leading gone out in the fray!

Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the right!  
The mad plunge of the charge and the wreck of the flight!  
When the cohorts of Grant held stout Stirling at strain,  
And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing the slain;  
When at Frecke's Mill the flumes and the sluices ran red,  
And the dead choked the dyke and the marsh choked the  
dead!

"Oh, Stirling, good Stirling! how long must we wait?  
Shall the shout of your trumpet unclash us too late?  
Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai Gist,  
With his heart in his throat, and his blade in his fist?  
Are we good for no more than to prance in a ball,  
When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?"

Tralára, Tralára! Now praise we the Lord,  
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword!  
Tralára! Tralára! Now forward to die;  
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts, good-by!  
"Four hundred wild lads!" Maybe so. I'll be bound  
'Twill be easy to count us, face up, on the ground.  
If we hold the road open, though Death take the toll,  
We'll be missed on parade when the States call the roll—  
When the flags meet in peace and the guns are at rest,  
And fair Freedom is singing Sweet Home in the West.

*John Williamson Palmer [1825-1906]*

## SEVENTY-SIX

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,  
When, through the fresh-awakened land,  
The thrilling cry of freedom rung  
And to the work of warfare strung  
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,  
And ocean-mart replied to mart,  
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,  
Pealed far away the startling sound  
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,  
From mountain-river swift and cold;  
The borders of the stormy deep,  
The vales where gathered waters sleep,  
Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again  
Grew quick with God's creating breath,  
And, from the sods of grove and glen,  
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men  
To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,  
The fair fond bride of yestereve,  
And aged sire and matron gray,  
Saw the loved warriors haste away,  
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;  
Already blood, on Concord's plain,  
Along the springing grass had run,  
And blood had flowed at Lexington,  
Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward  
Hallowed to freedom all the shore;  
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—  
The footstep of a foreign lord  
Profaned the soil no more.

*William Cullen Bryant* [1794-1878]

### SONG OF MARION'S MEN

[1780-1781]

OUR band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress-tree;  
We know the forest round us  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again;  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil;  
We talk the battle over,  
We share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlight plain;  
'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away,  
Back to the pathless forest  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs;  
'Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton,  
Forever, from our shore.

*William Cullen Bryant* [1794-1878]

### CARMEN BELLICOSUM

IN their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old Continentals,  
Yielding not,



While the grenadiers were lunging,  
And like hail fell the plunging  
Cannon-shot;  
When the files  
Of the isles,  
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the  
rampant  
Unicorn;  
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the  
drummer,  
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,  
And with guns horizontal,  
Stood our sires;  
And the balls whistled deadly,  
And in streams flashing redly  
Blazed the fires;  
As the roar  
On the shore,  
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres  
Of the plain;  
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,  
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges  
Worked the red St. George's  
Cannoneers;  
And the villainous saltpetre  
Rung a fierce, discordant metre  
Round their ears;  
As the swift  
Storm-drift,  
With hot sweeping anger, came the horseguards' clangor  
On our flanks;  
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire  
Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed colonel  
Galloped through the white infernal  
Powder-cloud;

## On the Loss of the "Royal George" 2435

And his broad-sword was swinging,  
And his brazen throat was ringing  
Trumpet-loud.  
Then the blue  
Bullets flew,  
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden  
Rifle-breath;  
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,  
Hurling death!

*Guy Humphreys McMaster* [1829-1887]

### ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE"

[AUGUST 29, 1782]

TOLL for the brave!  
The brave that are no more!  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,  
Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel,  
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,  
And she was overset;  
Down went the "Royal George,"  
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!  
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;  
His last sea-fight is fought,  
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;  
No tempest gave the shock;  
She sprang no fatal leak;  
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;  
 His fingers held the pen,  
 When Kempenfelt went down  
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
 Once dreaded by our foes!  
 And mingle with our cup  
 The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
 And she may float again,  
 Full charged with England's thunder,  
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
 His victories are o'er;  
 And he and his eight hundred  
 Shall plough the wave no more.

*William Cowper* [1731-1800]

## CREMONA

[FEBRUARY 1, 1702]

THE Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall;  
 The Grenadiers of Austria have scaled the city wall;  
 They have marched from far away  
 Ere the dawning of the day,  
 And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh,  
 Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Duprés;  
 They have crept up every street,  
 In the market-place they meet,  
 They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroy he has started from his bed;  
 The Marshal Villeroy has no wig upon his head;  
 "I have lost my men!" quoth he,  
 "And my men they have lost me,  
 And I sorely fear we both have lost Cremona."

Prince Eugène of Austria is in the market-place;  
Prince Eugène of Austria has smiles upon his face;  
Says he, "Our work is done,  
For the Citadel is won,  
And the black and yellow flag floats o'er Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the barrack square,  
And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there;  
Says he, "Come in your shirt,  
And you won't take any hurt,  
For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the barrack gate,  
And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor wait;  
There's Dillon and there's Burke,  
And there'll be some bloody work  
Ere the Kaiserlics shall boast they hold Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony has reached the river fort,  
And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport;  
"Come, take a hand!" says he,  
"And if you will stand by me,  
Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona!"

Prince Eugène of Austria has frowns upon his face,  
And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race:  
"MacDonnell, ride, I pray,  
To your countrymen, and say  
That only they are left in all Cremona!"

MacDonnell he has reined his mare beside the river dike,  
And he has tied the parley flag upon a sergeant's pike;  
Six companies were there  
From Limerick and Clare,  
The last of all the guardians of Cremona.

"Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate,  
Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late;  
For when I gallop back  
'Tis the signal for attack,  
And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona!"

And Major Dan he laughed: "Faith, if what you say be true,  
And if they will not come until they hear again from you,  
    Then there will be no attack,  
    For you're never going back,  
And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona."

All the weary day the German stormers came,  
All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame;  
    They have filled the ditch with dead,  
    And the river's running red,  
But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, again,  
The horsemen of Duprés and the footmen of Lorraine,  
    Taafe and Herberstein,  
    And the riders of the Rhine;  
It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with the deep-mouthed German  
    roar,  
Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore;  
    For better men were there  
    From Limerick and Clare,  
And who will take the gateway of Cremona?

Prince Eugène has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip;  
Prince Eugène has cursed as he saw his chances slip:  
    "Call off! Call off!" he cried,  
    "It is nearing eventide,  
And I fear our work is finished in Cremona."

Says Wauchop to McAuliffe, "Their fire is growing slack."  
Says Major Dan O'Mahony, "It is their last attack"  
    But who will stop the game  
    While there's light to play the same,  
And to walk a short way with them from Cremona?"

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and come,  
They have taken Neuberg's standard, they have taken  
    Diak's drum;

And along the winding Po,  
Beard on shoulder, stern and slow,  
The Kaiserlics are riding from Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall;  
Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan call;  
But what's the odds of that,  
For it's all the same to Pat  
If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

Says General de Vaudray, "You've done a soldier's work!  
And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of  
Burke!

Ask what you will this day,  
And be it what it may,  
It is granted to the heroes of Cremona."

"Why, then," says Dan O'Mahony, "one favor we entreat,  
We were called a little early, and our toilet's not complete.

We've no quarrel with the shirt,  
But the breeches wouldn't hurt,  
For the evening air is chilly in Cremona."

*Arthur Conan Doyle* [1859-1930]

### CASABIANCA

[BATTLE OF THE NILE, AUGUST, 1798]

THE boy stood on the burning deck,  
Whence all but him had fled;  
The flame that lit the battle's wreck  
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,  
As born to rule the storm;  
A creature of heroic blood,  
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on; he would not go  
Without his father's word;  
That father, faint in death below,  
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, "Say, father, say,  
If yet my task be done!"

He knew not that the chieftain lay  
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,  
"If I may yet be gone!"

And but the booming shots replied,  
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,  
And in his waving hair,  
And looked from that lone post of death  
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,  
"My father! must I stay?"  
While o'er him, fast, through sail and shroud,  
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,  
They caught the flag on high,  
And streamed above the gallant child,  
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound;  
The boy,—oh! where was he?  
Ask of the winds, that far around  
With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,  
That well had borne their part,—  
But the noblest thing that perished there,  
Was that young, faithful heart.

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans* [1793-1835]

## HOHENLINDEN

[DECEMBER 3, 1800]

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed  
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,  
And furious every charger neighed  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;  
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

*Thomas Campbell* [1777-1844]

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

[APRIL 2, 1801]

OF Nelson and the North,  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,



And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
By each gun the lighted brand;  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line;  
It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath,  
For a time.—

But the might of England flushed  
To anticipate the scene;  
And her van the fleetest rushed  
O'er the deadly space between.  
“Hearts of oak!” our captain cried; when each gun  
From its adamant lips  
Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
Like the hurricane eclipse  
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!  
And the havoc did not slack,  
Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
To our cheering sent us back;—  
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
Then ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail;  
Or, in conflagration pale,  
Light the gloom.—

Outspoke the victor then,  
As he hailed them o'er the wave:  
“Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
And we conquer but to save:—

So peace instead of death let us bring.  
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
With the crews, at England's feet,  
And make submission meet  
To our King."—

Then Denmark blessed our chief,  
That he gave her wounds repose;  
And the sounds of joy and grief,  
From her people wildly rose,  
As death withdrew his shades from the day;  
While the sun looked smiling bright  
O'er a wide and woful sight,  
Where the fires of funeral light  
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise!  
For the tidings of thy might,  
By the festal cities' blaze,  
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;  
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,  
Let us think of them that sleep,  
Full many a fathom deep,  
By thy wild and stormy steep,  
Elsinore!—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died;—  
With the gallant good Riou:  
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!

*Thomas Campbell* [1777-1844]

## THE FIGHTING TÊMÉRAIRE

[OCTOBER 21, 1805]

It was eight bells ringing,  
For the morning watch was done,  
And the gunner's lads were singing  
As they polished every gun.  
It was eight bells ringing,  
And the gunner's lads were singing,  
For the ship she rode a-swinging,  
As they polished every gun.

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
Oh ! to hear the round shot biting,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,  
And to hear the round shot biting,  
For we're all in love with fighting  
On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,  
And the battle just begun,  
When the ship her way was winging,  
As they loaded every gun,  
It was noontide ringing,  
When the ship her way was winging,  
And the gunner's lads were singing,  
As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
There'll be few to tell the story,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
There'll be many grim and gory,  
There'll be few to tell the story,  
But we'll all be one in glory  
With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing  
At the setting of the sun,  
And a phantom voice is singing  
Of the great days done.  
There's a far bell ringing,  
And a phantom Voice is singing  
Of renown for ever clinging  
To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
And she's fading down the river,  
Téméraire ! Téméraire !  
Now the sunset breezes shiver,  
And she's fading down the river,  
But in England's song for ever  
She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

*Henry Newbolt [1862-1938]*

## SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

[1808]

Of all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human back,  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!  
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of fowl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,

Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:  
    "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
    By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,  
Over and over the Mænads sang:  
    "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
    By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him!—He sailed away  
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—  
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own town's-people on her deck!  
"Lay by! lay by!" they called to him.  
Back he answered, "Sink or swim!  
Brag of your catch of fish again!"  
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!  
    Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
    Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
    By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
That wreck shall lie forevermore.  
Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—  
Looked for the coming that might not be!  
What did the winds and the sea-birds say  
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—  
    Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
    Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
    By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,  
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,  
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,  
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:  
    "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
    By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road  
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
Little the wicked skipper knew  
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.  
Riding there in his sorry trim,  
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
Of voices shouting, far and near:  
    "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
    By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—  
"What to me is this noisy ride?  
What is the shame that clothes the skin  
To the nameless horror that lives within?  
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!  
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread  
The hand of God and the face of the dead!"  
    Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
    Tarred and feathered, and carried in a cart  
    By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
Said, "God has touched him! why should we!"  
Said an old wife mourning her only son,  
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"

So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
And left him alone with his shame and sin.

Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
By the women of Marblehead!

*John Greenleaf Whittier* [1807-1892]

### THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER CORUNNA

[JANUARY 16, 1809]

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,  
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light  
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
And we far away on the billow!

## Incident of the French Camp 2449

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—  
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done  
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;  
And we heard the distant and random gun  
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;  
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
But we left him alone with his glory.

*Charles Wolfe* [1791-1823]

### INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

[APRIL 23, 1809]

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:  
A mile or so away,  
On a little mound, Napoleon  
Stood on our storming-day;  
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow  
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army-leader Lannes  
Waver at yonder wall,"—  
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy:  
You hardly could suspect—



(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through),  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace  
We've got you Ratisbon!  
The Marshal's in the market-place,  
And you'll be there anon  
To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans  
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes;  
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride  
Touched to the quick, he said:  
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,  
Smiling the boy fell dead.

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

## THE EVE OF WATERLOO

From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"

[JUNE 18, 1815]

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell;—  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high wall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they  
come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently stern array!  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

*George Gordon Byron [1788-1824]*

### WATERLOO

WHY have the Mighty lived—why have they died?  
 Is it ever thus with idle wreck to strew  
 Fields such as thine, remorseless Waterloo?  
 Hopeless the lesson! Vainly hath ever cried  
 Stern Fate to man—"So perish human pride!"  
 Still must the Many combat for the Few:  
 Still must the noblest blood fair earth bedew:  
 Tyrants, slaves, freemen, mouldering side by side!

On such a day the World was lost, and won,  
By Pompey at Pharsalia: such a day  
Saw glorious Hannibal a fugitive:  
So faded 'neath the Macedonian Sun  
Persia's pale star: so empire passed away  
From Harold's brow,—but He disdained to live!  
*Aubrey De Vere* [1788-1846]

## MARCO BOZZARIS

[APRIL 20, 1823]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power:  
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror;  
In dreams his song of triumph heard;  
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:  
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;  
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,  
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,  
True as the steel of their tried blades,  
Heroes in heart and hand.  
There had the Persian's thousands stood,  
There had the glad earth drunk their blood  
On old Plataea's day;  
And now there breathed that haunted air  
The sons of sires who conquered there,  
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,  
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;  
That bright dream was his last;  
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,  
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”

He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
    And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;  
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,  
    Bozzaris cheer his band:  
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;  
Strike—for your altars and your fires;  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;  
    God—and your native land!”

They fought—like brave men, long and well;  
    They piled that ground with Moslem slain,  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
    Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,  
    And the red field was won;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
    Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!  
    Come to the mother's, when she feels,  
For the first time, her first-born's breath;  
    Come when the blessèd seals  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wail its stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;  
Come when the heart beats high and warm  
    With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;  
And thou art terrible,—the tear,  
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear  
    Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
    Has won the battle for the free,  
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;  
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.  
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—  
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—  
Come in her crowning hour—and then  
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light  
To him is welcome as the sight  
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:  
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand  
Of brother in a foreign land;  
Thy summons welcome as the cry  
That told the Indian isles were nigh  
To the world-seeking Genoese,  
When the land wind, from woods of palm,  
And orange groves, and fields of balm,  
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave  
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,  
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,  
Even in her own proud clime.  
She wore no funeral-weeds for thee,  
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume  
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree  
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,  
The heartless luxury of the tomb:  
But she remembers thee as one  
Long loved, and for a season gone;  
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,  
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;  
For thee she rings the birthday bells;  
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;  
For thine her evening prayer is said  
At palace-couch and cottage-bed;  
Her soldier, closing with the foe,  
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;  
His plighted maiden, when she fears  
For him, the joy of her young years,  
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears:  
And she, the mother of thy boys,

Though in her eye and faded cheek  
Is read the grief she will not speak,  
    The memory of her buried joys,  
And even she who gave thee birth,  
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,  
    Talk of thy doom without a sigh:  
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:  
One of the few, the immortal names,  
    That were not born to die.

*Fitz-Greene Halleck* [1790-1867]

### OLD IRONSIDES

[SEPTEMBER 14, 1830]

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
    Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
    That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
    And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
    Shall sweep the clouds no more.  
  
Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
    Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
    And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
    Or know the conquered knee;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
    The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk  
    Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
    And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
    Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
    The lightning and the gale!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

THE VALOR OF BEN MILAM

[DECEMBER 5-11, 1835]

*Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?*

Such was the thrilling word we heard in the chill December  
glow;

Such was the thrilling word we heard, and a ringing, answer-  
ing cry

Went up from the dun adobe walls to the cloudless Texas  
sky.

He had won from the reek of a Mexique jail back without  
map or chart,

With his mother-wit and his hero-grit and his stanch Ken-  
tucky heart;

He had trudged by vale and by mountain trail, and by thorn  
and thirsty plain,

And now, with joy on his grizzled brow, he had come to his  
own again.

*They're the spawn of Hell! we heard him tell; they will knife  
and lie and cheat*

*At the board of none of the swarthy horde would I deign to sit at  
meat;*

*They hold it naught that I bled and fought when Spain was  
their ruthless foe;*

*Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?*

It was four to one, not gun for gun, but never a curse cared  
we,

Three hundred faithful and fearless men who had sworn to  
make Texas free.

It was mighty odds, by all the gods, this brute of the Mexi-  
que dam,

But it was not much for heroes such as followed old Ben  
Milam!

With rifle-crack and sabre-hack we drove them back in the  
street;

From house to house in the red carouse we hastened their  
flying feet;



And ever that shout kept pealing out with a swift and sure  
death-blow:

*Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio?*

Behind the walls from the hurtling balls Cos cowered and  
swore in his beard,

While we slashed and slew from dawn till dew, and, Bexar,  
how we cheered!

But ere failed each ruse, and the white of truce on the fail-  
ing day was **thrown**,

Our fearless soul had gone to the goal, the Land of the Great  
Unknown.

Death brought the darksome boon too soon to this truest  
one of the true,

Or, men of the fated Alamo, Milam had died with you!

So when their names that now are Fame's—the scornors of  
braggard sham;—

In song be praised, let a rouse be raised for the name of Ben  
Milam!

*Clinton Scollard [1860-1932]*

## THE DEFENCE OF THE ALAMO

[MARCH 6, 1836]

SANTA ANA came storming, as a storm might come;

There was rumble of cannon; there was rattle of blade;

There was cavalry, infantry, bugle and drum,—

Full seven thousand, in pomp and parade,

The chivalry, flower of Mexico;

And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamo!

And thirty lay sick, and some were shot through;

For the siege had been bitter, and bloody, and long.

“Surrender, or die!”—“Men, what will *you* do?”

And Travis, great Travis, drew sword, quick and strong;

Drew a line at his feet . . . “Will you come? Will you go?

*I die with my wounded, in the Alamo.”*

Then Bowie gasped, “Lead me over that line!”

Then Crockett, one hand to the sick, one hand to his gun,  
Crossed with him; then never a word or a sign

Till all, sick or well, all, all save but one,

One man. Then a woman stepped, praying, and slow  
Across; to die at her post in the Alamo.

Then that one coward fled, in the night, in that night  
When all men silently prayed and thought  
Of home; of to-morrow; of God and the right,  
Till dawn: and with dawn came Travis's cannon-shot,  
In answer to insolent Mexico,  
From the old bell-tower of the Alamo.

Then came Santa Ana; a crescent of flame!  
Then the red escalade; then the fight hand to hand;  
Such an unequal fight as never had name  
Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan  
band.

All day—all day and all night; and the morning? so slow,  
Through the battle-smoke mantling the Alamo.

Now silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead  
In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath  
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory gashed head,  
All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;  
And she but a nurse. Yet when shall we know  
Another like this of the Alamo?

Shout "Victory, victory, victory ho!"  
I say 'tis not always to the hosts that win!  
I say that the victory, high or low,  
Is given the hero who grapples with sin,  
Or legion or single; just asking to know  
When duty fronts death in his Alamo.

*Joaquin Miller* [1839-1913]

## THE FIGHT AT SAN JACINTO

[APRIL 21, 1836]

"Now for a brisk and cheerful fight!"  
Said Harman, big and droll,  
As he coaxed his flint and steel for a light,  
And puffed at his cold clay bowl;

"For we are a skulking lot," says he,  
"Of land-thieves hercabout,  
And the bold señores, two to one,  
Have come to smoke us out."

Santa Anna and Castrillon,  
Almonte brave and gay,  
Portilla red from Goliad,  
And Cos with his smart array.  
Dulces and cigaritos,  
And the light guitar, ting-tum!  
Sant' Anna courts siesta—  
And Sam Houston taps his drum.

The buck stands still in the timber—  
"Is it patter of nuts that fall?"  
The foal of the wild mare whinnies—  
Did he hear the Comanche call?  
In the brake by the crawling bayou  
The slinking she-wolves howl,  
And the mustang's snort in the river sedge  
Has startled the paddling fowl.

A soft, low tap, and a muffled tap,  
And a roll not loud nor long—  
We would not break Sant' Anna's nap,  
Nor spoil Almonte's song.  
Saddles and knives and rifles!  
Lord! but the men were glad  
When Deaf Smith muttered "Alamo!"  
And Karnes hissed "Goliad!"

The drummer tucked his sticks in his belt,  
And the fifer gripped his gun.  
Oh, for one free, wild, Texan yell,  
As we took the slope in a run!  
But never a shout nor a shot we spent,  
Nor an oath nor a prayer, that day,  
Till we faced the bravos, eye to eye,  
And then we blazed away.

## The Wreck of the Hesperus 2461

Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam,  
And the glory that Travis made,  
With Bowie's lunge, and Crockett's shot,  
And Fannin's dancing blade;  
And the heart of the fighter, bounding free  
In his joy so hot and mad—  
When Millard charged for Alamo,  
Lamar for Goliad.

Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking spur,  
Into the shock and rout:  
"I've hacked and burned the bayou bridge,  
There's no sneak's back-way out!"  
Muzzle or butt for Goliad,  
Pistol and blade and fist!  
Oh, for the knife that never glanced,  
And the gun that never missed!

Dulces and cigaritos,  
Song and the mandolin!  
That gory swamp was a gruesome grove  
To dance fandangos in.  
We bridged the bog with the sprawling herd  
That fell in that frantic rout;  
We slew and slew till the sun set red,  
And the Texan star flashed out.  
*John Williamson Palmer [1825-1906]*

### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

[DECEMBER 17, 1839]

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailòr,  
Had sailed to the Spanish main,  
“I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!”  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughtèr,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

“O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
Oh say, what may it be?”  
“’Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!”—  
And he steered for the open sea.

## The Wreck of the Hesperus 2463

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
Oh say, what may it be!"  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That savèd she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts, went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### THE LOST COLORS

[1843]

FROWNING, the mountain stronghold stood.  
Whose front no mortal could assail;  
For more than twice three hundred years  
The terror of the Indian vale.  
By blood and fire the robber band  
Answered the helpless village wail.

Hot was his heart and cool his thought,  
When Napier from his Englishmen  
Up to the bandits' rampart glanced,  
And down upon his ranks again.  
Summoned to dare a deed like that,  
Which of them all would answer then?

What sullen regiment is this  
That lifts its eyes to dread Cutchee?

## A Ballad of Sir John Franklin 2465

Abased, its standard bears no flag.  
For thus the punishment shall be  
That England metes to Englishmen  
Who shame her once by mutiny.

From out the disgraced Sixty-Fourth  
There stepped a hundred men of might.  
Cried Napier: "Now prove to me  
I read my soldiers' hearts aright!  
Form! Forward! Charge, my volunteers!  
*Your colors are on yonder height!*"

So sad is shame, so wise is trust!  
The challenge echoed bugle-clear.  
Like fire along the Sixty-Fourth  
From rank to file rang cheer on cheer.  
In death and glory up the pass  
They fought for all to brave men dear.

Old is the tale, but read anew  
In every warring human heart,  
What rebel hours, what coward shame,  
Upon the aching memory start!  
To find the ideal forfeited,  
—What tears can teach the holy art?

Thou great Commander! leading on  
Through weakest darkness to strong light;  
By any anguish, give us back  
Our life's young standard, pure and bright.  
O fair, lost Colors of the soul!  
For your sake storm we any height.

*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward* [1844-1911]

## A BALLAD OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

[1845-47]

O, WHITHER sail you, Sir John Franklin?  
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.  
To know if between the land and the pole  
I may find a broad sea-way.



I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,  
As you would live and thrive;  
For between the land and the frozen pole  
No man may sail alive.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,  
And spoke unto his men:  
Half England is wrong, if he be right;  
Bear off to westward then.

O, whither sail you, brave Englishman?  
Cried the little Esquimau.  
Between your land and the polar star  
My goodly vessels go.

Come down, if you would journey there,  
The little Indian said;  
And change your cloth for fur clothing,  
Your vessel for a sled.

But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,  
And the crew laughed with him too:—  
A sailor to change from ship to sled,  
I ween, were something new.

All through the long, long polar day,  
The vessels westward sped;  
And wherever the sail of Sir John was blown,  
The ice gave way and fled:—

Gave way with many a hollow groan,  
And with many a surly roar,  
But it murmured and threatened on every side,  
And closed where he sailed before.

Ho! see ye not, my merry men,  
The broad and open sea?  
Bethink ye what the whaler said,  
Think of the little Indian's sled!  
The crew laughed out in glee.

## A Ballad of Sir John Franklin 2467

Sir John, Sir John, 'tis bitter cold,  
The scud drives on the breeze,  
The ice comes looming from the north,  
The very sunbeams freeze.

Bright summer goes, dark winter comes,—  
We cannot rule the year;  
But long ere summer's sun goes down,  
On yonder sea we'll steer.

The dripping icebergs dipped and rose,  
And floundered down the gale;  
The ships were stayed, the yards were manned,  
And furled the useless sail.

The summer's gone, the winter's come,—  
We sail not on yonder sea:  
Why sail we not, Sir John Franklin?—  
A silent man was he.

The summer goes, the winter comes,—  
We cannot rule the year:  
I ween we cannot rule the ways,  
Sir John, wherein we'd steer.

The cruel ice came floating on,  
And closed beneath the lee,  
Till the thickening waters dashed no more:  
'Twas ice around, behind, before—  
My God! there is no sea!

What think you of the whaler now?  
What of the Esquimau?  
A sled were better than a ship,  
To cruise through ice and snow.

Down sank the baleful crimson sun,  
The northern light came out,  
And glared upon the ice-bound ships,  
And shook its spears about.

The snow came down, storm breeding storm,  
And on the decks was laid,  
Till the weary sailor, sick at heart,  
Sank down beside his spade.

Sir John, the night is black and long,  
The hissing wind is bleak,  
The hard, green ice as strong as death:—  
I prithee, Captain, speak!

The night is neither bright nor short,  
The singing breeze is cold,—  
The ice is not so strong as hope,  
The heart of man is bold!

What hope can scale this icy wall,  
High over the main flag-staff?  
Above the ridges the wolf and bear  
Look down, with a patient, settled stare,  
Look down on us and laugh.

The summer went, the winter came,—  
We could not rule the year;  
But summer will melt the ice again,  
And open a path to the sunny main,  
Whereon our ships shall steer.

The winter went, the summer went,  
The winter came around;  
But the hard, green ice was strong as death,  
And the voice of hope sank to a breath,  
Yet caught at every sound.

Hark! heard you not the noise of guns?—  
And there, and there, again?  
'Tis some uneasy iceberg's roar,  
As he turns in the frozen main.

Hurra! Hurra! the Esquimaux  
Across the ice-fields steal:  
God give them grace for their charity!--  
Ye pray for the silly seal.

## A Ballad of Sir John Franklin 2469

Sir John, where are the English fields,  
And where are the English trees,  
And where are the little English flowers  
That open in the breeze?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!  
You shall see the fields again,  
And smell the scent of the opening flowers,  
The grass, and the waving grain.

Oh! when shall I see my orphan child?  
My Mary waits for me.  
Oh! when shall I see my old mother,  
And pray at her trembling knee?

Be still, be still, my brave sailors!  
Think not such thoughts again.  
But a tear froze slowly on his cheek:  
He thought of Lady Jane.

Ah! bitter, bitter grows the cold,  
The ice grows more and more;  
More settled stare the wolf and bear,  
More patient than before.

Oh, think you, good Sir John Franklin,  
We'll ever see the land?  
'Twas cruel to send us here to starve,  
Without a helping hand.

'Twas cruel, Sir John, to send us here,  
So far from help or home,  
To starve and freeze on this lonely sea:  
I ween the lords of the Admiralty  
Would rather send than come.

Oh! whether we starve to death alone,  
Or sail to our own country,  
We have done what man has never done—  
The truth is founded, the secret won—  
We passed the Northern Sea!

*George Henry Boker [1823-1890]*

## MONTEREY

[SEPTEMBER 23, 1846]

WE were not many, we who stood  
Before the iron sleet that day:  
Yet many a gallant spirit would  
Give half his years if but he could  
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed  
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,  
Yet not a single soldier quailed  
When wounded comrades round them wailed  
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on our column kept  
Through walls of flame its withering way;  
Where fell the dead, the living stepped,  
Still charging on the guns which swept  
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,  
When, striking where he strongest lay,  
We swooped his flanking batteries past,  
And braving full their murderous blast,  
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,  
And there our evening bugles play:  
Where orange-boughs above their grave  
Keep green the memory of the brave  
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed  
Beside the brave who fell that day—  
But who of us has not confessed  
He'd rather share their warrior rest  
Than not have been at Monterey?

*Charles Fenno Hoffman* [1806-1884]

## PESCHIERA

[MAY, 1848]

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,  
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crossed?  
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost,  
Than never to have fought at all."

The tricolor—a trampled rag  
Lies, dirt and dust; the lines I track  
By sentry boxes, yellow-black,  
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand  
Upon the grass of your redoubts;  
The eagle with his black wing flouts  
The breadth and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,  
O men of Brescia, on the day  
Of loss past hope, I heard you say  
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You said: "Since so it is, good-bye,  
Sweet life, high hope; but whatsoe'er  
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare  
To tell, 'The Lombard feared to die!'"

You said (there shall be answer fit):  
"And if our children must obey,  
They must; but, thinking on this day,  
'Twill less debase them to submit."

You said (O not in vain you said):  
"Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may;  
The hours ebb fast of this one day,  
While blood may yet be nobly shed."

Ah! not for idle hatred, not  
For honor, fame, nor self-applause,  
But for the glory of the cause,  
You did, what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,  
By force and fortune's right he stands:  
By fortune, which is in God's hands,  
And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,  
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crossed:  
" 'Tis better to have fought and lost,  
Than never to have fought at all."

*Arthur Hugh Clough* [1819-1861]

### THE LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

SUPPOSED TO BE TOLD BY A SOLDIER WHO SURVIVED

[FEBRUARY 26, 1852]

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down;  
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;  
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,  
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,  
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;  
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed  
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks  
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,  
Drifted away disorderly the planks  
From underneath her keel.

So calm the air, so calm and still the flood,  
That low down in its blue translucent glass  
We saw the great fierce fish, that thirst for blood,  
Pass slowly, then repass.

They tarried, the waves tarried, for their prey!  
The sea turned one clear smile! Like things asleep  
Those dark shapes in the azure silence lay,  
As quiet as the deep.

## The Charge of the Light Brigade 2473

Then amidst oath, and prayer, and rush, and wreck,  
Faint screams, faint questions waiting no reply,  
Our Colonel gave the word, and on the deck  
Formed us in line to die.

To die!—'twas hard, whilst the sleek ocean glowed  
Beneath a sky as fair as summer flowers:—  
*All to the boats !* cried one:—he was, thank God,  
No officer of ours!

Our English hearts beat true:—we would not stir:  
That base appeal we heard, but heeded not:  
On land, on sea, we had our Colors, sir,  
To keep without a spot!

They shall not say in England, that we fought  
With shameful strength, unhonored life to seek;  
Into mean safety, mean deserters, brought  
By trampling down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,  
The oars ply back again, and yet again;  
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,  
Still under steadfast men.

—What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,  
Died without flinching in the bloody surf,  
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,  
As others under turf:—

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,  
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,  
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save  
His weak ones, not in vain.

*Francis Hastings Doyle* [1810-1888]

### THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

[BALACLAVA, OCTOBER 25, 1852]

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.



## Poems of History

“Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!” he said:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldier knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wondered:  
Plunged in the battery-smoke  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back, but not,  
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them

Volleyed and thundered;  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came through the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them,  
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?  
O the wild charge they made!  
All the world wondered.  
Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred!

*Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]*

## THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

[SEPTEMBER 26, 1857]

OH, that last day in Lucknow fort!  
We knew that it was the last;  
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,  
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;  
And the men and we all worked on;  
It was one day more of smoke and roar,  
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,  
A fair, young, gentle thing,  
Wasted with fever in the siege,  
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,  
And I took her head on my knee;  
“When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,” she said,  
“Oh! then please wauken me.”

She slept like a child on her father’s floor,  
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,  
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,  
And the mother’s wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,  
And hopeless waiting for death;  
And the soldier’s wife, like a full-tired child,  
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream  
Of an English village-lane,  
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream  
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening  
Till a sudden gladness broke  
All over her face; and she caught my hand  
And drew me near as she spoke:—

“The Hielanders! O! dinna ye hear  
The slogan far awa’?  
The McGregor’s. O! I ken it weel;  
It’s the grandest o’ them a’!

“God bless the bonny Hielanders!  
We’re saved! we’re saved!” she cried;  
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God  
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry  
Had fallen among the men,  
And they started back;—they were there to die;  
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire  
Far off, and the far-off roar,  
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,  
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;  
But winna ye hear it noo,—  
*The Campbells are comin'?* It's no a dream;  
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,  
But the pipes we could not hear;  
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,  
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—  
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:  
It was no noise from the strife afar,  
Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!  
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*,  
It came to our men like the voice of God,  
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,  
And the women sobbed in a crowd;  
And every one knelt down where he stood,  
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,  
Our men put Jessie first;  
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers  
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,  
Marching round and round our line;  
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,  
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

*Robert Traill Spence Lowell* [1816-1891]

**THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS; OR, THE BRITISH  
SOLDIER IN CHINA**

[1857]

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,  
He jested, quaffed, and swore;  
A drunken private of the Buffs,  
Who never looked before.  
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,  
He stands in Elgin's place,  
Ambassador from Britain's crown,  
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,  
Bewildered, and alone,  
A heart, with English instinct fraught,  
He yet can call his own.  
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,  
Bring cord, or axe, or flame,  
He only knows that not through him  
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,  
Like dreams, to come and go;  
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,  
One sheet of living snow;  
The smoke above his father's door  
In gray soft eddyings hung;  
Must he then watch it rise no more,  
Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel  
He put the vision by;  
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,  
An English lad must die.  
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,  
With knee to man unbent,  
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,  
To his red grave he went.

## How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry 2479

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed,  
Vain, those all-shattering guns,  
Unless proud England keep, untamed,  
The strong heart of her sons;  
So let his name through Europe ring,—  
A man of mean estate,  
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,  
Because his soul was great.

*Francis Hastings Doyle* [1810-1888]

### HOW OLD BROWN TOOK HARPER'S FERRY

[OCTOBER 16, 1859]

JOHN BROWN in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee  
farmer,  
Brave and godly, with four sons, all stalwart men of  
might.  
There he spoke aloud for freedom, and the Border-strife  
grew warmer,  
Till the Rangers fired his dwelling, in his absence, in the  
night;  
And Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
Came homeward in the morning—to find his house burned  
down.

Then he grasped his trusty rifle and boldly fought for free-  
dom;  
Smote from border unto border the fierce, invading  
band;  
And he and his brave boys vowed—so might Heaven help  
and speed 'em!—  
They would save those grand old prairies from the curse  
that blights the land;  
And Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,  
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ram-  
rod down.

And the Lord *did* aid these men, and they labored day and even,

Saving Kansas from its peril; and their very lives seemed charmed,

Till the ruffians killed one son, in the blessed light of Heaven:

In cold blood the fellows slew him, as he journeyed all unarmed;

Then Old Brown,

Osawatomic Brown,

Shed not a tear, but shut his teeth, and frowned a terrible frown!

Then they seized another brave boy,—not amid the heat of battle,

But in peace, behind his ploughshare,—and they loaded him with chains,

And with pikes, before their horses, even as they goad their cattle,

Drove him cruelly, for their sport, and at last blew out his brains;

Then Old Brown,

Osawatomic Brown,

Raised his right hand up to Heaven, calling Heaven's vengeance down.

And he swore a fearful oath, by the name of the Almighty,

He would hunt this ravening evil that had scathed and torn him so;

He would seize it by the vitals; he would crush it day and night; he

Would so pursue its footsteps, so return it blow for blow,

That Old Brown,

Osawatomic Brown,

Should be a name to swear by, in backwoods or in town!

Then his beard became more grizzled, and his wild blue eye grew wilder,

And more sharply curved his hawk's-nose, snuffing battle from afar;

## How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry 2481

And he and the two boys left, though the Kansas strife  
waxed milder,

Grew more sullen, till was over the bloody Border War,

And Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Had gone crazy, as they reckoned by his fearful glare and  
frown.

So he left the plains of Kansas and their bitter woes behind  
him,

Slipped off into Virginia, where the statesmen all are born.

Hired a farm by Harper's Ferry, and no one knew where to  
find him,

Or whether he'd turned parson, or was jacketed and shorn;

For Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown.

He bought no ploughs and harrows, spades and shovels,  
and such trifles;

But quietly to his rancho there came, by every train,

Boxes full of pikes and pistols, and his well-beloved Sharp's  
rifles;

And eighteen other madmen joined their leader there again.

Says Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

"Boys, we've got an army large enough to march and take  
the town!

"Take the town, and seize the muskets, free the negroes,  
and then arm them;

Carry the County and the State, ay, and all the potent  
South.

On their own heads be the slaughter, if their victims rise to  
harm them—

These Virginians! who believed not, nor would heed the  
warning mouth."

Says Old Brown,

Osawatomie Brown,

"The world shall see a Republic, or my name is not John  
Brown."



'Twas the sixteenth of October, on the evening of a Sunday:  
"This good work," declared the captain, "shall be on a  
holy night!"

It was on a Sunday evening, and before the noon of Monday,  
With two sons, and Captain Stephens, fifteen privates  
—black and white,

Captain Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,

Marched across the bridged Potomac, and knocked the sen-  
try down;

Took the guarded armory-building, and the muskets and  
the cannon;

Captured all the county majors and the colonels, one by  
one;

Scared to death each gallant scion of Virginia they ran on,  
And before the noon of Monday, I say, the deed was done.

Mad Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,

With his eighteen other crazy men, went in and took the  
town.

Very little noise and bluster, little smell of powder made he;  
It was all done in the midnight, like the Emperor's *coup*  
*d'état*.

"Cut the wires! Stop the rail-cars! Hold the streets and  
bridges!" said he,

Then declared the new Republic, with himself for guiding  
star,—

This Old Brown,  
Osawatomie Brown,

And the bold two thousand citizens ran off and left the town.

Then was riding and railroading and expressing here and  
thither;

And the Martinsburg Sharpshooters and the Charlestown  
Volunteers,

And the Shepherdstown and Winchester Militia hastened  
whither

Old Brown was said to muster his ten thousand grenadiers.

## How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry 2483

General Brown!

Osawatomic Brown!

Behind whose rampant banner all the North was pouring  
down.

But at last, 'tis said, some prisoners escaped from Old  
Brown's durance,

And the effervescent valor of the Chivalry broke out,  
When they learned that nineteen madmen had the mar-  
vellous assurance—

Only nineteen—thus to seize the place and drive them  
straight about;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomic Brown,

Found an army come to take him, encamped around the  
town.

But to storm, with all the forces I have mentioned, was too  
risky;

So they hurried off to Richmond for the Government  
Marines,

Tore them from their weeping matrons, fired their souls with  
Bourbon whiskey,

Till they battered down Brown's castle with their ladders  
and machines;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomic Brown,

Received three bayonet stabs, and a cut on his brave old  
crown.

Tallyho! the old Virginia gentry gather to the baying!

In they rushed and killed the game, shooting lustily  
away;

And whenc'er they slew a rebel, those who came too late  
for slaying,

Not to lose a share of glory, fired their bullets in his clay;

And Old Brown,

Osawatomic Brown,

Saw his sons fall dead beside him, and between them laid  
him down.

How the conquerors wore their laurels; how they hastened  
on the trial;

How Old Brown was placed, half dying, on the Charles-  
town court-house floor;

How he spoke his grand oration, in the scorn of all denial;

What the brave old madman told them,—these are known  
the country o'er.

“Hang Old Brown,  
Ossawatomie Brown,”

Said the judge, “and all such rebels!” with his most judicial  
frown.

But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that the flagon,  
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was first poured  
by Southern hands;

And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like the red gore  
of the dragon,

May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through your  
slave-worn lands!

And Old Brown,  
Ossawatomie Brown,

May trouble you more than ever, when you've nailed his  
coffin down!

*Edmund Clarence Stedman* [1833-1908]

## BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE

[DECEMBER 2, 1859]

JOHN BROWN of Ossawatomie spake on his dying day:

“I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay.

But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to  
free,

With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer  
for me!”

John Brown of Ossawatomie, they led him out to die;

And lo! a poor slave-mother with her little child pressed  
nigh.

Then the bold, blue eye grew tender, and the old harsh face  
grew mild,  
As he stooped between the jeering ranks and kissed the  
negro's child!

The shadows of his stormy life that moment fell apart;  
And they who blamed the bloody hand forgave the loving  
heart.

That kiss from all its guilty means redeemed the good intent,  
And round the grisly fighter's hair the martyr's aureole bent!

Perish with him the folly that seeks through evil good!  
Long live the generous purpose unstained with human blood!  
Not the raid of midnight terror, but the thought which underlies;  
Not the borderer's pride of daring, but the Christian's sacrifice.

Nevermore may yon Blue Ridges the Northern rifle hear,  
Nor see the light of blazing homes flash on the negro's spear;  
But let the free-winged angel Truth their guarded passes  
scale,  
To teach that right is more than might, and justice more  
than mail!

So vainly shall Virginia set her battle in array;  
In vain her trampling squadrons knead the winter snow with  
clay.  
She may strike the pouncing eagle, but she dares not harm  
the dove;  
And every gate she bars to Hate, shall open wide to Love!

*John Greenleaf Whittier [1807-1892]*

## BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE

[DECEMBER 20, 1860]

SHE has gone,—she has left us in passion and pride,—  
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!  
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,  
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
We can never forget that our hearts have been one,—  
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,  
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;  
But we said: "She is hasty,—she does not mean much."  
We have scowled when you uttered some turbulent threat;  
But Friendship still whispered: "Forgive and forget!"

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?  
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?  
Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain  
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,  
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,  
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,  
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,  
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,  
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow  
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky;  
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!  
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,  
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
There are battles with Fate that can never be won!  
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,  
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister! afar and aloof,  
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;  
But when your heart aches and your feet have grown sore,  
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

## THE REVEILLE

[APRIL, 1861]

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,  
And of armèd men the hum;  
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered  
Round the quick alarming drum,—  
Saying, "Come,  
Freemen, come!  
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:  
War is not of life the sum;  
Who shall stay and reap the harvest  
When the autumn days shall come?"  
But the drum  
Echoed, "Come!  
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-  
sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,  
What of profit springs therefrom?  
What if conquest, subjugation,  
Even greater ills become?"  
But the drum  
Answered, "Come!  
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee answer-  
ing drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,  
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,  
When my brothers fall around me,  
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"  
But the drum  
Answered, "Come!  
Better there in death united, than in life a recreant.—  
Come!"

Thus they answered,—hoping, fearing,  
Some in faith, and doubting some,

Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,  
Said, "My chosen people, come!"  
Then the drum,  
Lo! was dumb,  
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,  
"Lord, we come!"

*Bret Harte* [1839-1902]

### THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

[OCTOBER, 1861]

ALONG a river-side, I know not where,  
I walked one night in mystery of dream;  
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath my hair,  
To think what chanced me by the pallid gleam  
Of a moon-wraith that waned through haunted air.

Pale fireflies pulsed within the meadow-mist  
Their halos, wavering thistledowns of light;  
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin tryst,  
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in affright,  
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote my ear  
A movement in the stream that checked my breath:  
Was it the slow splash of a wading deer?  
But something said, "This water is of Death!  
The Sisters wash a shroud,—ill thing to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient Three  
Known to the Greek's and to the Northman's creed,  
That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,  
Still crooning, as they weave their endless brede,  
One song: "Time was, Time is, and Time shall be."

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had deemed,  
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;  
Something too high for joy, too deep for sorrow,  
Thrilled in their tones, and from their faces gleaned.

"Still men and nations reap as they have strawn,"  
 So sang they, working at their task the while;  
 "The fatal raiment must be cleansed ere dawn:  
 For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's isle?  
 O'er what quenched grandeur must our shroud be drawn?"

"Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,  
 That gathered States like children round his knees,  
 That tamed the wave to be his posting-horse,  
 Feller of forests, linker of the seas,  
 Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest son of Thor's?"

"What make we, murmurest thou? and what are we?  
 When empires must be wound, we bring the shroud,  
 The time-old web of the implacable Three:  
 Is it too coarse for him, the young and proud?  
 Earth's mightiest deigned to wear it,—why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned, "so strong, so fair!  
 Our Fowler whose proud bird would brook erewhile  
 No rival's swoop in all our western air!  
 Gather the ravens, then, in funeral file  
 For him, life's morn yet golden in his hair?"

"Leave me not hopeless, ye un pitying dames!  
 I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye who scanned  
 The stars, Earth's elders, still must noblest aims  
 Be traced upon oblivious ocean-sands?  
 Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of names?"

"When grass-blades stiffen with red battle-dew,  
 Ye deem we choose the victor and the slain:  
 Say, choose we them that shall be leal and true  
 To the heart's longing, the high faith of brain?  
 Yet there the victory lies, if ye but knew.

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will,—  
 These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third,—  
 Obedience,—'tis the great tap-root that still,  
 Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,  
 Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.



"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'Tis not we  
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:  
The brave makes danger opportunity;  
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,  
Dwarfs it to peril: which shall Hesper be?

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's seat  
To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their maw?  
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet  
Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind for Law?  
Then let him hearken for the doomster's feet!

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,  
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold  
Down which they stumble to eternal mock:  
No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre hold,  
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block.

"We sing old Sagas, songs of weal and woe,  
Mystic because too cheaply understood;  
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and know,  
See Evil weak, see strength alone in Good,  
Yet hope to stem God's fire with walls of tow.

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,  
That offers choice of glory or of gloom;  
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.  
But hasten, Sisters! for even now the tomb  
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried, "not yet for him,  
Whose large horizon, westering, star by star  
Wins from the void to where on Ocean's rim  
The sunset shuts the world with golden bar,  
Nor yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow dim!

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for those  
That walk unblenching through the trial-fires;  
Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst of woes,  
And he no base-born son of craven sires,  
Whose eye need blench confronted with his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win  
Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines;  
Peace, too, brings tears; and mid the battle-din,  
The wiser ear some text of God divines,  
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.

"God, give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,  
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!  
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,  
Her ports all up, her battle-lanterns lit,  
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

So cried I with clenched hands and passionate pain,  
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side;  
Again the loon laughed mocking, and again  
The echoes bayed far down the night and died,  
While waking I recalled my wandering brain.

*James Russell Lowell* [1819-1891]

## THE PICKET-GUARD

[NOVEMBER, 1861]

"ALL quiet along the Potomac," they say,  
"Except now and then a stray picket  
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,  
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.  
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,  
Will not count in the news of the battle;  
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,  
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;  
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.  
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind  
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,  
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,  
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed  
Far away in the cot on the mountain.  
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,  
Grows gentle with memories tender,  
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—  
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,  
That night, when the love yet unspoken  
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows  
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.  
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
He dashes off tears that are welling,  
And gathers his gun closer up to its place  
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;  
The footstep is lagging and weary;  
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,  
Towards the shade of the forest so dreary.  
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?  
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?  
It looked like a rifle . . . "Ha! Mary, good-by!"  
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;  
No sound save the rush of the river;  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—  
The picket's off duty forever.

*Ethel Lynn Beers* [1827-1879]

## CIVIL WAR

[1861]

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot  
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;  
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot  
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,  
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"  
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,  
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch  
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;  
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch  
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,  
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,  
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,  
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold;  
An inch from the center my lead broke its way,  
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,  
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'tis she,  
My brother's young bride,—and the fallen dragoon  
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree;  
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;  
War is a virtue,—weakness a sin;  
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;  
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

*Charles Dawson Shanly* [1811-1875]

## KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES

[MAY 31, 1862]

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—  
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!  
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,  
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.

Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,  
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and  
pine,

Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—  
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,  
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground.  
He rode down the length of the withering column,  
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;  
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—  
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign;  
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,  
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade  
brighten

In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!  
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,  
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.  
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,  
Asking where to go in,—through the clearing or pine?  
"Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:  
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

Oh, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,  
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!  
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,  
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!  
Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region  
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's  
sign,—

Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,  
And the word still is "Forward!" along the whole line.

*Edmund Clarence Stedman* [1833-1908]

### BARBARA FRIETCHIE

[SEPTEMBER 13, 1862]

UP from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with ~~ream~~ and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman's deed and word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more

Honor to her! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

*John Greenleaf Whittier* [1807-1892]

## KEENAN'S CHARGE

[MAY 2, 1863]

## I

THE sun had set;  
The leaves with dew were wet:—  
Down fell a bloody dusk  
On the woods, that second of May,  
Where "Stonewall's" corps, like a beast of prey,  
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"  
Rose from our flank a voice.  
With rush of steel and smoke  
On came the rebels straight,  
Eager as love and wild as hate;  
And our line reeled and broke;

Broke and fled.  
Not one stayed,— but the dead!  
With curses, shrieks, and cries,  
Horses and wagons and men  
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,  
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope, still,—  
Those batteries, parked on the hill!  
"Battery, wheel!" ('mid the roar),  
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire  
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire  
A bugle rings "Trot!"—and no more.

The horses plunged,  
The cannon lurched and lunged.



To join the hopeless rout.  
But suddenly rose a form  
Calmly in front of the human storm,  
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"  
(We knew it was Pleasonton's.)  
The cannoneers bent to obey,  
And worked with a will at his word,  
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.  
But, ah, the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;  
O God, for ten minutes' time!"  
The General looked around.  
There Keenan sat, like a stone,  
With his three hundred horse alone,  
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"  
"Are soldiers, General." "Then,  
Charge, Major! Do your best;  
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,  
Till my guns are placed;—else the army is lost.  
You die to save the rest!"

## II

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,  
Brave Keenan looked into Pleasonton's eyes  
For an instant—clear, and cool, and still;  
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.  
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,  
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,—  
Rose like a greeting hail to death.

Then forward they sprang, and spurred, and clashed;  
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;  
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,  
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;

And above in the air, with an instinct true,  
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,  
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,  
And strong brown faces bravely pale  
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,  
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close  
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came  
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;  
Rode in, and sabred, and shot,—and fell:  
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.  
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall,  
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,  
While the circle-stroke of his sabre, swung  
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.

Line after line, aye, whole platoons,  
Struck dead in their saddles, of brave dragoons  
By the maddened horses were onward borne  
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;  
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there shattered and mute,  
What deep echo rolls? 'Tis a death-salute  
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved  
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now,—year following year,—  
Over their graves the pine-cones fall,  
And the whippoorwill chants his spectre-call;  
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer;  
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,  
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.  
The rush of their charge is resounding still,  
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

*George Parsons Lathrop* [1851-1898]

## THE BLACK REGIMENT

[PORT HUDSON, MAY 27, 1863]

DARK as the clouds of even,  
Ranked in the western heaven,  
Waiting the breath that lifts  
All the dead mass, and drifts  
Tempest and falling brand  
Over a ruined land,—  
So still and orderly,  
Arm to arm, knee to knee,  
Waiting the great event,  
Stands the black regiment.

Down the long dusky line  
Teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;  
And the bright bayonet,  
Bristling and firmly set,  
Flashed with a purpose grand,  
Long ere the sharp command  
Of the fierce rolling drum  
Told them their time had come,  
Told them what work was sent  
For the black regiment.

“Now,” the flag-sergeant cried,  
“Though death and hell betide,  
Let the whole nation see  
If we are fit to be  
Free in this land; or bound  
Down, like the whining hound,—  
Bound with red stripes of pain  
In our old chains again!”  
Oh, what a shout there went  
From the black regiment!

“Charge!” Trump and drum awoke;  
Onward the bondmen broke;  
Bayonet and saber-stroke

Vainly opposed their rush.  
Through the wild battle's crush,  
With but one thought afiush,  
Driving their lords like chaff,  
In the guns' mouths they laugh;  
Or at the slippery brands,  
Leaping with open hands,  
Down they tear man and horse,  
Down in their awful course;  
Trampling with bloody heel  
Over the crashing steel,  
All their eyes forward bent,  
Rushed the black regiment.

"Freedom!" their battle-cry,—  
"Freedom! or leave to die!"  
Ah! and they meant the word,  
Not as with us 'tis heard,  
Not a mere party shout:  
They gave their spirits out;  
Trusted the end to God,  
And on the gory sod  
Rolled in triumphant blood.  
Glad to strike one free blow,  
Whether for weal or woe;  
Glad to breathe one free breath,  
Though on the lips of death;  
Praying,—alas! in vain!—  
That they might fall again,  
So they could once more see  
That burst to liberty!  
This was what "freedom" lent  
To the black regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell;  
But they are resting well;  
Scourges and shackles strong  
Never shall do them wrong.  
Oh, to the living few,  
Soldiers, be just and true!

Hail them as comrades tried;  
Fight with them side by side;  
Never, in field or tent,  
Scorn the black regiment!

*George Henry Boker* [1823-1890]

## THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

[JULY 3, 1863]

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,  
The gathering battle's smoky shield:  
    Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,  
    And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,  
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,  
Moved out that matchless infantry,  
    With Pickett leading grandly down,  
    To rush against the roaring crown  
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns,  
A cry across the tumult runs:  
    The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,  
    And Chickamauga's solitudes:  
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew  
Against the front of Pettigrew!  
    A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed,  
    Like that infernal flame that fringed  
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fall where Kemper led;  
A thousand died where Garnett bled;  
    In blinding flame and strangling smoke,  
    The remnant through the batteries broke,  
And crossed the works with Armistead.

## The High Tide at Gettysburg 2503

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"

Virginia cried to Tennessee:

"We two together, come what may,  
Shall stand upon those works to-day!"  
The reddest day in history.

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way

Virginia heard her comrade say:

"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"  
What time she set her battle-flag  
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait  
Before the awful face of Fate?

The tattered standards of the South  
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,  
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessecan set

His breast against the bayonet;

In vain Virginia charged and raged,  
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,  
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,

Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost

Receding through the battle-cloud,  
And heard across the tempest loud  
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace

They leaped to Ruin's red embrace;

They only heard Fame's thunders wake,  
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break  
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand

And bade the sun in heaven to stand;

They smote and fell, who set the bars  
Against the progress of the stars,  
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come  
On through the fight's delirium;  
They smote and stood, who held the hope  
Of nations on that slippery slope,  
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will,  
That clutched and held that trembling hill!  
God lives and reigns! He built and lent  
The heights for Freedom's battlement,  
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!  
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.  
A mighty mother turns in tears,  
The pages of her battle years,  
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

*Will Henry Thompson* [1848-1918]

### JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell  
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well:  
Brief is the glory that hero earns,  
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:  
He was the fellow who won renown,—  
The only man who didn't back down  
When the rebels rode through his native town;  
But held his own in the fight next day,  
When all his townsfolk ran away.  
That was in July, sixty-three,—  
The very day that General Lee,  
Flower of Southern chivalry,  
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled  
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,  
John Burns stood at his cottage door,  
Looking down the village street,

Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,  
He heard the low of his gathered kine,  
And felt their breath with incense sweet;  
Or I might say, when the sunset burned  
The old farm gable, he thought it turned  
The milk that fell like a babbling flood  
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!  
Or how he fancied the hum of bees  
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.  
But all such fanciful thoughts as these  
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,  
Who minded only his own concerns,  
Troubled no more by fancies fine  
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—  
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,  
Slow to argue, but quick to act.  
That was the reason, as some folks say,  
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right  
Raged for hours the heady fight,  
Thundered the battery's double bass,—  
Difficult music for men to face;  
While on the left—where now the graves  
Undulate like the living waves  
That all that day unceasing swept  
Up to the pits the rebels kept—  
Round-shot ploughed the upland glades,  
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;  
Shattered fences here and there  
Tossed their splinters in the air;  
The very trees were stripped and bare;  
The barns that once held yellow grain  
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;  
The cattle bellowed on the plain,  
The turkeys screamed with might and main,  
The brooding barn-fowl left their rest  
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,  
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.



How do you think the man was dressed?  
He wore an ancient long buff vest,  
Yellow as saffron,—but his best;  
And, buttoned over his manly breast,  
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,  
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—  
With tails that the country-folk called “swaller.”  
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,  
White as the locks on which it sat.  
Never had such a sight been seen  
For forty years on the village green,  
Since old John Burns was a country beau,  
And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day,  
Veterans of the Peninsula,  
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;  
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—  
Clerks that the Home-Guard mustered in,—  
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,  
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;  
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,  
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:  
“How are you, White Hat?” “Put her through!”  
“Your head’s level!” and “Bully for you!”  
Called him “Daddy,”—begged he’d disclose  
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,  
And what was the value he set on those;  
While Burns, unmindful of jeer or scoff,  
Stood there picking the rebels off,—  
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,  
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

’Twas but a moment, for that respect  
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;  
And something the wildest could understand  
Spake in the old man’s strong right hand,  
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown  
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;  
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe  
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,

In the antique vestments and long white hair,  
The Past of the Nation in battle there;  
And some of the soldiers since declare  
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,  
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,  
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:  
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,  
Broke at the final charge and ran.  
At which John Burns—a practical man—  
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,  
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;  
This is the moral the reader learns:  
In fighting the battle, the question's whether  
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!

*Bret Harte* [1839-1902]

## FARRAGUT

[MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864]

FARRAGUT, Farragut,  
Old Heart of Oak,  
Daring Dave Farragut,  
Thunderbolt stroke,  
Watches the hoary mist  
Lift from the bay,  
Till his flag, glory-kissed,  
Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,  
Looms the black fleet.  
Hark, deck to rampart calls  
With the drums' beat!  
Buoy your chains overboard,  
While the steam hums;  
Men! to the battlement,  
Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane  
Hurtles in wrath  
Squadrons of clouds amain  
Back from its path!  
Back to the parapet,  
To the guns' lips,  
Thunderbolt Farragut  
Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar  
Clear the boy sings,  
"By the mark fathoms four,"  
While his lead swings.  
Steady the wheelmen five  
"Nor' by East keep her,"  
"Steady," but two alive:  
How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways  
Over red decks,  
Over the flame that plays  
Round the torn wrecks,  
Over the dying lips  
Framed for a cheer,  
Farragut leads his ships,  
Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,  
While the spars quiver;  
Onward still flames the cloud  
Where the hulks shiver.  
See, yon fort's star is set,  
Storm and fire past.  
Cheer him, lads—Farragut,  
Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast  
Bears a white sail,  
While the Gulf's towering crest  
Tops a green vale,

Men thy bold deeds shall tell,  
Old Heart of Oak,  
Daring Dave Farragut,  
Thunderbolt stroke!

*William Tucker Mercedith* [1830-?]

## CRAVEN

[MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864]

OVER the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,  
Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame;  
Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,  
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,  
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign:  
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim  
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming; the monitor hung  
Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed;  
Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;  
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore  
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;  
She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar,  
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,  
Pilot and captain met as they turned to fly:  
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,  
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

They stood like men in a dream; Craven spoke,—  
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a captain's pride:  
"After you, Pilot." The pilot woke,  
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

All men praise the deed and the manner; but we—

We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,  
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,  
The grave of the empty hands and promises loud;

Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,

Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,  
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,  
Outram coveting right before command,

These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,

These with him shall be crowned in story and song,  
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,  
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud, and strong.

*Henry Newbolt* [1862-1938]

### SHERIDAN'S RIDE

[OCTOBER 19, 1864]

Up from the South, at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar;  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold,  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good, broad highway leading down:  
And there, through the flush of the morning light,  
A steed as black as the steeds of night  
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight;

As if he knew the terrible need,  
He stretched away with his utmost speed;  
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,  
    With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,  
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,  
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master  
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
    With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind  
Like an ocean flying before the wind;  
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;  
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
    With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;  
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,  
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because  
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;  
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,  
He seemed to the whole great army to say:  
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
    From Winchester town to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!  
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on high,  
Under the dome of the Union sky,  
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,  
There, with the glorious general's name,  
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:  
"Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

*Thomas Buchanan Read [1822-1872]*

### SONG OF SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

[NOVEMBER, 1864]

OUR camp-fires shone bright on the mountains  
That frowned on the river below,  
While we stood by our guns in the morning,  
And eagerly watched for the foe;  
When a rider came out from the darkness  
That hung over mountain and tree,  
And shouted: "Boys, up and be ready,  
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman  
Went up from each valley and glen,  
And the bugles reëchoed the music  
That came from the lips of the men:  
For we knew that the stars in our banner  
More bright in their splendor would be,  
And that blessings from Northland would greet us  
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle!  
We marched on our wearisome way,  
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca;  
God bless those who fell on that day!  
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,  
Frowned down on the flag of the free,  
But the East and the West bore our standards,  
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

## A Second Review of the Grand Army 2513

Still onward we pressed, till our banners  
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,  
And the blood of the patriot dampened  
The soil where the traitor flag falls;  
Yet we paused not to weep for the fallen,  
Who slept by each river and tree;  
We twined them a wreath of the laurel  
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh! proud was our army that morning,  
That stood where the pine darkly towers,  
When Sherman said: "Boys, you are weary;  
This day fair Savannah is ours!"  
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,  
That echoed o'er river and lea,  
And the stars in our banner shone brighter  
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

*Samuel H. M. Byers* [1838-1933]

## A SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY

[MAY 24, 1865]

I READ last night of the Grand **Review**  
In Washington's chiefest avenue,—  
Two hundred thousand men in blue,  
I think they said was the number,—  
Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,  
The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,  
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,  
The cheers of people who came to greet,  
And the thousand details that to repeat  
Would only my verse encumber,—  
Till I fell in a revery, sad and sweet,  
And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand  
In the lonely Capitol. On each hand  
Far stretched the portico, dim and grand  
Its columns ranged like a martial band



Of sheeted spectres, whom some command  
Had called to a last reviewing.  
And the streets of the city were white and bare;  
No footfall echoed across the square;  
But out of the misty midnight air  
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,  
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear  
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread;  
For into the square, with a brazen tread,  
There rode a figure whose stately head  
O'erlooked the review that morning,  
That never bowed from its firm-set seat  
When the living column passed its feet,  
Yet now rode steadily up the street  
To the phantom bugle's warning:

Till it reached the Capitol square, and wheeled,  
And there in the moonlight stood revealed  
A well-known form that in State and field  
Had led our patriot sires:  
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,  
Afar through the river's fog and damp,  
That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,  
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,  
With never a sound of fife or drum,  
But keeping time to a throbbing hum  
Of wailing and lamentation:  
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,  
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,  
The men whose wasted figures fill  
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead,—the men  
Who perished in fever-swamp and fen,  
The slowly-starved of the prison-pen;  
And, marching beside the others,

Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,  
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;  
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—  
They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the Nation's dead,  
With never a banner above them spread,  
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandishèd;  
No mark—save the bare uncovered head  
Of the silent bronze Reviewer;  
With never an arch save the vaulted sky;  
With never a flower save those that lie  
On the distant graves—for love could buy  
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array;  
So all night long, till the morning gray,  
I watched for one who had passed away,  
With a reverent awe and wonder,—  
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,  
And I knew that one who was kin of mine  
Had come; and I spake—and lo! that sign  
Awakened me from my slumber.

*Bret Harte* [1839-1902]

### THE CONQUERED BANNER

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary;  
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;  
Furl it, fold it—it is best;  
For there's not a man to wave it,  
And there's not a sword to save it,  
And there's not one left to lave it  
In the blood which heroes gave it;  
And its foes now scorn and brave it;  
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;  
Broken is its shaft and shattered;  
And the valiant hosts are scattered

Over whom it floated high.  
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,  
Hard to think there's none to hold it,  
Hard that those who once unrolled it  
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;  
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,  
And ten thousands wildly, madly,  
Swore it should forever wave—  
Swore that foeman's sword should never  
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,  
And that flag should float forever  
O'er their freedom, or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,  
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,  
Cold and dead are lying low;  
And that Banner—it is trailing,  
While around it sounds the wailing  
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it—  
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!  
Weep for those who fell before it!  
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!  
But, oh, wildly they deplore it,  
Now who furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live in song and story  
Though its folds are in the dust!  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages—  
Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;  
Treat it gently—it is holy,

For it droops above the dead;  
Touch it not—unfold it never;  
Let it droop there, furled forever,—  
For its people's hopes are fled.

*Abram J. Ryan [1839-1888]*

# DRIVING HOME THE COWS

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass,  
He turned them into the river-lane;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace;  
The merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go:  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,  
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,

Across the clover, and through the wheat,  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,  
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;  
And now, when the cows came back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had lain;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cold and late.

He went for the cows when the work was done;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;  
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—  
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;  
And under the silent evening skies,  
Together they followed the cattle home.

*Kate Putnam Osgood [1841-1910]*

### ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION

JULY 21, 1865

#### I

WEAK-WINGED is song,  
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height  
Whither the brave deed climbs for light:  
We seem to do them wrong,  
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse  
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,  
Our trivial song to honor those who come  
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,  
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,  
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire:  
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,

A gracious memory to buoy up and save  
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave  
Of the unventurous throng.

II

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back  
Her wisest Scholars, those who understood  
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,  
And offered their fresh lives to make it good:  
No lore of Greece or Rome,  
No science peddling with the names of things,  
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,  
Can lift our life with wings  
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits,  
And lengthen out our dates  
With that clear fame whose memory sings  
In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates:  
Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all!  
Not such the trumpet-call  
Of thy diviner mood,  
That could thy sons entice  
From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest  
Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,  
Into War's tumult rude;  
But rather far that stern device  
The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood  
In the dim, unventured wood,  
The VERITAS that lurks beneath  
The letter's unprolific sheath,  
Life of whate'er makes life worth living,  
Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,  
One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving.

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil  
Amid the dust of books to find her,  
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,  
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.  
Many in sad faith sought for her;  
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;

But these, our brothers, fought for her;  
At life's dear peril wrought for her,  
So loved her that they died for her,  
Tasting the raptured flectness  
Of her divine completeness:

    Their higher instinct knew  
Those love her best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do;  
    They followed her and found her  
    Where all may hope to find,  
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,  
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.  
    Where faith made whole with deed  
    Breathes its awakening breath  
    Into the lifeless creed,  
    They saw her plumed and mailed,  
    With sweet, stern face unveiled,  
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

## IV

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides  
    Into the silent hollow of the past;  
    What is there that abides  
    To make the next age better for the last?  
    Is earth too poor to give us  
    Something to live for here that shall outlive us?  
    Some more substantial boon  
Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon?  
    The little that we see  
    From doubt is never free;  
    The little that we do  
    Is but half-nobly true;  
    With our laborious hiving  
What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,  
    Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,  
    Only secure in every one's conniving,  
A long account of nothings paid with loss,  
Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,  
    After our little hour of strut and rave,  
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,

Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,  
Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.  
But stay! no age was e'er degenerate,  
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,  
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.  
    Ah, there is something here  
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,  
    Something that gives our feeble light  
    A high immunity from Night,  
Something that leaps life's narrow bars  
To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven;  
A seed of sunshine that can leaven  
Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,  
    And glorify our clay  
With light from fountains elder than the Day;  
A conscience more divine than we,  
A gladness fed with secret tears,  
A vexing, forward-reaching sense  
Of some more noble permanence;  
    A light across the sea,  
Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,  
Still beaconing from the heights of undegenerate years.

Whither leads the path  
To ampler fates that leads?  
Not down through flowery meads,  
To reap an aftermath  
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,  
But up the steep, amid the wrath  
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,  
Where the world's best hope and stay  
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,  
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.  
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,  
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word  
Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword  
    Dreams in its easeful sheath;  
But some day the live coal behind the thought,  
    Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,



Or from the shrine serene  
 Of God's pure altar brought,  
 Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen  
 Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,  
 And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,  
 Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:  
 Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed  
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,  
 And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,  
 And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;  
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;  
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,  
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"

Life may be given in many ways,  
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
 As bravely in the closet as the field,  
 So bountiful is Fate;  
 But then to stand beside her,  
 When craven churls deride her,  
 To front a lie in arms and not to yield,  
 This shows, methinks, God's plan  
 And measure of a stalwart man,  
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
 Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,  
 Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,  
 Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

## VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
 Whom late the Nation he had led,  
 With ashes on her head,  
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:  
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn  
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,  
 And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.  
 Nature, they say, doth dote,  
 And cannot make a man  
 Save on some worn-out plan,  
 Repeating us by rote:  
 For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,  
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast

Of the unexhausted West,  
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
     How beautiful to see  
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;  
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
     Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
     But by his clear-grained human worth,  
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!  
     They knew that outward grace is dust;  
     They could not choose but trust  
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,  
     And supple-tempered will  
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.  
     His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,  
     Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,  
     A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;  
     Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
     Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,  
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.  
     Nothing of Europe here,  
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,  
     Ere any names of Serf and Peer  
     Could Nature's equal scheme deface  
     And thwart her genial will;  
     Here was a type of the true elder race,  
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.  
     I praise him not; it were too late;  
 And some innative weakness there must be  
 In him who condescends to victory  
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
     Safe in himself as in a fate.  
     So always firmly he:  
     He knew to bide his time,  
     And can his fame abide,  
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
     Till the wise years decide.  
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
     Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
     But at last silence comes;

These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
 Our children shall behold his fame,  
 The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

## VII

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern  
 Or only guess some more inspiring goal  
 Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,  
 Along whose course the flying axles burn  
 Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier brood;  
 Long as below we cannot find  
 The meed that stills the inexorable mind;  
 So long this faith to some ideal Good,  
 Under whatever mortal names it masks,  
 Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood  
 That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,  
 Feeling its challenged pulses leap,  
 While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,  
 And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,  
 Shall win man's praise and woman's love,  
 Shall be a wisdom that we set above  
 All other skills and gifts to culture dear,  
 A virtue round whose forehead we inwreath  
 Laurels that with a living passion breathe  
 When other crowns grow, while we twine them, sear,  
 What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,  
 And seal these hours the noblest of our year,  
 Save that our brothers found this better way?

## VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land  
 That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;  
 But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,  
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.  
 We welcome back our bravest and our best;—  
 Ah me! not all! some come not with the rest,  
 Who went forth brave and bright as any here!  
 I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,  
 But the sad strings complain,  
 And will not please the ear:

I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane  
    Again and yet again  
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.  
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,  
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,  
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:  
    Fitlier may others greet the living,  
    For me the past is unforgiving;  
    I with uncovered head  
    Salute the sacred dead,  
Who went, and who return not.—Say not so!  
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
But the high faith that failed not by the way;  
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;  
No ban of endless night exiles the brave;  
    And to the saner mind  
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.  
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!  
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:  
I see them muster in a gleaming row,  
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;  
We find in our dull road their shining track;  
    In every nobler mood  
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,  
Part of our life's unalterable good,  
Of all our saintlier aspiration;  
    They come transfigured back,  
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

## IX

But is there hope to save  
Even this ethereal essence from the grave?  
What e'er 'scaped Oblivion's subtle wrong  
Save a few clarion names, or golden threads of song?  
    Before my musing eye  
The mighty ones of old sweep by,  
Disvoicèd now and insubstantial things,  
As noisy once as we; poor ghosts of kings,

Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,  
And many races, nameless long ago,  
To darkness driven by that imperious gust  
Of ever-rushing Time that here doth blow:  
O visionary world, condition strange,  
Where naught abiding is but only Change,  
Where the deep-bolted stars themselves still shift and range!  
Shall we to more continuance make pretence?  
Renown builds tombs; a life-estate is Wit;  
And, bit by bit,  
The cunning years steal all from us but woe;  
Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest sow.  
But, when we vanish hence,  
Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,  
Save to make green their little length of sods,  
Or deepen pansies for a year or two,  
Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods?  
Was dying all they had the skill to do?  
That were not fruitless: but the Soul resents  
Such short-lived service, as if blind events  
Ruled without her, or earth could so endure;  
She claims a more divine investiture  
Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents;  
Whate'er she touches doth her nature share;  
Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,  
Gives eyes to mountains blind,  
Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,  
And her clear trump sings succor everywhere  
By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;  
For soul inherits all that soul could dare:  
Yea, Manhood hath a wider span  
And larger privilege of life than man.  
The single deed, the private sacrifice,  
So radiant now through proudly-hidden tears,  
Is covered up erelong from mortal eyes  
With thoughtless drift of the deciduous years;  
But that high privilege that makes all men peers,  
That leap of heart whereby a people rise  
Up to a noble anger's height,  
And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but grow more  
bright,

That swift validity in noble veins,  
 Of choosing danger and disdaining shame,  
 Of being set on flame  
 By the pure fire that flies all contact base,  
 But wraps its chosen with angelic might,  
     These are imperishable gains,  
 Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,  
 These hold great futures in their lusty reins  
 And certify to earth a new imperial race.

X

Who now shall sneer?  
 Who dare again to say we trace  
 Our lines to a plebeian race?  
     Roundhead and Cavalier!  
 Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;  
 Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,  
     They flit across the ear:  
 That is best blood that hath most iron in't.  
 To edge resolve with, pouring without stint  
     For what makes manhood dear.  
 Tell us not of Plantagenets,  
 Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl  
 Down from some victor in a border-brawl!  
 How poor their outworn coronets,  
 Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath  
 Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,  
     Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets  
 Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears  
 Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears  
     With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

XI

Not in anger, not in pride,  
 Pure from passion's mixture rude  
 Ever to base earth allied,  
 But with far-heard gratitude,  
     Still with heart and voice renewed,  
 To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,  
 The strain should close that consecrates our brave.  
 Lift the heart and lift the head!  
     Lofty be its mood and grave,

Not without a martial ring,  
Not without a prouder tread  
And a peal of exultation:  
Little right has he to sing  
Through whose heart in such an hour  
Beats no march of conscious power,  
Sweeps no tumult of elation!  
'Tis no Man we celebrate,  
By his country's victories great,  
A hero half, and half the whim of Fate  
But the pith and marrow of a Nation  
Drawing force from all her men,  
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,  
For her time of need, and then  
Pulsing it again through them,  
Till the basest can no longer cower,  
Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,  
Touched but in passing by her mantle-hem.  
Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis her dower!  
How could poet ever tower,  
If his passions, hopes, and fears,  
If his triumphs and his tears,  
Kept not measure with his people?  
Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves!  
Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple!  
Banners, advance with triumph, bend your staves!  
And from every mountain-peak  
Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,  
Katahdin tell Monadnock, Whiteface he,  
And so leap on in light from sea to sea,  
Till the glad news be sent  
Across a kindling continent,  
Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver:  
"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her;  
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,  
She of the open soul and open door,  
With room about her hearth for all mankind!  
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more;  
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind  
Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin

And bids her navies, that so lately hurled  
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,  
Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmed shore.  
No challenge sends she to the elder world,  
That looked askance and hated; a light scorn  
Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees  
She calls her children back, and waits the morn  
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

## XII

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!  
Thy God, in these distempered days,  
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,  
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!  
Bow down in prayer and praise!  
No poorest in thy borders but may now  
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.  
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!  
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,  
And letting thy set lips,  
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,  
What words divine of lover or of poet  
Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?  
What were our lives without thee?  
What all our lives to save thee?  
We reck not what we gave thee;  
We will not dare to doubt thee,  
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

*James Russell Lowell* [1819-1891]

## CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE

(JUNE 25, 1876)

DEAD! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,  
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,  
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,  
Far from our battle-king's ringlets of light!



Dead, our young chieftain, and dead, all forsaken!  
No one to tell us the way of his fall!  
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,  
Never, not even to victory's call!

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!  
All the night long he had been on their track,  
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,  
Wild for a charge that should never give back.  
There on the hilltop he halted and saw them.—  
Lodges all loosened and ready to fly;  
Hurrying scouts with the tidings to awe them,  
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,  
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat!—  
Warriors running in haste to their horses,  
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!  
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,  
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!  
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who  
followed—  
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,  
Into the battle-line steady and full;  
Then down the hillside exultingly thundered,  
Into the hordes of the old Sitting Bull!  
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,  
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,  
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion,—  
Then closed around, the grim horde of wild Sioux!

Right to their centre he charged, and then facing—  
Hark to those yells! and around them, O see!  
Over the hilltops the Indians come racing,  
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!  
Red was the circle of fire around them;  
No hope of victory, no ray of light,  
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them  
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

Then did he blench? Did he die like a craven,  
    Begging those torturing fiends for his life?  
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven  
    Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?  
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!  
    There in the midst of the Indians they close,  
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,  
    Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;  
    Down go the horses and riders and all;  
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,  
    Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.  
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,  
    Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;  
Quivering lances with pennons so airy,  
    War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward, again and again, they were driven,  
    Shrinking to close with the lost little band;  
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven  
    Bowed till its wearer was dead on the strand.  
Closer and closer the death-circle growing,  
    Ever the leader's voice, clarion clear,  
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,  
    "We can but die once, boys,—we'll sell our lives dear!"

Dearly they sold them like Berserkers raging,  
    Facing the death that encircled them round;  
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,  
    Marking their tracks by their dead on the ground.  
Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,—  
    Custer's last charge on the old Sitting Bull;  
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory  
    Needed but that death to render it full.

*Frederick Whittaker* [1838-1917]

## THE LAST REDOUBT

[SEPTEMBER, 1877]

KACELYEVO's slope still felt  
The cannons' bolts and the rifles' pelt;

For the last redoubt up the hill remained,  
By the Russ yet held, by the Turk not gained.

Mehemet Ali stroked his beard;  
His lips were clinched and his look was weird;  
Round him were ranks of his ragged folk,  
Their faces blackened with blood and smoke.

"Clear me the Muscovite out!" he cried;  
Then the name of "Allah!" echoed wide,  
And the fezzes were waved and the bayonets lowered,  
And on to the last redoubt they poured.

One fell, and a second quickly stopped  
The gap that he left when he reeled and dropped;  
The second,—a third straight filled his place;  
The third,—and a fourth kept up the race.

Many a fez in the mud was crushed,  
Many a throat that cheered was hushed,  
Many a heart that sought the crest  
Found Allah's arms and a houri's breast.

Over their corpses the living sprang,  
And the ridge with their musket-rattle rang,  
Till the faces that lined the last redoubt  
Could see their faces and hear their shout.

In the redoubt a fair form towered,  
That cheered up the brave and chid the coward;  
Brandishing blade with a gallant air;  
His head erect and his bosom bare.

"Fly! they are on us!" his men implored;  
But he waved them on with his waving sword.  
"It cannot be held; 'tis no shame to go!"  
But he stood with his face set hard to the foe.

Then clung they about him, and tugged, and knelt;  
He drew a pistol from out his belt,  
And fired it blank at the first that set  
Foot on the edge of the parapet

Over that first one toppled; but on  
Clambered the rest till their bayonets shone,  
As hurriedly fled his men dismayed,  
Not a bayonet's length from the length of his blade.

“ Yield!” But aloft his steel he flashed,  
And down on their steel it ringing clashed;  
Then back he reeled with a bladeless hilt,  
His honor full, but his life-blood spilt.

They lifted him up from the dabbled ground;  
His limbs were shapely and soft and round,  
No down on his lip, on his cheek no shade,—  
“ Bismillah!” they cried, “ ’tis an infidel maid!”

Mehemet Ali came and saw  
The riddled breast and the tender jaw.  
“ Make her a bier of your arms,” he said,  
“ And daintily bury this dainty dead!

“ Make her a grave where she stood and fell,  
’Gainst the jackal’s scratch and the vulture’s smell  
Did the Muscovite men like their maidens fight,  
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-night.”

So a deeper trench ’mong the trenches there  
Was dug, for the form as brave as fair;  
And none, till the judgment trump and shout,  
Shall drive her out of the last redoubt.

*Alfred Austin* [1835-1913]

“FUZZY-WUZZY”

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE, 1889)

WE’VE fought with many men acrost the seas,  
An’ some of em’ was brave an’ some was not:  
The Paythan an’ the Zulu an’ Burmese;  
But the Fuzzy was the finest o’ the lot.

We never got a ha' porth's change of 'im:  
    'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,  
'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,  
    An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.  
    So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in  
        the Sowdan;  
    You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class  
        fightin' man;  
    We gives you your certifikit, an' if you want it  
        signed  
    We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever  
        you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,  
    The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,  
The Burman guv us Irriwaddy chills,  
    An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:  
But all we ever got from such as they  
    Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;  
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,  
    But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.  
    Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis  
        and the kid;  
    Our orders was to break you, an' of course we  
        went and did.  
    We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly  
        fair;  
    But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you  
        bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,  
    'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,  
So we most certify the skill 'e's shown  
    In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:  
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush  
    With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,  
A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush  
    Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.  
    So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends  
        which is no more,

## The Word of the Lord from Havana 2535

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp  
you to deplore;  
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the  
bargain fair,  
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled  
up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,  
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;  
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.  
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!  
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,  
'E's the only thing that doesn't give a damn  
For the Regiment o' British Infantee.  
So here's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in  
the Sowdan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class  
fightin' man;  
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick  
'ead of hair—  
You big black boundin' beggar—for you bruk a  
British square.

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-1936]

## THE WORD OF THE LORD FROM HAVANA

[FEBRUARY 16, 1898]

THUS spake the Lord:  
Because ye have not heard,  
Because ye have given no heed  
To my people in their need,

Because the oppressed cried  
From the dust where he died,  
And ye turned your face away  
From his cry in that day,

Because ye have bought and sold  
That which is above gold,

Because your brother is slain  
While ye get you drunk with gain,

(Behold, these are my people, I have brought them to birth  
On whom the mighty have trod,  
The kings of the earth,  
Saith the Lord God!)

Because ye fawned and bowed down  
Lest the spoiler frown,  
And the wrongs that the spoiled have borne  
Ye have held in scorn,

Therefore with rending and flame  
I have marred and smitten you,  
Therefore I have given you to shame,  
That the nations shall spit on you.

Therefore my Angel of Death  
Hath stretched out his hand on you,  
Therefore I speak in my wrath,  
Laying command on you;

(Once have I bared my sword,  
And the kings of the earth gave a cry;  
Twice have I bared my sword,  
That the kings of the earth should die;  
Thrice shall I bare my sword,  
And ye shall know my name, that it is I!)

Ye who held peace less than right  
When a king laid a pitiful tax on you,  
Hold not your hand from the fight  
When freedom cries under the axe on you!

(I who called France to you, call you to Cuba in turn!  
Repay—lest I cast you adrift and you perish astern!)

Ye who made war that your ships  
Should lay to at the beck of no nation,  
Make war now on Murder, that slips  
The leash of her hounds of damnation!

Ye who remembered the Alamo,  
Remember the Maine!

*Richard Hovey* [1864-1900]

## DEWEY AT MANILA

[MAY 1, 1898]

'Twas the very verge of May  
When the bold Olympia led  
Into Bocagrande Bay  
Dewey's squadron, dark and dread,—  
Creeping past Corregidor,  
Guardian of Manila's shore.

Do they sleep who wait the fray?  
Is the moon so dazzling bright  
That our cruisers' battle-gray  
Melts into the misty light? . . .  
Ah! the red flash and the roar!  
Wakes at last Corregidor!

All too late their screaming shell  
Tears the silence with its track;  
This is but the *gate* of hell,  
We've no leisure to turn back.  
Answer, Concord!—then once more  
Slumber on, Corregidor!

And as, like a slowing tide,  
Onward still the vessels creep,  
Dewey, watching, falcon-eyed,  
Orders,—“Let the gunners sleep;  
For we meet a foe at four  
Fiercer than Corregidor.”

Well they slept, for well they knew  
What the morrow taught us all,—  
He was wise (as well as true)  
Thus upon the foe to fall.  
Long shall Spain the day deplore  
Dewey ran Corregidor.



May is dancing into light  
As the Spanish Admiral  
From a dream of phantom fight  
Wakens at his sentry's call.  
Shall he leave Cavité's lee,  
Hunt the Yankee fleet at sea?

O Montojo, to thy deck,  
That to-day shall float its last!  
Quick! To quarters! Yonder speck  
Grows a hull of portent vast.  
Hither, toward Cavité's lee  
Comes the Yankee hunting thee!

Not for fear of hidden mine  
Halts our doughty Commodore.  
He, of old heroic line,  
Follows Farragut once more,  
Hazards all on victory,  
Here within Cavité's lee.

If he loses, all is gone;  
He will win because he must.  
And the shafts of yonder dawn  
Are not quicker than his thrust.  
Soon, Montojo, he shall be  
With thee in Cavité's lee.

Now, Manila, to the fray!  
Show the hated Yankee host  
This is not a holiday,—  
Spanish blood is more than boast.  
Fleet and mine and battery,  
Crush him in Cavité's lee!

Lo, hell's geysers at our fore  
Pierce the plotted path—in vain.  
Nerving every man the more  
With the memory of the Maine!  
Now at last our guns are free  
Here within Cavité's lee.

"Gridley," says the Commodore,  
"You may fire when ready." Then  
Long and loud, like lions' roar  
When a rival dares the den,  
Breaks the awful cannonry  
Full across Cavité's lee.

Who shall tell the daring tale  
Of our Thunderbolt's attack,  
Finding, when the chart should fail,  
By the lead his dubious track,  
Five ships following faithfully  
Five times o'er Cavité's lee;

Of our gunners' deadly aim;  
Of the gallant foe and brave  
Who, unconquered, faced with flame,  
Seek the mercy of the wave,—  
Choosing honor in the sea  
Underneath Cavité's lee?

Let the meed the victors gain  
Be the measure of their task.  
Less of flinching, stouter strain,  
Fiercer combat—who could ask?  
And "surrender,"—'twas a word  
That Cavité ne'er had heard.

Noon,—the woful work is done!  
Not a Spanish ship remains;  
But, of their eleven, none  
Ever was so truly Spain's!  
Which is prouder, they or we,  
Thinking of Cavité's lee?

## ENVOY

But remember, when we've ceased  
Giving praise and reckoning odds,  
Man shares courage with the beast,  
Wisdom cometh from the gods:

Who would win, on land or wave,  
Must be wise as well as brave.

*Robert Underwood Johnson* [1853-1937]

## DEEDS OF VALOR AT SANTIAGO

[JULY 1, 1898]

Who cries that the days of daring are those that are faded  
far,  
That never a light burns planet-bright to be hailed as the  
hero's star?  
Let the deeds of the dead be lauded, the brave of the elder  
years,  
But a song, we say, for the men of to-day, who have proved  
themselves their peers!

High in the vault of the tropic sky is the garish eye of the  
sun,  
And down with its crown of guns afrown looks the hilltop  
to be won;  
There is the trench where the Spaniard lurks, his hold and  
his hiding-place,  
And he who would cross the space between must meet death  
face to face.

The black mouths belch and thunder, and the shrapnel  
shrieks and flies;  
Where are the fain and the fearless, the lads with the daunt-  
less eyes?  
Will the moment find them wanting! Nay, but with valor  
stirred!  
Like the leashed hound on the coursing-ground they wait  
but the warning word.

"Charge!" and the line moves forward, moves with a shout  
and a swing,  
While sharper far than the cactus-thorn is the spiteful bul-  
let's sting.

Now they are out in the open, and now they are breasting  
the slope,  
While into the eyes of death they gaze as into the eyes of  
hope.

Never they wait nor waver, but on they clamber and on,  
With "Up with the flag of the Stripes and Stars, and down  
with the flag of the Don!"  
What should they bear through the shot-rent air but rout  
to the ranks of Spain,  
For the blood that throbs in their hearts is the blood of the  
boys of Anthony Wayne!

See, they have taken the trenches! Where are the foemen?  
Gone!  
And now "Old Glory" waves in the breeze from the heights  
of San Juan!  
And so, while the dead are laureled, the brave of the elder  
years,  
A song, we say, for the men of to-day, who have proved  
themselves their peers.

*Clinton Scollard [1860-1932]*

### BREATH ON THE OAT

FREE are the Muses, and where freedom is  
They follow, as the thrushes follow spring,  
Leaving the old lands songless there behind;  
Parnassus disenchanted suns its woods,  
Empty of every nymph; wide have they flown;  
And now on new sierras think to set  
Their wandering court, and thrill the world anew,  
Where the Republic babbling waits its speech;  
For but the prelude of its mighty song  
As yet has sounded. Therefore, would I woo  
Apollo to the land I love, 'tis vain;  
Unknown he spies on us; and if my verse  
Ring not the empyrean round and round,  
'Tis that the feeble oat is few of stops.

The noble theme awaits the nobler bard.  
Then how all air will quire to it, and all  
The great dead listen, America!—For lo,  
Diana of the nations hath she lived  
Remote, and hoarding her own happiness  
In her own land, the land that seemed her first  
An exile, where her bark was cast away,  
Till maiden grew the backward-hearted child,  
And on that sea whose waves were memories  
Turned her young shoulder, looked with steadfast eyes  
Upon her wilderness, her woods, her streams;  
Inland she ran, and gathering virgin joy  
Followed her shafts afar from humankind.  
And if sometimes her isolation drooped  
And yearning woke in her, she put it forth  
With a high boast and with a sick disdain;  
Actæons fleeing, into antlers branched  
The floating tresses of her fancy, and far  
Her arrows smote them with a bleeding laugh.  
O vain and virgin, O the fool of love!  
Now children not her own are at her knee.  
For stricken by her path lay one that vexed  
Her maiden calm; she reached a petulant hand;  
And the old nations drew sharp breath and looked.  
The two-edged sword, how came it in her hand?  
The sword that slays the holder if he withhold,  
That none can take, or having taken drop,  
The sword is in thy hand, America!  
The wrath of God, that fillets thee with lightnings,  
America! Strike then; the sword departs.  
Ah God, once more may men crown drowsy days  
With glorious death, upholding a great cause!  
I deemed it fable; not of them am I.  
Yet if they loved thee on the loud May-day  
Who with unexultant thunder wreathed the flag,  
With thunder and with victory, if they  
Who on the third most famous of our Fourths  
Along the seaboard mountains swept, a storm  
Unleashed, whose tread spurned not the wrecks of Spain,  
If these thy sons have loved thee, and have set

## When the Great Gray Ships Come In 2543

Santiago and Manila like new stars  
Crowding thy field of blue, new terror perched  
Like eagles on thy banners, oh, not less  
I love thee, who but prattle in the prime  
Of birds of passage over river and wood  
Thine also, piping little charms to lure,  
Uncaptured and unfling, the wings of song.

*Joseph Russell Taylor* [1868-1933]

### WHEN THE GREAT GRAY SHIPS COME IN

[NEW YORK HARBOR, AUGUST 20, 1898]

To eastward ringing, to westward winging, o'er mapless  
miles of sea,  
On winds and tides the gospel rides that the furthest  
isles are free,  
And the furthest isles make answer, harbor, and height,  
and hill,  
Breaker and beach cry each to each, "'Tis the Mother who  
calls! Be still!"  
Mother! new-found, beloved, and strong to hold from harm,  
Stretching to these across the seas the shield of her sovereign  
arm,  
Who summoned the guns of her sailor sons, who bade her  
navies roam,  
Who calls again to the leagues of main, and who calls them  
this time Home!  
And the great gray ships are silent, and the weary watchers  
rest,  
The black cloud dies in the August skies, and deep in the  
golden west  
Invisible hands are limning a glory of crimson bars,  
And far above is the wonder of a myriad wakened stars!  
Peace! As the tidings silence the strenuous cannonade,  
Peace at last! is the bugle blast the length of the long block-  
ade,  
And eyes of vigil weary are lit with the glad release,  
From ship to ship and from lip to lip it is "Peace! Thank  
God for peace."

Ah, in the sweet hereafter Columbia still shall show  
The sons of these who swept the seas how she bade them  
    rise and go,—  
How, when the stirring summons smote on her children's ear,  
South and North at the call stood forth, and the whole land  
    answered, "Here!"  
For the soul of the soldier's story and the heart of the sailor's  
    song  
Are all of those who meet their foes as right should meet  
    with wrong,  
Who fight their guns till the foeman runs, and then, on the  
    decks they trod,  
Brave faces raise, and give the praise to the grace of their  
    country's God!  
  
Yes, it is good to battle, and good to be strong and free,  
To carry the hearts of a people to the uttermost ends of the  
    sea,  
To see the day steal up the bay where the enemy lies in wait,  
To run your ship to the harbor's lip and sink her across the  
    strait:—  
But better the golden evening when the ships round heads  
    for home,  
And the long gray miles slip swiftly past in a swirl of  
    seething foam,  
And the people wait at the haven's gate to greet the men  
    who win!  
Thank God for peace! Thank God for peace, when the  
    great gray ships come in!

*Guy Wetmore Carryl* [1873-1904]

1914

I—PEACE

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,  
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,  
Leave the sick hearts that honor could not move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there  
But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

## II—SAFETY

Dear! of all happy in the hour, most blest  
He who has found our hid security,  
Assured in the dark tides of the world that rest,  
And heard our word, "Who is so safe as we?"  
We have found safety with all things undying,  
The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,  
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,  
And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.  
We have built a house that is not for Time's throwing.  
We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.  
War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,  
Secretly armed against all death's endeavor;  
Safe though all safety's lost; safe where men fall;  
And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

## III—THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!  
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,  
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.  
These laid the world away; poured out the red  
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be  
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,  
That men call age; and those who would have been,  
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.  
Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage.

## IV—THE DEAD

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.



The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
 And sunset, and the colors of the earth.  
 These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
 Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
 Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
 Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.  
 There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
 And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
 Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
 And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
 Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
 A width, a shining peace, under the night.

## V—THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:  
 That there's some corner of a foreign field  
 That is forever England. There shall be  
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;  
 A body of England's, breathing English air,  
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.  
 And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;  
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

*Rupert Brooke* [1887-1915]

## AUGUST, 1914

How still this quiet cornfield is to-night!  
 By an intenser glow the evening falls,  
 Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light;  
 Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The windows glitter on the distant hill;  
 Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold  
 Stumble on sudden music and are still;  
 The forlorn pinewoods droop above the wold.

An endless quiet valley reaches out  
Past the blue hills into the evening sky;  
Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout  
Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.

So beautiful it is, I never saw  
So great a beauty on these English fields,  
Touched by the twilight's coming into awe,  
Ripe to the soul and rich with summer's yields. . . .

These homes, this valley spread below me here,  
The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,  
Have been the heartfelt things, past-speaking dear  
To unknown generations of dead men,

Who, century after century, held these farms,  
And, looking out to watch the changing sky,  
Heard, as we hear, the rumors and alarms  
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh.

And knew, as we know, that the message meant  
The breaking off of ties, the loss of friends,  
Death, like a miser getting in his rent,  
And no new stones laid where the trackway ends.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,  
The friendly horses taken from the stalls,  
The fallow on the hill not yet brought in,  
The cracks unplastered in the leaking walls.

Yet heard the news, and went discouraged home,  
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,  
With such dumb loving of the Berkshire loam  
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English kind,

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs,  
And so by ship to sea, and knew no more  
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,  
Nor the dear outline of the English shore.

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,  
The freezing in the rigging, the despair

In the revolting second of the wrench  
When the blind soul is flung upon the air,  
And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands  
For some idea but dimly understood  
Of an English city never built by hands  
Which love of England prompted and made good.

If there be any life beyond the grave,  
It must be near the men and things we love,  
Some power of quick suggestion how to save,  
Touching the living soul as from above.

An influence from the Earth from those dead hearts  
So passionate once, so deep, so truly kind,  
That in the living child the spirit starts,  
Feeling companioned still, not left behind.

Surely above these fields a spirit broods,  
A sense of many watchers muttering near  
Of the lone Downland with the forlorn woods  
Loved to the death, inestimably dear.

A muttering from beyond the veils of Death  
From long-dead men, to whom this quiet scene  
Came among blinding tears with the last breath,  
The dying soldier's vision of his queen.

All the unspoken worship of those lives  
Spent in forgotten wars at other calls  
Glimmers upon these fields where evening drives  
Beauty like breath, so gently darkness falls.

Darkness that makes the meadows hoier still,  
The elm-trees sadden in the hedge, a sigh  
Moves in the beech-clump on the haunted hill,  
The rising planets deepen in the sky,

And silence broods like spirit on the brae,  
A glimmering moon begins, the moonlight runs  
Over the grasses of the ancient way  
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.

*John Masefield* [1878-

A CHANT OF HATE AGAINST ENGLAND\*

FRENCH and Russian they matter not,  
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot,  
We love them not,  
We hate them not,  
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate,  
We have but one and only hate,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone:—  
He is known to you all, he is known to you all,  
He crouches behind the dark gray flood,  
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,  
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.  
Come let us stand at the Judgment place  
An oath to swear to, face to face.  
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,  
An oath for our sons and their sons to take,  
Come hear the word, repeat the word,  
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard:  
We will never forego our hate,  
We have all but a single hate,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone,  
England!

At the Captain's mess, in the Banquet-hall,  
Sat feasting the officers, one and all,—  
Like a sabre-blow, like the swing of a sail,  
One raised his glass, held high to hail;  
Sharp-snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,  
Spoke three words only: "To the day!"  
Whose glass this fate?  
They had all but a single hate.  
Who was thus known?  
They had one foe and one alone,  
England!

Take you the folk of the earth in pay,  
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,  
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,  
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.

\*For the original of this poem see page 3846.

French and Russian they matter not.  
 A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,  
 We fight the battle with bronze and steel,  
 And the time that is coming, Peace will seal.

*You* will we hate with a lasting hate,  
 We will never forego our hate.  
 Hate by water and hate by land,  
 Hate of the head and hate of the hand,  
 Hate of the hammer and hate of the Crown.  
 Hate of seventy *millions* choking down.  
 We love as one, we hate as one,  
 We have one foe and one alone:

England!

*From the German of Ernst Lissauer by Barbara Henderson* [18

#### SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE FALL OF 1914

AWAKE, ye nations, slumbering supine,  
 Who round enring the European fray!  
 Heard ye the trumpet sound? "The Day! the Day!  
 The last that shall on England's empire shine!  
 The Parliament that broke the Right Divine  
 Shall see her realm of reason swept away,  
 And lesser nations shall the sword obey—  
 The sword o'er all carve the great world's design!"  
 So on the English Channel boasts the foe  
 On whose imperial brow death's helmet nods.  
 Look where his hosts o'er bloody Belgium go,  
 And mix a nation's past with blazing sods!  
 A kingdom's waste! a people's homeless woe!  
 Man's broken Word, and violated gods!

Far fall the day when England's realm shall see  
 The sunset of dominion! Her increase  
 Abolishes the man-dividing seas,  
 And frames the brotherhood on earth to be!  
 She, in free peoples planting sovereignty,  
 Orbs half the civil world in British peace;  
 And though time dispossess her, and she cease,  
 Rome-like she greatens in man's memory.  
 Oh, many a crown shall sink in war's turmoil,  
 And many a new republic light the sky,

Fleets sweep the ocean, nations till the soil,  
 Genius be born and generations die,  
 Orient and Occident together toil,  
 Ere such a mighty work man rears on high!

Hearken, the feet of the Destroyer tread  
 The wine-press of the nations; fast the blood  
 Pours from the side of Europe; in full flood  
 On the Septentrional watershed  
 The rivers of fair France are running red!  
 England, the mother-eyrie of our brood,  
 That on the summit of dominion stood,  
 Shakes in the blast: heaven battles overhead!  
 Lift up thy head, O Rheims, of ages heir  
 That treasured up in thee their glorious sum;  
 Upon whose brow, prophetically fair,  
 Flamed the great morrow of the world to come;  
 Haunt with thy beauty this volcanic air  
 Ere yet thou close, O Flower of Christendom!

As when the shadow of the sun's eclipse  
 Sweeps on the earth, and spreads a spectral air,  
 As if the universe were dying there,  
 On continent and isle the darkness dips,  
 Unwonted gloom, and on the Atlantic slips;  
 So in the night the Belgian cities flare  
 Horizon-wide; the wandering people fare  
 Along the roads, and load the fleeing ships.  
 And westward borne that planetary sweep,  
 Darkening o'er England and her times to be,  
 Already steps upon the ocean-deep!  
 Watch well, my country, that unearthly sea,  
 Lest when thou thinkest not, and in thy sleep,  
 Unapt for war, that gloom enshadow thee!

I pray for peace; yet peace is but a prayer.  
 How many wars have been in my brief years!  
 All races and all faiths, both hemispheres,  
 My eyes have seen embattled everywhere  
 The wide earth through; yet do I not despair  
 Of peace, that slowly through far ages nears,

Though not to me the golden morn appears;  
My faith is perfect in time's issue fair.  
For man doth build on an eternal scale,  
And his ideals are framed of hope deferred;  
And millennium came not; yet Christ did not fail,  
Though ever unaccomplished is His word;  
Him Prince of Peace, though unenthroned, we hail.  
Supreme when in all bosoms He be heard.

This is my faith, and my mind's heritage,  
Wherein I toil, though in a lonely place,  
Who yet world-wide survey the human race  
Unequal from wild nature disengage  
Body and soul, and life's old strife assuage;  
Still must abide, till heaven perfect its grace,  
And love grown wisdom sweeten in man's face,  
Alike the Christian and the heathen rage.  
The tutelary genius of mankind  
Ripens by slow degrees the final State,  
That in the soul shall its foundations find  
And only in victorious love grow great;  
Patient the heart must be, humble the mind,  
That doth the greater births of time await!

Whence not unmoved I see the nations form  
From Dover to the fountains of the Rhine,  
A hundred leagues, the scarlet battle-line,  
And by the Vistula great armies swarm,  
A vaster flood; rather my breast grows warm,  
Seeing all peoples of the earth combine  
Under one standard, with one countersign,  
Grown brothers in the universal storm.  
And never through the wide world yet there rang  
A mightier summons! O Thou who from the side  
Of Athens and the loins of Cæsar sprang,  
Strike, Europe, with half the coming world allied,  
For those ideals for which, since Homer sang,  
The hosts of thirty centuries have died.

*George Edward Woodberry* [1855 1930]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

[In Springfield, Illinois]

It is portentous, and a thing of state  
That here at midnight, in our little town,  
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,  
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards  
He lingers where his children used to play;  
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones  
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,  
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl  
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,  
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.  
He is among us:—as in times before!  
And we who toss and lie awake for long  
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings,  
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?  
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,  
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.  
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.  
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now  
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn  
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:  
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth  
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,  
That all his hours of travail here for men  
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace  
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

*Vachel Lindsay* [1879-1931]



## MAGPIES IN PICARDY

THE magpies in Picardy  
Are more than I can tell.  
They flicker down the dusty roads  
And cast a magic spell  
On the men who march through Picardy.  
Through Picardy to hell.

(The blackbird flies with panic,  
The swallow goes like light,  
The finches move like ladies,  
The owl floats by at night;  
But the great and flashing magpie  
He flies as artists might.)

A magpie in Picardy  
Told me secret things—  
Of the music in white feathers,  
And the sunlight that sings  
And dances in deep shadows—  
He told me with his wings.

(The hawk is cruel and rigid,  
He watches from a height;  
The rook is slow and somber,  
The robin loves to fight;  
But the great and flashing magpie  
He flies as lovers might.)

He told me that in Picardy,  
An age ago or more,  
While all his fathers still were eggs,  
These dusty highways bore  
Brown, singing soldiers marching out  
Through Picardy to war.

He said that still through chaos  
Works on the ancient plan,  
And two things have altered not  
Since first the world began—  
The beauty of the wild green earth  
And the bravery of man.

(For the sparrow flies unthinking  
And quarrels in his flight,  
The heron trails his legs behind,  
The lark goes out of sight;  
But the great and flashing magpie  
He flies as poets might.)

*T. P. Cameron Wilson* [1889-1918]

## SONGS FROM AN EVIL WOOD

### I

THERE is no wrath in the stars,  
They do not rage in the sky;  
I look from the evil wood  
And find myself wondering why.

Why do they not scream out  
And grapple star against star,  
Seeking for blood in the wood  
As all things round me are?

They do not glare like the sky  
Or flash like the deeps of the wood;  
But they shine softly on  
In their sacred solitude.

To their high, happy haunts  
Silence from us has flown,  
She whom we loved of old  
And know it now she is gone.

When will she come again,  
Though for one second only?  
She whom we loved is gone  
And the whole world is lonely.

Somewhere lost in the haze  
The sun goes down in the cold,  
And birds in this evil wood  
Chirrup home as of old;

Chirrup, stir, and are still  
On the high twigs frozen and thin.  
There is no more noise of them now,  
And the long night sets in.

Of all the wonderful things  
That I have seen in the wood,  
I marvel most at the birds  
And their wonderful quietude.

For a giant smites with his club  
All day the tops of the hill,  
Sometimes he rests at night,  
Oftener he beats them still.

And a dwarf with a grim black mane  
Raps with repeated rage  
All night in the valley below  
On the wooden walls of his cage.

And the elder giants come  
Sometimes, tramping from far  
Through the weird and flickering light  
Made by an earthly star.

And the giant with his club,  
And the dwarf with rage in his breath,  
And the elder giants from far,  
They are all the children of Death.

They are all abroad to-night  
And are breaking the hills with their brood,  
And the birds are all asleep  
Even in Plug Street Wood!

## III

The great guns of England, they listen mile on mile  
To the boasts of a broken War-Lord; they lift their throats  
and smile;  
But the old woods are fallen  
For a while.

The old woods are fallen; yet will they come again,  
They will come back some springtime with the warm winds  
and the rain,

For Nature guardeth her children  
Never in vain.

They will come back some season; it may be a hundred years;  
It is all one to Nature with the centuries that are hers;

She shall bring back her children  
And dry all their tears.

But the tears of a would-be War-Lord shall never cease to  
flow,

He shall weep for the poisoned armies whenever the gas-  
winds blow,

He shall always weep for his widows,  
And all Hell shall know.

The tears of a pitiless Kaiser shallow they'll flow and wide,  
Wide as the desolation made by his silly pride

When he slaughtered a little people  
To stab France in her side.

Over the ragged cinders they shall flow on and on  
With the listless falling of streams that find not Oblivion,

For ages and ages of years  
Till the last star is gone.

IV

I met with Death in his country,  
With his scythe and his hollow eye,  
Walking the roads of Belgium.

I looked and he passed me by.

Since he passed me by in Plug Street,  
In the wood of the evil name,

I shall not now lie with the heroes,  
I shall not share their fame,

I shall never be as they are,

A name in the lands of the Free,  
Since I looked on Death in Flanders  
And he did not look at me.

*Edward J. M. D. Plunkett [1878-*

## INTO BATTLE

THE naked earth is warm with spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze;

And life is color and warmth and light,  
And a striving evermore for these;  
And he is dead who will not fight;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog Star and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend;  
They gently speak in the windy weather;  
They guide to valley and ridge's end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night,  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing,  
Sing well, for you may not sing another;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only joy of battle takes  
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,  
Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings;  
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

*Julian Grenfell* [1888-1915]

"I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH"

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple-blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

*Alan Seeger* [1888-1916]

## THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(AS SEEN FROM THE TRAIN)

I SAW the spires of Oxford  
As I was passing by,  
The gray spires of Oxford  
Against a pearl-gray sky.  
My heart was with the Oxford men  
Who went abroad to die.  
The years go fast in Oxford,  
The golden years and gay,  
The hoary Colleges look down  
On careless boys at play.  
But when the bugles sounded war  
They put their games away.  
They left the peaceful river,  
The cricket-field, the quad,  
The shaven lawns of Oxford  
To seek a bloody sod—  
They gave their merry youth away  
For country and for God.  
God rest you, happy gentlemen,  
Who laid your good lives down,  
Who took the khaki and the gun  
Instead of cap and gown.  
God bring you to a fairer place  
Than even Oxford town.

*Winifred M. Letts* [1882—

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.  
We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

## To the United States of America 2561

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

*John McCrae* [1872-1918]

### REVEILLÉ

[APRIL 6, 1917]

WHAT sudden bugle calls us in the night  
And wakes us from a dream that we had shaped;  
Flinging us sharply up against a fight  
We thought we had escaped?

It is no easy waking, and we win  
No final peace; our victories are few.  
But still imperative forces pull us in  
And sweep us somehow through.

Summoned by a supreme and confident power  
That wakes our sleeping courage like a blow,  
We rise, half-shaken, to the challenging hour,  
And answer it—and go. . . .

*Louis Untermeyer* [1885-

### TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BROTHERS in blood! They who this wrong began  
To wreck our commonwealth, will rue the day  
When first they challenged freemen to the fray,  
And with the Briton dared the American.  
Now are we pledged to win the Rights of man;  
Labor and Justice now shall have their way,  
And in a League of Peace—God grant we may—  
Transform the earth, not patch up the old plan.

Sure is our hope since he who led your nation  
Spake for mankind, and ye arose in awe  
Of that high call to work the world's salvation;  
Clearing your minds of all estranging blindness  
In the vision of Beauty and the Spirit's law,  
Freedom and Honor and sweet Loving kindness.

*Robert Bridges* [1844-1930]



## THE ROAD TO FRANCE

THANK God our liberating lance  
Goes flaming on the way to France  
To France—the trail the Gurkhas found!  
To France—old England's rallying ground!  
To France—the path the Russians strode!  
To France—the Anzacs' glory road!  
To France—where our Lost Legion ran  
To fight and die for God and man!  
To France—with every race and breed  
That hates Oppression's brutal creed!

Ah France—how could our hearts forget  
The path by which came Lafayette?  
How could the haze of doubt hang low  
Upon the road of Rochambeau?  
At last, thank God! At last we see  
There is no tribal Liberty!  
No beacon lighting just our shores,  
No Freedom guarding but our doors.  
The flame she kindled for our sires  
Burns now in Europe's battle-fires.  
The soul that led our fathers west  
Turns back to free the world's oppressed.

Allies, you have not called in vain;  
We share your conflict and your pain.  
"Old Glory," through new stains and rents,  
Partakes of Freedom's sacraments.  
Into that hell his will creates  
We drive the foe—his lusts, his hates.  
Last come, we will be last to stay,  
Till Right has had her crowning day.  
Replenish, comrades, from our veins  
The blood the sword of despot drains,  
And make our eager sacrifice  
Part of the freely rendered price  
You pay to lift humanity—  
You pay to make our brothers free.  
See, with what proud hearts we advance  
To France!

*Daniel Henderson* [1880-

## ROUGE BOUQUET

[March 7, 1918]

IN a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet  
There is a new-made grave to-day,  
Built by never a spade nor pick  
Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.  
There lie many fighting men,  
Dead in their youthful prime,  
Never to laugh nor love again  
Nor taste the Summertime.  
For Death came flying through the air  
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,  
Touched his prey and left them there,  
Clay to clay.  
He hid their bodies stealthily  
In the soil of the land they fought to free  
And fled away.  
Now over the grave abrupt and clear  
Three volleys ring;  
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear  
The bugle sing:  
"Go to sleep!  
Go to sleep!  
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.  
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,  
You will not need them any more.  
Danger's past;  
Now at last,  
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave  
To hold the bodies of the brave  
Than this place of pain and pride  
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.  
Never fear but in the skies  
Saints and angels stand  
Smiling with their holy eyes  
On this new-come band.  
St. Michael's sword darts through the air  
And touches the aureole on his hair  
As he sees them stand saluting there,  
His stalwart sons:

And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill  
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still  
The Gael's blood runs.  
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,  
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,  
A delicate cloud of bugle notes  
That softly say:  
"Farewell! Farewell.  
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!  
Your souls shall be where the heroes are  
And your memory shine like the morning-star.  
Brave and dear,  
Shield us here.  
Farewell!"

*Joyce Kilmer [1886-1918]*

### VICTORY BELLS

[November 11, 1918]

I HEARD the bells across the trees,  
I heard them ride the plunging breeze  
Above the roofs from tower and spire.  
And they were leaping like a fire,  
And they were shining like a stream  
With sun to make its music gleam.  
Deep tones as though the thunder tolled  
Cool voices thin as tinkling gold,  
They shook the spangled autumn down  
From out the tree-tops of the town;  
They left great furrows in the air  
And made a clangor everywhere  
As of metallic wings. They flew  
Aloft in spirals to the blue  
Tall tent of heaven and disappeared.  
And others, swift as though they feared  
The people might not heed their cry  
Went shouting VICTORY up the sky.  
They did not say that war is done,  
Only that glory has begun  
Like sunrise, and the coming day  
Will burn the clouds of war away.  
There will be time for dreams again,  
And home-coming for weary men.

*Grace Hazard Conkling [1878-*

## POEMS OF PLACES

### ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime  
Barren of every glorious theme,  
In distant lands now waits a better time,  
Producing subjects worthy fame:

In happy climes, where from the genial sun  
And virgin earth such scenes ensue,  
The force of Art by Nature seems outdone,  
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of Innocence,  
Where Nature guides and Virtue rules,  
Where men shall not impose, for truth and sense,  
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,  
The rise of empire and of arts,  
The good and great inspiring epic rage,  
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay:  
Such as she bred when fresh and young,  
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,  
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The first four acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

*George Berkeley* [1685-1753]

## BERMUDAS

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride  
In the ocean's bosom unespied,  
From a small boat that rowed along  
The listening winds received this song:

“What should we do but sing His praise  
That led us through the watery maze  
Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own?  
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,  
That lift the deep upon their backs,  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage:  
He gave us this eternal Spring  
Which here enamels everything,  
And sends the fowls to us in care  
On daily visits through the air:  
He hangs in shades the orange bright  
Like golden lamps in a green night,  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:  
He makes the figs our mouths to meet  
And throws the melons at our feet;  
But apples plants of such a price,  
No tree could ever bear them twice.  
With cedars chosen by His hand  
From Lebanon He stores the land;  
And makes the hollow seas that roar  
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.  
He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple where to sound His name.  
O, let our voice His praise exalt  
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,  
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may  
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!”

Thus sung they in the English boat  
A holy and a cheerful note:  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time.

*Andrew Marvell [1621-1678]*

## INDIAN NAMES

YE say, they all have passed away,  
That noble race and brave;  
That their light canoes have vanished  
From off the crested wave;  
That, 'mid the forests where they roamed,  
There rings no hunter's shout;  
But their name is on your waters,—  
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow  
Like Ocean's surge is curled;  
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake  
The echo of the world;  
Where red Missouri bringeth  
Rich tribute from the West,  
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps  
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say, their cone-like cabins,  
That clustered o'er the vale,  
Have fled away, like withered leaves  
Before the Autumn gale;  
But their memory liveth on your hills—  
Their baptism on your shore,  
Your everlasting rivers speak  
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it  
Within her lordly crown,  
And broad Ohio bears it  
Amid his young renown;

Connecticut hath wreathed it  
Where her quiet foliage waves,  
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse  
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusset hides its lingering voice  
Within its rocky heart.  
And Alleghany graves its tone  
Throughout his lofty chart;  
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,  
Doth seal the sacred trust;  
Your mountains build their monument,  
Though ye destroy their dust.  
*Lydia Huntly Sigourney [1791-1865]*

### MANNAHATTA

I WAS asking for something specific and perfect for my city,  
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sanc, unruly, musical, self-sufficient,  
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,  
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,  
Rich, hemmed thick all around with sail-ships and steam-ships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,  
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies,  
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,  
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,  
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-modelled,  
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers, the river-streets,  
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,  
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the brown-faced sailors,

**The** summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing  
clouds aloft,

**The** winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river,  
passing along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide,

**The** mechanics of the city, the masters, well-formed, beautiful-  
faced, looking you straight in the eyes,

**Trottoirs** thronged, vehicles, Broadway, the women, the  
shops and shows,

A million people—manners free and superb—open voices—  
hospitality—the most courageous and friendly young  
men,

City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and  
masts!

City nested in bays! my city!

*Walt Whitman* [1819-1892]

### GLOUCESTER MOORS

A MILE behind is Gloucester town  
Where the fishing fleets put in,  
A mile ahead the land dips down  
And the woods and farms begin.  
Here, where the moors stretch free  
In the high blue afternoon,  
Are the marching sun and talking sea,  
And the racing winds that wheel and flee  
On the flying heels of June.

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,  
Blue is the quaker-maid,  
The wild geranium holds its dew  
Long in the boulder's shade.  
Wax-red hangs the cup  
From the huckleberry boughs,  
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,  
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up  
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

Over the shelf of the sandy cove  
Beach-peas blossom late.  
By copse and cliff the swallows rove  
Each calling to his mate.



Seaward the sea-gulls go,  
And the land-birds all are here;  
That green-gold flash was a vireo,  
And yonder flame where the marsh-flags grow  
Was a scarlet tanager.

This earth is not the steadfast place  
We landsmen build upon;  
From deep to deep she varies pace,  
And while she comes is gone.  
Beneath my feet I feel  
Her smooth bulk heave and dip;  
With velvet plunge and soft upreel  
She swings and steadies to her keel  
Like a gallant, gallant ship.

These summer clouds she sets for sail,  
The sun is her masthead light,  
She tows the moon like a pinnacle frail  
Where her phosphor wake churns bright.  
Now hid, now looming clear,  
On the face of the dangerous blue  
The star fleets tack and wheel and veer,  
But on, but on does the old earth steer  
As if her port she knew.

God, dear God! Does she know her port,  
Though she goes so far about?  
Or blind astray, does she make her sport  
To brazen and chance it out?  
I watched when her captains passed:  
She were better captainless.  
Men in the cabin, before the mast,  
But some were reckless and some aghast,  
And some sat gorged at mess.

By her battened hatch I leaned and caught  
Sounds from the noisome hold,—  
Cursing and sighing of souls distraught  
And cries too sad to be told.  
Then I strove to go down and see;  
But they said, "Thou art not of us!"

I turned to those on the deck with me  
And cried, "Give help!" But they said, "Let be:  
Our ship sails faster thus."

Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,  
Blue is the quaker-maid,  
The alder-clump where the brook comes through  
Breeds cresses in its shade.

To be out of the moiling street  
With its swelter and its sin!  
Who has given to me this sweet,  
And given my brother dust to eat?  
And when will his wage come in?

Scattering wide or blown in ranks,  
Yellow and white and brown,  
Boats and boats from the fishing banks  
Come home to Gloucester town.  
There is cash to purse and spend,  
There are wives to be embraced,  
Hearts to borrow and hearts to lend,  
And hearts to take and keep to the end,—  
O little sails, make haste!

But thou, vast outbound ship of souls,  
What harbor town for thee?  
What shapes, when thy arriving tolls,  
Shall crowd the banks to see?  
Shall all the happy shipmates then  
Stand singing brotherly?  
Or shall a haggard ruthless few  
Warp her over and bring her to,  
While the many broken souls of men  
Fester down in the slaver's pen,  
And nothing to say or do?

*William Vaughn Moody [1869-1910]*

## THE SONG OF THE COLORADO

FROM the heart of the mighty mountains strong-souled for  
my fate I came,  
My far-drawn track to a nameless sea through a land with  
out a name;

And the earth rose up to hold me, to bid me linger and stay;  
And the brawn and bone of my mother's race were set to  
bar my way.

Yet I stayed not, I could not linger; my soul was tense to  
the call

The wet winds sing when the long waves leap and beat on  
the far sea wall.

I stayed not, I could not linger; patient, resistless, alone,  
I hewed the trail of my destiny deep in the hindering stone.

How narrow that first dim pathway—yet deepening hour by  
hour!

Years, ages, eons, spent and forgot, while I gathered me  
might and power

To answer the call that led me, to carve my road to the sea,  
Till my flood swept out with that greater tide as tireless and  
tameless and free.

From the far, wild land that bore me, I drew my blood as  
wild—

I, born of the glacier's glory, born of the uplands piled  
Like stairs to the door of heaven, that the Maker of all  
might go

Down from his place with honor, to look on the world and  
know

That the sun and the wind and the waters, and the white ice  
cold and still,

Were moving aright in the plan he had made, shaping his  
wish and will.

When the spirit of worship was on me, turning alone,  
apart,

I stayed and carved me temples deep in the mountain's  
heart,

Wide-domed and vast and silent, meet for the God I knew,  
With shrines that were shadowed and solemn and altars of  
richest hue;

And out of my ceaseless striving I wrought a victor's  
hymn,

Flung up to the stars in greeting from my far track deep and  
dim.

For the earth was put behind me; I reckoned no more with  
them  
That come or go at her bidding, and cling to her garment's  
hem.  
Apart in my rock-hewn pathway, where the great cliffs shut  
me in,  
The storm-swept clouds were my brethren, and the stars  
were my kind and kin.

Tireless, alone, unstaying, I went as one who goes  
On some high and strong adventure that only his own heart  
knows.  
Tireless, alone, unstaying, I went in my chosen road—  
I trafficked with no man's burden—I bent me to no man's  
load.

On my tawny, sinuous shoulders no salt-gray ships swung in;  
I washed no feet of cities, like a slave whipped out and in;  
My will was the law of my moving in the land that my strife  
had made—  
As a man in the house he has builded, master and unafraid.

O ye that would hedge and bind me—remembering whence I  
came!  
I, that was, and was mighty, ere your race had breath or  
name!  
Play with your dreams in the sunshine—delve and toil and  
plot—  
Yet I keep the way of my will to the sea, when ye and your  
race are not!

*Sharlot M. Hall* [1870—

## NOW

### YOSEMITE VALLEY

It is creation's morning—  
Freshly the rivers run;  
The cliffs, white brows adorning,  
Sing to the shining sun.

The forest, plumed and crested,  
Scales the steep granite wall.

The ranged peaks, glacier-breasted,  
March to the festival.

The mountains dance together,  
Lifting their domed heads high.  
The cataract's foamy feather  
Flaunts in the streaming sky.

Somewhere a babe is borning,  
Somewhere a maid is won.  
It is creation's morning—  
Now is the world begun.

*Harriet Monroe* [1860-1936]

#### OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,  
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,  
That's where the West begins;  
Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
Out where friendship's a little truer,  
That's where the West begins;  
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,  
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,  
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,  
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,  
That's where the West begins;  
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,  
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,  
And a man makes friends without half trying—  
That's where the West begins.

*Arthur Chapman* [1873-1935]

## THE LAW OF THE YUKON

THIS is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:  
"Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and  
your sane—  
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I harry them sore;  
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the  
core;  
Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the bear in defeat,  
Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the furnace heat.  
Send me the best of your breeding, lend me your chosen ones;  
Them will I take to my bosom, them will I call my sons;  
Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with  
my meat;  
But the others—the misfits, the failures—I trample under  
my feet.  
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and  
slain,  
Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters—Go! take  
back your spawn again.

"Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway;  
From my ruthless throne I have ruled alone for a million  
years and a day;  
Hugging my mighty treasure, waiting for man to come,  
Till he swept like a turbid torrent, and after him swept—  
the scum.  
The pallid pimp of the dead-line, the enervate of the pen,  
One by one I weeded them out, for all that I sought was—  
Men.  
One by one I dismayed them, frightening them sore with my  
glooms;  
One by one I betrayed them unto my manifold dooms.  
Drowned them like rats in my rivers, starved them like curs  
on my plains,  
Rotted the flesh that was left them, poisoned the blood in  
their veins;  
Burst with my winter upon them, searing forever their sight,  
Lashed them with fungus-white faces, whimpering wild in  
the night;

Staggering blind through the storm-whirl, stumbling mad  
through the snow,  
Frozen stiff in the ice-pack, brittle and bent like a bow;  
Featureless, formless, forsaken, scented by wolves in their  
flight,  
Left for the wind to make music through ribs that are glittering white;  
Gnawing the black crust of failure, searching the pit of despair,  
Crooking the toe in the trigger, trying to patter a prayer;  
Going outside with an escort, raving with lips all afoam,  
Writing a cheque for a million, driving feebly of home;  
Lost like a louse in the burning . . . or else in the tented town  
Seeking a drunkard's solace, sinking and sinking down;  
Steeped in the slime at the bottom, dead to a decent world,  
Lost 'mid the human flotsam, far on the frontier hurled;  
In the camp at the bend of the river, with its dozen saloons aglare,  
Its gambling dens ariot, its gramophones all ablare;  
Crimped with the crimes of a city, sin-ridden and bridled with lies,  
In the hush of my mountained vastness, in the flush of my midnight skies.  
Plague-spots, yet tools of my purpose, so natheless I suffer them thrive,  
Crushing my Weak in their clutches, that only my Strong may survive.

"But the others, the men of my mettle, the men who would  
'stablish my fame  
Unto its ultimate issue, winning me honor, not shame;  
Searching my uttermost valleys, fighting each step as they go,  
Shooting the wrath of my rapids, scaling my ramparts of snow;  
Ripping the guts of my mountains, looting the beds of my creeks,  
Them will I take to my bosom, and speak as a mother speaks,  
I am the land that listens, I am the land that broods;  
Steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters and woods.

Long have I waited lonely, shunned as a thing accurst,  
Monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands and the  
first;

Visioning camp-fires at twilight, sad with a longing forlorn,  
Feeling my womb o'er-pregnant with the seed of cities un-  
born.

Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death is my sway,  
And I wait for the men who will win me—and I will not be  
won in a day;

And I will not be won by weaklings, subtle, suave and mild,  
But by men with the hearts of vikings, and the simple faith  
of a child;

Desperate, strong and resistless, unthrottled by fear or de-  
feat,

Them will I gild with my treasure, them will I glut with  
my meat.

“Lofty I stand from each sister land, patient and wearily  
wise,

With the weight of a world of sadness in my quiet, passion-  
less eyes;

Dreaming alone of a people, dreaming alone of a day,  
When men shall not rape my riches, and curse me and go  
away;

Making a bawd of my bounty, fouling the hand that gave—  
Till I rise in my wrath and I sweep on their path and I  
stamp them into a grave.

Dreaming of men who will bless me, of women esteeming  
me good,

Of children born in my borders of radiant motherhood.

Of cities leaping to stature, of fame like a flag unfurled,

As I pour the tide of my riches in the eager lap of the world.”

This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the Strong shall  
thrive;

That surely the Weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive.  
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and  
slain,

This is the Will of the Yukon.—Lo, how she makes it plain!

*Robert W. Service* [1874-



LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TIN-  
 TERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS  
 OF THE WYE, DURING A TOUR, JULY 13,  
 1798

FIVE years have passed; five summers, with the length  
 Of five long winters! and again I hear  
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
 With a soft inland murmur.—Once again  
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
 Which on a wild secluded scene impress  
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect  
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
 The day is come when I again repose  
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts  
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,  
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke  
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!  
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,  
 Through a long absence, have not been to me  
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:  
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;  
 And passing even into my purer mind,  
 With tranquil restoration:—feelings too  
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,  
 As have no slight or trivial influence

On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime; that blessèd mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened:—that serene and blessèd mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul:  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—  
In darkness and amid the many shapes  
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—  
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
With many recognitions dim and faint,  
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again:  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years. And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever Nature led: more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For Nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint  
What then I was. The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colors and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite; a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, or any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts  
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompense. For I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains; and of all that we behold  
From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,  
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize  
In Nature and the language of the sense,  
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,  
If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:  
For thou art with me here, upon the banks  
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend,  
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch  
The language of my former heart, and read  
My former pleasure in the shooting lights  
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while  
May I behold in thee what I was once,  
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,  
Knowing that Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;  
And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
To blow against thee: and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—  
If I should be where I no more can hear  
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget  
That on the banks of this delightful stream

We stood together; and that I, so long  
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
 Unwearied in that service: rather say  
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal  
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,  
 That after many wanderings, many years  
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

### THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work.  
 A deep delight the bosom thrills  
 Oft as I pass along the fork  
 Of these fraternal hills:  
 Where, save the rugged road, we find  
 No appanage of human kind,  
 Nor hint of man; if stone or rock  
 Seem not his handiwork to mock  
 By something cognizably shaped;  
 Mockery—or model roughly hewn,  
 And left as if by earthquake strewn,  
 Or from the Flood escaped:  
 Altars for Druid service fit;  
 (But where no fire was ever lit,  
 Unless the glow-worm to the skies  
 Thence offer nightly sacrifice)  
 Wrinkled Egyptian monument:  
 Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;  
 Tents of a camp that never shall be razed—  
 On which four thousand years have gazed!

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!  
 Ye snow-white lambs that trip  
 Imprisoned 'mid the formal props  
 Of restless ownership!  
 Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall  
 To feed the insatiate Prodigal!

Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,  
All that the fertile valley shields;  
Wages of folly—baits of crime,  
Of life's uneasy game the stake,  
Playthings that keep the eyes awake  
Of drowsy, dotard Time;—  
O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,  
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,  
A Genius dwells, that can subdue  
At once all memory of You,—  
Most potent when mists veil the sky,  
Mists that distort and magnify;  
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,  
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

List to those shriller notes!—*that* march  
Perchance was on the blast,  
When, through this Height's inverted arch,  
Rome's earliest legion passed!  
—They saw, adventurously impelled,  
And older eyes than theirs beheld,  
This block—and yon, whose churchlike frame  
Gives to this savage Pass its name.  
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide  
Thy darling in a vapory bourn,  
Not seldom may the hour return  
When thou shalt be my guide:  
And I (as all men may find cause,  
When life is at a weary pause,  
And they have panted up the hill  
Of duty with reluctant will)  
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,  
For the rich bounties of constraint;  
Whence oft invigorating transports flow  
That choice lacked courage to bestow!

My Soul was grateful for delight  
That wore a threatening brow;  
A veil is lifted—can she slight  
The scene that opens now?

Though habitation none appear,  
 The greenness tells, man must be there;  
 The shelter—that the perspective  
 Is of the clime in which we live;  
 Where Toil pursues his daily round;  
 Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,  
 In woodbine bower or birchen grove,  
 Inflicts his tender wound.  
 —Who comes not hither ne'er shall know  
 How beautiful the world below;  
 Nor can he guess how lightly leaps  
 The brook adown the rocky steeps.  
 Farewell, thou desolate Domain!  
 Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,  
 Carols like a shepherd-boy;  
 And who is she?—Can that be Joy!  
 Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,  
 Smoothly skims the meadows wide;  
 While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,  
 To hill and vale proclaims aloud,  
 “Whate’er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,  
 Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion, fair!”  
*William Wordsworth [1770-1850]*

### YARROW UNVISITED

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen  
 The mazy Forth unravelled,  
 Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,  
 And with the Tweed had travelled;  
 And when we came to Clovenford,  
 Then said my “winsome Marrow,”  
 “Whate’er betide, we’ll turn aside,  
 And see the Braes of Yarrow.”

“Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,  
 Who have been buying, selling,  
 Go back to Yarrow, ’tis their own,  
 Each maiden to her dwelling!

On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow;  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us;  
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed  
The lintwhites sing in chorus;  
There's pleasant Tiviotdale, a land  
Made blithe with plow and harrow:  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare  
That glides the dark hills under?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder."  
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;  
My True-love sighed for sorrow,  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"O green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,  
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!  
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
But we will leave it growing.  
O'er hilly path, and open strath  
We'll wander Scotland thorough;  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;  
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow!  
We will not see them; will not go  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow.



"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!  
 It must, or we shall rue it:  
 We have a vision of our own,  
 Ah! why should we undo it?  
 The treasured dreams of times long past,  
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!  
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair,  
 'Twill be another Yarrow!

"If Care with freezing years should come  
 And wandering seem but folly,—  
 Should we be loth to stir from home,  
 And yet be melancholy;  
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow  
 That earth has something yet to show,  
 The bonny Holms of Yarrow!"

*William Wordsworth* [1770 1850]

### YARROW VISITED

AND is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream  
 Of which my fancy cherished  
 So faithfully, a waking dream?  
 An image that hath perished!  
 O that some minstrel's harp were near  
 To utter notes of gladness  
 And chase this silence from the air,  
 That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows  
 With uncontrolled meanderings;  
 Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
 Been soothed, in all my wanderings.  
 And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
 Is visibly delighted;  
 For not a feature of those hills  
 Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender hazy brightness;  
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes  
All profitless dejection;  
Though not unwilling here to admit  
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?  
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
On which the herd is feeding:  
And haply from this crystal pool,  
Now peaceful as the morning,  
The water-wraith ascended thrice,  
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings  
The haunts of happy lovers,  
The path that leads them to the grove,  
The leafy grove that covers:  
And pity sanctifies the verse  
That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
The unconquerable strength of love;  
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation:  
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy:  
The grace of forest charms decayed,  
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
Rich groves of lofty stature,  
With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
Of cultivated nature;

And, rising from those lofty groves,  
Behold a ruin hoary,  
The shattered front of Newark's towers,  
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
For sportive youth to stray in,  
For manhood to enjoy his strength,  
And age to wear away in!  
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
A covert for protection  
Of tender thoughts that nestle there—  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
The wildwood fruits to gather,  
And on my True-love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather!  
And what if I enwreathed my own?  
'Twere no offence to reason;  
The sober hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see,—but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;  
A ray of fancy still survives—  
Her sunshine plays upon thee!  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure;  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the heights,  
They melt, and soon must vanish;  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—  
Sad thought, which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!  
Will dwell with me,—to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

*William Wordsworth* [1770–1850]

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margent green  
The paths of pleasure trace;  
Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?  
The captive linnet which enthrall?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent  
Their murmuring labors ply  
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty:

Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,  
And unknown regions dare descry :  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
Less pleasing when possessed;  
The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
The sunshine of the breast :  
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,  
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,  
And lively Cheer, of Vigor born;  
The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
The spirits pure, the slumbers light  
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom  
The little victims play;  
No sense have they of ills to come,  
Nor care beyond to-day:  
Yet see, how all around them wait  
The ministers of human fate  
And black Misfortune's baleful train!  
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
To seize their prey, the murderous band!  
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind,  
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
And Shame that sculks behind;  
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
Then whirl the wretch from high,  
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
And grinning Infamy.  
The stings of Falsehood those shall try  
And hard Unkindness' altered eye,  
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;  
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
And moody Madness laughing wild  
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the Vale of Years beneath  
A grisly troop are seen,  
The painful family of Death,  
More hideous than their Queen:  
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
That every laboring sinew strains,  
Those in the deeper vitals rage:  
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,  
That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,  
Condemned alike to groan;  
The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.  
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies?  
Thought would destroy their paradise!  
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

*Thomas Gray [1716-1771]*

## A SONG OF SHERWOOD

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?  
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;  
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,  
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves  
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,  
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:  
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon  
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist  
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,  
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:  
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house  
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:  
Love is in the greenwood: dawn is in the skies;  
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep:  
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?  
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,  
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,  
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,  
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together  
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose-feather;  
The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;  
All the heart of England hid in every rose  
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,  
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old  
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,  
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,  
*Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?*

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen  
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men;  
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day;

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash  
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash;  
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly;  
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

*Robin! Robin! Robin!* All his merry thieves  
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves:  
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

*Alfred Noyes [1880-*

## GODIVA

*I waited for the train at Coventry:  
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,  
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped  
The city's ancient legend into this:—*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,  
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she  
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
The woman of a thousand summers back,  
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled  
In Coventry; for when he laid a tax  
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought  
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"  
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode



About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
His beard a foot before him, and his hair  
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,  
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."  
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,  
"You would not let your little finger ache  
For such as *these*?"—"But I would die," said she.  
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:  
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear:  
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,  
"But prove me what it is I would not do."  
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,  
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,  
And I repeal it"; and, nodding, as in scorn,  
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
Made war upon each other for an hour,  
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all  
The hard condition, but that she would loose  
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,  
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,  
No eye look down, she passing, but that all  
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclassed the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath  
She lingered, looking like a summer moon  
Half-dipped in cloud. Anon she shook her head,  
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;  
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair  
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached  
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapped  
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:  
The deep air listened round her as she rode,  
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout

Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur  
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot  
Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls  
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead  
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she  
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw  
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field  
Gleam through the Gothic archway in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:  
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
The fatal byword of all years to come,  
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,  
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,  
And dropped before him. So the Powers, who wait  
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;  
And she, that knew not, passed; and all at once,  
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon  
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,  
One after one; but even then she gained  
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,  
To meet her lord, she took the tax away  
And built herself an everlasting name.

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809–1892]

### DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm to-night.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!  
Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanced land,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
 Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought  
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow  
 Of human misery; we  
 Find also in the sound a thought,  
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith  
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.  
 But now I only hear  
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
 Retreating, to the breath  
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
 To one another! for the world, which seems  
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
 So various, so beautiful, so new,  
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
 And we are here as on a darkling plain  
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

*Matthew Arnold* [1822-1888]

### ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, the tidal isle,  
 In May with daffodils and lilies  
 Is kirtled gorgeously a while  
 As ne'er another English hill is:  
 About the precipices cling  
 The rich renascence robes of Spring.

Her gold and silver, nature's gifts,  
 The prodigal with both hands showers;  
 O not in patches, not in drifts  
 But round and round a mount of flowers—

Of lilies and of daffodils,  
The envy of all other hills.

And on the lofty summit looms  
The castle: None could build or plan it.  
The four-square foliage springs and blooms,  
The piled elaborate flower of granite,  
That not the sun can wither; no,  
Nor any tempest overthrow.

*John Davidson* [1857-1909]

## SONNET

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

## A SONG OF FLEET STREET

FLEET STREET! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the morning,  
With the old sun laughing out behind the dome of  
Paul's,  
Heavy wains a-driving, merry winds a-striving,  
White clouds and blue sky above the smoke-stained  
walls.

Fleet Street! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the noontide,  
 East and west the streets packed close, and roaring like the  
 sea;  
 With laughter and with sobbing we feel the world's heart  
 throbbing,  
 And know that what is throbbing is the heart of you and

Fleet Street! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the evening,  
 Darkness set with golden lamps down Ludgate Hill a-row:  
 Oh! hark the voice o' th' city that breaks our hearts with pity,  
 That crazes us with shame and wrath, and makes us love  
 her so.

Fleet Street! Fleet Street! morning, noon, and starlight,  
 Through the never-ceasing roar come the great chimes  
 clear and slow;  
 "Good are life and laughter, though we look before and after,  
 And good to love the race of men a little ere we go."  
*Alice Werner* [1859-

### SONG

CLOSES and courts and lanes,  
 Devious, clustered thick,  
 The thoroughfare, mains and drains,  
 People and mortar and brick,  
 Wood, metal, machinery, brains,  
 Pen and composing stick:  
 Fleet Street, but exquisite flame  
 In the nebula once ere day and night  
 Began their travail, or earth became,  
 And all was passionate light.

Networks of wire overland,  
 Conduits under the sea,  
 Aerial message from strand to strand  
 By lightning that travels free,  
 Hither in haste to hand  
 Tidings of destiny,

These tingling nerves of the world's affairs  
Deliver remorseless, rendering still  
The fall of empires, the price of shares,  
The record of good and ill.

Tidal the traffic goes  
Citywards out of the town;  
Townwards the evening ebb o'erflows  
This highway of old renown,  
When the fog-woven curtains close,  
And the urban night comes down,  
Where souls are spilt and intellects spent  
O'er news vociferant near and far,  
From Hesperus hard to the Orient,  
From dawn to the evening star.

This is the royal refrain  
That burdens the boom and the thud  
Of omnibus, mobus, wain,  
And the hoofs on the beaten mud,  
From the Griffin at Chancery Lane  
To the portal of old King Lud—  
Fleet Street, diligent night and day,  
Of news of the mart and the burnished hearth,  
Seven hundred paces of narrow way,  
A notable bit of the earth.

*John Davidson* [1857-1909]

## ST. JAMES'S STREET

ST. JAMES'S STREET, of classic fame,  
For Fashion still is seen there:  
St. James's Street? I know the name,  
I almost think I've been there!  
Why, that's where Sacharissa sighed  
When Waller read his ditty;  
Where Byron lived, and Gibbon died,  
And Alvanley was witty.

A famous Street! To yonder Park  
Young Churchill stole in class-time;  
Come, gaze on fifty men of mark,  
And then recall the past time.  
The *plats* at White's, the play at Crock's,  
The bumpers to Miss Gunning;  
The *bonhomic* of Charley Fox,  
And Selwyn's ghastly funning.

The dear old Street of clubs and cribs,  
As north and south it stretches,  
Still seems to smack of Rolliad squibs,  
And Gillray's fiercer sketches;  
The quaint old dress, the grand old style,  
The *mots*, the racy stories;  
The wine, the dice, the wit, the bile—  
The hate of Whigs and Tories.

At dusk, when I am strolling there,  
Dim forms will rise around me;  
Lepel flits past me in her chair,  
And Congreve's airs astound me!  
And once Nell Gwynne, a frail young Sprite,  
Looked kindly when I met her;  
I shook my head, perhaps,—but quite  
Forgot to quite forget her.

The Street is still a lively tomb  
For rich, and gay, and clever;  
The crops of dandies bud and bloom,  
And die as fast as ever.  
Now gilded youth loves cutty pipes,  
And slang that's rather scaring;  
It can't approach its prototypes  
In taste, or tone, or bearing.

In Brummell's day of buckle shoes,  
Lawn cravats, and roll collars,  
They'd fight, and woo, and bet—and lose,  
Like gentlemen and scholars:

I'm glad young men should go the pace,  
I half forgive Old Rapid!  
These louts disgrace their name and race—  
So vicious and so vapid!

Worse times may come. *Bon ton*, indeed,  
Will then be quite forgotten,  
And all we much revere will speed  
From ripe to worse than rotten:  
Let grass then sprout between yon stones,  
And owls then roost at Boodle's,  
For Echo will hurl back the tones  
Of screaming Yankee Doodles.

I love the haunts of old Cockaigne,  
Where wit and wealth were squandered;  
The halls that tell of hoop and train,  
Where grace and rank have wandered;  
Those halls where ladies fair and leal  
First ventured to adore me!  
Something of that old love I feel  
For this old Street before me.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson* [1821-1895]

## THE SOUTH COUNTRY

WHEN I am living in the Midlands  
That are sodden and unkind,  
I light my lamp in the evening:  
My work is left behind;  
And the great hills of the South Country  
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country  
They stand along the sea;  
And it's there walking in the high woods  
That I could wish to be,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Walking along with me.



The men that live in North England  
I saw them for a day:  
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,  
Their skies are fast and gray;  
From their castle-walls a man may see  
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England  
They see the Severn strong,  
A-rolling on rough water brown  
Light aspen leaves along.  
They have the secret of the Rocks,  
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country  
Are the kindest and most wise,  
They get their laughter from the loud surf,  
And the faith in their happy eyes  
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring  
When over the sea she flies;  
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,  
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines  
But I smell the Sussex air;  
Nor I never come on a belt of sand  
But my home is there.  
And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend:  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will there be to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field

By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,  
Or if ever I grow to be old,  
I will build a house with deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.

*Hilaire Belloc [1870-*

### EDINBURGH

CITY of mist and rain and blown gray spaces,  
Dashed with wild wet color and gleam of tears,  
Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces  
Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the years,  
Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?  
Cometh there not as a moon (where the blood-rust sears  
Floors a-flutter of old with silks and laces),  
Gliding, a ghostly Queen, through a mist of tears?

Proudly here, with a loftier pinnacled splendor,  
Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain  
Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render  
Silent the gazer on glory without a stain!  
Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more tender,  
Tusitala wandered through mist and rain;  
Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant and slender,  
Dreaming of pirate-isles in a jewelled main.

Up the Cannongate climbeth, cleft asunder  
Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea  
Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder,  
Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity!

Hark! from the soaring castle a cannon's thunder  
 Closes an hour for the world and an æon for me,  
 Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder  
 Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

*Alfred Noyes [1880-*

### CORRYMEELA

OVER here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,  
 An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;  
 Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!  
*Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.*

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,  
 This livin' air is moithered wi' the hummin' o' the bees;  
 I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the  
 heat  
*Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.*

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,  
 There's not the smallest young gosoon but thravels in his  
 shoes!  
 I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,  
*Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.*

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,  
 By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.  
 "God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said: the girl she thought me  
 wild.  
*Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.*

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortail hard to raise,  
 The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;  
 When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back  
 again—  
*Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.*

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English  
 town!  
 For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,  
 For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain.  
*Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.*

*Moirá O'Neill [18*

## THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

THE grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,  
And there is traffic in it, and many a horse and cart;  
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind;  
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,  
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;  
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,  
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

*Eva Gore-Booth* [1872-1926]

## A SONG OF GLENANN

OCH, when we lived in ould Glenann  
Meself could lift a song!  
An' ne'er an hour by day or dark  
Would I be thinkin' long.

The weary wind might take the roof,  
The rain might lay the corn;  
We'd up an' look for bettther luck  
About the morrow's morn.

But since we come away from there  
An' far across the say,  
I still have wrought, an' still have thought  
The way I'm doin' the day.

An' now we're quarely bettther fixed,  
In troth! there's nothin' wrong:  
But me an' mine, by rain an' shine  
We do be thinkin' long.

*Moirá O'Neill* [18 -

## THE MAIDEN CITY

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters rolls northward to the  
main,  
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters, fair Derry fixed her reign.  
A holy temple crowned her, and commerce graced her street,  
A rampart wall was round her, the river at her feet;  
And here she sat alone, boys, and looking from the hill  
Vowed The Maiden on her throne, boys, would be a maiden  
still.

From Antrim crossing over in famous eighty-eight  
A plumed and belted lover came to the Ferry gate:  
She summoned to defend her our sires—a beardless race—  
Who shouted NO SURRENDER! and slammed it in his face.  
Then in a quiet tone, boys, they told him 'twas their will  
That The Maiden on her throne, boys, should be a maiden  
still.

Next, crushing all before him, a kingly wooer came  
(The royal banner o'er him blushed crimson deep for shame);  
He showed the Pope's commission, nor dreamed to be re-  
fused.

She pitied his condition, but begged to stand excused.  
In short, the fact is known, boys, she chased him from the hill,  
For The Maiden on her throne, boys, would be a maiden still.

On our brave sires descending, 'twas then the tempest broke,  
Their peaceful dwellings rending, 'mid blood and flame and  
smoke.

That hallowed graveyard yonder swells with the slaughtered  
dead—

Oh! brothers! pause and ponder, it was for us they bled;  
And while their gift we own, boys—the fane that tops our  
hill,

Oh, The Maiden on her throne, boys, shall be a maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us, nor tyrant arm affright,  
We'll look to One above us Who ne'er forsook the right;  
Who will, may crouch and tender the birthright of the free,  
But, brothers, NO SURRENDER, no compromise for me!

We want no barrier stone, boys, no gates to guard the hill,  
Yet The Maiden on her throne, boys, shall be a maiden still.

*Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna* [1790-1846]

### THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS

IN a quiet watered land, a land of roses,  
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair;  
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations  
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest  
Of the clan of Conn,  
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham  
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,  
There the sons of Cairbré sleep—  
Battle-banners of the Gael that in Kieran's plain of crosses  
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,  
And right many a lord of Breagh;  
Deep the sod above Clan Creidé and Clan Conaill,  
Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-Fighter  
In the red earth lies at rest;  
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,  
Many a swan-white breast.

*Thomas William Rolleston* [1857-1920]

### SWEET INNISFALLEN

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,  
May calm and sunshine long be thine!  
How fair thou art let others tell,—  
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell  
In memory's dream that sunny smile,  
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,  
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'Twas light, indeed, too blest for one,  
 Who had to turn to paths of care—  
 Through crowded haunts again to run,  
 And leave thee bright and silent there;

No more unto thy shores to come,  
 But, on the world's rude ocean tossed,  
 Dream of thee sometimes, as a home  
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours  
 To part from thee, as I do now,  
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,  
 Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivalled still thy grace,  
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,  
 But thus in shadow seem'st a place  
 Where erring man might hope to rest.—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee  
 A gloom like Eden's, on the day  
 He left its shade, when every tree,  
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!  
 And all the lovelier for thy tears,  
 For though but rare thy sunny smile,  
 'Tis heaven's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,  
 But, when indeed they come, divine—  
 The brightest light the sun e'er threw  
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

*Thomas Moore* [1779-1852]

### "AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY"

AH, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
 When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,  
 When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble  
 With their singing and their winging to and fro;

When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant vesture on,  
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;  
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When the mists are rising from the lea,  
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling,  
And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;  
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers  
That the lavish hand of May will fling;  
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,  
When life like the year is young,  
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,  
And love words linger on the tongue;  
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,  
And love-dreams cluster and cling  
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half  
of pain—  
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

*Denis Aloysius McCarthy* [1870-1931]

### THE GROVES OF BLARNEY

THE groves of Blarney they look so charming,  
Down by the purling of sweet, silent brooks,  
All decked with posies, that spontaneous grow there  
Planted in order in the rocky nooks.  
'Tis there the daisy, and the sweet carnation,  
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;  
Likewise the lily, and the daffodilly—  
All flowers that scent the sweet, fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers owns this plantation,  
Like Alexander, or like Helen fair:  
There's no commander in all the nation  
For regulation can with her compare.



Such walls surround her, that no nine-pounder  
 Could ever plunder her place of strength;  
 But Oliver Cromwell, he did her pommel,  
 And made a breach in her battlement.

There's gravel walks there for speculation  
 And conversation, in sweet solitude;  
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or  
 The gentle plover, in the afternoon.  
 And if a lady should be so engaging  
 As to walk alone in those shady bowers,  
 'Tis there her courtier, he may transport her  
 Into some fort, or all under ground.

For 'tis there's a cave where no daylight enters,  
 But cats and badgers are forever bred;  
 Being mossed by nature which makes it sweeter  
 Than a coach-and-six, or a feather bed.  
 'Tis there the lake is, well-stored with perches,  
 And comely eels in the verdant mud;  
 Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,  
 All standing in order for to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,  
 All heathen gods and nymphs so fair:  
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,  
 All standing naked in the open air.  
 So now to finish this brave narration,  
 Which my poor genii could not entwine;  
 But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,  
 'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.

*Richard Alfred Millikin* [1767-1815]

## THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Sabbata pango;  
 Funera plango;  
 Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL

WITH deep affection and recollection  
 I often think of the Shandon bells,  
 Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,  
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder, Sweet Cork, of thee,—  
    With thy bells of Shandon,  
    That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;  
But all their music spoke naught to thine.  
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,  
    Made the bells of Shandon  
    Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling “Old Adrian's Mole” in,  
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,—  
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;  
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.  
    O, the bells of Shandon  
    Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and Kiosko  
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,  
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom I freely grant them;  
But there's an anthem more dear to me,—  
    'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
    That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

*Francis Sylvester Mahony* [1804-1866]

“DE GUSTIBUS—”

YOUR ghost will walk, you lover of trees,  
    (If our loves remain)  
In an English lane,

By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.  
Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—  
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,  
    Making love, say,—

    The happier they!

Draw yourself up from the light of the moon  
And let them pass, as they will too soon,  
    With the beanflowers' boon,  
    And the blackbird's tune,  
    And May, and June!

What I love best in all the world  
Is a castle, precipice-encurled,  
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.  
Or look for me, old fellow of mine,  
(If I get my head from out the mouth  
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,  
And come again to the land of lands)—  
In a sea-side house to the farther South,  
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,  
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,  
By the many hundred years red-rusted,  
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,  
My sentinel to guard the sands  
To the water's edge. For, what expands  
Before the house, but the great opaque  
Blue breadth of sea without a break?  
While, in the house, forever crumbles  
Some fragment of the frescoed walls,  
From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.  
A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles  
Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,  
And says there's news to-day—the king  
Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,  
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:  
—She hopes they have not caught the felons  
Italy, my Italy!

Queen Mary's saying serves for me—  
    (When fortune's malice  
    Lost her Calais)

Open my heart and you will see  
Graved inside of it, "Italy."  
Such lovers old are I and she:  
So it always was, so shall ever be!

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

## ITALIAN RHAPSODY

DEAR Italy! The sound of thy soft name  
Soothes me with balm of Memory and Hope.  
Mine, for the moment, height and sweep and slope  
That once were mine. Supreme is still the aim  
To flee the cold and gray  
Of our December day,  
And rest where thy clear spirit burns with unconsuming  
flame.

There are who deem remembered beauty best,  
And thine, imagined, fairer is than sight  
Of all the charms of other realms confessed,  
Thou miracle of sea and land and light.  
Was it lest, envying thee,  
The world unhappy be,  
Benignant Heaven gave to all the all-consoling Night?

Remembered beauty best? Who reason so?  
Not lovers, yearning to the same dumb star  
That doth disdain their passion—who, afar,  
Seek touch and voice in velvet winds and low.  
No, storied Italy,  
Not thine that heresy,  
Thou who thyself art fairer far than Fancy e'er can show.

To me thou art an ever-brooding spell;  
An old enchantment, exorcised of wrong;  
A beacon, where-against the wings of Song  
Are bruised so, they cannot fly to tell;  
A mistress, at whose feet  
A myriad singers meet,  
To find thy beauty the despair of measures full and sweet.

Of old, ere caste or custom froze the heart,  
What tales of thine did Chaucer re-indite,—  
Of Constance, and Griselda, and the plight  
Of pure Cecilia,—all with joyous art!  
Oh, to have journeyed down  
To Canterbury town,  
And known, from lips that touched thy robe, that triad of  
renown!

Fount of Romance whereat our Shakespeare drank!  
Through him the loves of all are linked to thee  
By Romeo's ardor, Juliet's constancy.  
He sets the peasant in the royal rank;  
Shows under mask and paint  
Kinship of knave and saint,  
And plays on stolid man with Prospero's wand and Ariel's  
prank.

Another English foster-child hadst thou  
When Milton from the breast of thy delight  
Drew inspiration. With a vestal's vow  
He fed the flame caught from thy sacred light.  
And when upon him lay  
The long eclipse of day,  
Thou wert the memory-hoarded treasure of his doomed  
sight.

Name me a poet who has trod thy soil:  
He is thy lover, ever hastening back,  
With thee forgetting weariness and toil,  
The nightly sorrow for the daily lack.  
How oft our lyric race  
Looked last upon thy face!  
Oh, would that I were worthy thus to die in thine embrace!

Oh, to be kin to Keats as urn with urn  
Shares the same Roman earth!—to sleep, apart,  
Near to the bloom that once was Shelley's heart,  
Where bees, like lingering lovers, re-return;  
Where the proud pyramid,  
To brighter glory bid,  
Gives Cestius his longed-for fame, marking immortal Art.

Or, in loved Florence, to repose beside  
Our trinity of singers! Fame enough  
To neighbor lordly Landor, noble Clough,  
And her, our later sibyl, sorrow-eyed.  
Oh, tell me—not their arts,  
But their Italian hearts  
Won for their dust that narrow oval, than the world more  
wide!

So might I lie where Browning should have lain,  
My "Italy" for all the world to read,  
Like his on the palazzo. For thy pain  
In losing from thy rosary that bead,  
England accords thee room  
Around his minster tomb—  
A province conquered of thy soul, and not an Arab slain!  
Then take these lines, and add to them the lay,  
All inarticulate, I to thee indite:  
The sudden longing on the sunniest day,  
The happy sighing in the stormiest night,  
The tears of love that creep  
From eyes unwont to weep,  
Full with remembrance, blind with joy, and with devotion  
deep.

Absence from thee is such as men endure  
Between the glad betrothal and the bride;  
Or like the years that Youth, intense and sure,  
From his ambition to his goal must bide.  
And if no more I may  
Mount to Fiesole . . .  
Oh, then were Memory meant for those to whom is Hope  
denied.

Show me a lover who hath drunk by night  
Thy beauty-potion, as the grape the dew:  
'Twere little wonder he were poet too,  
With wine of song in unexpected might,  
While moonlit cloister calls  
With plashy fountain-falls,  
Or darkened Arno moves to music with its mirrored light.

Who can withstand thee? What distress or care  
But yields to Naples, or that long day-dream  
We know as Venice, where alone more fair  
Noon is than night; where every lapping stream  
Wooes with a soft caress  
Our new-world weariness,  
And every ripple smiles with joy at sight of scene so rare.  
  
The mystery of thy charm—ah, who hath guessed?  
’Twas ne’er divined by day or shown in sleep;  
Yet sometimes Music, floating from her steep,  
Holds to our lips a chalice brimmed and blest:  
Then know we that thou art  
Of the Ideal part—  
Of Man’s one thirst that is not quenched, drink he howe’er  
so deep.

Thou human-hearted land, whose revels hold  
Man in communion with the antique days,  
And summon him from prosy greed to ways  
Where Youth is beckoning to the Age of Gold;  
How thou dost hold him near  
And whisper in his ear  
Of the lost Paradise that lies beyond the alluring haze!

In tears I tossed my coin from Trevi’s edge,—  
A coin unsordid as a bond of love,—  
And, with the instinct of the homing dove,  
I gave to Rome my rendezvous and pledge.  
And when imperious Death  
Has quenched my flame of breath,  
Oh, let me join the faithful shades that throng that fount  
above.

*Robert Underwood Johnson* [1853-1937]

#### ABOVE SALERNO

SILVERY the olives on Ravello’s steep,  
Terraced the verdure of her nurtured hills;  
Far, far below the blue Salerno sweeps,  
And on the shore her emerald largesse spills.

Lost in the haze of melting hills and skies  
Sad Pæstum's plain in shadowy distance lies.

How the Spring flings her tribute to the breeze  
Through every slit in these long, winding walls!  
Shunning the screen of flowery tapestries,  
The slim gray lizard, turquoise-vested, crawls—  
Blind worshipper of the unconscious sun,  
His pagan shrine, his splendid eidolon.

Here Scala lifts upon her furrowed breast  
Twin cities of the living and the dead,  
Where toil the quick and where the buried rest,  
With Roman tombs low vaulted overhead:  
In these strange dwellings life must surely seem  
To hold the secret of its final dream.

The nectarine, peach and almond trees in flower,  
Play on the hues from deep to palest rose.  
Shy druid birches guard a secret bower  
Where many a home-like English blossom blows;  
With daisy, primrose, and narcissus shine  
The lavish stars of Wordsworth's celandine.

On rocky, wave-girt slopes, where buds the vine,  
Golden and green the trellised orchards grow.  
Beyond the beach's pale, receding line  
Roam dusky herds of sullen buffalo.  
The distant Apennines' dark ranges wear  
Halos of snow and amethystine air.

Can this be Italy, or but a dream  
Emerging from the broken waves of sleep?  
Since even the rudest works of peasants seem  
Some spell of ancient miracles to keep:  
As when against old Barbarossa's power  
The Romans threw the grim rock of this tower.

More exquisite than our imagining,  
In silent hours how often shall arise—  
From the dim waters of that mystic spring  
Where the soul keeps her anchored memories—



This world of beauty, color, and perfume;  
Hoary with age, yet of unaging bloom.

*Ada Foster Murray* [1857-1936]

### VENICE

From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"

I STOOD in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand:  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
And such she was; her daughters had their dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers:  
In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear:  
Those days are gone, but Beauty still is here;  
States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
Her name is story, and her long array  
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
Above the Dogeless city's vanished sway:

Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,  
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away,—  
The keystones of the arch!—though all were o'er,  
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

*George Gordon Byron* [1788-1824]

### VENICE

VENICE, thou Siren of sea-cities, wrought  
By mirage, built on water, stair o'er stair,  
Of sunbeams and cloud-shadows, phantom-fair,  
With naught of earth to mar thy sea-born thought!  
Thou floating film upon the wonder-fraught  
Ocean of dreams! Thou hast no dream so rare  
As are thy sons and daughters, they who wear  
Foam-flakes of charm from thine enchantment caught!  
O dark brown eyes! O tangles of dark hair!  
O heaven-blue eyes, blonde tresses where the breeze  
Plays over sun-burned cheeks in sea-blown air!  
Firm limbs of moulded bronze! frank debonair  
Smiles of deep-bosomed women! Loves that seize  
Man's soul, and waft her on storm-melodies!

*John Addington Symonds* [1840-1893]

### ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous East in fee,  
And was the safeguard of the West; the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest child of liberty.  
She was a maiden city, bright and free;  
No guile seduced, no force could violate;  
And, when she took unto herself a mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reached its final day:  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade  
Of that which once was great, is passed away.

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

### THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL

#### A PICTURE AT FANO

DEAR and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave  
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!  
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve  
Shall find performed thy special ministry,  
And time come for departure, thou, suspending  
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,  
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,  
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,  
—And suddenly my head is covered o'er  
With those wings, white above the child who prays  
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding  
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding  
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door.

I would not look up thither past thy head  
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,  
For I should have thy gracious face instead,  
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low  
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,  
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether  
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's spread?

If this was ever granted, I would rest  
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands  
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,  
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,  
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing  
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,  
And all lay quiet, happy and suppressed.

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!

I think how I should view the earth and skies  
And sea, when once again my brow was bared

After thy healing, with such different eyes.  
O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:  
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared?

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach

(Alfred, dear friend!)—that little child to pray,  
Holding the little hands up, each to each

Pressed gently,—with his own head turned away  
Over the earth where so much lay before him  
Of work to do, though heaven was opening o'er him,  
And he was left at Fano by the beach.

We were at Fano, and three times we went

To sit and see him in his chapel there,  
And drink his beauty to our souls' content

—My angel with me too: and since I care  
For dear Guercino's fame (to which in power  
And glory comes this picture for a dower,  
Fraught with a pathos so magnificent)—

And since he did not work thus earnestly

At all times, and has else endured some wrong—

I took one thought his picture struck from me,

And spread it out, translating it to song.

My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?

How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?

This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

## PERUGIA

FOR the sake of a weathered gray city set high on a hill

To the northward I go,

Where Umbria's valley lies mile upon emerald mile

Outspread like a chart.

The wind in her steep narrow streets is eternally chill

From the neighboring snow,

But linger who will in the lure of a southerly smile,  
Here is my heart.

Wrought to a mutual blueness are mountains and sky;  
Intermingling they meet.  
Little gray breathings of olive arise from the plain  
Like sighs that are seen,  
For man and his maker harmonious toil, and the sigh  
Of such labor is sweet,  
And the fruits of their patience are vistas of vineyards and  
grain  
In a glory of green.

No wind from the valley that passes the casement but flings  
Invisible flowers.  
The carol of birds is a gossamer tissue of gold  
On a background of bells.  
Sweetest of all in the silence the nightingale sings  
Through the silver-pure hours,  
Till the stars disappear like a dream that may never be told,  
That the dawning dispels.

Never so darkling an alley but opens at last  
On unlimited space,  
Each gate is the frame of a vision that stretches away  
To the rims of the sky.  
Never a scar that was left by the pitiless past  
But has taken a grace  
Like the mark of a smile that was turned upon children at  
play  
In a summer gone by.

Many the tyrants, my city, that held thee in thrall.  
What remains of them now?  
Names whispered back from the dark through a portal ajar—  
They come not again.  
By men thou wert made and wert marred, but outlasting  
them all  
Is the soul that is thou—  
A soul that shall speak to my soul till I too pass afar,  
And perchance, even then.

*Amelia Josephine Burr* [1878—

## "THERE IS A POOL ON GARDA"

THERE is a pool on Garda,  
    'Tis fashioned by the moon  
That climbs above the mountain's crest  
    What time the night birds croon;  
The pool is paved with silver  
    Inwrought with burnished gold,  
And in its deeps a treasure sleeps  
    The goblins stored of old.

There is a pool on Garda,  
    It will elude you still  
Ply you the oar from shore to shore  
    With howe'er strong a will;  
'Twill flee you like a phantom,  
    'Twill lead you on and on;  
A luring light, 'twill fade from sight  
    What time the moon is gone.

There is a pool on Garda,  
    You'll see it in your dreams;  
'Tis shaped of silvery glamor,  
    'Tis fused of golden beams.  
Once you have caught the vision,  
    The fair elusive ray,  
'Twill haunt your brain like some sweet strain  
    Forever and a day!

*Clinton Scollard [1860-1932]*

## CHORUS

From "Hellas"

THE world's great age begins anew,  
    The golden years return,  
The earth doth like a snake renew  
    Her winter weeds outworn:

Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,  
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
From waves serener far;  
A new Peneus rolls his fountains  
Against the morning-star;  
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,  
Fraught with a later prize;  
Another Orpheus sings again,  
And loves, and weeps, and dies;  
A new Ulysses leaves once more  
Calypso for his native shore.

O write no more the tale of Troy,  
If earth Death's scroll must be!  
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy  
Which dawns upon the free,  
Although a subtler Sphinx renew  
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,  
And to remoter time  
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
The splendor of its prime;  
And leave, if naught so bright may live,  
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose  
Shall burst, more bright and good  
Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
Than many unsubdued:  
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,  
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease! must hate and death return?  
Cease! must men kill and die?  
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn  
Of bitter prophecy!

The world is weary of the past—  
O might it die or rest at last!

*Percy Bysshe Shelley* [1792-1822]

## THE ISLES OF GREECE

From "Don Juan"

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all, except their sun, is set,

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
Have found the fame your shores refuse:  
Their place of birth alone is mute  
To sounds which echo further west  
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—  
And Marathon looks on the sea;  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;  
For standing on the Persians' grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations,—all were his!  
He counted them at break of day—  
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore  
The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?



'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though linked among a fettered race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
     Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
 For what is left the poet here?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?  
 Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
 Earth! render back from out thy breast  
     A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
 Of the three hundred grant but three.  
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?  
     Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
     And answer, "Let one living head,  
 But one, arise,—we come, we come!"  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;  
     Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
     And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;  
     Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
 Of two such lessons, why forget  
     The nobler and the manlier one?  
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
     We will not think of themes like these!  
 It made Anacreon's song divine:  
     He served—but served Polycrates—  
 A tyrant; but our masters then  
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades!

O that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line

Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—

They have a king who buys and sells;  
In native swords and native ranks

The only hope of courage dwells:  
But Turkish force and Latin fraud  
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But, gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,

Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;

There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

*George Gordon Byron* [1788-1824]

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

### CARILLON

IN the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended,  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,

Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling;  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,

On the roofs and stones of cities!  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas!  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

#### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and  
brown;

Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er  
the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I  
stood,

And the world threw off its darkness, like the weeds of widow-  
hood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams  
and vapors gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here  
and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,  
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild  
and high  
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant  
than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden  
times,  
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy  
chimes.

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing  
in the choir;  
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a  
friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my  
brain;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth  
again;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of  
old;  
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the  
Fleece of Gold:

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;  
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and  
ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;  
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the  
queen,  
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword un-  
sheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,  
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs  
of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving  
west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's  
nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror  
smote;  
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,  
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's  
roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves  
once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I was  
aware,  
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illuminèd  
square.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

## NUREMBERG

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands

Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,

Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,

Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,

That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,

Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;

On the square, the oriel window, where in old heroic days  
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:  
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,

By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,

And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture  
rare,  
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted  
air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent  
heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;  
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,  
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

*Emigravit* is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;  
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more  
fair  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has  
breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure  
and dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic  
strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly  
guild,  
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swal-  
lows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic  
rhyme,  
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's  
chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers  
of poesy bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.  
Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle  
craft,  
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and  
laughed.



But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,  
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door,  
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's  
    song,  
As the old man gray and dovelike, with his great beard white  
    and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark  
    and care,  
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique  
    chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye  
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's  
    regard,  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cob-  
    bler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,  
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought  
    his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the  
    soil,  
The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### BINGEN ON THE RHINE

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of  
    woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed  
    away,  
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native  
    land;

Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and  
crowd around,  
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was  
done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting  
sun:  
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in  
wars,—  
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many  
scars;  
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn de-  
cline,—  
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old  
age;  
For I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;  
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and  
wild;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's  
sword;  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to  
shine,  
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping  
head,  
When the troops come marching home again with glad and  
gallant tread,  
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast  
eye,  
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;  
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name  
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword  
and mine),  
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by  
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in  
her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—  
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest  
mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,  
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—  
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine  
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to  
hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;  
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,  
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and  
still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with  
friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered  
walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidently in mine,—  
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the  
Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was  
childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;  
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—  
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked  
down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;  
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to  
shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

*Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton [1808-1877]*

“AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON”

As I came down from Lebanon,  
Came winding, wandering slowly down  
Through mountain-passes bleak and brown,  
The cloudless day was well-nigh done.  
The city, like an opal, set  
In emerald, showed each minaret  
Afire with radiant beams of sun,  
And glistened orange, fig, and lime,  
Where song-birds made melodious chime,  
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,  
Like lava in the dying glow,  
Through olive orchards far below  
I saw the murmuring river run;  
And 'neath the wall upon the sand  
Swart sheiks from distant Samarcand,  
With precious spices they had won,  
Lay long and languidly in wait  
Till they might pass the guarded gate,  
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,  
I saw strange men from lands afar,  
In mosque and square and gay bazar,  
The Magi that the Moslem shun,  
And grave Effendi from Stamboul,  
Who sherbet sipped in corners cool;  
And, from the balconies o'errun  
With roses, gleamed the eyes of those  
Who dwell in still scraglios,  
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,  
The flaming flower of daytime died,  
And Night, arrayed as is a bride  
Of some great king, in garments spun

Of purple and the finest gold,  
 Outbloomed in glories manifold!  
 Until the moon, above the dun  
 And darkening desert, void of shade,  
 Shone like a keen Damascus blade,  
 As I came down from Lebanon.

*Clinton Scollard* [1860-1932]

### CEYLON

I HEAR a whisper in the heated air—  
 "Rest! Rest! give over care!"  
 Long level breakers on the golden beach  
 Murmur in silver speech—  
 "Sleep in the palm-tree shadows on the shore—  
 Work, work no more!  
 Rest here and work no more."

Where half unburied cities of dead kings  
 Breed poisonous creeping things  
 I learn the poor mortality of man—  
 Seek vainly for some plan—  
 Know that great empires pass as I must pass  
 Like withered blades of grass—  
 Dead blades of Patna grass.

"Breathe—breathe the odorous sweetness that is ours,"  
 Cry Frangipani flowers.  
 "Forget! Forget! and know no more distress,  
 But languorous idleness:  
 Dream where dead leaves fall ever from green trees  
 To float on sapphire seas—  
 Dream! and be one with these."

*A. Hugh Fisher* [1867-

### MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,  
 There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;  
 For the wind is in the palm trees, an' the temple bells they  
 say:  
 "Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to  
 Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay:  
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to  
Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the  
Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's  
Queen,

An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,  
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—

Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—

Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she  
stud!

On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin'  
slow,

She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-lo-lo !*"

With 'er arm upon my shoulder, an' 'er cheek agin my cheek,

We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak

In the sludgy, squalid creek,

Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to  
speak!

On the road to Mandalay—

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,

An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger tells:

"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed  
nothin' else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells

An' the sunshine an' the palm trees an' the tinkly temple  
bells!

On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,  
 An' the blasted Henglish drizzle waks the fever in my bones;  
 Though I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the  
 Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law! wot *do* they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!

On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the  
 worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can  
 raise a thirst;

For the temple bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to  
 Mandalay!

Oh, the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China crost the  
 Bay!

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-1936]

## NUBIA

A LAND of Dreams and Sleep,—a popped land!

With skies of endless calm above her head,

The drowsy warmth of summer noonday shed

Upon her hills, and silence stern and grand

Throughout her Desert's temple-burying sand.

Before her threshold, in their ancient place,

With closed lips, and fixed, majestic face,

Noteless of Time, her dumb colossi stand.

Oh, pass them not with light, irreverent tread;

Respect the dream that builds her fallen throne,

And soothes her to oblivion of her woes.

Hush! for she does but sleep; she is not dead:

Action and Toil have made the world their own,

But she hath built an altar to Repose.

*Bayard Taylor* [1825-1878]

## BALLADS OLD AND NEW

### THOMAS THE RHYMER

TRUE Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;  
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;  
And there he saw a lady bright,  
Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,  
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;  
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane  
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,  
And louted low down on his knee:  
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!  
For thy peer on earth could never be."

"O no, O no, Thomas!" she said,  
"That name does not belang to me;  
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,  
That am hither come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas!" she said,  
"Harp and carp along wi' me;  
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
Sure of your body I will be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
That weird shall never daunten me."  
Syne he has kissed her rosy lips,  
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now, ye maun go wi' me," she said;  
"True Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;  
And ye maun serve me seven years,  
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."



She's mounted on her milk-white steed;  
She's ta'en true Thomas up behind;  
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,  
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;  
Until they reached a desert wide,  
And living land was left behind.

"Light down, light down now, true Thomas,  
And lean your head upon my knee;  
Abide ye there a little space,  
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,  
So thick beset wi' thorns and briers?  
That is the Path of Righteousness,  
Though after it but few inquires.

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road,  
That lies across the lily leven?  
That is the Path of Wickedness,  
Though some call it the Road to Heaven.

"And see yet not yon bonny road,  
That winds about the fernie brae?  
That is the Road to fair Elfland,  
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,  
Whatever ye may hear or see;  
For speak ye word in Elfyn-land,  
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and farther on,  
And they waded rivers abune the knee;  
And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
But they heard the roaring of the sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae starlight,  
They waded through red blude to the knee;  
For a' the blude that's shed on earth  
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,  
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:  
"Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;  
It will give thee tongue that can never lee."

"My tongue is mine ain," true Thomas he said;  
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!  
I neither dought to buy nor sell,  
At fair or tryst where I might be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,  
Nor ask of grace from fair lady!"  
"Now haud thy peace!" the lady said,  
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;  
And till seven years were gane and past,  
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

*Unknown*

#### EARL MAR'S DAUGHTER

It was intill a pleasant time,  
Upon a simmer's day,  
The noble Earl Mar's daughter  
Went forth to sport and play.

And as she played and sported  
Below a green aik tree,  
There she saw a sprightly doo  
Set on a branch sae hie.

"O Coo-my-doo, my love sae true,  
If ye'll come down to me,  
Ye'se hae a cage o' gude red gowd  
Instead o' simple tree.

"I'll tak' ye hame and pet ye weel,  
Within my bower and ha';  
I'll gar ye shine as fair a bird  
As ony o' them a'!"

And she had nae these words weel spoke,  
Nor yet these words weel said,  
Till Coo-my-doo flew frae the branch,  
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird  
Hame to her bower and ha',  
And made him shine as fair a bird  
As ony o' them a'.

When day was gane, and night was come,  
About the evening-tide,  
This lady spied a bonny youth  
Stand straight up by her side.

"Now whence come ye, young man," she said,  
"To put me into fear?  
My door was bolted right secure,  
And what way cam' ye here?"

"O haud your tongue, my lady fair,  
Lat a' your folly be;  
Mind ye not o' your turtle-doo  
Ye wiled from aff the tree?"

"O wha are ye, young man?" she said,  
"What country come ye frae?"  
"I flew across the sea," he said,  
"'Twas but this verra day.

"My mither is a queen," he says,  
"Likewise of magic skill;  
'Twas she that turned me in a doo,  
To fly where'er I will.

"And it was but this verra day  
That I cam' owre the sea:  
I loved you at a single look;  
With you I'll live and dee."

"O Coo-my-doo, my love sae true,  
Nae mair frae me ye'se gae."  
"That's never my intent, my love;  
As ye said, it sall be sac."

There he has lived in bower wi' her,  
For six lang years and ane;  
Till sax young sons to him she bare,  
And the seventh she's brought hame.

But aye, as soon's a child was barn,  
He carried them away,  
And brought them to his mither's care,  
As fast as he could fly.

When he had stayed in bower wi' her  
For seven lang years an' mair;  
There cam' a lord o' hie renown  
To court that lady fair.

But still his proffer she refused,  
And a' his presents too;  
Says, "I'm content to live alane  
Wi' my bird Coo-my-doo!"

Her father sware a mighty oath,  
He sware it wi' ill-will:  
"To-morrow, ere I eat or drink,  
That bird I'll surely kill."

The bird was sitting in his cage,  
And heard what he did say;  
He jumped upon the window-sill:  
"'Tis time I was away."

Then Coo-my-doo took flight and flew  
Beyond the raging sea,  
And lichted at his mither's castle,  
Upon a tower sae hic.

The Queen his mither was walking out,  
To see what she could see,  
And there she saw her darling son  
Set on the tower sae hic.

"Get dancers here to dance," she said,  
"And minstrels for to play;  
For here's my dear son Florentine  
Come back wi' me to stay."

"Get nae dancers to dance, mither,  
Nor minstrels for to play;  
For the mither o' my seven sons,  
The morn's her wedding day."

"Now tell me, dear son Florentine,  
O tell, and tell me true;  
Tell me this day, without delay,  
What sall I do for you?"

"Instead of dancers to dance, mither,  
Or minstrels for to play,  
Turn four-and-twenty well-wight men,  
Like storks, in feathers gray;

"My seven sons in seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to flee;  
And I mysel' a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird o' high degree."

Then, sighing, said the Queen to hersel',  
"That thing's too high for me!"  
But she applied to an auld woman,  
Wha had mair skill than she.

Instead o' dancers to dance a dance,  
Or minstrels for to play,  
Were four-and-twenty well-wight men  
Turned birds o' feathers gray;

Her seven sons in seven swans,  
Aboon their heads to flee;  
And he himsel' a gay gos-hawk,  
A bird o' high degree.

This flock o' birds took flight and flew  
Beyond the raging sea;  
They landed near the Earl Mar's castle,  
And took shelter in every tree.

They were a flock o' pretty birds,  
Right wondrous to be seen;  
The weddin'eers they looked at them  
Whilst walking on the green.

These birds flew out frae bush and tree,  
And lichted on the ha';  
And, when the wedding-train cam' forth,  
Flew down among them a'.

The storks they seized the boldest men,  
That they could not fight or flee;  
The swans they bound the bridegroom fast  
Unto a green aik tree.

They flew around the bride-maidens,  
Around the bride's own head;  
And, wi' the twinkling o' an ee,  
The bride and they were fled.

There's ancient men at weddings been  
For eighty years or more;  
But siccan a curious wedding-day  
They never saw before.

For naething could the company do,  
Nor naething could they say;  
But they saw a flock o' pretty birds  
That took their bride away.

*Unknown*

### THE TWA SISTERS

THERE was twa sisters in a bower,  
*Binnoric, O Binnoric;*  
There was twa sisters in a bower,  
*Binnoric, O Binnoric;*  
There was twa sisters in a bower,  
There came a knight to be their wooer,  
*By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnoric.*

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,  
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;

He courted the eldest wi' brooch and knife,  
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;

The eldest she is vexèd sair,  
And much envied her sister fair.

Into her bower she couldna rest,  
Wi' grief and spite she almost brast.

Upon a morning fair and clear,  
She cried upon her sister dear:

"O sister, come to yon sea-strand,  
And see our father's ships come to land."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,  
And led her down to yon sca-strand;

The youngest stude upon a stane,  
The eldest came and pushed her in;

She took her by the middle sma',  
And dashed her bonny back to the jaw.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand,  
And ye shall be heir of half my land."

"O sister, I'll not reach my hand,  
And I'll be heir of a' your land;

"Shame fa' the hand that I should take,  
It's twinèd me and my world's mate."

"O sister, reach me but your glove,  
And sweet William shall be your love."

"Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!  
And sweet William shall be my love.

"Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,  
Garred me gang maiden evermair."

Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she swam,  
Until she cam to the miller's dam.

O, out it cam the miller's son,  
And saw the fair maid swimmin' in.

"O father, father, draw your dam!  
Here's either a mermaid, or a milk-white swan."

The miller hasted and drew his dam,  
And there he found a drowned woman;

You couldna see her yellow hair,  
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;

You couldna see her middle sma',  
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';

You couldna see her fingers white,  
For gowden rings that were sae gryte.

A famous harper passing by,  
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;



And when he looked that lady on,  
He sighed and made a heavy moan;

He made a harp of her breast-bane,  
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stane;

The strings he framed of her yellow hair,  
Whose notes made sad the listening ear;

He brought it to her father's ha',  
And there was the court assembled a';

He laid his harp upon a stane,  
And straight it began to play alane:

"O yonder sits my father, the king,  
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;

"And yonder stands my brother Hugh,  
And by him my William, sweet and true."

But the last tune that the harp played then,

*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*

Was—"Wae to my sister, false Helen!"

*By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.*

*Unknown*

### THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
And a wealthy wife was she;  
She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her  
A week but barely ane,  
Whan word came to the carline wife,  
That her three sons were gane.

They hadna been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
Whan word came to the carline wife,  
That her sons she'd never see.

The Wife of Usher's Well      2651

"I wish the wind may never cease,  
Nor fashes in the flood,  
Till my three sons come hame to me,  
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When nights are lang and mirk,  
The carline wife's three sons came hame,  
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,  
Nor yet in ony sheugh;  
But at the gates o' Paradise,  
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!  
Bring water from the well!  
For a' my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well."

And she had made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide;  
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,  
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said,  
"'Tis time we were awa'."

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,  
And clapped his wings at a',  
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,  
"Brother, we must awa'."

"The cock doth crawl, the day doth daw',  
The channerin' worm doth chide;  
Gin we be missed out o' our place,  
A sair pain we maun bide."

“Lie still, lie still, a little wee while,  
Lie still but if we may;  
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,  
She'll go mad ere it be day.”

O they've ta'en up their mother's mantle,  
And they've hinged it on the pin:  
“O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantle,  
Ere ye hap us again!

“Fare-ye-weel, my mother dear!  
Fareweel to barn and byre!  
And fare-ye-weel, the bonny lass  
That kindles my mother's fire.”

*Unknown*

### A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Fire and slect and candle-lighte,  
—*And Christe receive thy saule.*

When thou from hence away art passed,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Whinny-muir thou com'st at last;  
—*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Sit thee down and put them on;  
—*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
The whinnes sall prick thee to the bare bane;  
—*And Christe receive thy saule.*

From Whinny-muir when thou may'st pass,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last;  
—*And Christe receive thy saule.*

From Brig o' Dread when thou may'st pass,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
To Purgatory fire thou com'st at last;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
The fire sall never make thee shrink;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane;  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,  
—*Every nighte and alle,*  
Fire and sleet and candle-lighte,  
*And Christe receive thy saule.*

*Unknown*

#### THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

"RISE up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas," she says,  
"And put on your armor so bright;  
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine  
Was married to a lord under night.

"Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And put on your armor so bright,  
And take better care of your youngest sister,  
For your eldest's awa the last night."

He's mounted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple gray,  
With a bugelet-horn hung down by his side,  
And lightly they rode away.

Lord William lookit o'er his left shoulder,  
To see what he could see,  
And there he spied her seven brethren bold,  
Come riding o'er the lea.

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,  
"And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until that against your seven brethren bold,  
And your father, I mak' a stand."

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
And never did shed one tear,  
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',  
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

"O haud your hand, Lord William!" she said,  
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;  
True lovers I can get many an ane,  
But a father I can never get mair."

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,  
It was o' the Holland sae fine,  
And aye she dighted her father's wounds,  
That were redder than the wine.

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,  
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"  
"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,  
"For ye've left me no other guide."

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,  
And himself on a dapple gray,  
With a bugelet-horn hung down by his side,  
And slowly they baith rade away.

O they rade on, and on they rade,  
And a' by the light of the moon,  
Until they cam' to yon wan water,  
And there they lighted doun.

They lighted doun to tak' a drink  
Of the spring that ran sae clear;  
And doun the stream ran his gude heart's blood,  
And sair she gan to fear.

"Haud up, haud up, Lord William," she says,  
 "For I fear that you are slain!"  
 "'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,  
 That shines in the water sae plain."

O they rade on, and on they rade,  
 And a' by the light of the moon,  
 Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,  
 And there they lighted down.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,  
 "Get up and let me in!—  
 Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,  
 "For this night my fair lady I've win."

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,  
 "O mak it braid and deep!  
 And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,  
 And the sounder I will sleep."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,  
 Lady Marg'ret lang ere day;  
 And all true lovers that go thegither,  
 May they have mair luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Mary's kirk,  
 Lady Marg'ret in Mary's quire;  
 Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,  
 And out o' the knight's a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,  
 And fain they wad be near;  
 And a' the warld might ken right weel  
 They were twa lovers dear.

But by and rade the Black Douglas,  
 And wow but he was rough!  
 For he pu'ed up the bonny brier,  
 And flang't in St. Mary's Lough.

## FAIR ANNIE

THE reivers they stole Fair Anne,  
As she walked by the sea;  
But a noble knight was her ransom soon,  
Wi' gowd and white monie.

She bided in strangers' land wi' him,  
And none knew whence she cam;  
She lived in the castle wi' her love,  
But never told her name.

"It's narrow, narrow, mak your bed,  
And learn to lie your lane;  
For I'm gaun owre the sea, Fair Annie,  
A braw Bride to bring hame.  
Wi' her I will get gowd and gear,  
Wi' you I ne'er gat nane.

"But wha will bake my bridal bread,  
Or brew my bridal ale?  
And wha will welcome my bright Bride,  
That I bring owre the dale?"

"It's I will bake your bridal bread,  
And brew your bridal ale;  
And I will welcome your bright Bride,  
That you bring owre the dale."

"But she that welcomes my bright Bride  
Maun gang like maiden fair;  
She maun lace on her robe sae jimp,  
And comely braid her hair.

"Bind up, bind up your yellow hair,  
And tie it on your neck;  
And see you look as maiden-like  
As the day that first we met."

“O how can I gang maiden-like,  
When maiden I am nane?  
Have I not borne six sons to thee,  
And am wi’ child again?”

“I’ll put cooks into my kitchen,  
And stewards in my hall,  
And I’ll have bakers for my bread,  
And brewers for my ale;  
But you’re to welcome my bright Bride,  
That I bring owre the dale.”

Three months and a day were gane and past,  
Fair Annie she gat word  
That her love’s ship was come at last,  
Wi’ his bright young Bride aboard.

She’s ta’en her young son in her arms,  
Anither in her hand;  
And she’s gane up to the highest tower,  
Looks owre sea and land.

“Come down, come down, my mother dear,  
Come aff the castle wa’!  
I fear if langer ye stand there,  
Ye’ll let yoursell down fa’.”

She’s ta’en a cake o’ the best bread,  
A stoup o’ the best wine,  
And a’ the keys upon her arm,  
And to the yett is gane.

“O ye’re welcome hame, my ain gude lord,  
To your castles and your towers;  
Ye’re welcome hame, my ain gude lord,  
To your ha’s, but and your bowers.  
And welcome to your hame, fair lady!  
For a’ that’s here is yours.”



“O whatna lady’s that, my lord,  
That welcomes you and me?  
Gin I be lang about this place,  
Her friend I mean to be.”

Fair Annie served the lang tables  
Wi’ the white bread and the wine;  
But ay she drank the wan water  
To keep her color fine.

And she gaed by the first table,  
And smiled upon them a’;  
But ere she reached the second table,  
The tears began to fa’.

She took a napkin lang and white,  
And hung it on a pin;  
It was to wipe away the tears,  
As she gaed out and in.

When bells were rung and mass was sung,  
And a’ men bound for bed,  
The bridegroom and the bonny Bride  
In ae chamber were laid.

Fair Annie’s ta’en a harp in her hand,  
To harp thir twa asleep;  
But ay, as she harpit and she sang,  
Fu’ sairly did she weep.

“O gin my sons were seven rats,  
Rinnin’ on the castle wa’.  
And I mysell a great gray cat,  
I soon wad worry them a’!

“O gin my sons were seven hares,  
Rinnin’ owre yon lily lea,  
And I mysell a good greyhound,  
Soon worried they a’ should be!”

Then out and spak the bonny young Bride,  
In bride-bed where she lay:  
"That's like my sister Annie," she says;  
"Wha is it doth sing and play?"

"I'll put on my gown," said the new-come Bride,  
"And my shoes upon my feet;  
I will see wha doth sac sadly sing,  
And what is it gars her greet.

"What ails you, what ails you, my housekeeper,  
That ye mak sic a mane?  
Has ony wine-barrel cast its girds,  
Or is a' your white bread gane?"

"It isna because my wine is spilt,  
Or that my white bread's gane;  
But because I've lost my true love's love,  
And he's wed to anither ane."

"Noo tell me wha was your father?" she says.  
"Noo tell me wha was your mither?  
And had ye ony sister?" she says,  
"And had ye ever a brither?"

"The Earl of Wemyss was my father,  
The Countess of Wemyss my mither,  
Young Elinor she was my sister dear,  
And Lord John he was my brither."

"If the Earl of Wemyss was your father,  
I wot sae was he mine;  
And it's O my sister Annie!  
Your love ye sallna tyne.

"Tak your husband, my sister dear;  
You ne'er were wranged for me,  
Beyond a kiss o' his merry mouth  
As we cam owre the sea.

“Seven ships, loaded weel,  
Cam owre the sea wi’ me;  
Ane o’ them will tak me hame,  
And six I’ll gie to thee.”

*Unknown*

### THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN

“O wha will shoe my bonny foot?  
And wha will glove my hand?  
And wha will bind my middle jimp  
Wi’ a lang, lang linen band?

“O wha will kame my yellow hair,  
With a haw bayberry kame?  
And wha will be my babe’s father  
Till Gregory come hame?”

“Thy father, he will shoe thy foot,  
Thy brother will glove thy hand,  
Thy mither will bind thy middle jimp  
Wi’ a lang, lang linen band.

“Thy sister will kame thy yellow hair,  
Wi’ a haw bayberry kame;  
The Almighty will be thy babe’s father  
Till Gregory come hame.”

“And wha will build a bonny ship,  
And set it on the sea?  
For I will go to seek my love,  
My ain love Gregory.”

Up then spak her father dear,  
A wafu’ man was he:  
“And I will build a bonny ship,  
And set her on the sea.

“And I will build a bonny ship,  
And set her on the sea,  
And ye sal gae and seek your love,  
Your ain love Gregory.”

Then he's gart build a bonny ship,  
And set it on the sea,  
Wi' four-and-twenty mariners,  
To bear her company.

O he's gart build a bonny ship,  
To sail on the salt sea;  
The mast was o' the beaten gold,  
The sails o' cramoisie.

The sides were o' the gude stout aik,  
The deck o' mountain pine,  
The anchor o' the silver shene,  
The ropes o' silken twine.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,  
But twenty leagues and three,  
When she met wi' a rank reiver,  
And a' his companie.

"Now are ye Queen of Heaven hie,  
Come to pardon a' our sin?  
Or are ye Mary Magdalane,  
Was born in Bethlehem?"

"I'm no the Queen of Heaven hie,  
Come to pardon ye your sin,  
Nor am I Mary Magdalane,  
Was born in Bethlehem.

"But I'm the lass of Lochroyan,  
That's sailing on the sea  
To see if I can find my love,  
My ain love Gregory."

"O see na ye yon bonny bower?  
It's a' covered owre wi' tin;  
When thou hast sailed it round about,  
Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower,  
Shining both clear and bright,  
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,  
Built on a rock of height,

Says, "Row the boat, my mariners,  
And bring me to the land,  
For yonder I see my love's castle,  
Close by the salt sea strand."

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,  
And loud and loud cried she,  
"Now break, now break your fairy charms,  
And set my true-love free."

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,  
And to the door she's gane,  
And long she knocked, and sair she ca'd,  
But answer got she nane.

"O open, open, Gregory!  
O open! if ye be within;  
For here's the lass of Lochroyan,  
Come far frae kith and kin.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!  
O open and let me in!  
The wind blows loud and cauld, Gregory,  
The rain drops frae my chin.

"The shoe is frozen to my foot,  
The glove unto my hand,  
The wet drops frae my yellow hair,  
Na langer dow I stand."

O up then spak his ill mither,  
—An ill death may she dee!  
"Ye're no the lass of Lochroyan,  
She's far out-owre the sea.

“Awa’, awa’, ye ill woman,  
Ye’re no come here for gude;  
Ye’re but some witch or wil’ warlock,  
Or mermaid o’ the flood.”

“I am neither witch nor wil’ warlock,  
Nor mermaid o’ the sea,  
But I am Annie of Lochroyan,  
O open the door to me!”

“Gin ye be Annie of Lochroyan,  
As I trow thou binna she,  
Now tell me of some love-tokens  
That passed ’tween thee and me.”

“O dinna ye mind, love Gregory,  
As we sat at the wine,  
We changed the rings frae our fingers?  
And I can shew thee thine.

“O yours was gude, and gude enough,  
But ay the best was mine,  
For yours was o’ the gude red gowd,  
But mine o’ the diamond fine.

“Yours was o’ the gude red gowd,  
Mine o’ the diamond fine;  
Mine was o’ the purest troth,  
But thine was false within.”

“If ye be the lass of Lochroyan,  
As I kenna thou be,  
Tell me some mair o’ the love-tokens  
Passed between thee and me.”

“And dinna ye mind, love Gregory!  
As we sat on the hill,  
Thou twined me o’ my maidenheid,  
Right sair against my will?”

"Now open the door, love Gregory!  
Open the door! I pray;  
For thy young son is in my arms,  
And will be dead ere day."

"Ye lee, ye lee, ye ill woman,  
So loud I hear ye lee;  
For Annie of the Lochroyan  
Is far out-owre the sea."

Fair Annie turned her round about:  
"Weel, syne that it be sac,  
May ne'er woman that has borne a son  
Hae a heart sae fu' o' wae!

"Tak down, tak down that mast o' gowd,  
Set up a mast o' tree;  
It disna become a forsaken lady  
To sail sae royallie."

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,  
And the sun began to peep,  
Up then raise Lord Gregory,  
And sair, sair did he weep.

"O I hae dreamed a dream, mither,  
I wish it may bring good!  
That the bonny lass of Lochroyan  
At my bower window stood.

"O I hae dreamed a dream, mither,  
The thought o't gars me greet!  
That fair Annie of Lochroyan  
Lay dead at my bed-feet."

"Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan  
That ye mak a' this mane,  
She stood last night at your bower-door,  
But I hae sent her hame."

"O wae betide ye, ill woman,  
An ill death may ye dee!  
That wadna open the door yoursell  
Nor yet wad waken me."

O he's gane down to yon shore-side,  
As fast as he could dree,  
And there he saw fair Annie's bark  
A rowing owre the sea.

"O Annie, Annie," loud he cried,  
"O Annie, O Annie, bide!"  
But ay the mair he cried "Annie,"  
The braider grew the tide.

"O Annie, Annie, dear Annie,  
Dear Annie, speak to me!"  
But ay the louder he gan call,  
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the waves rose hie  
And dashed the boat on shore;  
Fair Annie's corse was in the faem,  
The babe rose never more.

Lord Gregory tore his gowden locks  
And made a wafu' mane;  
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,  
His bonny son was gane.

"O cherry, cherry was her cheek,  
And gowden was her hair,  
And coral, coral was her lips,  
Nane might with her compare."

Then first he kissed her pale, pale cheek,  
And syne he kissed her chin,  
And syne he kissed her wane, wane lips,  
There was na breath within.



“O wae betide my ill mither,  
An ill death may she dee!  
She turned my true-love frae my door,  
Wha cam so far to me.

“O wae betide my ill mither,  
An ill death may she dee!  
She has no been the deid o’ ane,  
But she’s been the deid o’ three.”

Then he’s ta’en out a little dart,  
Hung low down by his gore,  
He thrust it through and through his heart,  
And word spak never more.

*Unknown*

#### YOUNG BEICHAN AND SUSIE PYE

In London was young Beichan born,  
He longed strange countries for to see;  
But he was ta’en by a savage Moor,  
Who handled him right cruellie;

For he viewed the fashions of that land:  
Their way of worship viewèd he;  
But to Mahound, or Termagant,  
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So in every shoulder they’ve putten a bore,  
In every bore they’ve putten a tree,  
And they have made him trail the wine  
And spices on his fair bodie.

They’ve casten him in a dungeon deep,  
Where he could neither hear nor see;  
And fed him on naught but bread and water,  
Till he for hunger’s like to dee.

This Moor he had but ae daughter,  
Her name was callèd Susie Pye;  
And every day as she took the air,  
Near Beichan’s prison she passèd by

## Young Beichan and Susie Pye 2667

And so it fell upon a day,  
About the middle time of Spring,  
As she was passing by that way,  
She heard young Beichan sadly sing:

“My hounds they all run masterless,  
My hawks they fly frae tree to tree;  
My youngest brother will heir my lands;  
Fair England again I'll never see.

“Oh were I free as I hae been,  
And my ship swimming once more on sea,  
I'd turn my face to fair England,  
And sail no more to a strange countrie!”

All night long no rest she got,  
Young Beichan's song for thinking on;  
She's stown the keys from her father's head,  
And to the prison strang is gone.

And she has opened the prison doors,  
I wot she opened two or three,  
Ere she could come young Beichan at,  
He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she cam' young Beichan till,  
Sore wondered he that may to see;  
He took her for some fair captive:  
“Fair lady, I pray, of what countrie?”

“O have ye any lands,” she said,  
“Or castles in your ain countrie,  
That ye could give a lady fair,  
From prison strang to set you free?”

“Near London town I have a hall,  
And other castles two or three;  
I'll give them all to the lady fair  
That out of prison will set me free.”

“Give me the truth of your right hand,  
The truth of it give unto me,  
That for seven years ye’ll no lady wed,  
Unless it be alang wi’ me.”

“I’ll give thee the truth of my right hand,  
The truth of it I’ll freely gie,  
That for seven years I’ll stay unwed,  
For the kindness thou dost show to me.”

And she has bribed the proud warder  
Wi’ mickle gold and white monie;  
She’s gotten the keys of the prison strang,  
And she has set young Beichan free.

She’s gi’en him to eat the good spice-cake;  
She’s gi’en him to drink the blude-red wine;  
She’s bidden him sometimes think on her  
That sae kindly freed him out o’ pine.

And she has broken her finger ring,  
And to Beichan half of it gave she;  
“Keep it to mind you of that love  
The lady bore that set you free.

“And set your foot on good ship-board,  
And haste ye back to your ain countrie;  
And before that seven years have an end,  
Come back again, love, and marry me.”

But lang ere seven years had an end,  
She longed full sore her love to see;  
So she’s set her foot on good ship-board.  
And turned her back to her ain countrie.

She sailèd east, she sailèd west,  
Till to fair England’s shore she came;  
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,  
Feeding his sheep upon the plain.

Young Beichan and Susie Pye 2669

"What news, what news, thou bonny shepherd?  
What news has thou to tell to me?"  
"Such news I hear, ladie," he says,  
"The like was never in this countrie.

"There is a wedding in yonder hall,  
And ever the bells ring merrilie;  
It is Lord Beichan's wedding-day  
Wi' a lady fair o' high degree."

She's putten her hand in her pocket,  
Gi'en him the gold and white monie;  
"Here, take ye that, my bonny boy,  
All for the news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to young Beichan's gate,  
She tirlèd softly at the pin:  
So ready was the proud porter  
To open and let this lady in.

"Is this young Beichan's hall," she said,  
"Or is that noble lord within?"  
"Yea, he's in the hall among them all,  
And this is the day o' his weddin'."

"And has he wed anither love?  
And has he clean forgotten me?"  
And, sighin', said that ladie gay,  
"I wish I were in my ain countrie."

And she has ta'en her gay gold ring,  
That with her love she brake sae free;  
Says, "Gie him that, ye proud porter,  
And bid the bridegroom speak wi' me."

When the porter came his lord before,  
He kneelèd low upon his knee—  
"What aileth thee, my proud porter,  
Thou art so full of courtesie?"

"I've been porter at your gates,  
It's now for thirty years and three;  
But there stands a lady at them now,  
The like o' her did I never see;

"For on every finger she has a ring,  
And on her mid-finger she has three;  
And meikle gold aboon her brow.  
Sae fair a may did I never see."

It's out then spak the bride's mother,  
Aye and an angry woman was she:  
"Ye might have excepted our bonny bride,  
And twa or three of our companie."

"O haud your tongue, thou bride's mother,  
Of all your folly let me be;  
She's ten times fairer nor the bride,  
And all that's in your companie.

"And this golden ring that's broken in twa,  
This half o' a golden ring sends she:  
'Ye'll carry that to Lord Beichan,' she says,  
'And bid him come an' spak wi' me.'

"She begs one sheave of your white bread,  
But and a cup of your red wine;  
And to remember the lady's love,  
That last relieved you out of pine."

"O well-a-day!" said Beichan then,  
"That I so soon have married me!  
For it can be none but Susie Pye,  
That for my love has sailed the sea."

And quickly hied he down the stair;  
Of fifteen steps he made but three;  
He's ta'en his bonny love in his arms,  
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"O hae ye ta'en anither bride?  
And hae ye quite forgotten me?  
And hae ye quite forgotten her,  
That gave you life and libertie?"

She lookit o'er her left shoulder,  
To hide the tears stood in her e'e;  
"Now fare thee well, young Beichan," she says,  
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O never, never, Susie Pye,  
For surely this can never be;  
Nor ever shall I wed but her  
That's done and dreed so much for me."

Then out and spak the forenoon bride:  
"My lord, your love it changeth soon;  
This morning I was made your bride,  
And another's chose ere it be noon."

"O haud thy tongue, thou forenoon bride;  
Ye're ne'er a whit the worse for me;  
And whan ye return to your own land,  
A double dower I'll send wi' thee."

He's ta'en Susie Pye by the white hand,  
And gently led her up and down;  
And ay, as he kist her red rosy lips,  
"Ye're welcome, jewel, to your own."

He's ta'en her by her milk-white hand,  
And led her to yon fountain stane;  
He's changed her name from Susie Pye,  
And called her his bonny love, Lady Jane.

*Unknown*

#### THE GAY GOS-HAWK

"O WELL is me, my gay gos-hawk,  
That you can speak and flee;  
For you can carry a love-letter  
To my true love frae me."

“O how can I carry a letter to her,  
Or how should I her know?  
I bear a tongue ne’er wi’ her spak’,  
And eyes that ne’er her saw.”

“The white o’ my love’s skin is white  
As down o’ dove or maw;  
The red o’ my love’s cheek is red  
As blood that’s spilt on snaw.

“When ye come to the castle,  
Light on the tree of ash,  
And sit ye there and sing our loves  
As she comes frae the mass.

“Four and twenty fair ladies  
Will to the mass repair;  
And weel may ye my lady ken,  
The fairest lady there.”

When the gos-hawk flew to that castle,  
He lighted on the ash;  
And there he sat and sang their loves  
As she came frae the mass.

“Stay where ye be, my maidens a’,  
And sip red wine anon,  
Till I go to my west window  
And hear a birdie’s moan.”

She’s gane unto her west window,  
The bolt she fainly drew;  
And unto that lady’s white, white neck  
The bird a letter threw.

“Ye’re bidden to send your love a send,  
For he has sent you twa;  
And tell him where he may see you soon,  
Or he cannot live ava.”

"I send him the ring from my finger,  
The garland off my hair,  
I send him the heart that's in my breast;  
What would my love have mair?  
And at the fourth kirk in fair Scotland,  
Ye'll bid him wait for me there."

She hied her to her father dear  
As fast as gang could she:  
"I'm sick at the heart, my father dear;  
An asking grant you me!"  
"Ask ye na for that Scottish lord,  
For him ye'll never see!"

"An asking, an asking, dear father!" she says,  
"An asking grant you me;  
That if I die in fair England,  
In Scotland ye'll bury me.

"At the first kirk o' fair Scotland,  
Ye cause the bells be rung;  
At the second kirk o' fair Scotland,  
Ye cause the mass be sung;

"At the third kirk o' fair Scotland,  
Ye deal gold for my sake;  
At the fourth kirk o' fair Scotland,  
O there ye'll bury me at!

"This is all my asking, father,  
I pray ye grant it me!"  
"Your asking is but small," he said;  
"Weel granted it shall be.  
But why do ye talk o' suchlike things?  
For ye arena going to dee."

The lady's gane to her chamber,  
And a moanfu' woman was she,  
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,  
And were about to dee.



The lady's gane to her chamber  
As fast as she could fare;  
And she has drunk a sleepy draught  
She mixed wi' mickle care.

She's fallen into a heavy trance,  
And pale and cold was she;  
She seemed to be as surely dead  
As any corpse could be.

Out and spak' an auld witch-wife,  
At the fireside sat she:  
"Gin she has killed herself for love,  
I wot it weel may be:

"But drap the het lead on her cheek,  
And drap it on her chin,  
And drap it on her bosom white,  
And she'll maybe speak again.  
'Tis much that a young lady will do  
To her true love to win."

They drapped the het lead on her cheek,  
They drapped it on her chin,  
They drapped it on her bosom white,  
But she spake none again.

Her brothers they went to a room,  
To make to her a bier;  
The boards were a' o' the cedar wood,  
The edges o' silver clear.

Her sisters they went to a room,  
To make to her a sark;  
The cloth was a' o' the satin fine,  
And the stitching silken-wark.

"Now well is me, my gay gos-hawk,  
That ye can speak and flee!  
Come show me any love-tokens  
That ye have brought to me."

“She sends ye her ring frae her finger white,  
The garland frae her hair;  
She sends ye the heart within her breast;  
And what would ye have mair?  
And at the fourth kirk o’ fair Scotland,  
She bids ye wait for her there.”

“Come hither, all my merry young men!  
And drink the good red wine;  
For we must on towards fair England  
To free my love frae pine.”

The funeral came into fair Scotland,  
And they gart the bells be rung;  
And when it came to the second kirk,  
They gart the mass be sung.

And when it came to the third kirk,  
They dealt gold for her sake;  
And when it came to the fourth kirk,  
Her love was waiting thereat.

At the fourth kirk in fair Scotland  
Stood spearmen in a row;  
And up and started her ain true love,  
The chieftain over them a’.

“Set down, set down the bier,” he says,  
“Till I look upon the dead;  
The last time that I saw her face,  
Its color was warm and red.”

He stripped the sheet from off her face  
A little below the chin;  
The lady then she opened her eyes,  
And lookèd full on him.

“O give me a shive o’ your bread, love,  
O give me a cup o’ your wine!  
Long have I fasted for your sake,  
And now I fain would dine.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brothers,  
Gae hame and blow the horn!  
And ye may say that ye sought my skaith,  
And that I hae gi'en ye the scorn.

"I cam' na here to bonny Scotland  
To lie down in the clay;  
But I cam' here to bonny Scotland,  
To wear the silks sae gay!

"I cam' na here to bonny Scotland,  
Amang the dead to rest;  
But I cam' here to bonny Scotland  
To the man that I lo'e best!"

*Unknown*

#### SWEET WILLIAM AND MAY MARG'RET

THERE came a ghost to Marg'ret's door,  
With many a grievous groan,  
And aye he tirlèd at the pin,  
But answer made she none.

"Is that my father Philip,  
Or is't my brother John?  
Or is't my true-love Willie,  
From Scotland new come home?"

"'Tis not thy father Philip,  
Nor yet thy brother John  
But 'tis thy true-love Willie,  
From Scotland new come home.

"O sweet Marg'ret, O dear Marg'ret,  
I pray thee speak to me:  
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,  
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,  
Of me shalt never win,  
Till that thou come within my bower,  
And kiss me cheek and chin."

"If I should come within thy bower,  
I am no earthly man:  
And should I kiss thy rosy lips  
Thy days would not be lang.

"O sweet Marg'ret, O dear Mar'gret,  
I pray thee speak to me:  
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret,  
As I gave it to thee."

"Thy faith and troth thou'lt never get,  
Of me shalt never win,  
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,  
And wed me with a ring."

"My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard  
Afar beyond the sca,  
And it is but my spirit, Marg'ret,  
That's now speaking to thee."

She stretched out her lily-white hand,  
And for to do her best:  
"Ha'e there your faith and troth, Willie,  
God send your soul good rest."

Now she has kilted her robe o' green  
A piece below her knee,  
And a' the live-lang winter night  
The dead corp followed she.

"Is there any room at your head, Willie,  
Or any room at your feet?  
Or any room at your side, Willie,  
Wherein that I may creep?"

"There's nae room at my head, Marg'ret,  
There's nae room at my feet;  
There's nae room at my side, Marg'ret,  
My coffin's made so meet."

Then up and crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
" 'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret,  
That you were gane awa'."

*Unknown*

### WILLY REILLY

"Oh! rise up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,  
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,  
To leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free land;"  
And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear Coolen Ban.

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,  
Through shady groves and valleys, all dangers to refrain;  
But her father followed after with a well-armed band,  
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear Coolen Ban.

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound;  
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,  
Till at the bar of justice, before the Judge he'd stand,  
For nothing but the stealing of his dear Coolen Ban.

"Now in the cold, cold iron my hands and feet are bound,  
I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground.  
But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,  
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear Coolen Ban."

The jailer's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say:  
"Oh! get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,  
For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand:  
I'm afeered you'll suffer sorely for your dear Coolen Ban.

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear:  
The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you clear."  
"If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,  
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear Coolen Ban."

Now Willy's dressed from top to toe all in a suit of green,  
His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;  
He's tall and straight, and comely as any could be found;  
He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she heiress to a crown.

The Judge he said: "This lady being in her tender youth,  
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth."  
Then, like a moving beauty bright, before him she did stand,  
"You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear Coolen  
Ban."

"Oh, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on  
me,  
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,  
And by his base contrivances this villainy was planned;  
If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she:  
"The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me,  
I forced him for to leave this place and come along with me;  
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out bespoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by:  
"Oh, gentlemen, consider on this extremity;  
To hang a man for love is a murder, you may see:  
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her  
rings,  
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,  
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred  
pounds,  
I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,  
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove;  
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."  
"I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,  
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,  
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,  
That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in  
foreign land "

Then out spoke noble Fox: "You may let the prisoner go;  
The lady's oath has cleared him, as the Jury all may know.  
She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name;  
May her honor bright gain high estate, and her offspring  
rise to fame!"

*Unknown*

### THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane  
I heard twa corbies making a mane;  
The tane unto the t'other did say,  
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?"

"—In behint yon auld fail dyke  
I wot there lies a new-slain Knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there,  
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en another mate,  
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye'll set on his white hause-bane,  
And I'll pick out his bonnie blue een:  
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair  
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him make mane,  
But nane sall ken whar he is gane;  
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

*Unknown*

### THE THREE RAVENS

THERE were three ravens sat on a tree,  
They were as black as they might be.

The one of them said to his mate,  
"Where shall we our breakfast take?"

"Down in yonder greenè field  
There lies a knight slain under his shield;

"His hounds they lie down at his feet,  
So well do they their master keep;

"His hawks they fly so eagerly,  
There's no fowl dare come him nigh.

"Down there comes a fallow doe  
As great with young as she might goe.

"She lifted up his bloody head  
And kist his wounds that were so red.

"She gat him up upon her back  
And carried him to earthen lake.

"She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herself ere evensong time.

"God send every gentleman  
Such hounds, such hawks, and such a leman."  
*Unknown*

### LORD RANDAL

"O WHERE hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?  
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?"  
"I hac been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed soon;  
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"Where gat ye your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
Where gat ye your dinner, my handsome young man?"  
"I dined wi' my true-love; mother, make my bed soon;  
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"What gat ye to your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?  
What gat ye to your dinner, my handsome young man?"  
"I gat eels boiled in broo; mother, make my bed soon;  
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."



"What became of your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?  
What became of your bloodhounds, my handsome young  
man?"

"O they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed soon;  
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wald lie down."

"O I fear ye are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!  
O I fear ye are poisoned, my handsome young man!"

"O yes! I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon;  
For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wald lie down."

*Unknown*

### EDWARD, EDWARD

"WHY does your brand sae drop wi' blude,  
Edward, Edward?

Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude,  
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"

"O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,  
Mither, mither;

O I hae killed my hawk sae gude,  
And I had nae mair but he, O."

"Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
Edward, Edward;

Your hawk's blude was never sae red,  
My dear son, I tell thee, O."

"O I hae killed my red-roan steed,  
Mither, mither;

O I hae killed my red-roan steed,  
That erst was sae fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair,  
Edward, Edward;

Your steed was auld, and ye hae got mair;  
Some other dule ye dree, O."

"O I hae killed my father dear,  
Mither, mither;

O I hae killed my father dear,  
Alas, and wae is me, O!"

"And whatten penance will ye dree for that,  
     Edward, Edward?  
 Whatten penance will ye dree for that?  
     My dear son, now tell me, O."  
 "I'll set my feet in yonder beat,  
     Mither, mither;  
 I'll set my feet in yonder boat,  
     And I'll fare over the sea, O."  
  
 "And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',  
     Edward, Edward?  
 And what will ye do wi' your towers and your ha',  
     That were sac fair to see, O?"  
 "I'll let them stand till they doun fa',  
     Mither, mither;  
 I'll let them stand till they doun fa',  
     For here never mair maun I be, O."  
  
 "And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
     Edward, Edward?  
 And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,  
     When ye gang owre the sea, O?"  
 "The warld's room: let them beg through life,  
     Mither, mither;  
 The warld's room: let them beg through life;  
     For them never mair will I see, O."  
  
 "And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
     Edward, Edward?  
 And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,  
     My dear son, now tell me, O?"  
 "The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear,  
     Mither, mither;  
 The curse of hell frae me sall ye bear:  
     Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!"

*Unknown*

# RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED

THERE was a knicht riding frae the east,  
     *Jennifer gentle an' rosemarce.*  
 Who had been wooing at monie a place,  
     *As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.*

He cam' unto a widow's door,  
And speird whare her three dochters were.

"The auldest ane's to a washing gane,  
The second's to a baking gane.

"The youngest ane's to a wedding gane,  
And it will be nicht or she be hame."

He sat him doun upon a stane,  
Till thir three lasses cam' tripping hame.

The auldest ane she let him in,  
And pinned the door wi' a siller pin.

The second ane she made his bed,  
And laid saft pillows unto his head.

The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,  
And she tarried for words wi' this unco knight.

"Gin ye will answer me questions ten,  
The morn ye sall be made my ain.

"O what is higher nor the tree?  
And what is deeper nor the sea?

"Or what is heavier nor the lead?  
And what is better nor the breid?

"Or what is whiter nor the milk?  
Or what is safter nor the silk?

"Or what is sharper nor a thorn?  
Or what is louder nor a horn?

"Or what is greener nor the grass?  
Or what is waur nor a woman was?"

"O heaven is higher nor the tree,  
And hell is deeper nor the sea.

“O sin is heavier nor the lead,  
The blessing’s better nor the breid.

“The snaw is whiter nor the milk,  
And the down is safter nor the silk.

“Hunger is sharper nor a thorn,  
And shame is louder nor a horn.

“The pies are greener nor the grass,  
And Clootie’s waur nor a woman was.”

As sune as she the fiend did name,  
    *Jennifer gentle an’ rosemaree,*  
He flew awa in a blazing flame,  
    *As the doo flies owre the mulberry tree.*

*Unknown*

## SIR PATRICK SPENS

### I.—THE SAILING

THE King sits in Dunfermline toun,  
Drinking the blude-red wine:  
“O whaur will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this gude ship of mine?”

Then up an’ spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the King’s right knee:  
“Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sailed the sea.”

The King has written a braid letter,  
And sealed it wi’ his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens  
Was walking on the strand.

“To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o’er the faem;  
The King’s daughter to Noroway,  
’Tis thou maun tak’ her hame!”

The first line that Sir Patrick read,  
A loud laugh laughèd he;  
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,  
The tear blindit his e'e.

"O wha is this hae dune this deed,  
And tauld the King o' me,  
To send us out, at this time o' year,  
To sail upon the sea?

"Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet,  
Our ship maun sail the faem;  
The King's daughter to Noroway,  
'Tis we maun tak' her hame."

They hoysed their sails on Monday morn  
Wi' a' the speed they may;  
And they hae landed in Noroway  
Upon the Wodensday.

## II.—THE RETURN

"Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!  
Our gude ship sails the morn."  
"Now, ever alack! my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm!

"I saw the new moon late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,  
That we sall come to harm!"

They hadna sailed a league, a league,  
A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea.

The ropes they brak, and the topmast lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm;  
And the waves cam owre the broken ship  
Till a' her sides were torn.

“O whaur will I get a gude sailor  
To tak’ the helm in hand,  
Until I win to the tall topmast  
And see if I spy the land?”

“It’s here am I, a sailor gude,  
To tak’ the helm in hand,  
Till ye win up to the tall topmast,  
But I fear ye’ll ne’er spy land.”

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bolt flew out of the gude ship’s side,  
And the saut sea it cam’ in.

“Gae fetch a web o’ the silken claith,  
Anither o’ the twine,  
And wap them into the gude ship’s side  
And let na the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o’ the silken claith,  
Anither o’ the twine,  
And they wapped them into that gude ship’s side,  
But aye the sea cam’ in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To weet their cock-heeled shoon!  
But lang ere a’ the play was played,  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed  
That floated on the faem;  
And mony was the gude lord’s son  
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang, may the ladies sit,  
Wi’ their fans into their hand,  
Or ever they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,  
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,  
A-waiting for their ain dear loves,  
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,  
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

*Unknown*

### EDOM O' GORDON

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,  
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And what a hauld sall we draw to,  
My merry men and me?  
We will gae to the house o' the Rodes,  
To see that fair ladye."

The lady stood on her castle wa',  
Beheld baith dale and down;  
There she was ware of a host of men  
Cam riding towards the town.

"O see ye not, my merry men a',  
O see ye not what I see?  
Methinks I see a host of men;  
I marvel wha they be."

She weened it had been her lovely lord,  
As he cam riding hame;  
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,  
Wha recked nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hersell,  
And putten on her gown,  
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men  
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,  
Nae sooner said the grace,  
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men  
Were lighted about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,  
Sac fast as she could hie,  
To see if by her fair speeches  
She could wi' him agree.

"Come doun to me, ye lady gay,  
Come doun, come doun to me;  
This night sall ye lig within myne arms,  
To-morrow my bride sall be."

"I winna come doun, ye fals Gordon,  
I winna come doun to thee;  
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,  
That is sae far frae me."

"Gie owre your house, ye lady fair,  
Gie owre your house to me;  
Or I sall brenn yoursell therein,  
But and your babies three."

"I winna gie owre, ye fals Gordon,  
To nae sic traitor as ye;  
And if ye brenn my ain dear babes,  
My lord sall mak ye dree.

"Now reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,  
And charge ye weel my gun;  
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,  
My babes, we been undone!"

She stood upon her castle wa',  
And let twa bullets flee:  
She missed that bluidy butcher's heart,  
And only razed his knee.



"Set fire to the house!" quo' fals Gordon,  
All wud wi' dule and ire:  
"Fals lady, ye sall rue this deid  
As ye brenn in the fire!"

"Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!  
I paid ye weel your fee;  
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,  
Lets in the reek to me?"

"And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!  
I paid ye weel your hire;  
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,  
To me lets in the fire?"

"Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,  
Ye paid me weel my fee:  
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man—  
Maun either do or dee."

O then bespake her little son,  
Sat on the nurse's knee:  
Says, "Mither dear, gie owre this house  
For the reek it smithers me."

"I wad gie a' my gowd, my bairn,  
Sae wad I a' my fee,  
For ae blast o' the western wind,  
To blaw the reek frae thee."

O then bespake her dochter dear—  
She was baith jimp and sma':  
"O row me in a pair o' sheets,  
And tow me owre the wa'!"

They rowed her in a pair o' sheets,  
And towed her owre the wa';  
But on the point o' Gordon's spear  
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,  
And cherry were her cheiks,  
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,  
Whereon the red blood dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turned her owre;  
O gin her face was wane!  
He said, "Ye are the first that e'er  
I wished alive again."

He turned her owre and owre again;  
O gin her skin was white!  
"I might hae spared that bonnie face  
To hae been some man's delight.

"Busk and boun, my merry men a',  
For ill dooms I do guess;  
I canna look in that bonnie face  
As it lies on the grass."

"Wha looks to freits, my master dear,  
It's freits will follow them;  
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon  
Was daunted by a dame."

But when the lady saw the fire  
Come flaming owre her head,  
She wept, and kissed her children twain,  
Says, "Bairns, we been but dead."

The Gordon then his bugle blew.  
And said, "Awa', awa'!  
This house o' the Rodes is a' in a flame;  
I hauld it time to ga'."

And this way lookit her ain dear lord,  
As he cam owre the lea;  
He saw his castle a' in a lowe,  
As far as he could see.

Then sair, O sair, his mind misgave,  
And all his heart was wae:  
“Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
Sae fast as ye can gae.

“Put on, put on, my wighty men,  
Sae fast as ye can driel  
For he that’s hindmost o’ the thrang  
Sall ne’er get good o’ me.”

Then some they rade, and some they ran,  
Out-owre the grass and bent;  
But ere the foremost could win up,  
Baith lady and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,  
Sae fast as he might drie;  
And soon i’ the Gordon’s foul heart’s blude  
He’s wroken his dear ladye.

*Unknown*

### ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,  
All you that love mirth for to hear,  
And I will tell you of a bold outlâw.  
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
All under the greenwood tree,  
There was he aware of a brave young man,  
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,  
In scarlet fine and gay;  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood  
Amongst the leaves so gay,  
There did he espy the same young man  
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before  
It was clean cast away;  
And at every step he fetched a sigh,  
"Alas! and well-a-day!"

Then steppèd forth brave Little John,  
And Midge, the miller's son;  
Which made the young man bend his bow  
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,  
"What is your will with me?"  
"You must come before our master straight,  
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin asked him courteously,  
"O, hast thou any money to spare,  
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,  
"But five shillings and a ring;  
And that I have kept these seven long years,  
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
But she was from me ta'en,  
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,  
"Come tell me, without any fail."  
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,  
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,  
"In ready gold or fee,  
To help thee to thy true-love again,  
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,  
"No ready gold nor fee,  
But I will swear upon a book  
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true-love?  
Come tell me without guile."  
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,  
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain;  
He did neither stint nor lin,  
Until he came unto the church  
Where Allen should keep his weddin'.

"What dost thou here?" the bishop then said;  
"I prithee now tell unto me."  
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,  
"And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop he said;  
"That music best pleaseth me."  
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,  
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,  
Which was both grave and old;  
And after him a finikin lass,  
Did shine like glistering gold.

"This is no fit match," quoth Robin Hood,  
"That you do seem to make here;  
For since we are come into the church,  
The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew blasts two or three;  
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold  
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,  
Marching all in a row,  
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,  
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said.  
"Young Allen, as I hear say:  
And you shall be married at this same time,  
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,  
"For thy word it shall not stand;  
They shall be three times asked in the church,  
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,  
And put it upon Little John;  
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,  
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,  
The people began to laugh;  
He asked them seven times into church,  
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" then said Little John,  
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;  
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,  
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,  
The bride looked as fresh as a queen;  
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,  
Amongst the leaves so green.

*Unknown*

### CHEVY-CHASE

GOD prosper long our noble king,  
Our lives and safeties all;  
A woful hunting once there did  
In Chevy-Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl Percy took his way;  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summer days to take;

The chieftest harts in Chevy-Chase  
To kill and bear away.  
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
In Scotland where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word  
He would prevent his sport.  
The English earl, not fearing that,  
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran  
To chase the fallow deer;  
On Monday they began to hunt,  
When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had  
A hundred fat bucks slain;  
Then, having dined, the drovers went  
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
Well able to endure;  
And all their rear, with special care,  
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods  
The nimble deer to take,  
That with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,  
To view the slaughtered deer;  
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised  
This day to meet me here;

"But if I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay;"  
With that, a brave young gentleman  
Thus to the earl did say:—

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,—  
His men in armor bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears  
All marching in our sight;

"All men of pleasant Teviotdale,  
Fast by the river Tweed;"  
"Then cease your sports," Earl Percy said,  
"And take your bows with speed;

"And now with me, my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance;  
For never was there champion yet,  
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company.  
Whose armor shone like gold.



"Show me," said he, "whose men you be,  
That hunt so boldly here,  
That, without my consent, do chase  
And kill my fallow-deer."

The first man that did answer make,  
Was noble Percy, he—  
Who said, "We list not to declare,  
Nor show whose men we be:

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood  
Thy chiefest harts to slay."  
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say:—

"Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,  
One of us two shall die;  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,—  
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were,  
And great offense, to kill  
Any of these our guiltless men,  
For they have done no ill.

"Let you and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside."  
"Accursed be he," Earl Percy said,  
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepped a gallant squire forth,  
Witherington was his name,  
Who said, "I would not have it told  
To Henry, our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on.  
You two be earls," said Witherington,  
"And I a squire alone;

“I’ll do the best that do I may,  
While I have power to stand;  
While I have power to wield my sword,  
I’ll fight with heart and hand.”

Our English archers bent their bows,—  
Their hearts were good and true;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet stays Earl Douglas on the bent,  
As chieftain stout and good;  
As valiant captain, all unmoved,  
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,  
As leader ware and tried;  
And soon his spearmen on their foes  
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery  
They dealt full many a wound;  
But still our valiant Englishmen  
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing straight their bows away,  
They grasped their swords so bright;  
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,  
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,  
No slackness there was found;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

In truth, it was a grief to see  
How each one chose his spear,  
And how the blood out of their breasts  
Did gush like water clear.

At last these two stout earls did meet;  
Like captains of great might,  
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,  
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of tempered steel,  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

“Yield thee, Lord Percy,” Douglas said,  
“In faith I will thee bring  
Where thou shalt high advancèd be  
By James, our Scottish king.

“Thy ransom I will freely give.  
And this report of thee,—  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see.”

“No, Douglas,” saith Earl Percy then,  
“Thy proffer I do scorn;  
I will not yield to any Scot  
That ever yet was born.”

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,—  
A deep and deadly blow;

Who never spake more words than these:  
“Fight on, my merry men all;  
For why, my life is at an end;  
Lord Percy sees my fall.”

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took  
The dead man by the hand;  
And said, “Earl Douglas, for thy life  
Would I had lost my hand.

“In truth, my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake;  
For sure a more redoubted knight  
Mischance did never take.”

A knight amongst the Scots there was  
Who saw Earl Douglas die,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Earl Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,  
Who, with a spear full bright,  
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,  
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,  
Without a dread or fear;  
And through Earl Percy's body then  
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain.  
An English archer then perceived  
The noble earl was slain;

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
To the hard head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery  
So right the shaft he set,  
The gray goose-wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day  
Till setting of the sun;  
For when they rung the evening-bell  
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl Percy there were slain  
Sir John of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,  
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,  
Both Knights of good account,  
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe  
That ever he slain should be,  
For when his legs were hewn in two,  
He knelt and fought on his knee.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain  
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,  
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field  
One foot would never flee;

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,—  
His sister's son was he;  
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,  
But saved he could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
Did with Earl Douglas die:  
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,  
Went home but fifty-three;  
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slain,  
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail;  
They washed their wounds in brinish tears,  
But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,  
They bore with them away;  
They kissed them dead a thousand times,  
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
Where Scotland's king did reign,  
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain:

"O heavy news," King James did say;  
"Scotland can witness be  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-Chase:

"Now God be with him," said our King,  
"Since 'twill no better be;  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scots or Scotland say  
But I will vengeance take;  
I'll be revenged on them all  
For brave Earl Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed  
After at Humbledown;  
In one day fifty knights were slain  
With lords of high renown;

And of the rest, of small account,  
Did many hundreds die:  
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,  
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land,  
With plenty, joy, and peace;  
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate  
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

*Unknown*

### BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

IN Scarlet town, where I was born,  
There was a fair maid dwellin',  
Made every youth cry *Well-a-way!*  
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,  
When green buds they were swellin',  
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay,  
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man in to her then,  
To the town where she was dwellin',  
"O haste and come to my master dear,  
If your name be Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly rase she up,  
And slowly she came nigh him,  
And when she drew the curtain by—  
"Young man, I thinl you're dyin'."

"O it's I am sick and very very sick,  
And it's all for Barbara Allen."  
"O the better for me ye'se never be,  
Though your heart's blood were a-spillin'!

## The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington 2705

"O dinna ye mind, young man," says she,  
"When the red wine ye were fillin',  
That ye made the healths go round and round,  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turned his face unto the wall,  
And death was with him dealin':  
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,  
And be kind to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the dead-bell knellin';  
And every jow the dead-bell gave  
Cried "Woc to Barbara Allen."

"O mother, mother, make my bed,  
O make it saft and narrow:  
My love has died for me to-day,  
I'll die for him to-morrow.

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in:  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

*Unknown*

## THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

THERE was a youth, a well-belovèd youth,  
And he was a squire's son,  
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,  
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe  
That he did love her so,  
No, nor at any time would she  
Any countenance to him show.



But when his friends did understand  
His fond and foolish mind,  
They sent him up to fair London  
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,  
And never his love could see:  
Many a tear have I shed for her sake,  
When she little thought of me.

Then all the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and play,  
All but the bailiff's daughter dear;  
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,  
And put on ragged attire,  
And to fair London she would go  
Her true-love to enquire.

As she went along the high road,  
The weather being hot and dry,  
She sat her down upon a green bank,  
And her true-love came riding by.

She started up, with a color so red,  
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;  
One penny, one penny, kind sir, she said,  
Will ease me of much pain.

Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,  
Pray tell me where you were born.  
At Islington, kind sir, said she,  
Where I have had many a scorn.

I prithee, sweet-heart, then tell to me,  
O tell me, whether you know,  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington.  
She is dead, sir, long ago.

If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle and bridle also;  
For I will unto some far country,  
Where no man shall me know.

O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,  
She standeth by thy side;  
She is here, alive, she is not dead,  
And ready to be thy bride.

O farewell grief, and welcome joy,  
Ten thousand times therefor;  
For now I have found mine own true-love,  
Whom I thought I should never see more.  
*Unknown*

## KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon  
Of a notable prince that was called King John;  
And he rulèd England with main and with might,  
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;  
How for his house-keeping and high renown,  
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men the king did hear say,  
The abbot kept in his house every day;  
And fifty gold chains without any doubt,  
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,  
Thou keepest a far better house than me;  
And for thy house-keeping and high renown,  
I fear thou work'st treason against my own crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were known  
I never spend nothing, but what is my own;  
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,  
For spending of my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,  
And now for the same thou needest must die;  
For except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,  
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,  
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride the whole world about;  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,  
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:  
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,  
I'll do my endeavor to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;  
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,  
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,  
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,  
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold:  
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;  
What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,  
That I have but three days more to live;  
For if I do not answer him questions three,  
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him, there in that stead,  
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,  
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,  
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him without any doubt,  
How soon he may ride this whole world about;  
And at the third question I must not shrink,  
But tell him there truly what he does think."

"Now cheer up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,  
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?  
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,  
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,  
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;  
And if you will but lend me your gown,  
There is none shall know us at fair London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,  
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,  
Fit to appear 'fore our Father the Pope."

"Now welcome, sire abbot." the king he did say,  
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:  
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,  
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,  
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,  
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold  
Among the false Jews, as I have been told,  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,  
For I think thou art one penny worsen than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,  
"I did not think I had been worth so little!  
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,  
How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same  
Until the next morning he riseth again;  
And then your grace need not make any doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,  
"I did not think it could be done so soon!  
—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;  
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;  
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the Mass,  
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"  
"Now nay, my liege, be not in such speed,  
For alack I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,  
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me;  
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,  
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

*Unknown*

#### THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY

It was a friar of orders gray  
Walked forth to tell his beads;  
And he met with a lady fair  
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar;  
I pray thee tell to me,  
If ever at yon holy shrine  
My true-love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true-love  
From many another one?"

"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,  
And by his sandal shoon.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,  
That were so fair to view;  
His flaxen locks that sweetly curled,  
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!  
Lady, he's dead and gone!  
And at his head a green grass turf,  
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloisters long  
He languished, and he died,  
Lamenting of a lady's love,  
And 'plaining of her pride.

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier  
Six proper youths and tall,  
And many a tear bedewed his grave  
Within yon kirkyard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?  
And art thou dead and gone?  
And didst thou die for love of me?  
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O, weep not. lady, weep not so;  
Some ghostly comfort seek;  
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,  
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"O, do not, do not, holy friar,  
My sorrow now reprove;  
For I have lost the sweetest youth  
That e'er won lady's love.

"And now, alas! for thy sad loss  
I'll evermore weep and sigh;  
For thee I only wished to live,  
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
Thy sorrow is in vain;  
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers  
Will ne'er make grow again.

"Our joys as wingèd dreams do fly;  
Why then should sorrow last?  
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,  
Grieve not for what is past."

"O, say not so, thou holy friar;  
I pray thee, say not so;  
For since my true-love died for me,  
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he never come again?  
Will he ne'er come again?  
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,  
Forever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;  
The comeliest youth was he!  
But he is dead and laid in his grave:  
Alas, and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever:  
One foot on sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
And left thee sad and heavy;  
For young men ever were fickle found,  
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not so;  
My love he had the truest heart,  
O, he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,  
And didst thou die for me?  
Then farewell home; for evermore  
A pilgrim I will be.

"But first upon my true-love's grave  
My weary limbs I'll lay,  
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf  
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile  
Beneath this cloister wall;  
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,  
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O, stay me not, thou holy friar,  
O, stay me not, I pray;  
No drizzly rain that falls on me  
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
And dry those pearly tears;  
For see, beneath this gown of gray  
Thy own true-love appears.

"Here forced by grief and hopeless love,  
These holy weeds I sought;  
And here, amid these lonely walls,  
To end my days I thought.



“But haply, for my year of grace  
Is not yet passed away,  
Might I still hope to win thy love,  
No longer would I stay.”

“Now farewell grief, and welcome joy  
Once more unto my heart;  
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
We nevermore will part.”

*Adapted from old ballads by Thomas Percy [1729-1811]*

### BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

HIE upon Hielands,  
And low upon Tay,  
Bonnie George Campbell  
Rade out on a day.  
Saddled and bridled  
And gallant rade he;  
Hame cam his gude horse,  
But never cam he!

Out cam his auld mither  
Greeting fu' sair,  
And out cam his bonnie bride  
Rivin' her hair.  
Saddled and bridled  
And bootied rade he;  
Toom hame cam the saddle  
But never cam he!

“My meadow lies green,  
And my corn is unshorn,  
My barn is to bigg,  
And my babie's unborn.”  
Saddled and bridled  
And bootied rade he;  
Toom hame cam the saddle,  
But never cam he!

*Unknown*

## ROSABELLE

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!

No haughty feat of arms I tell;  
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,  
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!  
And, gentle Lady, deign to stay!  
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,  
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;  
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly:  
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,  
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view  
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;  
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;  
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir  
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,  
But that my lady-mother there  
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,  
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,  
But that my sire the wine will chide  
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night  
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;  
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,  
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,  
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;  
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,  
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud  
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,  
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,  
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,  
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;  
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,  
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,  
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,—  
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh  
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold  
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;  
Each one the holy vault doth hold,—  
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there  
With candle, with book, and with knell;  
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung  
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

*Walter Scott [1771-1832]*

## ALICE BRAND

From "The Lady of the Lake"

### I

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,  
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land  
Is lost for love of you;  
And we must hold by wood and wold,  
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,  
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,  
That on the night of our luckless flight,  
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech  
The hand that held the glaive,  
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,  
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,  
That wont on harp to stray,  
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,  
To keep the cold away."

"O Richard! if my brother died,  
'Twas but a fatal chance;  
For darkling was the battle tried,  
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,  
Nor thou the crimson sheen,  
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,  
As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,  
And lost thy native land,  
Still Alice has her own Richard,  
And he his Alice Brand."

II

"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;  
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,  
Lord Richard's ax is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,  
Who woned within the hill,—  
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,  
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,  
Our moonlight circle's screen?  
Or who comes here to chase the deer,  
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?  
Or who may dare on wold to wear  
The fairies' fatal green?"

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,  
For thou wert christened man;  
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,  
For muttered word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,  
The curse of the sleepless eye;  
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,  
Nor yet find leave to die!"

## III

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,  
Though the birds have stilled their singing;  
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,  
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,  
Before Lord Richard stands,  
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,  
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,  
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,  
That woman void of fear,—  
"And if there's blood upon his hand,  
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!  
It cleaves unto his hand,  
The stain of thine own kindly blood,  
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,  
 And made the holy sign,—  
 “And if there’s blood on Richard’s hand,  
 A spotless hand is mine.

“And I conjure thee, Demon elf,  
 By Him whom Demons fear,  
 To show us whence thou art thyself,  
 And what thine errand here?”

IV

“’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in Fairy-land,  
 When fairy birds are singing,  
 When the court doth ride by the monarch’s side,  
 With bit and bridle ringing.

“And gaily shines the Fairy-land—  
 But all is glistening show,  
 Like the idle gleam that December’s beam  
 Can dart on ice and snow.

“And fading, like that varied gleam,  
 Is our inconstant shape,  
 Who now like knight and lady seem,  
 And now like dwarf and ape.

“It was between the night and day,  
 When the Fairy King has power,  
 That I sunk down in a sinful fray,  
 And, ’twixt life and death, was snatched away  
 To the joyless Elfin bower.

“But wist I of a woman bold,  
 Who thrice my brow durst sign,  
 I might regain my mortal mold,  
 As fair a form as thine.”

She crossed him once—she crossed him twice—  
 That lady was so brave;  
 The fouler grew his goblin hue,  
 The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;  
He rose beneath her hand  
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,  
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,  
When the mavis and merle are singing,  
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,  
When all the bells were ringing.

*Walter Scott* [1771-1832]

### SONG

From "Rokeby"

O BRIGNALL banks are wild and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer-queen.  
And as I rode by Dalton-Hall  
Beneath the turrets high,  
A Maiden on the castle-wall  
Was singing merrily:  
"O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"O Maiden, wouldst thou wend with me,  
To leave both tower and town,  
Thou first must guess what life lead we  
That dwell by dale and down.  
And if thou canst that riddle read,  
As read full well you may,  
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,  
As blithe as Queen of May."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are green;  
I'd rather rove with Edmund there  
Than reign our English queen."

"I read you, by your bugle-horn  
And by your palfrey good,  
I read you for a Ranger sworn  
To keep the king's greenwood."  
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,  
And 'tis at peep of light;  
His blast is heard at merry morn,  
And mine at dead of night."  
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,  
And Greta woods are gay;  
I would I were with Edmund there  
To reign his Queen of May!

"With burnished brand and musketoon  
So gallantly you come,  
I read you for a bold Dragoon  
That lists the tuck of drum."  
"I list no more the tuck of drum,  
No more the trumpet hear;  
But when the beetle sounds his hum  
My comrades take the spear.  
And O! though Brignall banks be fair  
And Greta woods be gay,  
Yet mickle must the maiden dare  
Would reign my Queen of May!

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,  
A nameless death I'll die;  
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,  
Were better mate than I!  
And when I'm with my comrades met  
Beneath the greenwood bough,—  
What once we were we all forget,  
Nor think what we are now.  
Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,  
And Greta woods are green,  
And you may gather garlands there  
Would grace a summer queen."



## GLENARA

Oh, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?  
'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear,  
And her sire, and her people, are called to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;  
His kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud:  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;  
They marched all in silence,—they looked on the ground

In silence they went, over mountain and moor,  
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;  
“Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn:  
Why speak ye no word?” said Glenara the stern.

“And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,  
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?”  
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed.

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,”  
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud:  
“And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem;  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

Oh, pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
When the shroud was unclosed and no lady was seen;  
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—  
’Twas the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn,—

“I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief;  
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;  
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem!  
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!”

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;  
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,—  
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

*Thomas Campbell* [1777-1844]

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,  
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!  
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
 To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
 This dark and stormy water?"  
 "O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,  
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men  
 Three days we've fled together,  
 For should he find us in the glen,  
 My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
 Should they our steps discover,  
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride  
 When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
 "I'll go, my chief,—I'm ready:—  
 It is not for your silver bright;  
 But for your winsome lady:

"And by my word! the bonny bird  
 In danger shall not tarry:  
 So, though the waves are raging white,  
 I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
 The water-wraith was shrieking;  
 And in the scowl of heaven each face  
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
 And as the night grew drearer,  
 Adown the glen rode armèd men,—  
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,  
"Though tempests round us gather;  
I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When, O, too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,—  
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover:  
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,  
"Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain;—the loud waves lashed the shore,  
Return or aid preventing;—  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

*Thomas Campbell [1777-1844]*

### SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure,  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,  
The hard brands shiver on the steel,  
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,  
The horse and rider reel:  
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,  
And when the tide of combat stands,  
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend  
On whom their favors fall!  
For them I battle till the end,  
To save from shame and thrall:  
But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.  
More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill;  
So keep I fair through faith and prayer  
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,  
A light before me swims,  
Between dark stems the forest glows,  
I hear a noise of hymns:  
Then by some secret shrine I ride;  
I hear a voice, but none are there;  
The stalls are void, the doors are wide.  
The tapers burning fair.  
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,  
The silver vessels sparkle clean,  
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,  
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres  
I find a magic bark;  
I leap on board; no helmsman steers:  
I float till all is dark.

A gentle sound, an awful light!  
Three angels bear the Holy Grail:  
With folded feet, in stoles of white,  
On sleeping wings they sail.  
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!  
My spirit beats her mortal bars,  
As down dark tides the glory slides,  
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne  
Through dreaming towns I go,  
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,  
The streets are dumb with snow.  
The tempest crackles on the leads,  
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;  
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,  
And gilds the driving hail.  
I leave the plain, I climb the height;  
No branchy thicket shelter yields;  
But blessed forms in whistling storms  
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given  
Such hope, I know not fear;  
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven  
That often meet me here.  
I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace,  
Whose odors haunt my dreams;  
And, stricken by an angel's hand,  
This mortal armor that I wear,  
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,  
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,  
And through the mountain-walls  
A rolling organ-harmony  
Swells up, and shakes and falls,

Then move the trees, the copses nod,  
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:  
"O just and faithful knight of God!  
Ride on! the prize is near."  
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;  
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,  
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,  
Until I find the Holy Grail.

*Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]*

### LADY CLARE

It was the time when lilies blow,  
And clouds are highest up in air,  
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:  
Lovers long-betrothed were they:  
They two will wed the morrow morn,—  
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,  
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;  
He loves me for my own true worth,  
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"  
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,  
"That all comes round so just and fair:  
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
And you are *not* the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"  
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"  
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,  
"I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old earl's daughter died at my breast;  
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!  
I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother," she said, "if this be true,  
To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,  
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.  
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret all you can."  
She said, "Not so: but I will know  
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,  
"The man will cleave unto his right."  
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,  
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear  
Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."  
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,  
"So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,  
My mother dear, if this be so,  
And lay your hand upon my head,  
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare:  
She went by dale, and she went by down,  
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought  
Leaped up from where she lay,  
Dropped her head in the maiden's hand,  
And followed her all the way.

Down stepped Lord Ronald from his tower:  
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!  
Why come you dressed like a village maid,  
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come dressed like a village maid,  
I am but as my fortunes are:  
I am a beggar born," she said,  
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
"For I am yours in word and in deed.  
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,  
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O, and proudly stood she up!  
Her heart within her did not fail;  
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,  
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:  
He turned and kissed her where she stood:  
"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,  
We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]



## GLENKINDIE

ABOUT Glenkindie and his man,  
A false ballant hath long been writ;  
Some bootless loon had written it,  
Upon a bootless plan:  
But I have found the true at last,  
And here it is, so hold it fast!  
'Twas made by a kind damosel  
Who loved him and his man right well:

Glenkindie, best of harpers, came  
Unbidden to our town;  
And he was sad, and sad to see,  
For love had worn him down.

It was love, as all men know,  
The love that brought him down,  
The hopeless love for the King's daughter,  
The dove that heired a crown.

Now he wore not that collar of gold,  
His dress was forest green,  
His wondrous fair and rich mantle  
Had lost its silvery sheen.

But still by his side walked Rafe, his boy,  
In goodly cramoisie:  
Of all the boys that ever I saw,  
The goodliest boy was he.

O Rafe the page! O Rafe the page!  
Ye stole the heart frae me:  
O Rafe the page! O Rafe the page!  
I wonder where ye be;  
We ne'er may see Glenkindie more,  
But may we never see thee?

Glenkindie came within the hall,  
We set him on the dais,  
And gave him bread, and gave him wine,  
The best in all the place.

We set for him the guest's high chair,  
And spread the naperie:  
Our Dame herself would serve for him,  
And I for Rafe, perdie!

But down he sat on a low, low stool,  
And thrust his long legs out,  
And leaned his back to the high chair,  
And turned his harp about.

He turned it round, he stroked the strings,  
He touched each tirling-pin,  
He put his mouth to the sounding-board  
And breathed his breath therein.

And Rafe sat over against his face,  
And looked at him wistfullie:  
I almost grat ere he began,  
They were so sad to see.

The very first stroke he strack that day,  
We all came crowding near;  
And the second stroke he strack that day,  
We all were smit with fear.

The third stroke that he strack that day,  
Full fain we were to cry;  
The fourth stroke that he strack that day,  
We thought that we would die.

No tongue can tell how sweet it was,  
How far, and yet how near,  
We saw the saints in Paradise,  
And bairnies on their bier.

And our sweet Dame saw her good lord—  
She told me privilie—  
She saw him as she saw him last,  
On his ship upon the sea.

Anon he laid his little harp by,  
He shut his wondrous eyes;  
We stood a long time like dumb things,  
Stood in a dumb surprise.

Then all at once we left that trance,  
And shouted where we stood;  
We clasped each other's hands and vowed  
We would be wise and good.

Soon he rose up and Rafe rose too,  
He drank wine and broke bread;  
He clasped his hands with our trembling Dame,  
But never a word he said.  
They went,—Alack and lack-a-day!  
They went the way they came.

I followed them all down the floor,  
And oh but I had drouth  
To touch his cheek, to touch his hand,  
To kiss Rafe's velvet mouth!

But I knew such was not for me.  
They went straight from the door;  
We saw them fade within the mist,  
And never saw them more.

*William Bell Scott* [1811-1890]

### “HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX”

[16—]

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;  
“Good speed!” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;  
“Speed!” echoed the wall to us galloping through;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

## “ How They Brought the Good News ” 2733

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;  
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,  
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near  
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;  
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,  
So Joris broke silence with, “Yet there is time!”

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past.  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;  
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris “Stay spur!  
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,  
We'll remember at Aix”—for one heard the quick wheeze  
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;  
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And “Gallop,” gasped Joris, “for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan  
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alme could save Aix from her fate,  
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;  
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or  
good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is,—friends flocking round  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;  
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,  
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news from  
Ghent.

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

### THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER

COME listen to another song,  
Should make your heart beat high,  
Bring crimson to your forehead,  
And the luster to your eye;—  
It is the song of the olden time,  
Of days long since gone by,  
And of a Baron stout and bold  
As e'er wore sword on thigh!  
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,  
All of the olden time!

He kept his castle in the north,  
Hard by the thundering Spey;  
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,  
All of his kindred they.

And not a man of all that clan  
 Had ever ceased to pray  
 For the Royal race they loved so well,  
 Though exiled far away  
 From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,  
 All of the olden time!

His father drew the righteous sword  
 For Scotland and her claims,  
 Among the loyal gentlemen  
 And chiefs of ancient names,  
 Who swore to fight or fall beneath  
 The standard of King James,  
 And died at Killiecrankie Pass  
 With the glory of the Græmes;  
 Like a true old Scottish cavalier  
 All of the olden time!

He never owned the foreign rule,  
 No master he obeyed,  
 But kept his clan in peace at home,  
 From foray and from raid;  
 And when they asked him for his oath,  
 He touched his glittering blade,  
 And pointed to his bonnet blue,  
 That bore the white cockade:  
 Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,  
 All of the olden time!

At length the news ran through the land-  
 THE PRINCE had come again!  
 That night the fiery cross was sped  
 O'er mountain and through glen;  
 And our old Baron rose in might,  
 Like a lion from his den,  
 And rode away across the hills  
 To Charlie and his men,  
 With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,  
 All of the olden time!

He was the first that bent the knee  
 When the STANDARD waved abroad,  
 He was the first that charged the foe  
 On Preston's bloody sod;  
 And ever, in the van of fight,  
 The foremost still he trod,  
 Until on bleak Culloden's heath,  
 He gave his soul to God,  
 Like a good old Scottish cavalier,  
 All of the olden time!

Oh, never shall we know again  
 A heart so stout and true—  
 The olden times have passed away,  
 And weary are the new:  
 The fair White Rose has faded  
 From the garden where it grew,  
 And no fond tears, save those of heaven,  
 The glorious bed bedew  
 Of the last old Scottish cavalier  
 All of the olden time!

*William Edmondstoune Aytoun [1813-1865]*

## THE BALLAD OF KEITH OF RAVELSTON

From "A Nuptial Eve"

THE murmur of the mourning ghost  
 That keeps the shadowy kine,  
 "O Keith of Ravelston,  
 The sorrows of thy line!"

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
 The merry path that leads  
 Down the golden morning hill,  
 And through the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,  
 The stile beneath the tree,  
 The maid that kept her mother's kine,  
 The song that sang she!

## The Ballad of Keith of Ravelston 2737

She sang her song, she kept her kine,  
She sat beneath the thorn,  
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston  
Rode through the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,  
His belted jewels shine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,  
Comes evening down the glade,  
And still there sits a moonshine ghost  
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,  
She keeps the shadowy kine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,  
The stile is lone and cold,  
The burnie that goes babbling by  
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,  
She keeps her shadowy kine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—  
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?  
The ancient stile is not alone,  
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,  
She keeps her shadowy kine;  
O Keith of Ravelston,  
The sorrows of thy line!

*Sydney Dobell [1824-1874]*



## THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

THE mistletoe hung in the castle hall,  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;  
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
And keeping their Christmas holiday.  
The baron beheld with a father's pride  
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;  
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be  
The star of the goodly company.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;  
"Here tarry a moment,—I'll hide, I'll hide!  
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace  
The clew to my secret lurking-place."  
Away she ran,—and her friends began  
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;  
And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide?  
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,  
And they sought her in vain while a week passed away;  
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,  
Young Lovell sought wildly,—but found her not.  
And years flew by, and their grief at last  
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;  
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,  
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,  
Was found in the castle,—they raised the lid,  
And a skeleton form lay moldering there  
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair!  
O, sad was her fate!—in sportive jest  
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.  
It closed with a spring!—and, dreadful doom,  
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!

*Thomas Haynes Bayly [1797-1839]*

## THE ABBOT OF INISFALEN

## I

THE Abbot of Inisfalen  
Awoke ere dawn of day;  
Under the dewy green leaves  
Went he forth to pray.

The lake around his island  
Lay smooth and dark and deep,  
And, wrapped in a misty stillness,  
The mountains were all asleep.

Low kneeled the Abbot Cormac,  
When the dawn was dim and gray;  
The prayers of his holy office  
He faithfully 'gan say.

Low kneeled the Abbot Cormac,  
When the dawn was waxing red,  
And for his sins' forgiveness  
A solemn prayer he said.

Low kneeled that holy Abbot  
When the dawn was waxing clear;  
And he prayed with loving-kindness  
For his convent brethren dear.

Low kneeled that blessed Abbot,  
When the dawn was waxing bright;  
He prayed a great prayer for Ireland,  
He prayed with all his might.

Low kneeled that good old father,  
While the sun began to dart;  
He prayed a prayer for all mankind,  
He prayed it from his heart.

## II

The Abbot of Inisfalen  
Arose upon his feet;  
He heard a small bird singing,  
And, oh, but it sung sweet!

He heard a white bird singing well  
Within a holly-tree;  
A song so sweet and happy  
Never before heard he.

It sung upon a hazel,  
It sung upon a thorn;  
He had never heard such music  
Since the hour that he was born.

It sung upon a sycamore,  
It sung upon a briar;  
To follow the song and hearken  
This Abbot could never tire.

Till at last he well bethought him  
He might no longer stay;  
So he blessed the little white singing-bird,  
And gladly went his way.

## III

But when he came to his Abbey walls,  
He found a wondrous change;  
He saw no friendly faces there,  
For every face was strange.

The stranger spoke unto him;  
And he heard from all and each  
The foreign tone of the Sassenach,  
Not wholesome Irish speech.

Then the oldest monk came forward,  
In Irish tongue spake he:  
"Thou wearest the holy Augustine's dress,  
And who hath given it thee?"

"I wear the holy Augustine's dress,  
And Cormac is my name,  
The Abbot of this good Abbey  
By grace of God I am.

"I went forth to pray, at the dawn of day;  
And when my prayers were said,  
I hearkened awhile to a little bird  
That sung above my head."

The monks to him made answer,  
"Two hundred years have gone o'er,  
Since our Abbot Cormac went through the gate,  
And never was heard of more.

"Matthias now is our Abbot,  
And twenty have passed away.  
The stranger is lord of Ireland;  
We live in an evil day."

## IV

"Now give me absolution;  
For my time is come," said he.  
And they gave him absolution  
As speedily as might be.

Then, close outside the window,  
The sweetest song they heard  
That ever yet since the world began  
Was uttered by any bird.

The monks looked out and saw the bird,  
Its feathers all white and clean;  
And there in a moment, beside it,  
Another white bird was seen.

Those two they sang together,  
Waved their white wings, and fled;  
Flew aloft, and vanished;  
But the good old man was dead.

They buried his blessed body  
Where lake and greensward meet;  
A carven cross above his head,  
A holly-bush at his feet;

Where spreads the beautiful water  
To gay or cloudy skies,  
And the purple peaks of Killarney  
From ancient woods arise.

*William Allingham* [1824-1889]

### THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,  
Trap! trap! went the gray;  
But pad! *pad!* PAD! like a thing that was mad,  
My chestnut broke away.  
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,  
And but one hour to day.

Thud! THUD! came on the heavy roan,  
Rap! RAP! the mettled gray;  
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,  
That she showed them all the way.  
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,  
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,—  
Splintered through fence and rail;  
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate,—  
I saw them droop and trail.  
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,  
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs  
Past the walls of mossy stone;  
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,  
But blood is better than bone.  
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,  
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,  
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;  
I felt like a royal hart at bay,  
And made me ready to turn.  
I looked where highest grew the may,  
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;  
One blow, and he was down.  
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;  
I sliced the villain's crown,—  
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,  
*Fast, fast to Salisbury town!*

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,  
Thud! thud! upon the sand,—  
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,  
And a shaking of flag and hand;  
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,  
Safe from the canting band.

*Walter Thornbury [1828-1876]*

## THE THREE TROOPERS

### DURING THE PROTECTORATE

INTO the Devil tavern

Three booted troopers strode,  
From spur to feather spotted and splashed  
With the mud of a winter road.  
In each of their cups they dropped a crust,  
And stared at the guests with a frown;  
And drew their swords, and roared for a toast,  
“God send this Crum-well-down!”

A blue smoke rose from their pistol locks,  
Their sword blades were still wet;  
There were long red smears on their jerkins of buff,  
As the table they overset.

Then into their cups they stirred the crusts,  
And cursed old London town;  
Then waved their swords, and drank with a stamp,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

The 'prentice dropped his can of beer,  
The host turned pale as a clout;  
The ruby nose of the toping squire  
Grew white at the wild men's shout.  
Then into their cups they flung the crusts,  
And showed their teeth with a frown;  
They flashed their swords as they gave the toast,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

The gambler dropped his dog's-eared cards,  
The waiting-women screamed,  
As the light of the fire, like stains of blood,  
On the wild men's sabers gleamed.  
Then into their cups they splashed the crusts,  
And cursed the fool of a town,  
And leaped on the table, and roared a toast,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Till on a sudden fire-bells rang,  
And the troopers sprang to horse;  
The eldest muttered between his teeth,  
Hot curses—deep and coarse.  
In their stirrup cups they flung the crusts,  
And cried as they spurred through the town,  
With their keen swords drawn and their pistols cocked,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

Away they dashed through Temple Bar,  
Their red cloaks flowing free,  
Their scabbards clashed, each back-piece shone—  
None liked to touch the three.  
The silver cups that held the crusts  
They flung to the startled town,  
Shouting again, with a blaze of swords,  
"God send this Crum-well-down!"

*Walter Thornbury* [1828-1876]

# THE SALLY FROM COVENTRY

"PASSION o' me!" cried Sir Richard Tyrone,  
Spurning the sparks from the broad paving-stone,  
"Better turn nurse and rock children to sleep,  
Than yield to a rebel old Coventry Keep.  
No, by my halidom, no one shall say,  
Sir Richard Tyrone gave a city away!"

Passion o' me! how he pulled at his beard!  
Fretting and chafing if any one sneered,  
Clapping his breastplate and shaking his fist,  
Giving his grizzly moustachios a twist,  
Running the protocol through with his steel,  
Grinding the letter to mud with his heel.

Then he roared out for a pottle of sack,  
Clapped the old trumpeter twice on the back,  
Leaped on his bay with a dash and a swing,  
Bade all the bells in the city to ring,  
And when the red flag from the steeple went down,  
Open they flung every gate in the town.

To boot! and to horse! and away like a flood,  
A fire in their eyes, and a sting in their blood;  
Hurrying out with a flash and a flare,  
A roar of hot guns, a loud trumpeter's blare,  
And first, sitting proud as a king on his throne,  
At the head of them all dashed Sir Richard Tyrone.

Crimson, and yellow, and purple, and dun,  
Fluttering scarf, flowing bright in the sun,  
Steel like a mirror on brow and on breast,  
Scarlet and white on their feather and crest,  
Banner that blew in a torrent of red,  
Borne by Sir Richard, who rode at their head.

The "trumpet" went down—with a gash on his poll,  
Struck by the parters of body and soul.  
Forty saddles were empty; the horses ran red  
With foul Puritan blood from the slashes that bled.



Curses and cries and a gnashing of teeth,  
A grapple and stab on the slippery heath,  
And Sir Richard leaped up on the fool that went down,  
Proud as a conqueror donning his crown.

They broke them away through a flooding of fire,  
Trampling the best blood of London to mire,  
When suddenly rising a smoke and a blaze,  
Made all "the dragon's sons" stare in amaze:  
"O ho!" quoth Sir Richard, "my city grows hot:  
I've left it rent-paid to the villainous Scot!"

*Walter Thornbury [1828-1876]*

### SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed;  
The mass-priest knelt at the side,  
I and his mother stood at the head,  
Over his feet lay the bride;  
We were quite sure that he was dead,  
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,  
He did not die in the day,  
But in the morning twilight  
His spirit passed away;  
When neither sun nor moon was bright,  
And the trees were merely gray.

He was not slain with the sword,  
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,  
Yet spoke he never a word  
After he came in here;  
I cut away the cord  
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,  
For the recreants came behind,  
In a place where the hornbeams grow,  
A path right hard to find,  
For the hornbeam boughs swing so  
That the twilight makes it blind.

## The Rime of the Ancient Mariner 2747

They lighted a great torch then,  
When his arms were pinioned fast;  
Sir John, the Knight of the Fen,  
Sir Guy, of the Dolorous Blast,  
With knights threescore and ten,  
Hung brave Sir Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,  
And my hair is all turned gray,  
But I met Sir John of the Fen  
Long ago on a summer day,  
And am glad to think of the moment when  
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,  
And my strength is mostly passed,  
But long ago I and my men,  
When the sky was overcast,  
And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the fen,  
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, Knights, all of you,  
I pray you, pray for Sir Hugh,  
A good knight and a true,  
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

*William Morris* [1834-1896]

### THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

How a Ship, having passed the Line, was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean; and of the strange things that befell; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country.

#### PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,  
And he stoppeth one of three.  
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,  
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

An ancient  
Mariner  
meeteth three  
gallants  
bidden to a  
wedding-feast,  
and detaineth  
one.

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,  
And I am next of kin;  
The guests are met, the feast is set:  
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
"There was a ship," quoth he.  
"Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!"  
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

The Wedding-Guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
And listens like a three years' child:  
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
He cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-cyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the Line.

"The Sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon——"  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-Guest heareth the bridal music; but the Mariner continues his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

“And now the Storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong:  
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

The ship driven  
by a storm to-  
ward the South  
Pole.

“With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

“And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold:  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

“And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

The land of ice,  
and of fearful  
sounds, where  
no living thing  
was to be seen.

“The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,  
Like noises in a swound!

“At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God’s name.

Till a great  
sea-bird, called  
the Albatross,  
came through  
the snow-fog,  
and was re-  
ceived with  
great joy and  
hospitality.

“It ate the food it ne’er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the  
Albatross  
proveth a bird  
of good omen,  
and followeth  
the ship as it  
returned north-  
ward through fog  
and floating ice.

“And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners’ hollo!

“In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white moonshine.”

The ancient  
Mariner in-  
hospitably  
killeth the pious  
bird of good  
omen.

“God save thee, ancient Mariner,  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look’st thou so?” “With my crossbow  
I shot the Albatross.

## PART II

“The Sun now rose upon the right:  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

“And the good south wind still blew behind,  
But no sweet bird did follow,  
Nor any day for food or play  
Came to the mariners’ hollo!

His shipmates  
cry out against  
the ancient  
Mariner for  
killing the bird  
of good luck.

“And I had done a hellish thing,  
And it would work ’em woe:  
For all averred I had killed the bird  
That made the breeze to blow.  
Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the  
fog cleared off,  
they justify the  
same, and thus  
make them-  
selves accom-  
plices in the  
crime.

“Nor dim nor red, like God’s own head,  
The glorious Sun uprist:  
Then all averred I had killed the bird  
That brought the fog and mist.  
’Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
That bring the fog and mist.

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
The furrow followed free;  
We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward, even till it reaches the Line.

"Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped  
down,

The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

'Twas sad as sad could be;  
And we did speak only to break  
The silence of the sea!

"All in a hot and copper sky,  
The bloody Sun, at noon,  
Right up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,  
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,  
And all the boards did shrink;  
Water, water, everywhere,  
Nor any drop to drink.

And the Albatross begins to be avenged.

"The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

"And some in dreams assurèd were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so;  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

cerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates  
in their sore  
distress, would  
fain throw the  
whole guilt on  
the ancient  
Mariner: in  
sign whereof  
they hang the  
dead sea-bird  
round his neck.

"Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

## PART III

"There passed a weary time. Each throat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye!  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

The ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth a sign  
in the element  
afar off.

"At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared:  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

At its nearer  
approach, it  
seemeth him  
to be a ship;  
and at a dear  
ransom he  
freeth his  
speech from  
the bonds of  
thirst.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail! a sail!

A flash of joy;

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call:  
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

"See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more  
Hither to work us weal—  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

"The western wave was all aflame,  
The day was wellnigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad, bright Sun;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

"And straight the Sun was flecked with bars  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!),  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a Death? and are there two?  
Is Death that Woman's mate?

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The Specter-Woman and her Death-mate, and no other, on board the skeleton ship. Like vessel, like crew!

"Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold:  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

Death and Life-in-Death have dined for the ship's crew, and she (the latter) winneth the ancient Mariner.



No twilight  
within the  
courts of the  
Sun.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the specter-bark.

At the rising of  
the Moon,

"We listened and looked sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

One after an-  
other,

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

His shipmates  
drop down  
dead.

"Four times fifty living men  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-  
Death begins  
her work on  
the ancient  
Mariner.

"The souls did from their bodies fly—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by  
Like the whizz of my crossbow!"

#### PART IV

The Wedding-  
Guest feareth  
that a spirit is  
talking to him.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

But the ancient  
Mariner as-  
sureth him of  
his bodily life,  
and proceed-  
eth to relate his  
horrible pen-  
ance.

"I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand so brown."—  
"Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!  
This body dropped not down.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

"The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

He despiseth  
the creatures of  
the calm.

"I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

And envieth  
that they  
should live,  
and so many  
be dead.

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gushed,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

But the curse  
liveth for him  
in the eyes of  
the dead men.

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
And yet I could not die.

In his loneli-  
ness and fixed-  
ness he yearn-  
eth towards  
the journeying  
Moon, and the  
stars that still  
sojourn, yet still  
move onward;  
and everywhere  
the blue sky be-  
longs to them,  
and is their ap-  
pointed rest and  
their native  
country and their  
own natural  
homes, which  
they enter unan-  
nounced, as lords  
that are certainly  
expected, and yet  
there is a silent  
joy at their  
arrival.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide;  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside—

"Her beams bemocked the sultry main,  
Like April hoar-frost spread;  
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
The charmèd water burnt away  
A still and awful red.

By the light of  
the Moon he  
beholdeth God's  
creatures of  
the great calm.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
I watched the water-snakes:  
They moved in tracks of shining white,  
And when they reared, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship  
I watched their rich attire:  
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
They coiled and swam; and every track  
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty  
and their  
happiness.

"O happy living things! no tongue  
Their beauty might declare:  
A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
And I blessed them unaware:  
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
And I blessed them unaware.

He blesseth  
them in his  
heart.

The spell begins  
to break.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;  
And from my neck so free  
The Albatross fell off, and sank  
Like lead into the sea.

#### PART V

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
That slid into my soul.

By grace of the  
Holy Mother,  
the ancient  
Mariner is  
refreshed  
with rain.

"The silly buckets on the deck,  
That had so long remained,  
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
And when I awoke, it rained.

“My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
My garments all were dank;  
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
And still my body drank.

“I moved, and could not feel my limbs:  
I was so light—almost  
I thought that I had died in sleep,  
And was a blessed ghost.

“And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
It did not come anear;  
But with its sound it shook the sails,  
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth  
sounds and  
seeth strange  
sights and  
commotions in  
the sky and  
the element.

“The upper air burst into life;  
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;  
To and fro they were hurried about;  
And to and fro, and in and out,  
The wan stars danced between.

“And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;  
The Moon was at its edge.

“The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
The Moon was at its side;  
Like waters shot from some high crag,  
The lightning fell with never a jag,  
A river steep and wide.

“The loud wind never reached the ship,  
Yet now the ship moved on!  
Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of  
the ship's crew  
are inspired  
and the ship  
moves on;

“They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
It had been strange, even in a dream,  
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;  
 Yet never a breeze up-blew;  
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do;  
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
 We were a ghastly crew.

"The body of my brother's son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee:  
 The body and I pulled at one rope,  
 But he said naught to me."

But not by the  
 souls of the  
 men, nor by  
 demons of  
 earth or middle  
 air, but by a  
 blessed troop  
 of angelic  
 spirits, sent  
 down by the  
 invocation of  
 the guardian  
 saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"  
 "Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest:  
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
 Which to their corses came again,  
 But a troop of spirits blest:

"For when it dawned—they dropped their  
 arms,  
 And clustered round the mast;  
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
 And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
 Then darted to the Sun;  
 Slowly the sounds came back again,  
 Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
 I heard the skylark sing;  
 Sometimes all little birds that are,  
 How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
 With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,  
 Now like a lonely flute;  
 And now it is an angel's song,  
 That makes the Heavens be mute.

“It ceased: yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

“Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

“Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The Spirit slid: and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome  
Spirit from the  
South Pole  
carries on the  
ship as far as  
the Line, in  
obedience to  
the angelic  
troop, but still  
requireth  
vengeance.

“The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean:  
But in a minute she ’gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

“Then like a pawing horse let go,  
She made a sudden bound:  
It flung the blood into my head,  
And I fell down in a swoond.

“How long in that same fit I lay,  
I have not to declare;  
But ere my living life returned,  
I heard, and in my soul discerned  
Two voices in the air.

The Polar  
Spirit’s fellow-  
demons, the  
invisible in-  
habitants of  
the element,  
take part in his  
wrong; and  
two of them  
relate, one to  
the other, that  
penance long  
and heavy for  
the ancient  
Mariner hath  
been accorded  
to the Polar  
Spirit, who re-  
turneth south-  
ward.

“‘Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘is this the man?  
By Him who died on cross,  
With his cruel bow he laid full low  
The harmless Albatross.

“‘The Spirit who bideth by himself  
In the land of mist and snow,  
He loved the bird that loved the man  
Who shot him with his bow.’

“The other was a softer voice,  
As soft as honey-dew:  
Quoth he, ‘The man hath penance done,  
And penance more will do.’

## PART VI

*First Voice:*

“‘But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
Thy soft response renewing—  
What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
What is the Ocean doing?’

*Second Voice:*

“ ‘Still as a slave before his lord,  
The Ocean hath no blast;  
His great bright eye most silently  
Up to the Moon is cast—

“ ‘If he may know which way to go;  
For she guides him smooth or grim.  
See, brother, see! how graciously  
She looketh down on him.’

*First Voice:*

“ ‘But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?’

*Second Voice:*

“ ‘The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind.

The Mariner  
hath been cast  
into a trance;  
for the angelic  
power causeth  
the vessel to  
drive northward  
faster than  
human life  
could endure.

“ ‘Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!  
Or we shall be belated:  
For slow and slow that ship will go,  
When the Mariner’s trance is abated ”

"I woke, and we were sailing on  
As in a gentle weather:  
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;  
The dead men stood together.

The super-  
natural motion  
is retarded;  
the Mariner  
awakes, and  
his penance  
begins anew.

"All stood together on the deck,  
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
Had never passed away:  
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snapped: once more  
I viewed the ocean green,  
And looked far forth, yet little saw  
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is  
finally expiated.

"Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head;  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
Nor sound nor motion made:  
Its path was not upon the sea,  
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
Yet she sailed softly too:  
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
On me alone it blew.



And the ancient  
Mariner be-  
holdeth his  
native country.

"O dream of joy! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this mine own countree?

"We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,  
And I with sobs did pray—  
O let me be awake, my God!  
Or let me sleep alway.

"The harbor-bay was clear as glass,  
So smoothly it was strewn!  
And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
And the shadow of the Moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
That stands above the rock:  
The moonlight steeped in silentness  
The steady weathercock.

The angelic  
spirits leave the  
dead bodies.

"And the bay was white with silent light  
Till rising from the same,  
Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
In crimson colors came.

And appear in  
their own forms  
of light.

"A little distance from the prow  
Those crimson shadows were;  
I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
O Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
And, by the holy rood!  
A man all light, a seraph-man,  
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand:  
It was a heavenly sight!  
They stood as signals to the land,  
Each one a lovely light;

“This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
No voice did they impart—  
No voice; but O, the silence sank  
Like music on my heart.

“But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
I heard the Pilot’s cheer;  
My head was turned perforce away,  
And I saw a boat appear.

“The Pilot and the Pilot’s boy,  
I heard them coming fast:  
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
The dead men could not blast.

“I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
It is the Hermit good!  
He singeth loud his godly hymns  
That he makes in the wood.  
He’ll shrieve my soul, he’ll wash away  
The Albatross’s blood.

PART VII

“This Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit  
of the Wood

“He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump:  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

“The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,  
‘Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now?’

Approacheth  
the ship with  
wonder.

“ ‘Strange, by my faith!’ the Hermit said—  
‘And they answered not our cheer!  
The planks look warped! and see those sails,  
How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

“ ‘Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf’s young.’

“ ‘Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—  
(The Pilot made reply)  
I am a-feared.’—‘Push on, push on!’  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

“The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship sud-  
denly sinketh.

“Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reached the ship, it split the bay;  
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient  
Mariner is  
saved in the  
Pilot’s boat.

“Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot’s boat.

“Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
'Ha! ha!' quoth he, 'full plain I see  
The Devil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

" 'O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!'   
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou?'

The ancient  
Mariner  
earnestly en-  
treateth the  
Hermit to  
shrieve him;  
and the pen-  
ance of life  
falls on him.

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale;  
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns:  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

And ever  
and anon  
throughout  
his future life  
an agony  
constraineth  
him to travel  
from land to  
land;

"I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
The wedding-guests are there:  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are:

And hark, the little vesper bell,  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

“O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea:  
So lonely 'twas, that God Himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

“O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

“To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach,  
by his own  
example, love  
and reverence  
to all things  
that God made  
and loveth.

“Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

“He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God, who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man  
He rose the morrow morn.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge [1772-1834]*

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

'Twas in the prime of summer time,  
An evening calm and cool,  
And four-and-twenty happy boys  
Came bounding out of school:  
There were some that ran and some that leaped,  
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,  
And souls untouched by sin;  
To a level mead they came, and there  
They drave the wickets in:  
Pleasantly shone the setting sun  
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
And shouted as they ran,  
Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
As only boyhood can;  
But the Usher sat remote from all,  
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;  
For a burning thought was in his brow,  
And his bosom ill at ease:  
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf, he turned it o'er,  
Nor ever glanced aside,  
For the peace of his soul he read that book  
In the golden eventide:  
Much study had made him very lean,  
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,  
With a fast and fervent grasp

He strained the dusky covers close,  
And fixed the brazen hasp:  
"Oh, God! could I so close my mind,  
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took,—  
Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook,—  
And, lo! he saw a little boy  
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—  
Romance or fairy fable?  
Or is it some historic page,  
Of kings and crowns unstable?"  
The young boy gave an upward glance,—  
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,  
As smit with sudden pain,  
Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again;  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,  
Whose deeds tradition saves;  
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,  
And hid in sudden graves;  
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,  
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men  
Shriek upward from the sod;  
Aye, how the ghostly hand will point  
To show the burial clod;  
And unknown facts of guilty acts  
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth  
    Beneath the curse of Cain,  
With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
    And flames about their brain:  
For blood has left upon their souls  
    Its everlasting stain.

“And well,” quoth he, “I know for truth,  
    Their pangs must be extreme,—  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—  
    Who spill life’s sacred stream!  
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought  
    A murder, in a dream!

“One that had never done me wrong,  
    A feeble man and old:  
I led him to a lonely field;  
    The moon shone clear and cold:  
Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
    And I will have his gold!

“Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,  
    And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—  
    And then the deed was done;  
There was nothing lying at my foot  
    But lifeless flesh and bone!

“Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
    That could not do me ill;  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
    For lying there so still:  
There was a manhood in his look,  
    That murder could not kill.

“And, lo! the universal air  
    Seemed lit with ghastly flame;  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
    Were looking down in blame:  
I took the dead man by his hand  
    And called upon his name!



“Oh, God! it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the slain!  
But when I touched the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out amain!  
For every clot, a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain!

“My head was like an ardent coal,  
My heart as solid ice;  
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,  
Was at the Devil’s price;  
A dozen times I groaned: the dead  
Had never groaned but twice!

“And now, from forth the frowning sky  
From the Heaven’s topmost height,  
I heard a voice—that awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging sprite:  
‘Thou guilty man! take up thy dead  
And hide it from my sight!’

“I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream,  
A sluggish water, black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme:—  
My gentle Boy, remember this  
Is nothing but a dream!

“Down went the corse with a hollow plunge  
And vanished in the pool;  
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young,  
That evening in the school.

“Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls  
And mine so black and grim!  
I could not share in childish prayer  
Nor join in Evening Hymn:  
Like a Devil of the Pit I seemed,  
’Mid holy Cherubim!

“And peace went with them, one and all,  
And each calm pillow spread:  
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain  
That lighted me to bed,  
And drew my midnight curtains round,  
With fingers bloody red!

“All night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep,  
My fevered eyes I dared not close,  
But stared aghast at Sleep:  
For Sin had rendered unto her  
The keys of hell to keep.

“All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime,  
With one besetting horrid hint,  
That racked me all the time;  
A mighty yearning, like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime;

“One stern tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave:  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave,  
Still urging me to go and see  
The Dead Man in his grave!

“Heavily I rose up, as soon  
As light was in the sky,  
And sought the black accursèd pool  
With a wild misgiving eye:  
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry!

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dew-drop from its wing;  
But I never marked its morning flight,  
I never heard it sing,  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
I took him up and ran;  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began:  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murdered man.

“And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was elsewhere;  
As soon as the mid-day task was done,  
In secret I was there;  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare!

“Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep:  
Or land or sea, though it should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones!  
Aye, though he’s buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh,—  
The world shall see his bones!

“Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake!  
Again—again, with dizzy brain,  
The human life I take;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“And still no peace for the restless clay  
Will wave or mold allow;  
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—  
It stands before me now!”  
The fearful Boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
Through the cold and heavy mist;  
And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.

*Thomas Hood [1799-1845]*

## THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL

### I

He did not wear his scarlet coat,  
For blood and wine are red,  
And blood and wine were on his hands  
When they found him with the dead,  
The poor dead woman whom he loved,  
And murdered in her bed.

He walked amongst the Trial Men  
In a suit of shabby gray;  
A cricket cap was on his head,  
And his step seemed light and gay;  
But I never saw a man who looked  
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked  
With such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue  
Which prisoners call the sky,  
And at every drifting cloud that went  
With sails of silver by.

I walked, with other souls in pain,  
Within another ring,  
And was wondering if the man had done  
A great or little thing,  
When a voice behind me whispered low,  
“*That fellow’s got to swing.*”

Dear Christ! the very prison walls  
Suddenly seemed to reel,  
And the sky above my head became  
Like a casque of scorching steel;  
And, though I was a soul in pain,  
My pain I could not feel.

I only knew what hunted thought  
Quickened his step, and why  
He looked upon the garish day  
With such a wistful eye;  
The man had killed the thing he loved,  
And so he had to die.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,  
By each let this be heard,  
Some do it with a bitter look,  
Some with a flattering word,  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are young,  
And some when they are old;  
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,  
Some with the hands of Gold:  
The kindest use a knife, because  
The dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,  
Some sell, and others buy;  
Some do the deed with many tears,  
And some without a sigh:  
For each man kills the thing he loves,  
Yet each man does not die.

He does not die a death of shame  
On a day of dark disgrace,  
Nor have a noose about his neck,  
Nor a cloth upon his face,  
Nor drop feet foremost through the floor  
Into an empty space.

He does not sit with silent men  
Who watch him night and day;  
Who watch him when he tries to weep,  
And when he tries to pray;  
Who watch him lest himself should rob  
The prison of its prey.

He does not wake at dawn to see  
Dread figures throng his room,  
The shivering Chaplain robed in white,  
The Sheriff stern with gloom,  
And the Governor all in shiny black,  
With the yellow face of Doom.

He does not rise in piteous haste  
To put on convict-clothes,  
While some coarse-mouthed Doctor gloats, and notes  
Each new and nerve-twitched pose,  
Fingering a watch whose little ticks  
Are like horrible hammer-blows.

He does not know that sickening thirst  
That sands one's throat, before  
The hangman with his gardener's gloves  
Slips through the padded door,  
And binds one with three leathern thongs,  
That the throat may thirst no more.

He does not bend his head to hear  
The Burial Office read,  
Nor, while the terror of his soul  
Tells him he is not dead,  
Cross his own coffin, as he moves  
Into the hideous shed.

He does not stare upon the air  
Through a little roof of glass:  
He does not pray with lips of clay  
For his agony to pass;  
Nor feel upon his shuddering cheek  
That kiss of Caiaphas.

## II

Six weeks our guardsman walked the yard,  
In the suit of shabby gray:  
His cricket cap was on his head,  
And his step seemed light and gay,  
But I never saw a man who looked  
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw a man who looked  
With such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue  
Which prisoners call the sky,  
And at every wandering cloud that trailed  
Its raveled fleeces by.

He did not wring his hands, as do  
Those witless men who dare  
To try to rear the changeling Hope  
In the cave of black Despair:  
He only looked upon the sun,  
And drank the morning air.

He did not wring his hands nor weep,  
Nor did he peek or pine,  
But he drank the air as though it held  
Some healthful anodyne;  
With open mouth he drank the sun  
As though it had been wine!

And I and all the souls in pain,  
Who tramped the other ring,  
Forgot if we ourselves had done  
A great or little thing,  
And watched with gaze of dull amaze  
The man who had to swing.

And strange it was to see him pass  
With a step so light and gay,  
And strange it was to see him look  
So wistfully at the day,  
And strange it was to think that he  
Had such a debt to pay.

## The Ballad of Reading Gaol 2777

For oak and elm have pleasant leaves  
That in the spring-time shoot:  
But grim to see is the gallows-tree,  
With its adder-bitten root,  
And, green or dry, a man must die  
Before it bears its fruit!

The loftiest place is that seat of grace  
For which all wordlings try:  
But who would stand in hempen band  
Upon a scaffold high,  
And through a murderer's collar take  
His last look at the sky?

It is sweet to dance to violins  
When Love and Life are fair:  
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes  
Is delicate and rare:  
But it is not sweet with nimble feet  
To dance upon the air!

So with curious eyes and sick surmise  
We watched him day by day,  
And wondered if each one of us  
Would end the self-same way,  
For none can tell to what red Hell  
His sightless soul may stray.

At last the dead men walked no more  
Amongst the Trial Men,  
And I knew that he was standing up  
In the black dock's dreadful pen,  
And that never would I see his face  
In God's sweet world again.

Like two doomed ships that pass in storm,  
We had crossed each other's way:  
But we made no sign, we said no word,  
We had no word to say;  
For we did not meet in the holy night,  
But in the shameful day.



A prison wall was round us both,  
Two outcast men we were:  
The world had thrust us from its heart,  
And God from out his care:  
And the iron gin that waits for Sin  
Had caught us in its snare.

## III

In Debtor's Yard the stones are hard,  
And the dripping wall is high,  
So it was there he took the air  
Beneath the leaden sky,  
And by each side a Warder walked,  
For fear the man might die.

Or else he sat with those who watched  
His anguish night and day;  
Who watched him when he rose to weep,  
And when he crouched to pray;  
Who watched him lest himself should rob  
Their scaffold of its prey.

The Governor was strong upon  
The Regulations Act:  
The Doctor said that Death was but  
A scientific fact:  
And twice a day the Chaplain called,  
And left a little tract.

And twice a day he smoked his pipe,  
And drank his quart of beer:  
His soul was resolute, and held  
No hiding-place for fear;  
He often said that he was glad  
The hangman's hands were near.

But why he said so strange a thing  
No Warder dared to ask:  
For he to whom a watcher's doom  
Is given as his task,  
Must set a lock upon his lips,  
And make his face a mask.

Or else he might be moved, and try  
    To comfort or console:  
And what should Human Pity do  
    Pent up in Murderers' Hole?  
What word of grace in such a place  
    Could help a brother's soul?

With slouch and swing around the ring  
    We trod the Fools' Parade!  
We did not care: we knew we were  
    The Devil's Own Brigade:  
And shaven head and feet of lead  
    Make a merry masquerade.

We tore the tarry rope to shreds  
    With blunt and bleeding nails;  
We rubbed the doors, and scrubbed the floors,  
    And cleaned the shining rails:  
And, rank by rank, we soaped the plank,  
    And clattered with the pails.

We sewed the sacks, we broke the stones,  
    We turned the dusty drill:  
We banged the tins, and bawled the hymns,  
    And sweated on the mill:  
But in the heart of every man  
    Terror was lying still.

So still it lay that every day  
    Crawled like a weed-clogged wave:  
And we forgot the bitter lot  
    That waits for fool and knave,  
Till once, as we tramped in from work,  
    We passed an open grave.

With yawning mouth the yellow hole  
    Gaped for a living thing;  
The very mud cried out for blood  
    To the thirsty asphalt ring:  
And we knew that ere one dawn grew fair,  
    Some prisoner had to swing.

Right in we went, with soul intent  
On Death and Dread and Doom:  
The hangman, with his little bag,  
Went shuffling through the gloom:  
And each man trembled as he crept  
Into his numbered tomb.

That night the empty corridors  
Were full of forms of Fear,  
And up and down the iron town  
Stole feet we could not hear,  
And through the bars that hide the stars  
White faces seemed to peer.

He lay as one who lies and dreams  
In a pleasant meadow-land,  
The watchers watched him as he slept,  
And could not understand  
How one could sleep so sweet a sleep  
With a hangman close at hand.

But there is no sleep when men must weep  
Who never yet have wept:  
So we—the fool, the fraud, the knave—  
That endless vigil kept,  
And through each brain on hands of pain  
Another's terror crept.

Alas! it is a fearful thing  
To feel another's guilt!  
For, right within, the sword of Sin  
Pierced to its poisoned hilt,  
And as molten lead were the tears we shed  
For the blood we had not spilt.

The Warders with their shoes of felt  
Crept by each padlocked door,  
And peeped and saw, with eyes of awe,  
Gray figures on the floor,  
And wondered why men knelt to pray  
Who never prayed before.

All through the night we knelt and prayed,  
Mad mourners of a corse!  
The troubled plumes of midnight were  
The plumes upon a hearse:  
And bitter wine upon a sponge  
Was the savor of Remorse.

The gray cock crew, the red cock crew,  
But never came the day;  
And crooked shapes of terror crouched  
In the corners where we lay:  
And each evil sprite that walks by night  
Before us seemed to play.

They glided past, they glided fast,  
Like travelers through a mist:  
They mocked the moon in a rigadoon  
Of delicate turn and twist,  
And with formal pace and loathsome grace  
The phantoms kept their tryst.

With mop and mow, we saw them go,  
Slim shadows hand and hand:  
About, about, in ghostly rout  
They trod a saraband:  
And the damned grotesques made arabesques,  
Like the wind upon the sand!

With the pirouettes of marionettes  
They tripped on pointed tread:  
But with flutes of Fear they filled the ear,  
As their grisly masque they led,  
And loud they sang, and long they sang,  
For they sang to wake the dead.

"Oho!" they cried, "*The world is wide,  
But fettered limbs go lame!  
And once, or twice, to throw the dice  
Is a gentlemanly game,  
But he does not win who plays with Sin  
In the Secret House of Shame.*"

No things of air these antics were,  
That frolicked with such glee:  
To men whose lives were held in gyves,  
And whose feet might not go free,  
Ah! wounds of Christ! they were living things,  
Most terrible to see.

Around, around, they waltzed and wound;  
Some wheeled in smirking pairs;  
With the mincing step of a demirep  
Some sidled up the stairs:  
And with subtle sneer, and fawning leer,  
Each helped us at our prayers.

The morning wind began to moan,  
But still the night went on;  
Through its giant loom the web of gloom  
Crept till each thread was spun:  
And, as we prayed, we grew afraid  
Of the Justice of the Sun.

The moaning wind went wandering round  
The weeping prison-wall:  
Till like a wheel of turning steel  
We felt the minutes crawl:  
O moaning wind! what had we done  
To have such a seneschal?

At last I saw the shadowed bars,  
Like a lattice wrought in lead,  
Move right across the whitewashed wall  
That faced my three-planked bed,  
And I knew that somewhere in the world  
God's dreadful dawn was red.

At six o'clock we cleaned our cells,  
At seven all was still,  
But the sigh and swing of a mighty wing  
The prison seemed to fill,  
For the Lord of Death with icy breath,  
Had entered in to kill.

He did not pass in purple pomp,  
Nor ride a moon-white steed.  
Three yards of cord and a sliding board  
Are all the gallows' need:  
So with rope of shame the Herald came  
To do the secret deed.

We were as men who through a fen  
Of filthy darkness grope:  
We did not dare to breathe a prayer,  
Or to give our anguish scope:  
Something was dead in each of us,  
And what was dead was Hope.

For Man's grim Justice goes its way,  
And will not swerve aside:  
It slays the weak, it slays the strong,  
It has a deadly stride:  
With iron heel it slays the strong,  
The monstrous parricide!

We waited for the stroke of eight:  
Each tongue was thick with thirst:  
For the stroke of eight is the stroke of Fate  
That makes a man accursed,  
And Fate will use a running noose  
For the best man and the worst.

We had no other thing to do,  
Save to wait for the sign to come:  
So, like things of stone in a valley lone,  
Quiet we sat and dumb:  
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,  
Like a madman on a drum!

With sudden shock, the prison-clock  
Smote on the shivering air,  
And from all the jail rose up a wail  
Of impotent despair,  
Like the sound that frightened marshes hear  
From some leper in his lair.

And as one sees most dreadful things  
In the crystal of a dream,  
We saw the greasy hempen rope  
Hooked to the blackened beam,  
And heard the prayer the hangman's snare  
Strangled into a scream.

And all the woe that moved him so  
That he gave that bitter cry,  
And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats.  
None knew so well as I:  
For he who lives more lives than one  
More deaths than one must die.

## IV

There is no chapel on the day  
On which they hang a man:  
The Chaplain's heart is far too sick,  
Or his face is far too wan,  
Or there is that written in his eyes  
Which none should look upon.

So they kept us close till nigh on noon,  
And then they rang the bell,  
And the Warders with their jingling keys  
Opened each listening cell,  
And down the iron stair we tramped,  
Each from his separate Hell.

Out into God's sweet air we went,  
But not in wonted way,  
For this man's face was white with fear  
And that man's face was gray,  
And I never saw sad men who looked  
So wistfully at the day.

I never saw sad men who looked  
With such a wistful eye  
Upon that little tent of blue  
We prisoners call the sky,  
And at every careless cloud that passed  
In happy freedom by.

But there were those amongst us all  
Who walked with downcast head,  
And knew that, had each got his due,  
They should have died instead:  
He had but killed a thing that lived,  
Whilst they had killed the dead.

For he who sins a second time  
Wakes a dead soul to pain,  
And draws it from its spotted shroud,  
And makes it bleed again,  
And makes it bleed great gouts of blood,  
And makes it bleed in vain!

Like ape or clown, in monstrous garb  
With crooked arrows starred,  
Silently we went round and round  
The slippery asphalt yard;  
Silently we went round and round,  
And no man spoke a word.

Silently we went round and round,  
And through each hollow mind  
The Memory of dreadful things  
Rushed like a dreadful wind,  
And Horror stalked before each man,  
And Terror crept behind.

The Warders strutted up and down,  
And kept their herd of brutes,  
Their uniforms were spick and span,  
They wore their Sunday suits,  
But we knew the work they had been at,  
By the quicklime on their boots.

For where a grave had opened wide,  
There was no grave at all:  
Only a stretch of mud and sand  
By the hideous prison-wall,  
And a little heap of burning lime,  
That the man should have his pall.



For he has a pall, this wretched man,  
Such as few men can claim:  
Deep down below a prison-yard,  
Naked for greater shame,  
He lies, with fetters on each foot,  
Wrapped in a sheet of flame!

And all the while the burning line  
Eats flesh and bone away,  
It eats the brittle bone by night,  
And the soft flesh by day,  
It eats the flesh and bone by turns,  
But it eats the heart away.

For three long years they will not sow  
Or root or seedling there:  
For three long years the unblessed spot  
Will sterile be and bare,  
And look upon the wondering sky  
With unreproachful stare.

They think a murderer's heart would taint  
Each simple seed they sow.  
It is not true! God's kindly earth  
Is kindlier than men know,  
And the red rose would but blow more red,  
The white rose whiter blow.

Out of his mouth a red, red rose!  
Out of his heart a white!  
For who can say by what strange way  
Christ brings his will to light,  
Since the barren staff the pilgrim bore  
Bloomed in the great Pope's sight?

But neither milk-white rose nor red  
May bloom in prison air;  
The shard, the pebble, and the flint,  
Are what they give us there:  
For flowers have been known to heal  
A common man's despair.

So never will wine-red rose or white  
Petal by petal, fall  
On that stretch of mud and sand that lies  
By that hideous prison-wall,  
To tell the men who tramp the yard  
That God's Son died for all.

Yet though the hideous prison-wall  
Still hems him round and round,  
And a spirit may not walk by night  
That is with fetters bound,  
And a spirit may but weep that lies  
In such unholy ground,

He is at peace—this wretched man—  
At peace, or will be soon:  
There is no thing to make him mad,  
Nor does Terror walk at noon,  
For the lampless Earth in which he lies  
Has neither Sun nor Moon.

They hanged him as a beast is hanged:  
They did not even toll  
A requiem that might have brought  
Rest to his startled soul,  
But hurriedly they took him out,  
And hid him in a hole.

They stripped him of his canvas clothes,  
And gave him to the flies:  
They mocked the swollen purple throat,  
And the stark and staring eyes:  
And with laughter loud they heaped the shroud  
In which their convict lies.

The Chaplain would not kneel to pray  
By his dishonored grave:  
Nor mark it with that blessed Cross  
That Christ for sinners gave,  
Because the man was one of those  
Whom Christ came down to save.

Yet all is well; he has but passed  
To Life's appointed bourne:  
And alien tears will fill for him  
Pity's long-broken urn,  
For his mourners will be outcast men,  
And outcasts always mourn.

I know not whether Laws be right,  
Or whether Laws be wrong;  
All that we know who lie in jail  
Is that the wall is strong;  
And that each day is like a year,  
A year whose days are long.  
But this I know, that every Law  
That men have made for Man,  
Since first Man took his brother's life,  
And this sad world began,  
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff  
With a most evil fan.

This too I know—and wise it were  
If each could know the same—  
That every prison that men build  
Is built with bricks of shame,  
And bound with bars lest Christ should see  
How men their brothers maim.

With bars they blur the gracious moon,  
And blind the goodly sun:  
And they do well to hide their Hell,  
For in it things are done  
That Son of God nor son of Man  
Ever should look upon!

The vilest deeds like poison weeds  
Bloom well in prison-air:  
It is only what is good in Man  
That wastes and withers there:  
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,  
And the Warder is Despair.

For they starve the little frightened child,  
Till it weeps both night and day:  
And they scourge the weak, and flog the fool,  
And gibe the old and gray,  
And some grow mad, and all grow bad,  
And none a word may say.

Each narrow cell in which we dwell  
Is a foul and dark latrine,  
And the fetid breath of living Death  
Chokes up each grated screen,  
And all, but Lust, is turned to dust  
In Humanity's machine.

The brackish water that we drink  
Creeps with a loathsome slime,  
And the bitter bread they weigh in scales  
Is full of chalk and lime,  
And Sleep will not lie down, but walks  
Wild-eyed, and cries to Time.

But though lean Hunger and green Thirst  
Like asp with adder fight,  
We have little care of prison fare,  
For what chills and kills outright  
Is that every stone one lifts by day  
Becomes one's heart by night.

With midnight always in one's heart,  
And twilight in one's cell,  
We turn the crank, or tear the rope,  
Each in his separate Hell,  
And the silence is more awful far  
Than the sound of a brazen bell.

And never a human voice comes near  
To speak a gentle word:  
And the eye that watches through the door  
Is pitiless and hard:  
And by all forgot, we rot and rot,  
With soul and body marred.

And thus we rust Life's iron chain,  
    Degraded and alone:  
And some men curse, and some men weep,  
    And some men make no moan:  
But God's eternal Laws are kind  
    And break the heart of stone.

And every human heart that breaks,  
    In prison-cell or yard,  
Is as that broken box that gave  
    Its treasure to the Lord,  
And filled the unclean leper's house  
    With the scent of costliest nard.

Ah! happy they whose hearts can break  
    And peace of pardon win!  
How else may man make straight his plan  
    And cleanse his soul from Sin?  
How else but through a broken heart  
    May Lord Christ enter in?

And he of the swollen purple throat,  
    And the stark and staring eyes,  
Waits for the holy hands that took  
    The Thief to Paradise;  
And a broken and a contrite heart  
    The Lord will not despise.

The man in red who reads the Law  
    Gave him three weeks of life,  
Three little weeks in which to heal  
    His soul of his soul's strife,  
And cleanse from every blot of blood  
    The hand that held the knife.

And with tears of blood he cleansed the hand,  
    The hand that held the steel:  
For only blood can wipe out blood,  
    And only tears can heal:  
And the crimson stain that was of Cain  
    Became Christ's snow-white seal.

VI

In Reading gaol by Reading town  
There is a pit of shame,  
And in it lies a wretched man  
Eaten by teeth of flame,  
In a burning winding-sheet he lies,  
And his grave has got no name.

And there, till Christ call forth the dead,  
In silence let him lie:  
No need to waste the foolish tear,  
Or heave the windy sigh:  
The man had killed the thing he loved,  
And so he had to die.

And all men kill the thing they love,  
By all let this be heard,  
Some do it with a bitter look,  
Some with a flattering word,  
The coward does it with a kiss,  
The brave man with a sword!

*Oscar Wilde* [1856-1900]

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot  
Lay in the Field of Blood;  
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,  
And black was the sky;  
Black, black were the broken clouds,  
Though the red Moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot  
Strangled and dead lay there;  
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Looked on it in despair.

The breath of the World came and went  
Like a sick man's in rest;  
Drop by drop on the World's eyes  
The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Did make a gentle moan—  
“I will bury underneath the ground  
My flesh and blood and bone.

“I will bury deep beneath the soil,  
Lest mortals look thereon,  
And when the wolf and raven come  
The body will be gone!

“The stones of the field are sharp as steel,  
And hard and bold, God wot;  
And I must bear my body hence  
Until I find a spot!”

’Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
So grim, and gaunt, and gray,  
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,  
And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field  
Its touch was cold as ice,  
And the ivory teeth within the jaw  
Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Carried its load with pain,  
The Eye of Heaven, like a lantern's eye,  
Opened and shut again.

Half he walked, and half he seemed  
Lifted on the cold wind;  
He did not turn, for chilly hands  
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto  
It was the open wold,  
And underneath were prickly whins,  
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto  
It was a stagnant pool,  
And when he threw the body in  
It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,  
And it was dripping chill,  
And the next place that he came unto  
Was a Cross upon a hill.

A Cross upon the windy hill,  
And a Cross on either side,  
Three skeletons that swing thereon,  
Who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross-bar sat  
A white Dove slumbering;  
Dim it sat in the dim light,  
With its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle Cross  
A grave yawned wide and vast,  
But the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Shivered, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto  
It was the Brig of Dread,  
And the great torrents rushing down  
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in  
For fear of faces dim,  
And arms were waved in the wild water  
To thrust it back to him.



'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Turned from the Brig of Dread,  
And the dreadful foam of the wild water  
Had splashed the body red.

For days and nights he wandered on  
Upon an open plain,  
And the days went by like blinding mist,  
And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wandered on,  
All through the Wood of Woc;  
And the nights went by like moaning wind,  
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Came with a weary face—  
Alone, alone, and all alone,  
Alone in a lonely place!

He wandered east, he wandered west,  
And heard no human sound;  
For months and years, in grief and tears,  
He wandered round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears,  
He walked the silent night;  
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste,  
As dim as dim might be,  
That came and went like a lighthouse gleam  
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Crawled to the distant gleam;  
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown  
Against him with a scream.

## The Ballad of Judas Iscariot 2795

For days and nights he wandered on,  
Pushed on by hands behind;  
And the days went by like black, black rain,  
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,  
Strange, and sad, and tall,  
Stood all alone at dead of night  
Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow,  
And his foot-marks black and damp,  
And the ghost of the silver Moon arose,  
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,  
And the walls were deep with white,  
And the shadows of the guests within  
Passed on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests  
Did strangers come and go,  
And the body of Judas Iscariot  
Lay stretched along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot  
Lay stretched along the snow;  
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,  
He ran so swiftly there,  
As round and round the frozen Pole  
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,  
And the lights burned bright and clear—  
"Oh, who is that?" the Bridegroom said,  
"Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,  
And answered soft and slow,  
"It is a wolf runs up and down  
With a black track in the snow."

The Bridegroom in his robe of white  
Sat at the table-head—  
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"  
The blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,  
And answered fierce and low,  
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Did hush itself and stand,  
And saw the Bridegroom at the door  
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,  
And he was clad in white,  
And far within the Lord's Supper  
Was spread so long and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and looked,  
And his face was bright to see—  
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper  
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Stood black, and sad, and bare—  
"I have wandered many nights and days;  
There is no light elsewhere."

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,  
And their eyes were fierce and bright—  
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,  
And he waved hands still and slow,  
And the third time that he waved his hands  
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,  
Before it touched the ground,  
There came a dove, and a thousand doves  
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot  
Floated away full fleet,  
And the wings of the doves that bare it off  
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,  
And beckoned, smiling sweet;  
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,  
And the many candles shine,  
And I have waited long for thee  
Before I poured the wine!"

The supper wine is poured at last,  
The lights burn bright and fair,  
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,  
And dries them with his hair.

*Robert Buchanan* [1841-1901]

## HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

"YE have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made  
an end,  
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:  
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?"  
"Blood for our blood," they said.

He laughed: "If one may settle the score for five,  
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:  
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive."  
"You shall die at dawn," said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,  
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;  
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope  
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills  
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows;  
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,  
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,  
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;  
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below  
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,  
The mounds that hid the loved and honored dead;  
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,  
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,  
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,  
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,  
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,  
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;  
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,  
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watched the liner's stem plowing the foam,  
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;  
He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,  
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,  
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood;  
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;  
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,  
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white;  
He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,  
Cut by the Eastern height.

“O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,  
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee.”  
A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one  
Faded, and the hill slept.

*Henry Newbolt [1862-1938]*

### THE LAST HUNT

OH, it's twenty gallant gentlemen  
Rode out to hunt the deer,  
With mirth upon the silver horn  
And gleam upon the spear;  
They galloped through the meadow-grass,  
They sought the forest's gloom,  
And loudest rang Sir Morven's laugh,  
And lightest tossed his plume.  
There's no delight by day or night  
Like hunting in the morn;  
So busk ye, gallant gentlemen,  
And sound the silver horn!

They rode into the dark greenwood  
By ferny dell and glade,—  
And now and then upon their cloaks  
The yellow sunshine played;  
They heard the timid forest-birds  
Break off amid their glee,  
They saw the startled leveret,  
But not a stag did see.

Wind, wind the horn, on summer morn!  
Though ne'er a buck appear,  
There's health for horse and gentleman  
A-hunting of the deer!

They panted up Ben Lomond's side  
Where thick the leafage grew,  
And when they bent the branches back  
The sunbeams darted through;  
Sir Morven in his saddle turned,  
And to his comrades spake,  
"Now quiet! we shall find a stag  
Beside the Brownies' Lake."  
Then sound not on the bugle-horn,  
Bend bush and do not break,  
Lest ye should start the timid hart  
A-drinking at the lake.

Now they have reached the Brownies' Lake,—  
A blue eye in the wood,—  
And on its brink a moment's space  
All motionless they stood:  
When, suddenly, the silence broke  
With fifty bowstrings' twang,  
And hurtling through the drowsy air  
Full fifty arrows sang.  
Ah, better for those gentlemen,  
Than horn and slender spear,  
Were morion and buckler true,  
A-hunting of the deer.

Not one of that brave company  
Shall hunt the deer again;  
Some fell beside the Brownies' Pool,  
Some dropped in dell or glen;  
An arrow pierced Sir Morven's breast,  
His horse plunged in the lake,  
And swimming to the farther bank  
He left a bloody wake.

Ah, what avails the silver horn,  
And what the slender spear?  
There's other quarry in the wood  
Beside the fallow deer!

O'er ridge and hollow sped the horse  
Besprent with blood and foam,  
Nor slackened pace until at eve  
He brought his master home.  
How tenderly the Lady Ruth  
The cruel dart withdrew!  
"False Tirrell shot the bolt," she said,  
"That my Sir Morven slew!"  
Deep in the forest lurks the foe,  
While gayly shines the morn:  
Hang up the broken spear, and blow  
A dirge upon the horn.

*William Roscoe Thayer* [1859-1923]

### ANDRÉ'S RIDE

WHEN André rode to Pont-du-lac,  
With all his raiders at his back,  
Mon Dieu! the tumult in the town!  
Scarce clanged the great portcullis down  
Ere in the sunshine gleamed his spears,  
And up marched all his musketeers,  
And far and fast in haste's array  
Sped men to fight and priests to pray:  
In every street a barricade  
Of aught that lay to hand was made;  
From every house a man was told,  
Nor quittance given to young or old:  
Should youth be spared or age be slack  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac?

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,  
With all his ravening reiver-pack,  
The mid lake was a frozen road  
Unbending to the cannon's load;



No warmth the sun had as it shone;  
The kine were stalled, the birds were gone;  
Like wild things seemed the shapes of fur  
With which was every street astir,  
And over all the huddling crowd  
The thick breath hung—a solid cloud,—  
Roof, road, and river, all were white;  
Men moved benumbed by day—by night  
The boldest durst not bivouac,  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac.

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,  
We scarce could stem his swift attack;  
A halt, a cheer, a bugle-call,—  
Like wild-cats they were up the wall:  
But still as each man won the town,  
We tossed him from the ramparts down;  
And when at last the stormers quailed,  
And back the assailants shrank assailed,  
Like wounded wasps that still could sting,  
Or tigers that had missed their spring,  
They would not fly, but turned at bay  
And fought out all the dying day;—  
Sweet saints! it was a curious track  
That André left by Pont-du-lac.

When André rode to Pont-du-lac,  
Said he, "A troop of girls could sack  
This huckster town, that hugs its hoard  
But wists not how to wield a sword."  
It makes my blood warm now to know  
How soon Sir Cockerel ceased to crow,  
And how 'twas my sure dagger-point  
In André's harness found a joint:  
For I, who now am old, was young,  
And strong the thews were, now unstrung,  
And deadly though our danger then,  
I would that day were back again;  
Ay, would to God that day were back  
When André rode to Pont-du-lac!

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

THE old priest Peter Gilligan  
Was weary night and day;  
For half his flock were in their beds,  
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,  
At the moth-hour of eve,  
Another poor man sent for him,  
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,  
For people die and die";  
And after cried he, "God forgive!  
My body spake, not I!"

He knelt, and leaning on the chair  
He prayed and fell asleep;  
And the moth-hour went from the fields,  
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,  
And leaves shook in the wind;  
And God covered the world with shade,  
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp  
When the moths came once more,  
The old priest Peter Gilligan  
Stood upright on the floor.

"Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,  
While I slept on the chair";  
He roused his horse out of his sleep,  
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,  
By rocky lane and fen;  
The sick man's wife opened the door:  
"Father! you come again!"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.

"He died an hour ago."

The old priest Peter Gilligan

In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died

As merry as a bird."

The old priest Peter Gilligan

He knelt him at the word.

"He who hath made the night of stars

For souls, who tire and bleed,

Sent one of His great angels down

To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,

With planets in His care,

Had pity on the least of things

Asleep upon a chair."

*William Butler Yeats* [1865-1939]

## HERVÉ RIEL

### I

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,

Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!

And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to Saint Malo on the Rance,  
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full  
chase;

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Dam-  
freville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place

“Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick—or, quicker  
still,

Here’s the English can and will!”

## III

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on  
board;

“Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?”  
laughed they:

“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred  
and scored,

Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve-and-eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,

Trust to enter where ’tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now, ’tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!”

## IV

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate:

“Here’s the English at our heels; would you have them take  
in tow

All that’s left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!”

(Ended Damfreville his speech).

“Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!

France must undergo her fate.

## V

“Give the word!” But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these

—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?  
 No such man of mark, and meet  
 With his betters to compete!  
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the  
 fleet,  
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

## VI

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé  
 Riel:  
 "Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or  
 rogues?  
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,  
 tell  
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell  
 'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disem-  
 bogues?  
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?  
 Morn and eve, night and day,  
 Have I piloted your bay,  
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.  
 Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than  
 fifty Hogues!  
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me  
 there's a way!  
 Only let me lead the line,  
 Have the biggest ship to steer.  
 Get this *Formidable* clear,  
 Make the others follow mine,  
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,  
 Right to Solidor past Grève,  
 And there lay them safe and sound;  
 And if one ship misbehave,—  
 —Keel so much as grate the ground,  
 Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries  
 Hervé Riel.

## VII

Not a minute more to wait.  
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!  
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried  
 its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide seas  
profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the  
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past.

All are harbored to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,

Up the English come,—too late!

### VIII

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell!

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

## IX

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,  
I must speak out at the end,  
Though I find the speaking hard.  
Praise is deeper than the lips:  
You have saved the King his ships,  
You must name your own reward.  
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!  
Demand whate'er you will,  
France remains your debtor still.  
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Dam-  
freville."

## X

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:  
"Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty's done,  
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a  
run?—  
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
Since the others go ashore—  
Come! A good whole holiday!  
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle  
Aurore!"  
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

## XI

Name and deed alike are lost:  
Not a pillar or a post  
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;  
Not a head in white and black  
On a single fishing-smack,  
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack  
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore  
the bell:

Go to Paris: rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank!

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle  
Aurore!

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

## THE HIGHWAYMAN

### PART I

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,  
And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace  
at his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;  
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the  
thigh!

And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,

His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-  
yard,

And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was  
locked and barred;

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be wait-  
ing there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Bess, the landlord's daughter,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.



And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked  
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;  
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,  
But he loved the landlord's daughter,

    The landlord's red-lipped daughter,  
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning  
light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the  
day,

Then look for me by moonlight,

    Watch for me by moonlight,  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the  
way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her  
hand,

But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt  
like a brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his  
breast;

And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

    (Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped  
away to the West.

#### PART II

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;  
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,  
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple  
moor,

A red-coat troop came marching—

    Marching—marching—

King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,  
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of  
her narrow bed;

Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!

There was death at every window;

And hell at one dark window;

For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;

They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!

“Now keep good watch!” and they kissed her. She heard the dead man say—

*Look for me by moonlight;*

*Watch for me by moonlight;*

*I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!*

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!

She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!

Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,

She would not risk their hearing: she would not strive again; For the road lay bare in the moonlight;

Blank and bare in the moonlight;

And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

*Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot!* Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;

*Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot,* in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,  
The highwayman came riding,

Riding, riding!

The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up,  
straight and still!

*Tlot-tlot*, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing  
night!

Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!

Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep  
breath,

Then her finger moved in the moonlight,

Her musket shattered the moonlight,

Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with  
her death.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know  
who stood

Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her  
own red blood!

Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew gray to hear  
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's black-eyed daughter,

Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the  
darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the  
sky,

With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier  
brandished high!

Blood-red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was  
his velvet coat,

When they shot him down on the highway,

Down like a dog on the highway,

And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of  
lace at his throat.

. . . . .

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the  
trees,*

*When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,*

*When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,  
A highwayman comes riding—*

*Riding—riding—*

*A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;  
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and  
barred;*

*He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting  
there*

*But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,*

*Bess, the landlord's daughter,*

*Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.*

*Alfred Noyes [1880—*

## LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

SIR LANCELOT beside the mere

Rode at the golden close of day,

And the sad eyes of Guinevere

Went with him, with him, all the way.

The golden light to silver turned,

The mist came up out of the mere,

And steadily before him burned

The sombre gaze of Guinevere.

A dreadful chill about him crept,

The pleasant air to winter turned;

Like the wan eyes of one that wept

Far through the mist the faint stars burned.

All that had sinned in days gone by

Like pale companions round him crept—

All that beneath the morning sky

Had called the night to mind and wept.

But strangest showed his own offence

Of all the shadows creeping by;

The star of his magnificence

Fell from its station in the sky.

The lean wind robbed him of his pride;  
 Keen grew the sting of his offence;  
 And like a lamp within him died  
 The flame of his magnificence.

The drifting phantoms of the mere  
 Were death to pleasure and to pride;  
 The joy he had of Guinevere  
 Faded into the dark and died.

Oh loss of hope with loss of day  
 In mist and shadow of the mere!—  
 Where with him, with him, all the way,  
 Went the sad eyes of Guinevere.

*Gerald Gould* [1885-1930]

### BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERRE

SIMON ZELOTES SPEAKETH IT SOMEWHILE AFTER THE  
 CRUCIFIXION

HA' we lost the goodliest fere o' all  
 For the priests and the gallows tree?  
 Aye lover he was of brawny men,  
 O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man  
 His smile was good to see,  
 "First let these go!" quo' our Goodly Fere,  
 "Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears  
 And the scorn of his laugh rang free,  
 "Why took ye not me when I walked about  
 Alone in the town?" says he.

Oh we drunk his "Hale" in the good red wine  
 When we last made company.  
 No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,  
 But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men  
 Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free;

That they took the high and holy house  
For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him a' in a book, I think,  
Though they write it cunningly;  
No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere  
But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere  
They are fools to the last degree.

"I'll go the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,  
"Though I go the gallows tree.

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind,  
And wake the dead," says he.

"Ye shall see one thing to master all:  
'Tis how a brave man dies on the tree."

A son of God was the Goodly Fere  
That bade us his brothers be.  
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.  
I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails  
And the blood gushed hot and free.  
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue,  
But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men  
On the hills o' Galilee.  
They whined as he walked out calm between,  
Wi' his eyes like the gray o' the sea.

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging,  
With the winds unleashed and free,  
Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret  
Wi' tway words spoke suddently.

A master of men was the Goodly Fere,  
A mate of the wind and sea.  
If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere  
They are fools eternally.

I ha' seen him eat o' the honey-comb  
Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

## EVE

EVE, with her basket, was  
Deep in the bells and grass,  
Wading in bells and grass  
Up to her knees,  
Picking a dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat,  
Down in the bells and grass  
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a  
Corner the cobra lay,  
Curled round a bough of the  
Cinnamon tall. . . .  
Now to get even and  
Humble proud heaven and  
Now was the moment or  
Never at all.

"Eva!" Each syllable  
Light as a flower fell,  
"Eva!" he whispered the  
Wondering maid,  
Soft as a bubble sung  
Out of a linnet's lung,  
Soft and most silverly  
"Eva!" he said.

Picture that orchard sprite,  
Eve, with her body white,  
Supple and smooth to her  
Slim finger tips,  
Wondering, listening,  
Listening, wondering,  
Eve with a berry  
Half-way to her lips

Oh, had our simple Eve  
Seen through the make-believe!  
Had she but known the  
Pretender he was!

Out of the boughs he came,  
Whispering still her name,  
Tumbling in twenty rings  
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair  
In the world anywhere,  
Eve in the bells and grass  
Kneeling, and he  
Telling his story low. . . .  
Singing birds saw them go  
Down the dark path to  
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh, what a clatter when  
Titmouse and Jenny Wren  
Saw him successful and  
Taking his leave!  
How the birds rated him,  
How they all hated him!  
How they all pitied  
Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying  
Outside in the lane,  
Eve, with no dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat,  
Haunting the gate of the  
Orchard in vain. . . .

Picture the lewd delight  
Under the hill to-night—

"Eva!" the toast goes round,

"Eva!" again.     *Ralph Hodgson* [1871-

"TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN"

TIME, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day?

All things I'll give you  
Will you be my guest,



Bells for your jennet  
 Of silver the best.  
 Goldsmiths shall beat you  
 A great golden ring,  
 Peacocks shall bow to you,  
 Little boys sing,  
 Oh, and sweet girls will  
 Festoon you with may.  
 Time, you old gipsy,  
 Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,  
 Last night in Rome,  
 Morning, and in the crush  
 Under Pau's dome;  
 Under Paul's dial  
 You tighten your rein—  
 Only a moment,  
 And off once again;  
 Off to some city  
 Now blind in the womb,  
 Off to another  
 Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gipsy man,  
 Will you not stay,  
 Put up your caravan  
 Just for one day?

*Ralph Hodgson* {1871—

# CHANSON OF THE BELLS OF OSENEY

(THIRTEENTH CENTURY)

THE bells of Oseney  
 (*Hautclère, Doucement, Austyn*)  
 Chant sweetly every day,  
 And sadly, for our sin.  
 The bells of Oseney  
 (*John, Gabriel, Marie*)  
 Chant lowly,  
     Chant slowly,

Chant wistfully and holy  
Of Christ, our Paladin.

Hautclère chants to the East  
(His tongue is silvery high),  
And Austyn like a priest  
Sends West a weighty cry;  
But Doucement set between  
(Like an appeasive nun)  
Chants cheerly,

Chants clearly,  
As if Christ heard her nearly,  
A plea to every sky.

A plea that John takes up  
(He is the evangelist)  
Till Gabriel's angel cup  
Pours sound to sun or mist.  
And last of all Marie  
(The virgin-voice of God)  
Peals purely,

Demurely,  
And with a tone so surely  
Divine that all must hear.

The bells of Oseney  
(*Doucement, Austyn, Hautclère*)  
Pour ever day by day  
Their peals on the rapt air;  
And with their mellow mates  
(*John, Gabriel, Marie*)  
Tell slowly,

Tell lowly,  
Of Christ the High and Holy,  
Who makes the whole world fair.

*Cale Young Rice [1872]*

## THE WASTE PLACES

### I

As a naked man I go  
Through the desert sore afraid,

Holding up my head although  
I'm as frightened as a maid.

The couching lion there I saw  
From barren rocks lift up his eye;  
He parts the cactus with his paw,  
He stares at me as I go by.

He would follow on my trace  
If he knew I was afraid,  
If he knew my hardy face  
Hides the terrors of a maid.

In the night he rises and  
He stretches forth, he snuffs the air;  
He roars and leaps along the sand,  
He creeps and watches everywhere.

His burning eyes, his eyes of bale,  
Through the darkness I can see;  
He lashes fiercely with his tail,  
He would love to spring at me.

I am the lion in his lair;  
I am the fear that frightens me;  
I am the desert of despair  
And the nights of agony.

Night or day, whate'er befall,  
I must walk that desert land,  
Until I can dare to call  
The lion out to lick my hand.

## II

As a naked man I tread  
The gloomy forests, ring on ring,  
Where the sun that's overhead  
Cannot see what's happening.

There I go: the deepest shade,  
The deepest silence pressing me;  
And my heart is more afraid  
Than a maiden's heart would be.

Every day I have to run  
Underneath the demon tree,  
Where the ancient wrong is done  
While I shrink in agony.

There the demon held a maid  
In his arms, and as she, daft,  
Screamed again in fear, he laid  
His lips upon her lips and laughed.

And she beckoned me to run,  
And she called for help to me,  
And the ancient wrong was done  
Which is done eternally.

I am the maiden and the fear;  
I am the sunless shade, the strife;  
I the demon lips, the sneer  
Showing under every life.

I must tread that gloomy way  
Until I shall dare to run  
And bear the demon with his prey  
From the forest to the sun.

*James Stephens* [1882—

## THE WARRIOR MAID

THEY bade me to my spinning  
Because I was a maid,  
But down into the battle  
I marshalled unafraid.

Brightly against the sunbeams  
I shook the flaming lance.  
Then out I swept to gather  
With the red and royal dance.

The war was stately in me,  
And in my heart was pride—  
Fierce moods like neighing horses  
Most terribly did ride.

Deep as a sea of scarlet  
I saw the banners roll—  
And then the great war terror  
Laid hold upon my soul.

I laughed aloud to feel it  
And royally did cheer:  
I strode amid my tremblings  
And did not fear to fear.

A warrior rode against me.  
I laid him to his rest.  
I could not stop to gather  
The bright sword from his breast.

But on I drove in splendor,  
I—that was but a maid—  
With piercing calls of triumph  
And I was not afraid.

But once, beneath my charging,  
A face shone up below.  
Dead in the bloody furrow,  
A stranger white as snow!

The foe rode close behind me!  
I lost the day for this—  
I sprang from off my stallion  
And left on him a kiss.

The sword that pierced his bosom  
With jewelled splendor shone.  
I snatched it from him bleeding,  
And lo, it was my own.

The spears blazed thick around me  
When I leaped forth again.  
But jubilant they found me  
To face a thousand men.

Bright-voicéd was my laughter,  
I—that was but a maid!  
And when the sharp gyve bound me,  
Then was I not afraid.

Ah, hadst thou lived, my warrior,  
Among the glorious ones,  
I had borne thee savage daughters  
And beautiful fierce sons.

*Anna Hempstead Branch* [18 -1937]

## THE SONGS OF GUTHRUM AND ALFRED

From "The Ballad of the White Horse"

HE took the great harp wearily,  
Even Guthrum of the Danes,  
With wide eyes bright as the one long day  
On the long polar plains.

For he sang of a wheel returning,  
And the mire trod back to mire,  
And how red hells and golden heavens  
Are castles in the fire.

"It is good to sit where the good tales go,  
To sit as our fathers sat;  
But the hour shall come after his youth,  
When a man shall know not tales but truth,  
And his heart fail thereat.

"When he shall read what is written  
So plain in clouds and clods,  
When he shall hunger without hope  
Even for evil gods.

"For this is a heavy matter,  
And the truth is cold to tell;  
Do we not know, have we not heard,  
The soul is like a lost bird,  
The body a broken shell?

"And a man hopes, being ignorant,  
Till in white woods apart,  
He finds at last the lost bird dead:  
And a man may still lift up his head,  
But never more his heart.

"There comes no noise but weeping  
Out of the ancient sky,  
And a tear is in the tiniest flower,  
Because the gods must die.

"The little brooks are very sweet  
Like a girl's ribbons curled,  
But the great sea is bitter  
That washes all the world.

"Strong are the Roman roses  
Or the free flowers of the heath,  
But every flower, like a flower of the sea,  
Smelleth with the salt of death.

"And the heart of the locked battle  
Is the happiest place for men;  
When shrieking souls as shafts go by  
And many have died and all may die;  
Though this word be a mystery,  
Death is most distant then.

"Death blazes bright above the cup,  
And clear above the crown;  
But in that dream of battle  
We seem to tread it down.

"Wherefore I am a great King  
And waste the world in vain,  
Because man hath not other power,  
Save that in dealing death for dower,  
He may forget it for an hour  
To remember it again."

And slowly his hands and thoughtfully  
Fell from the lifted lyre,  
And the owls moaned from the mighty trees  
Till Alfred caught it to his knees  
And smote it as in ire.

He heaved the head of the harp on high,  
And swept the frame-work barred,

And his stroke had all the rattle and spark  
Of horses flying hard.

“When God put man in a garden  
He girt him with a sword,  
And sent him forth a free knight,  
That might betray his lord;

“He brake Him and betrayed Him  
And fast and far he fell  
Till you and I may stretch our necks  
And burn our beards in hell.

“But though I lie on the floor of the world  
With the seven sins for rods,  
I would rather fall with Adam  
Than rise with all your gods.

“What have the strong gods given?  
Where have the glad gods led?  
When Guthrum sits on a hero's throne  
And asks if he is dead?

“Sirs, I am but a nameless man,  
A rhymester without home,  
Yet since I come to the Wessex clay  
And carry the cross of Rome,

“I will even answer the mighty earl  
That asked of Wessex men  
Why they be meek and monkish folk,  
And bow to the White Lord's broken yoke;  
What sign have we save blood and smoke?  
Here is my answer then.

“That on you is fallen the shadow,  
And not upon the Name;  
That though we scatter and though we fly  
And you hang over us like the sky  
You are more tired of victory,  
Than we are tired of shame.



“That though you hunt the Christian man  
Like a hare in the hill-side  
The hare has still more heart to run  
Than you have heart to ride.

“That though all lances split on you,  
All swords be heaved in vain,  
We have more lust again to lose  
Than you to win again.

“Your lord sits high in the saddle,  
A broken-hearted king,  
But our King Alfred, lost from fame,  
Fallen among foes or bonds of shame,  
In I know not what mean trade or name,  
Has still some song to sing;

“Our monks go robed in rain and snow  
But the heart of flame therein,  
But you go clothed in feasts and flames  
When all is ice within;

“Nor shall all iron dooms make dumb  
Men wondering ceaselessly,  
If it be not better to fast for joy  
Than feast for misery.

“Nor monkish order only  
Slides down, as field to fen,  
All things achieved and chosen pass  
As the White Horse fades in the grass,  
No work of Christian men.

“Ere the sad gods that made your gods  
Saw their sad sunrise pass,  
The White Horse of the White Horse Vale,  
That you have left to darken and fail,  
Was cut out of the grass.

“Therefore your end is on you,  
Is on you and your kings,  
Not for a fire in Ely fen,

Not that your gods are nine or ten,  
But because it is only Christian men  
Guard even heathen things,

“For our God hath blessed creation,  
Calling it good. I know—  
What spirit with whom you blindly band  
Hath blessed destruction with this hand;  
But by God's death the stars shall stand  
And the small apples grow.”

And the King, with harp on shoulder,  
Stood up and ceased his song;  
And the owls moaned from the mighty trees,  
And the Dances laughed loud and long.

*Gilbert Keith Chesterton* [1874-1936]

## THE PAGEANT OF SEAMEN

THE song of the sea-adventurers, that never were known to  
fame,  
The roving, roistering mariners that builded our England's  
name:  
Foolhardy, reckless, undaunted,  
Death they courted and taunted:  
In the jaws of hell their flag they flaunted, answering flame  
with flame.

An endless pageant of power and pride, they steer from the  
long-ago  
From quays that moulder beneath the tide, from cities whose  
walls lie low:  
Carrack and sloop and galley,  
Out of the dark they rally,  
As homing birds over hill and valley, back to the land they  
know.

The crews of the Bristol Guinea-men, that traded to Old  
Calabar,  
Fading for years out of English ken in sweltering seas afar;  
The Danes and the Dutch they raced there,

The Brandenburgers they chased there,  
They bid the Portingale cargoes waste there, under an evil  
star.

Their ships came back from the Cameroons, ragged and  
patched and old,  
With decks roof-thatched from the Accra noons—but down  
in their sultry hold,  
Battened from wind and weather,  
Were coral and ostrich feather,  
Jasper and ivory heaped together, amber and dust of gold.

The Greenland skippers that speared the whale at the edge  
of the grinding floe,  
Icicles fringing sheet and sail, and decks in a smother of  
snow:  
Men of Clyde and of Humber,  
Cold is their Arctic slumber,  
But their deeds of daring that none may number shall live  
while the north winds blow.

The stately captains of barque and brig, in the days of the  
good Queen Anne;  
Under each powdered periwig was the brain of a sea-bred  
man.  
Was there work to be done? they did it:  
Was there danger? they pressed amid it:  
Wounded to death, with a smile they hid it, and perished  
as sailors can.

The filibusters of Tudor years, that held the ocean in fee,  
The buccaneers and the privateers, the outlawed sons of  
the sea:  
Terrible, swift, unsleeping,  
Like bolts from the azure leaping,  
Like birds of prey on their quarry sweeping, foraging far  
and free.

The pigtailed bo's'ns of Anson and Cook, and the seafaring  
men they led—  
Who has counted in song or book the roll of those glorious  
dead?

On the desolate isles uncharted  
Their valorous souls departed:  
They fought—they fell—and in death, blithe-hearted,  
cheered as the foeman fled.

The men that talked with a Devon twang, as they hoisted  
the sails of Drake—  
All through the West their rumor rang, the pride of the  
Dons to break,  
Fierce to seize and to sunder  
The golden argosies' plunder,  
The New World's dread and the Old World's wonder, splen-  
did for England's sake.

The coasting-craft and the fishing-craft, lugger and ketch  
and hoy,  
With a duck-gun fore and a blunderbuss aft, served by a  
man and a boy;  
Their tiny armaments flinging  
On frigate and gun-boat—bringing  
Prizes and prisoners home with singing, fired with a desper-  
ate joy.

Ruffed to the chin, or laced to the knee, or stripped to the  
waist for fight,  
Herding the alien hordes of the sea to fields of defeat and  
flight,  
Or, lit by the lightning's flashing,  
Close-hauled through the hurricane thrashing,  
With decks a-wash and with spars a-crashing, they swoop  
on the reeling sight.

The sea-dogs sturdy, the sea-hawks bold, that were never  
known to fame—  
The grim adventurers, young and old, that builded our  
England's name—  
Over the waters of dreaming,  
Their bows are rocking and gleaming,  
To the sun unsetting their flag is streaming, answering  
flame with flame.

*May Byron* [1861—

## THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall  
meet,*

*Till Earth and Skystand presently at God's great Judgment Seat:  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from  
the ends of the earth!*

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the Border-side,  
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's  
pride:

He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn  
and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far  
away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the  
Guides:

"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal  
hides?"

Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the Res-  
saldar:

"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where  
his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into Bonair,  
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,  
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,  
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the  
Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn  
ye then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown  
with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low  
lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man  
is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun  
was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head  
of a gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay  
to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at  
his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the  
Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her  
back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the  
pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball  
went wide.

"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye  
can ride."

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go.  
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.  
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,  
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden  
plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low  
lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick though never a man  
was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs  
drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a  
new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,  
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the  
rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small room was  
there to strive,

"'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long  
alive:

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a  
clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on  
his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,  
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:

If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,  
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she  
could not fly."

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to bird and  
beast,

But count who come for the broken meats before thou  
makest a feast.

If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones  
away,

Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief  
could pay.

They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men  
on the garnered grain.

The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the  
cattle are slain.

But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren wait  
to sup,

The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog, and call  
them up!

And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear  
and stack,

Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own  
way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.  
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray  
wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;  
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn  
with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood  
of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has  
carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against  
his breast;

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth  
the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,  
My brodered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups  
twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,  
"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take  
the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk  
of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a  
mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a  
lance in rest.

"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop  
of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder  
rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,  
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.  
So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes  
are thine,

And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the  
Border-line,

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to  
power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged  
in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there  
they found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on  
leavened bread and salt:

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire  
and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Won-  
drous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,  
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went  
forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty  
swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood  
of the mountaineer.



"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up  
the steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night 'tis  
a man of the Guides!"

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall  
meet,*

*Till Earth and Skystand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from  
the ends of the earth!*      *Rudyard Kipling [1865-1936]*

### THE MAID

THUNDER of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;  
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;  
The White Maid and white horse, and the flapping banner  
of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;  
The Maid who rides for France and the King who rides for  
shame—

Gentlemen, fools, and a saint riding in Christ's high name!  
"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance  
and bow.

Dust, the Cross of Saint George; dust, the banner of snow.  
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts  
of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knight's valor; forgotten, the captain's  
skill;

Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands  
raised to kill;

Forgotten, the shields that clashed and the arrows that  
cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago:  
Shadows, the poor French King and the might of his English  
foe;

Shadows, the charging nobles and the archers kneeling  
a-row—

But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with her  
banner of snow!

*Theodore Roberts [1877-]*

PART VI  
POEMS OF SENTIMENT AND  
REFLECTION

## THE NOBLE NATURE

From "An Ode to Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison"

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be;  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and scar:  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far in May,  
Although it fall and die that night,—  
It was the plant and flower of Light.  
In small proportions we just beauties see,  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

*Ben Jonson* (1573?-1637)

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

## SWEET AND SOUR

From "Amoretti"

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brier;  
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;  
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;  
Sweet is the fir-bloom, but his branches rough;  
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;  
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;  
Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour enough;  
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill:  
So every sweet with sour is tempered still.  
That maketh it be coveted the more;  
For easy things, that may be got at will,  
Most sorts of men do set but little store.

Why then should I account of little pain,  
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

*Edmund Spenser* [1552?-1599]

## SIC VITA

LIKE to the falling of a Star;  
Or as the flights of Eagles are;  
Or like the fresh Spring's gaudy hue;  
Or silver drops of morning Dew;  
Or like a Wind that chafes the Flood;  
Or Bubbles which on water stood;  
Even such is Man, whose borrow'd light  
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.

The Wind blows out; the Bubble dies;  
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;  
The Dew dries up; the Star is shot;  
The Flight is past; and Man forgot.

*Henry King* [1592-1669]

## ALL IS VANITY

WHETHER men do laugh or weep,  
 Whether they do wake or sleep,  
 Whether they die young or old,  
 Whether they feel heat or cold;  
 There is underneath the sun  
 Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest,  
 None are worst and none are best,  
 Grief and joy, and hope and fear  
 Play their pageants everywhere:  
 Vain Opinion all doth sway,  
 And the world is but a play.

Powers above in clouds do sit,  
 Mocking our poor apish wit,  
 That so lamely with such state  
 Their high glory imitate.  
 No ill can be felt but pain,  
 And that happy men disdain.

*Philip Rosseter* [1575?-1623]

## TIMES GO BY TURNS

THE loppèd tree in time may grow again,  
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,  
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;  
 Times go by turns, and chances change by course,  
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,  
 She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;  
 Her tides have equal times to come and go,  
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;  
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

“The Struggle Naught Availeth” 2839

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,  
No endless night, yet not eternal day;  
The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:  
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise. yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;  
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;  
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.  
Unmingled joys here to no man befall:  
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

*Robert Southwell* [1561?–1595]

‘SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH”

SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,  
The labor and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e’en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

*Arthur Hugh Clough* [1819–1861]

## KYRIELLE

A LARK in the mesh of the tangled vine,  
 A bee that drowns in the flower-cup's wine,  
 A fly in the sunshine,—such is man.  
 All things must end, as all began.

A little pain, a little pleasure,  
 A little heaping up of treasure;  
 Then no more gazing upon the sun.  
 All things must end that have begun.

Where is the time for hope or doubt?  
 A puff of the wind, and life is out;  
 A turn of the wheel, and rest is won.  
 All things must end that have begun.

Golden morning and purple night,  
 Life that fails with the failing light;  
 Death is the only deathless one.  
 All things must end that have begun.

Ending waits on the brief beginning;  
 Is the prize worth the stress of winning?  
 E'en in the dawning the day is done.  
 All things must end that have begun.

Weary waiting and weary striving,  
 Glad outseting and sad arriving;  
 What is it worth when the goal is won?  
 All things must end that have begun.

Speedily fades the morning glitter;  
 Love grows irksome and wine grows bitter.  
 Two are parted from what was one.  
 All things must end that have begun.

Toil and pain and the evening rest;  
 Joy is weary and sleep is best;  
 Fair and softly the day is done.  
 All things must end that have begun.

*John Payne* [1842-1916]

## "LET ME ENJOY"

LET me enjoy the earth no less  
Because the all-enacting Might  
That fashioned forth its loveliness  
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,  
Who throws me not a word or sign;  
I will find charm in her uncare,  
And laud those lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song  
Inspired by scenes and souls unknown,  
I'll pour out raptures that belong  
To others, as they were my own.

Perhaps some day, toward Paradise  
And all its blest—if such should be—  
I shall lift glad, afar-off eyes,  
Though it contain no place for me.

*Thomas Hardy [1840-1928]*

## SONG

BECAUSE the rose must fade,  
Shall I not love the rose?  
Because the summer shade  
Passes when winter blows,  
Shall I not rest me there  
In the cool air?

Because the sunset sky  
Makes music in my soul,  
Only to fail and die,  
Shall I not take the whole  
Of beauty that it gives  
While yet it lives?



Because the sweet of youth  
 Doth vanish all too soon,  
 Shall I forget, forsooth,  
 To learn its lingering tune;  
 My joy to memorize  
 In those young eyes?

If, like the summer flower  
 That blooms—a fragrant death,  
 Keen music hath no power  
 To live beyond its breath,  
 Then of this flood of song  
 Let me drink long!

Ah, yes, because the rose  
 Fades like the sunset skies;  
 Because rude winter blows  
 All bare, and music dies—  
 Therefore, now is to me  
 Eternity!

*Richard Watson Gilder* [1844-1909]

### “WHERE RUNS THE RIVER”

WHERE runs the river? Who can say  
 Who hath not followed all the way  
 By alders green and sedges gray  
 And blossoms blue?

Where runs the river? Hill and wood  
 Curve round to hem the eager flood;  
 It cannot straightly as it would  
 Its path pursue.

Yet this we know: O'er whatso plains  
 Or rocks or waterfalls it strains,  
 At last the Vast the stream attains;  
 And I, and you.

*Francis William Bourdillon* [1852-1921]

## SELF-DEPENDENCE

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking  
What I am, and what I ought to be,  
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me  
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire  
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:  
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,  
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,  
On my heart your mighty charm renew;  
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,  
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,  
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,  
In the rustling night-air came the answer:  
"Wouldst thou *be* as these are? *Live* as they.

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,  
Undistracted by the sights they see,  
These demand not that the things without them  
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,  
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;  
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting  
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Bounded by themselves, and unregardful  
In what state God's other works may be,  
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,  
These attain the mighty life you see."

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,  
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:  
"Resolve to be thyself; and know, that he,  
Who finds himself, loses his misery!"

*Matthew Arnold* [1822-1881]

## HOPE AND FEAR

BENEATH the shadow of dawn's aerial cope,  
 With eyes enkindled as the sun's own sphere,  
 Hope from the front of youth in godlike cheer  
 Looks Godward, past the shades where blind men grope  
 Round the dark door that prayers nor dreams can ope,  
 And makes for joy the very darkness dear  
 That gives her wide wings play; nor dreams that Fear  
 At noon may rise and pierce the heart of Hope.  
 Then, when the soul leaves off to dream and yearn,  
 May Truth first purge her eyesight to discern  
 What once being known leaves time no power to appall;  
 Till youth at last, ere yet youth be not, learn  
 The kind wise word that falls from years that fall—  
 "Hope not thou much, and fear thou not at all."

*Algernon Charles Swinburne* [1837-1909]

## ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent, which is death to hide,  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest He returning chide;  
 "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

*John Milton* [1608-1674]

## OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I MET a traveler from an antique land  
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
“My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!”  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792-1822]*

#### A TURKISH LEGEND

A CERTAIN Pasha, dead five thousand years,  
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

And had this sentence on the city's gate  
Deeply engraven, “Only God is great.”

So these four words above the city's noise  
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,

And evermore, from the high barbican,  
Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost is that city's glory. Every gust  
Lifts, with dead leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust,

And all is ruin,—save one wrinkled gate  
Whereon is written, “Only God is great.”

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich [1837-1907]*

#### “EVEN THIS SHALL PASS AWAY”

ONCE in Persia reigned a King,  
Who upon his signet ring  
'Graved a maxim true and wise,  
Which, if held before the eyes,

Gave him counsel at a glance,  
 Fit for every change and chance.  
 Solemn words, and these are they:  
 "Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand  
 Brought him gems from Samarcand;  
 Fleets of galleys through the seas  
 Brought him pearls to match with these.  
 But he counted not his gain  
 Treasures of the mine or main;  
 "What is wealth?" the King would say;  
 "Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court  
 At the zenith of the sport,  
 When the palms of all his guests  
 Burned with clapping at his jests,  
 He, amid his figs and wine,  
 Cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine!  
 Pleasure comes, but not to stay;  
 Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,  
 Once a javelin pierced his shield;  
 Soldiers with a loud lament  
 Bore him bleeding to his tent;  
 Groaning from his tortured side,  
 "Pain is hard to bear," he cried,  
 "But with patience, day by day—  
 Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,  
 Twenty cubits in the air,  
 Rose his statue, carved in stone.  
 Then the King, disguised, unknown.  
 Stood before his sculptured name,  
 Musing meekly, "What is fame?  
 Fame is but a slow decay—  
 Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,  
 Waiting at the gates of gold,  
 Said he, with his dying breath:  
 "Life is done, but what is death?"  
 Then, in answer to the King,  
 Fell a sunbeam on his ring,  
 Showing by a heavenly ray—  
 "Even this shall pass away."

*Theodore Tilton* [1835-1907]

### SESOSTRIS

SOLE Lord of Lords and very King of Kings,  
 He sits within the desert, carved in stone;  
 Inscrutable, colossal, and alone,  
 And ancients than memory of things.  
 Graved on his front the sacred beetle clings;  
 Disdain sits on his lips; and in a frown  
 Scorn lives upon his forehead for a crown.  
 The affrighted ostrich dare not dust her wings  
 Anear this Presence. The long caravan's  
 Dazed camels pause, and mute the Bedouins stare.  
 This symbol of past power more than man's  
 Presages doom. Kings look—and Kings despair:  
 Their scepters tremble in their jeweled hands  
 And dark thrones totter in the baleful air!

*Lloyd Mifflin* [1846-1921]

### THREE SONNETS ON OBLIVION

#### OBLIVION

HER eyes have seen the monoliths of kings  
 Upcast like foam of the effacing tide;  
 She has beheld the desert stars deride  
 The monuments of power's imaginings:  
 About their base the wind Assyrian flings  
 The dust that throned the satrap in his pride;  
 Cambyses and the Memphian pomps abide

As in the flame the moth's presumptuous wings.  
 There gleams no glory that her hand shall spare,  
 Nor any sun whose rays shall cross her night,  
 Whose realm enfolds man's empire and its end.  
 No armor of renown her sword shall dare,  
 No council of the gods withstand her might—  
 Stricken at last Time's lonely Titans bend.

## THE DUST DETHRONED

Sargon is dust, Semiramis a clod.  
 In crypts profaned the moon at midnight peers;  
 The owl upon the Sphinx hoots in her ears,  
 And scant and sere the desert grasses nod  
 Where once the armies of Assyria trod,  
 With younger sunlight splendid on the spears;  
 The lichens cling the closer with the years,  
 And seal the eyelids of the weary god.  
 Where high the tombs of royal Egypt heave,  
 The vulture shadows with arrested wings  
 The indecipherable boasts of kings,  
 Till Arab children hear their mother's cry  
 And leave in mockery their toy—they leave  
 The skull of Pharaoh staring at the sky.

## THE NIGHT OF GODS

Their mouths have drunken Death's eternal wine—  
 The draught that Baal in oblivion sips.  
 Unseen about their courts the adder slips,  
 Unheard the sucklings of the leopard whine;  
 The toad has found a resting-place divine,  
 And bloats in stupor between Ammon's lips.  
 O Carthage and the unreturning ships,  
 The fallen pinnacle, the shifting Sign!  
 Lo! when I hear from voiceless court and fane  
 Time's adoration of Eternity,—  
 The cry of kingdoms past and gods undone,—  
 I stand as one whose feet at noontide gain  
 A lonely shore; who feels his soul set free,  
 And hears the blind sea chanting to the sun.

*George Sterling* [1869-1926]

## THE MAGIC MIRROR

THE Magic Mirror makes not nor unmakes,  
Charms none to sleep nor any from sleep wakes;  
It only giveth back the thing it takes.

It is the heart's own cheer that makes it glad,  
And one's own bitterness will drive him mad;  
It needeth not that other help be had.

The Mirror maketh none to rise or fall;  
To him that hath not doth no portion call;  
To him that hath is freely given all.

They see themselves who look in Fortune's face;  
Unto the sad is sadness Heaven's grace,  
And to the souls that love is love's embrace.

*Henry Mills Alden* [1836-1919]

## EBB AND FLOW

I WALKED beside the evening sea,  
And dreamed a dream that could not be;  
The waves that plunged along the shore  
Said only—"Dreamer, dream no more!"

But still the legions charged the beach;  
Loud rang their battle-cry, like speech;  
But changed was the imperial strain:  
It murmured—"Dreamer, dream again!"

I homeward turned from out the gloom,—  
That sound I heard not in my room;  
But suddenly a sound, that stirred  
Within my very breast, I heard.

It was my heart, that like a sea  
Within my breast beat ceaselessly:  
But like the waves along the shore,  
It said—"Dream on!" and "Dream no more!"

*George William Curtis* [1824-1892]



### THE KING OF DREAMS

SOME must delve when the dawn is nigh;  
 Some must toil when the noonday beams;  
 But when night comes, and the soft winds sigh,  
 Every man is a King of Dreams!

One must plod while another must ply  
 At plow or loom till the sunset streams,  
 But when night comes, and the moon rides high,  
 Every man is a King of Dreams!

One is slave to a master's cry,  
 Another serf to a despot seems,  
 But when night comes, and the discords die,  
 Every man is a King of Dreams!

This you may sell and that may buy,  
 And this you may barter for gold that gleams,  
 But there's one domain that is fixed for aye,—  
 Every man is a King of Dreams!

*Clinton Scollard* [1860-1932]

### IF ONLY THE DREAMS ABIDE

If the things of earth must pass  
 Like the dews upon the grass,  
 Like the mists that break and run  
 At the forward sweep of the sun,  
 I shall be satisfied  
 If only the dreams abide.

Nay, I would not be shorn  
 Of gold from the mines of morn!  
 I would not be bereft  
 Of the last blue flower in the cleft,—  
 Of the haze that haunts the hills,  
 Or the moon that the midnight fills!  
 Still would I know the grace  
 Upon love's uplifted face,

And the slow, sweet joy-dawn there  
Under the dusk of her hair.

I pray thee, spare me, Fate,  
The woeful, wearying weight  
Of a heart that feels no pain  
At the sob of the autumn rain,  
And takes no breath of glee  
From the organ-surge of the sea,—  
Of a mind where memory broods  
Over songless solitudes!  
I shall be satisfied  
If only the dreams abide.

*Clinton Scollard* [1860-1932]

#### NEW DREAMS FOR OLD

Is there no voice in the world to come crying,  
    "New dreams for old!  
    New for old!" ?  
Many have long in my heart been lying,  
    Faded, weary, and cold.  
All of them, all, would I give for a new one.  
    (Is there no seeker  
    Of dreams that were?)  
Nor would I ask if the new were a true one:  
    Only for new dreams!  
    New for old!

For I am here, halfway of my journey,  
    Here with the old!  
    All so old!  
And the best heart with death is at tourney,  
    If naught new it is told.  
Will there no voice, then, come—or a vision—  
    Come with the beauty  
    That ever blows  
Out of the lands that are called Elysian?  
    I must have new dreams!  
    New for old!

*Cale Young Rice* [1872-

"LORD OF MY HEART'S ELATION"

LORD of my heart's elation,  
Spirit of things unseen,  
Be thou my aspiration  
Consuming and serene!

Bear up, bear out, bear onward,  
This mortal soul alone,  
To selfhood or oblivion,  
Incredibly thine own,—

As the foamheads are loosened  
And blown along the sea,  
Or sink and merge forever  
In that which bids them be.

I, too, must climb in wonder,  
Uplift at thy command,—  
Be one with my frail fellows  
Beneath the wind's strong hand,

A fleet and shadowy column  
Of dust or mountain rain,  
To walk the earth a moment  
And be dissolved again.

Be thou my exaltation  
Or fortitude of mien,  
Lord of the world's elation,  
Thou breath of things unseen!

*Bliss Carman* [1861-1929]

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the  
plains—

Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision he? though He be not that which He  
seems?

Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in  
dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,  
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;  
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel "I am I"?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,  
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and  
gloom.

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can  
meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,  
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;  
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot  
see;

But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

## THE WHITE PEACE

It lies not on the sunlit hill  
Nor on the sunlit plain:  
Nor ever on any running stream  
Nor on the unclouded main—

But sometimes, through the Soul of Man,  
Slow moving o'er his pain,  
The moonlight of a perfect peace  
Floods heart and brain.

*William Sharp* [1855-1905]

### THE MYSTIC'S PRAYER

LAY me to sleep in sheltering flame,  
 O Master of the Hidden Fire!  
 Wash pure my heart, and cleanse for me  
 My soul's desire.

In flame of sunrise bathe my mind,  
 O Master of the Hidden Fire,  
 That, when I wake, clear-eyed may be  
 My soul's desire.

*William Sharp* [1855-1905]

### THE PLAY

THE endless mime goes on; new faces come,  
 New mummers babble in each other's ears;  
 And some wear masks of woe, of laughter some,  
 Nor know they play Life's Comedy of Tears.

*James B. Kenyon* [1858-1924]

### TRIFLES

THE massive gates of Circumstance  
 Are turned upon the smallest hinge,  
 And thus some seeming pettiest chance  
 Oft gives our life its after-tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,  
 The common things scarce worth recall,  
 Whereof no visible trace survives,  
 These are the mainsprings, after all.

*Unknown*

### BOOKRA

As I lay asleep in Italy.—SHELLEY

ONE night I lay asleep in Africa,  
 In a closed garden by the city gate;  
 A desert horseman, furious and late,  
 Came wildly thundering at the massive bar,

“Open in Allah’s name! Wake, Mustapha!  
Slain is the Sultan,—treason, war, and hate  
Rage from Fez to Tetuan! Open straight.”  
The watchman heard as thunder from afar:  
“Go to! In peace this city lies asleep;  
To all-knowing Allah ’tis no news you bring;”  
Then turned in slumber still his watch to keep.  
At once a nightingale began to sing,  
In oriental calm the garden lay,—  
Panic and war postponed another day.

*Charles Dudley Warner* [1829-1900]

### INTO THE TWILIGHT

OUT-WORN heart, in a time out-worn,  
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;  
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,  
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn

Your mother Eire is always young,  
Dew ever shining and twilight gray;  
Though hope fall from you and love decay,  
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:  
For there the mystical brotherhood  
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood  
And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,  
And time and the world are ever in flight;  
And love is less kind than the gray twilight,  
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

*William Butler Yeats* [1865-1939]

### TEARS

WHEN I consider Life and its few years—  
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;  
A call to battle, and the battle done  
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;

A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;  
 The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;  
 The burst of music down an unlistening street—  
 I wonder at the idleness of tears.  
 Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,  
 Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,  
 By every cup of sorrow that you had,  
 Loose me from tears, and make me see aright  
 How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;  
 Homer his sight, David his little lad!

*Lizette Woodworth Reese* [1850-1935]

### VERS LA VIE

The statue by Victor Rosseau in the Palais des Beaux Arts, Brussels

ANGEL, hast thou betrayed me? Long ago  
 In the Forgotten Land of souls that wait,  
 Thou leddest me to the outward-folding gate,  
 Bidding me live. I leaned into the flow  
 Of earthward-rushing spirits, fain to know  
 What are humanity and human fate  
 Of which the rumor reached to where we sate  
 In our cool, hidden, dreamless ante-glow.  
 But I learn not, and am bewildered here  
 To know why thou with seeming-kindly hands  
 Didst let me forth, explorer of a star  
 Where all is strange, and very often Fear  
 Urges retreat to that Forgotten Land's  
 Unthoughtful shores where thou and Silence are!

*Arthur Upson* [1877-1908]

### LEAVES

ONE by one, like leaves from a tree,  
 All my faiths have forsaken me;  
 But the stars above my head  
 Burn in white and delicate red,  
 And beneath my feet the earth  
 Brings the sturdy grass to birth.

I who was content to be  
But a silken-sing'ng tree,  
But a rustle of delight  
In the wistful heart of night—  
I have lost the leaves that knew  
Touch of rain and weight of dew.  
Blinded by a leafy crown,  
I looked neither up nor down—  
But the little leaves that die  
Have left me room to see the sky;  
Now for the first time I know  
Stars above and earth below.

*Sara Teasdale* [1884-1933]

#### PRE-EXISTENCE

WHILE sauntering through the crowded street,  
Some half-remembered face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore  
That face, methinks, has smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,  
I tremble at some tender song,

Set to an air whose golden bars  
I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share  
The blessing of a priestly prayer,—

When the whole scene which greets mine eyes  
In some strange mode I recognize,

As one whose every mystic part  
I feel prefigured in my heart.

At sunset, as I calmly stand,  
A stranger on an alien strand,



## 2858 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Familiar as my childhood's home  
Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.

One sails toward me o'er the bay,  
And what he comes to do and say

I can foretell. A prescient lore  
Springs from some life outlived of yore.

O swift, instinctive, startling gleams  
Of deep soul-knowledge! not as *dreams*

For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,  
But oft with lightning certainty

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,  
To make old thoughts and memories plain—

Thoughts which perchance must travel back  
Across the wild, bewildering track

Of countless æons; memories far,  
High-reaching as yon pallid star,

Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace  
Faints on the outmost rings of space!

*Paul Hamilton Hayne* [1830-1886]

### ENVOY

From "Songs from Vagabondia"

HAVE little care that Life is brief,  
And less that Art is long.  
Success is in the silences  
Though Fame is in the song.

### II

With the Orient in her eyes,  
Life my mistress lured me on.  
"Knowledge," said that look of hers,  
"Shall be yours when all is done."

Like a pomegranate in halves,  
"Drink me," said that mouth of hers,  
And I drank who now am here  
Where my dust with dust confers.

*Bliss Carman* [1861-1929]

### THE PETRIFIED FERN

In a valley, centuries ago,  
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,  
Veining delicate and fibers tender;  
Waving when the wind crept down so low.  
Rushes tall, and moss, and grass grew round it,  
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,  
Drops of dew stole in by night, and crowned it,  
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;  
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,  
Stately forests waved their giant branches,  
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,  
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;  
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,  
But the little fern was not of these,  
Did not number with the hills and trees;  
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,—  
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,  
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion  
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;  
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,  
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,  
Covered it, and hid it safe away.  
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!  
Oh, the changes! Oh, life's bitter cost,  
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man  
Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;  
From a fissure in a rocky steep  
He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran

Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,  
 Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine.  
 And the fern's life lay in every line!  
 So, I think, God hides some souls away,  
 Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

*Mary Bolles Branch* [1840-1922]

### THE QUESTION WHITHER

WHEN we have thrown off this old suit,  
 So much in need of mending,  
 To sink among the naked mute,  
 Is that, think you, our ending?  
 We follow many, more we lead,  
 And you who sadly turf us,  
 Believe not that all living seed  
 Must flower above the surface.

Sensation is a gracious gift,  
 But were it cramped to station,  
 The prayer to have it cast adrift,  
 Would spout from all sensation.  
 Enough if we have winked to sun,  
 Have sped the plow a season;  
 There is a soul for labor done,  
 Endureth fixed as reason.

Then let our trust be firm in Good,  
 Though we be of the fasting;  
 Our questions are a mortal brood,  
 Our work is everlasting.  
 We children of Beneficence  
 Are in its being sharers;  
 And Whither vainer sounds than Whence,  
 For word with such wayfarers.

*George Meredith* [1828-1909]

### THE GOOD GREAT MAN

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits  
 Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains!

It sounds like stories from the land of spirits  
If any man obtain that which he merits  
Or any merit that which he obtains.

## REPLY TO THE ABOVE

For shame, dear friend! renounce this canting strain!  
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?  
Wealth, title, dignity, a gilded chain,  
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?  
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.  
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,—  
The good great man? Three treasures,—love, and light,  
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;  
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—  
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge* [1772-1834]

## HUMAN FRAILTY

WEAK and irresolute is man;  
The purpose of to-day,  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring.  
Vice seems already slain;  
But Passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent  
Finds out his weaker part;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise  
Through all his art we view:  
And while his tongue the charge denies,  
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length  
 And dangers little known,  
 A stranger to superior strength,  
 Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail  
 To reach the distant coast;  
 The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,  
 Or all the toil is lost.

*William Cowper* [1731-1800]

### STANZAS

WHERE forlorn sunsets flare and fade  
 On desolate sea and lonely sand,  
 Out of the silence and the shade  
 What is the voice of strange command  
 Calling you still, as friend calls friend  
 With love that cannot brook delay,  
 To rise and follow the ways that wend  
 Over the hills and far away?

Hark to the city, street on street  
 A roaring reach of death and life,  
 Of vortices that clash and fleet  
 And ruin in appointed strife;  
 Hark to it calling, calling clear,  
 Calling until you cannot stay,  
 From dearer things than your own most dear  
 Over the hills and far away.

Out of the sound of the ebb-and-flow,  
 Out of the sight of lamp and star,  
 It calls you where the good winds blow,  
 And the unchanging meadows are;  
 From faded hopes and hopes a gleam,  
 It calls you, calls you night and day  
 Beyond the dark, into the dream  
 Over the hills and far away.

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

## THE SEEKERS

FRIENDS and loves we have none, nor wealth, nor blest  
abode,

But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the lonely  
road.

Not for us are content, and quiet, and peace of mind,  
For we go seeking a city that we shall never find.

There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—  
Who search for a hidden city that we shall never see.

Only the road and the dawn, the sun, the wind, the rain,  
And the watch-fire under stars, and sleep, and the road  
again.

We seek the City of God, and the haunt where beauty  
dwells,

And we find the noisy mart and the sound of burial bells.

Never the golden city, where radiant people meet,  
But the dolorous town where mourners are going about the  
street.

We travel the dusty road till the light of the day is dim  
And sunset shows us spires away on the world's rim.

We travel from dawn till dusk, till the day is past and by,  
Seeking the Holy City beyond the rim of the sky.

Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth, nor blest abode,  
But the hope, the burning hope, and the road, the lonely  
road.

*John Masefield* [1878—

## THE AGNOSTIC'S CREED

At last I have ceased repining, at last I accept my fate;  
I have ceased to beat at the Portal, I have ceased to knock  
at the Gate;

I have ceased to work at the Puzzle, for the Secret has ended  
my search,

And I know that the Key is entrusted to never a creed nor  
church.

## 2864 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

They have threatened with lakes of fire, they have threatened with fetters of hell;

They have offered me heights of heaven with their fields of asphodel;

But the Threat and the Bribe are useless if Reason be strong and stout,

And an honest man can never surrender an honest doubt.

The fables of hell and of heaven are but worn-out Christmas toys

To coax or to bribe or to frighten the grown-up girls and boys;

I have ceased to be an infant, I have travelled beyond their span—

It may do for women and children, but it never will do for a man.

They are all alike, these churches: Mohammedan, Christian, Parsee;

You are vile, you are curst, you are outcast, if you be not as they be;

But my Reason stands against them, and I go as it bids me go;

Its commands are as calls of a trumpet, and I follow for weal or woe.

But oh! it is often cheerless, and oh! it is often chill,

And I often sigh to heaven as my path grows steep and still.

I have left behind my comrades, with their prattle and childish noise;

My boyhood now is behind me, with all of its broken toys!

Oh! that God of gods is glorious, the emperor of every land;  
He carries the moon and the planets in the palm of His mighty hand;

He is girt with the belt of Orion, he is Lord of the suns and stars,

A wielder of constellations, of Canopus, Arcturus, and Mars!

I believe in Love and Duty, I believe in the True and Just;  
I believe in the common kinship of everything born from dust.

I hope that the Right will triumph, that the sceptered  
Wrong will fall;  
That Death will at last be defeated, that the Grave will not  
end all.

I believe in the martyrs and heroes who have died for the  
sake of Right;  
And I promise, like them, to follow in my Reason's faithful  
light;  
If my Reason errs in Judgment, I but honestly strive as  
I can;  
If a God decrees my downfall, I shall stand it like a man.

*Walter Malone* [1866-1915]

### A DOUBTING HEART

WHERE are the swallows fled?  
Frozen and dead  
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.  
O doubting heart!  
Far over purple seas  
They wait, in sunny ease,  
The balmy southern breeze,  
To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must the flowers die?  
Prisoned they lie  
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.  
O doubting heart!  
They only sleep below  
The soft white ermine snow  
While winter winds shall blow,  
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays  
These many days;  
Will dreary hours never leave the earth?  
O doubting heart!  
The stormy clouds on high  
Veil the same sunny sky  
That soon (for spring is nigh),  
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.



## 2866 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Fair hope is dead, and light  
    Is quenched in night.  
What sound can break the silence of despair?  
    O doubting heart!  
The sky is overcast,  
Yet stars shall rise at last,  
Brighter for darkness past,  
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

*Adelaide Anne Procter* [1825-1864]

### VAIN VIRTUES

From "The House of Life"

WHAT is the sorriest thing that enters Hell?  
None of the sins,—but this and that fair deed  
Which a soul's sin at length could supersede.  
These yet are virgins, whom death's timely knell  
Might once have sainted; whom the fiends compel  
Together now, in snake-bound shuddering sheaves  
Of anguish, while the pit's pollution leaves  
Their refuse maidenhood abominable.  
Night sucks them down, the tribute of the pit,  
Whose names, half entered in the book of Life,  
Were God's desire at noon. And as their hair  
And eyes sink last, the Torturer deigns no whit  
To gaze, but, yearning, waits his destined wife,  
The Sin still blithe on earth that sent them there.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti* [1828-1882]

### EVOLUTION

Out of the dusk a shadow,  
    Then, a spark;  
Out of the cloud a silence,  
    Then, a lark;  
Out of the heart a rapture,  
    Then, a pain;  
Out of the dead, cold ashes,  
    Life again.

*John Banister Tabb* [1845-1909]

# EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A FIRE-MIST and a planet,—  
 A crystal and a cell,—  
 A jellyfish and a saurian,  
 And caves where the cave-men dwell;  
 Then a sense of law and beauty,  
 And a face turned from the clod,—  
 Some call it Evolution,  
 And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,  
 The infinite, tender sky,  
 The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,  
 And the wild geese sailing high,—  
 And all over upland and lowland  
 The charm of the goldenrod,—  
 Some of us call it Autumn,  
 And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,  
 When the moon is new and thin,  
 Into our hearts high yearnings  
 Come welling and surging in,—  
 Come from the mystic ocean,  
 Whose rim no foot has trod,—  
 Some of us call it Longing,  
 And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—  
 A mother starved for her brood,—  
 Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
 And Jesus on the rood;  
 And millions who, humble and nameless,  
 The straight, hard pathway plod,—  
 Some call it Consecration,  
 And others call it God.

*William Herbert Carruth* [1859-1924]

## THE NAME

It shifts and glides from form to form,  
 It drifts and darkles, gleams and glows;  
 It is the passion of the storm,  
 The poignance of the rose;—  
 Through changing shapes, through devious ways,  
 By noon or night, in cloud or flame,  
 My heart has followed all my days  
 Something I cannot name!

In sunlight on some woman's hair,  
 Or starlight in some woman's cyne,  
 Or in low laughter smothered where  
 Her red lips wedded mine,  
 My heart hath known, and thrilled to know,  
 This unnamed presence that it sought;  
 And when my heart hath found it so,  
*"Love is the name,"* I thought.

Sometimes when sudden afterglows  
 In futile glory storm the skies,  
 Within their transient gold and rose  
 The secret stirs and dies;  
 Or when the trampling morn walks o'er  
 The troubled seas, with feet of flame,  
 My awed heart whispers, *"Ask no more,  
 For Beauty is the name!"*

Or dreaming in old chapels where  
 The dim aisles pulse with murmurings  
 That part are music, part are prayer—  
 (Or rush of hidden wings),  
 Sometimes I lift a startled head  
 To some saint's carved countenance,  
 Half fancying that the lips have said,  
*"All names mean God, perchance!"*

*Don Marquis* [1878-1937]

“IN GOD’S ETERNAL STUDIOS”

From “The Studios Photographic”

By every light, in every pose,  
In God’s Eternal Studios,  
The human heart, with frown or laugh,  
Is posing for its photograph.  
Sweet smile; sad, serious expression;  
Honor triumphant over passion:  
Oh! wonderful are the effects  
He through Truth’s living lens detects,  
As, instant, watchful for the best,  
Behind the curtain without rest,  
In loving eagerness He waits  
To catch our souls on deathless plates!

Fear not the darkness that surrounds  
Thy character. On dark backgrounds,  
With light from Heaven in thy face,  
What tones He gets! With what fine grace  
He molds and modulates and blends  
The history of face and hands:  
Revealing through what grief and bliss  
The spirit came to look like this!  
To look like Him Who long ago  
For His good pleasure planned it so,  
That He in His Eternal Home  
Might treasure them in Time to Come!

Through unknown fortunes yet to be,  
Beneath the stars, beside the sea,  
Between the birthday and the grave,  
Teaching the tender heart be brave,  
He woos our better from our worse,  
The Artist of the Universe!  
The undiscouraged Connoisseur  
Of priceless human character!  
The glory of Whose presence fills  
With master might the steadfast hills!  
While deep within our souls it glows  
From all His starry studios!

*Paul Shivel [1874—*

## INDIRECTION

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;  
 Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;  
 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;  
 And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;  
 Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;  
 Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him,  
 Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;  
 Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;  
 Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;  
 Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;  
 Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;  
 Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving;  
 Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;  
 The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the  
heights where those shine,  
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence  
of life is divine.

*Richard Realf* [1834-1878]

## A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

SHORTLY AFTER THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING IN EUROPE

LET us begin and carry up this corpse,  
Singing together.  
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes  
Each in its tether  
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,  
Cared-for till cock-crow:  
Look out if yonder be not day again  
Rimming the rock-row!  
That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,  
Rarer, intenser,  
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,  
Chafes in the censer.  
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;  
Seek we sepulture  
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,  
Crowded with culture!  
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;  
Clouds overcome it;  
No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's  
Circling its summit.  
Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights;  
Wait ye the warning?  
Our low life was the level's and the night's;  
He's for the morning.  
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head.  
'Ware the beholders!  
This is our master, famous, calm and dead,  
Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,  
     Safe from the weather!  
 He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,  
     Singing together,  
 He was a man born with thy face and throat,  
     Lyric Apollo!  
 Long he lived nameless: how should Spring take note  
     Winter would follow?  
 Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone!  
     Cramped and diminished,  
 Moaned he, "New measures, other feet anon!  
     My dance is finished"?  
 No, that's the world's way: (keep the mountain-side,  
     Make for the city!)  
 He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride  
     Over men's pity;  
 Left play for work, and grappled with the world  
     Bent on escaping:  
 "What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furled?  
     Show me their shaping,  
 Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage,—  
     Give!"—So, he gowned him,  
 Straight got by heart that book to its last page:  
     Learnèd, we found him.  
 Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,  
     Accents uncertain:  
 "Time to taste life," another would have said,  
     "Up with the curtain!"  
 This man said rather, "Actual life comes next?  
     Patience a moment!  
 Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,  
     Still there's the comment.  
 Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,  
     Painful or easy!  
 Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,  
     Ay, nor feel queasy."  
 Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,  
     When he had learned it,  
 When he had gathered all books had to give!  
     Sooner, he spurned it.

Image the whole, then execute the parts—  
Fancy the fabric  
Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,  
Ere mortar dab brick!  
(Here's the town-gate reached: there's the market-place  
Gaping before us.)  
Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace  
(Hearten our chorus!)  
That before living he'd learn how to live—  
No end to learning:  
Earn the means first—God surely will contrive  
Use for our earning.  
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:  
Live now or never!"  
He said, "What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes!  
Man has Forever."  
Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head:  
*Calculus* racked him:  
Leadens before, his eyes grew dross of lead:  
*Tussis* attacked him.  
"Now, master, take a little rest!"—not he!  
(Caution redoubled,  
Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)  
Not a whit troubled,  
Back to his studies, fresher than at first,  
Fierce as a dragon  
He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)  
Sucked at the flagon.  
Oh, if we draw a circle premature,  
Heedless of far gain,  
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure  
Bad is our bargain!  
Was it not great? did not he throw on God,  
(He loves the burthen)—  
God's task to make the heavenly period  
Perfect the earthen?  
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear  
Just what it all meant?  
He would not discount life, as fools do here,  
Paid by instalment.



## 2874 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success  
     Found, or earth's failure:  
 "Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes!  
     Hence with life's pale lure!"  
 That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
     Sees it and does it:  
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
     Dies ere he knows it.  
 That low man goes on adding one to one,  
     His hundred's soon hit:  
 This high man, aiming at a million,  
     Misses an unit.  
 That, has the world here—should he need the next,  
     Let the world mind him!  
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed  
     Seeking shall find him.  
 So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,  
     Ground he at grammar;  
 Still, through the rattle, parts of speech were rife:  
     While he could stammer  
 He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—  
     Properly based *Oun*—  
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,  
     Dead from the waist down.  
 Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:  
     Hail to your purlieus,  
 All ye highfliers of the feathered race,  
     Swallows and curlews!  
 Here's the top-peak; the multitude below  
     Live, for they can, there:  
 This man decided not to Live but Know—  
     Bury this man there?  
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,  
     Lightnings are loosened,  
 Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,  
     Peace let the dew send!  
 Lofty designs must close in like effects:  
     Loftily lying,  
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,  
     Living and dying.

Robert Browning [1812-1889]

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

WAKE! For the Sun who scattered into flight  
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,  
Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes  
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

Before the phantom of False morning died,  
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,  
"When all the Temple is prepared within,  
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!  
You know how little while we have to stay,  
And, once departed, may return no more."

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,  
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,  
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough  
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,  
And Jamshyd's Seven-ringed Cup where no one knows;  
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,  
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

And David's lips are locked; but in divine  
High-piping Pehleví, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!  
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose  
That sallow cheek of hers t' incarnadine.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:  
The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,  
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,  
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,  
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;  
 Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?  
 And this first Summer month that brings the Rose  
 Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do  
 With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?

Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,  
 Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown  
 That just divides the desert from the sown,  
 Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—  
 And peace to Máhmúd on his golden Throne!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
 Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Some for the Glories of this World; and some  
 Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
 Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,  
 Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,  
 Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,  
 At once the silken tassel of my Purse  
 Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,  
 And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,  
 Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned  
 As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
 Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
 Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,  
 Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

## The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám 2877

Think, in this battered caravanserai  
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,  
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp  
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:  
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red  
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropped in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green  
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears  
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:  
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Seven thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath pressed,  
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth  
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

## 2878 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,  
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,  
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,  
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed  
Of the two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust  
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn  
Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopped with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
About it and about: but evermore  
Came out by the same door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;  
And this was all the Harvest that I reaped—  
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Into this Universe, and *Why* not Knowing  
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;  
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?  
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!  
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine  
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate  
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,  
And many a Knot unraveled by the Road;  
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;  
There was the Veil through which I might not see;  
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE  
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

## The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám 2879

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn  
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;

Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed  
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind  
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find

A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,  
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn  
I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn:

And Lip to Lip it murmured—"While you live,  
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive  
Articulation answered, once did live,

And drink; and ah! the passive Lip I kissed,  
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

For I remember stopping by the way  
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:

And with its all-obliterated Tongue  
It murmured—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

And has not such a Story from of Old  
Down Man's successive generations rolled

Of such a cloud of saturated Earth  
Cast by the Maker into Human mold?

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw  
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below

To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye  
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup  
Of Heavenly Vintage from the soil looks up,

Do you devoutly do the like, till Heaven  
To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,  
 To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,  
     And lose your fingers in the tresses of  
 The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,  
 End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;  
     Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY  
 You were—TO-MORROW you shall not be less.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink  
 At last shall find you by the river-brink,  
     And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul  
 Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,  
 And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,  
     Wer't not a Shame—wer't not a Shame for him  
 In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one-day's rest  
 A Sultán to the realm of Death addressed;  
     The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh  
 Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

And fear not lest Existence closing your  
 Account, and mine, should know the like no more  
     The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has poured  
 Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

When You and I behind the Veil are passed,  
 Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,  
     Which of our Coming and Departure heeds  
 As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste  
 Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—  
     And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reached  
 The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

Would you that spangle of Existence spend  
About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend!

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—  
And upon what, prithee, does life depend?

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;  
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—

Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,  
And peradventure to THE MASTER too:

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins  
Running Quicksilver-like cludes your pains;

Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and  
They change and perish all—but He remains;

A moment guessed—then back behind the Fold  
Immersed of Darkness round the Drama rolled

Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,  
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor  
Of Earth, and up to Heaven's unopening Door,

You gaze TO-DAY, while You are You—how then  
TO-MORROW, You when shall be You no more?

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit  
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;

Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape  
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse  
I made a Second Marriage in my house;

Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,  
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

For "Is" and "IS-NOT" though with Rule and Line  
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,

Of all that one should care to fathom, I  
Was never deep in anything but—Wine



## 2882 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Ah, but my Computations, People say,  
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,  
’Twas only striking from the Calendar  
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape  
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and ’twas—the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:  
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice  
Life’s leaden metal into Gold transmute:

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde  
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare  
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?  
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?  
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,  
Scared by some After-reckoning ta’en on trust,  
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,  
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!  
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies:  
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;  
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who  
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,  
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,  
Which to discover we must travel too.

## The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám 2883

The Revelations of Devout and Learned  
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,  
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep,  
They told their comrades and to Sleep returned.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible  
Some letter of that After-life to spell:  
And by and by my Soul returned to me,  
And answered, "I Myself am Heaven and Hell."

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire  
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves  
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row  
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go  
Round with the Sun-illuminated Lantern held  
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays  
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and Days;  
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But Here or There, as strikes the Player, goes;  
And He that tossed you down into the Field,  
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,  
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for *It*  
As impotently moves as you or I.

## 2884 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,  
And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed;  
And the first Morning of Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;  
TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair:  
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:  
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,  
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal  
Of Heaven Parwin and Mushtarî they flung,  
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

The Vine had struck a fiber: which about  
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;  
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,  
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

And this I know: whether the one True Light  
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,  
One flash of It within the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke  
A conscious Something to resent the yoke  
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain  
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid  
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allayed—  
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,  
And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin  
Beset the Road I was to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round  
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

## The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám 2885

Oh Thou, who Man of Baser Earth didst make,  
And even with Paradise devise the Snake:  
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man  
Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

As under cover of departing Day  
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,  
Once more within the Potter's house alone  
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,  
That stood along the floor and by the wall;  
And some loquacious vessels were; and some  
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain  
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en  
And to this Figure molded, to be broke,  
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy  
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy;  
And He that with his hand the Vessel made  
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

After a momentary silence spake  
Some Vessel of a more ungainly make:  
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry:  
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—  
I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—  
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,  
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell  
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell  
The luckless Pots he marred in making—Pish!  
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

"Well," murmured one, "let whoso make or buy,  
 My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry;  
 But fill me with the old familiar Juice,  
 Methinks I might recover by and by."

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,  
 The little Moon looked in that all were seeking:  
 And then they jogged each other, "Brother! Brother!  
 Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

. . . . .

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,  
 And wash the Body whence the Life has died,  
 And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,  
 By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

That even my buried Ashes such a snare  
 Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air  
 As not a True-believer passing by  
 But shall be overtaken unaware.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long  
 Have done my credit in the World much wrong:  
 Have drowned my Glory in a shallow Cup,  
 And sold my reputation for a Song.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before  
 I swore—but was I sober when I swore?  
 And then, and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand  
 My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

And much as Wine has played the Infidel,  
 And robbed me of my Robe of Honor—Well,  
 I often wonder what the Vintners buy  
 One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
 That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!  
 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
 Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield  
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, revealed,  
    To which the fainting Traveler might spring,  
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

Would but some wingèd Angel ere too late  
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,  
    And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
    Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Remold it nearer to the Heart's desire!

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—  
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;  
    How oft hereafter rising look for us  
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

And when like her, oh Sákí, you shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,  
    And in your joyous errand reach the spot  
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!  
                                    *Edward Fitzgerald* [1809-1883]

## THE KASĪDAH

### THE LAY OF THE HIGHER LAW

#### II

IN these drear wastes of sea-born land, these wilds where  
    none may dwell but He,  
What visionary Pasts revive, what process of the Years  
    we see:

Gazing beyond the thin blue line that rims the far horizon-  
    ring,  
Our saddened sight why haunt these ghosts, whence do  
    these spectral shadows spring'

## 2888 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

What endless questions vex the thought, of Whence and  
Whither, When and How?

What fond and foolish strife to read the Scripture writ on  
human brow;

As stand we perched on point of Time, betwixt the two  
Eternities,

Whose awful secrets gathering round with black profound  
oppress our eyes.

“This gloomy night, these grisly waves, these winds and  
whirlpools loud and dread:

What reck they of our wretched plight who Safety’s shore  
so lightly tread?”

Thus quoth the Bard of Love and Wine, whose dream of  
Heaven ne’er could rise

Beyond the brimming Kauser-cup and Houris with the  
white-black eyes.

Ah me! my race of threescore years is short, but long enough  
to pall

My sense with joyless joys as these, with Love and Houris,  
Wine and all.

Another boasts he would divorce old barren Reason from  
his bed,

And wed the Vine-maid in her stead;—fools who believe a  
word he said!

And “‘Dust thou art to dust returning,’ ne’er was spoke  
of human soul,”

The Soofi cries: ’tis well for him that hath such gift to ask  
its goal.

“And this is all, for this we’re born to weep a little and to  
die!”

So sings the shallow bard whose life still labors at the letter  
“I”.

“Ear never heard, Eye never saw the bliss of those who  
enter in

My heavenly kingdom," Isâ said, who wailed our sorrows  
and our sin:

Too much of words or yet too few! What to thy Godhead  
easier than

One little glimpse of Paradise to ope the eyes and ears of  
man?

"I am the Truth! I am the Truth!" we hear the God-  
drunk gnostic cry;

"The microcosm abides in ME; Eternal Allah's naught but  
I!"

Mansûr was wise, but wiser they who smote him with the  
hurlèd stones;

And, though his blood a witness bore, no wisdom-might  
could mend his bones.

"Eat, drink, and sport; the rest of life's not worth a fillip,"  
quoeth the King;

Methinks the saying saith too much: the swine would say  
the self-same thing!

Two-footed beasts that browse through life, by Death to  
serve as soil designed,

Bow prone to Earth whereof they be, and there the proper  
pleasures find:

But you of finer, nobler stuff, ye, whom to Higher leads the  
High,

What binds your hearts in common bond with creatures  
of the stall and sty?

"In certain hope of Life-to-come I journey through this  
shifting scene,"

The Zâhid snarls and saunters down his Vale of Tears with  
confident mien.

Wiser than Amrân's Son art thou, who ken'st so well the  
world-to-be,

The Future when the Past is not, the Present merest dream-  
ery.



## 2890 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

What know'st thou, man, of Life? and yet, for ever twixt  
the womb, the grave,  
Thou pratest of the Coming Life, of Heaven and Hell thou  
fain must rave.

The world is old and thou art young: the world is large  
and thou art small:  
Cease, atom of a moment's span, to hold thyself an All-in-  
All!

### IX

How then shall man so order life that when his tale of years  
is told,  
Like sated guest he wend his way; how shall his even tenor  
hold—

Despite the Writ that stores the skull; despite the Table  
and the Pen;  
Maugre the Fate that plays us down, her board the world,  
her pieces men?

How when the light and glow of life wax dim in thickly  
gathering gloom,  
Shall mortal scoff at sting of Death, shall scorn the victory  
of the Tomb?

One way, two paths, one end the grave. This runs athwart  
the flowery plain,  
That breasts the bush, the steep, the crag, in sun and wind  
and snow and rain:

Who treads the first must look adown, must deem his life  
an all in all;  
Must see no heights where man may rise, must sight no  
depths where man may fall.

Allah in Adam's form must view: adore the Maker in the  
made,  
Content to bask in Mâyâ's smile, in joys of pain, in lights  
of shade.

He breaks the Law, he burns the Book, he sends the Moolah  
back to school;  
Laughs at the beards of Saintly men, and dubs the Prophet  
dolt and fool;

Embraces Cypress' taper-waist; cools feet on wavy breast  
of rill;  
Smiles in the Nargis' love-lorn eyes, and 'joys the dance  
of Daffodil;

Melts in the saffron light of Dawn to hear the moaning of  
the Dove;  
Delights in Sundown's purpling hues when Bulbul woos the  
Rose's love;

Finds mirth and joy in Jamshid-bowl; toys with the Daugh-  
ter of the vine;  
And bids the beauteous cup-boy say, "Master, I bring thee  
ruby wine!"

Sips from the maiden's lips the dew; brushes the bloom  
from virgin brow:—  
Such is his fleshly bliss that strives the Maker through the  
Made to know.

I've tried them all; I find them all so same and tame, so  
drear, so dry,  
My gorge ariseth at the thought; I commune with myself  
and cry:—

Better the myriad toils and pains that make the man to  
manhood true;  
This be the rule that guideth life; these be the laws for me  
and you:

With Ignorance wage eternal war, to know thy self for ever  
strain;  
Thine ignorance of thine ignorance is thy fiercest foe, thy  
deadliest bane,

## 2892 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

That blunts thy sense, and dulls thy taste: that deafs thine  
ears, and blinds thine eyes;  
Creates the thing that never was, the Thing that ever is  
defies.

The finite Atom infinite that forms thy circle's centre-dot,  
So full-sufficient for itself, for other selves existing not,

Finds the world mighty as 'tis small; yet must be fought  
the unequal fray;  
A myriad giants here; and there a pinch of dust, a clod of  
clay.

Yes! maugre all thy dreams of peace, still must the fight  
unfair be fought;  
Where thou mayest learn the noblest lore, to know that all  
we know is naught.

True to thy Nature, to Thy self, Fame and Disfame nor  
hope nor fear:  
Enough to thee the small still voice aye thundering in thine  
inner ear.

From self-approval seek applause: what ken not men thou  
kennest, thou!  
Spurn every idol others raise: before thine own Ideal bow:

Be thine own Deus: make self free, liberal as the circling air:  
Thy Thought to thee an Empire be; break every prisoning  
lock and bar:

Do thou the Ought to self aye owed: here all the duties meet  
and blend,  
In widest sense, withouten care of what began, for what  
shall end.

Thus, as thou view the Phantom-forms which in the misty  
Past were thine,  
To be again the thing thou wast with honest pride thou  
mayest decline:

And, glancing down the range of years, fear not thy future  
self to see;  
Resigned to life, to death resigned, as though the choice  
were naught to thee.

On Thought itself feed not thy Thought; nor turn from Sun  
and Light to gaze  
At darkling cloisters paved with tombs, where rot the bones  
of bygone days:

"Eat not thy heart," the Sages said: "nor mourn the Past,  
the buried Past:"  
Do what thou dost, be strong, be brave; and, like the Star,  
nor rest nor haste.

Pluck the old woman from thy breast: be stout in woe, be  
stark in weal;  
Do good for Good is good to do: spurn bribe of Heaven and  
threat of Hell.

To seek the True, to glad the heart, such is of life the HIGHER  
LAW,  
Whose difference is the Man's degree, the Man of gold, the  
Man of straw.

See not that something in Mankind that rouses hate or scorn  
or strife;  
Better the worm of Izrâil than Death that walks in form of  
life

Survey thy kind as One whose wants in the great Human  
Whole unite;  
The Homo rising high from earth to seek the Heavens of  
Life-in-Light;

And hold Humanity one man, whose universal agony  
Still strains and strives to gain the goal, where agonies  
shall cease to be.

Believe in all things; none believe; judge not nor warp by  
"Facts" the thought:

## 2894 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

See clear, hear clear, though life may seem Mâyâ and Mi-  
rage, Dream and Naught.

Abjure the Why and seek the How: the God and gods en-  
throned on high,  
Are silent all, are silent still; nor hear thy voice, nor deign  
reply.

The Now, that indivisible point which studs the length of  
infinite line  
Whose ends are nowhere, is thine all, the puny all thou  
callest thine.

Perchance the law some Giver hath: Let be! let be! what  
canst thou know?  
A myriad races came and went; this Sphinx hath seen them  
come and go.

Haply the Law that rules the world allows to man the  
widest range;  
And haply Fate's a Theist-word, subject to human chance  
and change

This "I" may find a future Life, a nobler copy of our own,  
Where every riddle shall be ree'd, where every knowledge  
shall be known;

Where 'twill be man's to see the whole of what on Earth  
he sees in part;  
Where change shall ne'er surcharge the thought; nor hope  
deferred shall hurt the heart.

But!—faded flower and fallen leaf no more shall deck the  
parent tree;  
And man once dropped by Tree of Life what hope of other  
life has he?

The shattered bowl shall know repair; the riven lute shall  
sound once more;  
But who shall mend the clay of man, the stolen breath to  
man restore?

The shivered clock again shall strike; the broken reed shall  
pipe again;

But we, we die, and Death is one, the doom of brutes, the  
doom of men.

Then, if Nirwânâ round our life with nothingness, 'tis haply  
best;

Thy toils and troubles, want and woe, at length have won  
their guerdon—Rest.

Cease, Abdû, cease! Thy song is sung, nor think the gain  
the singer's prize;

Till men hold Ignorance deadly sin, till man deserves his  
title "Wise:"

In Days to come, Days slow to dawn, when Wisdom deigns  
to dwell with men,

These echoes of a voice long stilled haply shall wake re-  
sponsive strain:

Wend now thy way with brow serene, fear not thy humble  
tale to tell:—

The whispers of the Desert-wind; the Tinkling of the camel's-  
bell.

*Richard Francis Burton* [1821-1890]

### GAUDEAMUS IGITUR \*

LET us live, then, and be glad  
While young life's before us!  
After youthful pastime had,  
After old age, hard and sad,  
Earth will slumber o'er us.

Where are they who in this world,  
Ere we kept, were keeping?  
Go ye to the gods above;  
Go to hell; inquire thereof:  
They are not: they're sleeping.

\* For the original of this poem see page 3829.

Brief is life, and brevity  
 Briefly shall be ended:  
 Death comes like a whirlwind strong,  
 Bears us with his blast along;  
 None shall be defended.

Live this university,  
 Men that learning nourish!  
 Live each member of the same,  
 Long live all that bear its name;  
 Let them ever flourish!

Live the commonwealth also,  
 And the men that guide it!  
 Live our town in strength and health,  
 Founders, patrons, by whose wealth  
 We are here provided!

Live all girls! A health to you,  
 Melting maids and beauteous!  
 Live the wives and women too,  
 Gentle, loving, tender, true,  
 Good, industrious, duteous!

Perish cares that pule and pine!  
 Perish envious blamers!  
 Die the Devil, thine and mine!  
 Die the starch-neck Philistine!  
 Scoffers and defamers!

*Translated from the Latin by*

*John Addington Symonds [1840-1893]*

### LAURIGER HORATIUS \*

LAUREL-CROWNED Horatius,  
 True, how true thy saying!  
 Swift as wind flies over us  
 Time, devouring, slaying.

\* For the original of this poem see page 383.

## The Conclusion of the Whole Matter 2897

Where are, oh! those goblets full  
Of wine, honey-laden,  
Strifes and loves and bountiful  
Lips of ruddy maiden?

Grows the young grape tenderly,  
And the maid is growing;  
But the thirsty poet, see,  
Years on him are snowing!  
What's the use on hoary curls  
Of the bays undying,  
If we may not kiss the girls,  
Drink while time's a-flying?

*Translated from the Latin by*

*John Addington Symonds [1840-1893]*

### THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER

From "The House of a Hundred Lights"

THE Great Sword Bearer only knows just when He'll wound  
my heart,—not I:  
But since He is the one who gives the balm, what does it  
signify?

If my Control should lose its hold on Fortune's collar through  
some hurt,  
What then?—Why then I'd simply cling to old gray Resigna-  
tion's skirt.

Of all the languages of earth in which the human kind confer  
The Master Speaker is the Tear: it is the Great Interpreter.

Man's life is like a tide that weaves the sea within its daily  
web.

It rises, surges, swells, and grows,—a pause—then comes the  
evening ebb.

In this rough field of earthly life I have reaped cause for  
tears enough,  
Yet, after all, I think I've gleaned my modicum of Laughing-  
Stuff.

*Ridgely Torrence [1875-]*



## IN MEMORIAM

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
 By faith, and faith alone embrace,  
 Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;  
 Thou madest Life in man and brute;  
 Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot  
 Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:  
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
 He thinks he was not made to die;  
 And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou.  
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;  
 They have their day and cease to be;  
 They are but broken lights of thee,  
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know,  
 For knowledge is of things we see;  
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
 A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
 But more of reverence in us dwell;  
 That mind and soul, according well,  
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;  
 We mock thee when we do not fear:  
 But help thy foolish ones to bear;  
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seemed my sin in me,  
 What seemed my worth since I began;

For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
Confusions of a wasted youth;  
Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

## I

I held it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years  
And find in loss a gain to match?  
Or reach a hand through time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned,  
Let darkness keep her raven gloss.  
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,  
To dance with Death, to beat the ground,  
Than that the victor Hours should scorn  
The long result of love, and boast,  
"Behold the man that loved and lost,  
But all he was is overworn '

## XXVII

I envy not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes  
His license in the field of time,  
Unfettered by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
 The heart that never plighted troth  
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;  
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
 I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost  
 Than never to have loved at all.

## LIV

O, yet we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill,  
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;  
  
 That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
 That not one life shall be destroyed,  
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete;  
  
 That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
 That not a moth with vain desire  
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
 Or but subserves another's gain.  
  
 Behold, we know not anything;  
 I can but trust that good shall fall  
 At last—far off—at last, to all,  
 And every winter change to spring.  
  
 So runs my dream; but what am I?  
 An infant crying in the night;  
 An infant crying for the light,  
 And with no language but a cry.

## LV

The wish, that of the living whole  
 No life may fail beyond the grave,  
 Derives it not from what we have  
 The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life,  
That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear,  
I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope through darkness up to God,  
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

## LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no.  
From scarped cliff and quarried stone  
She cries, "A thousand types are gone;  
I care for nothing, all shall go.  
"Thou makest thine appeal to me:  
I bring to life, I bring to death;  
The spirit does but mean the breath:  
I know no more." And he, shall he,  
Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,  
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,  
Who trusted God was love indeed  
And love Creation's final law—  
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shrieked against his creed—  
Who loved, who suffered countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,

Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or sealed within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music matched with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
What hope of answer, or redress?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

## LXXIII

So many worlds, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be,  
How know I what had need of thee,  
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

The fame is quenched that I foresaw,  
The head hath missed an earthly wreath:  
I curse not Nature, no, nor Death;  
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds.  
What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
And self-infolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a name.

## CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

## CXVII

O days and hours, your work is this,  
To hold me from my proper place,  
A little while from his embrace,  
For fuller gain of after bliss;

That out of distance might ensue  
Desire of nearness doubly sweet,  
And unto meeting, when we meet,  
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,  
 And every span of shade that steals,  
 And every kiss of toothed wheels,  
 And all the courses of the suns.

## CXXVI

Love is and was my lord and king,  
 And in his presence I attend  
 To hear the tidings of my friend,  
 Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my king and lord,  
 And will be, though as yet I keep  
 Within the court on earth, and sleep  
 Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel  
 Who moves about from place to place,  
 And whispers to the worlds of space,  
 In the deep night, that all is well.

## CXXVII

And all is well, though faith and form  
 Be sundered in the night of fear;  
 Well roars the storm to those that hear  
 A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,  
 And justice, even though thrice again  
 The red fool-fury of the Seine  
 Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,  
 And him, the lazar, in his rags!  
 They tremble, the sustaining crags;  
 The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood;  
 The fortress crashes from on high,  
 The brute earth lightens to the sky,  
 And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compassed by the fires of hell;  
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,  
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,  
And smilest, knowing all is well.

## CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;  
I hear thee where the waters run;  
Thou standest in the rising sun,  
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;  
But though I seem in star and flower  
To feel thee some diffusive power,  
I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before;  
My love is vaster passion now;  
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,  
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;  
I have thee still, and I rejoice;  
I prosper, circled with thy voice;  
I shall not lose thee though I die.

## CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure  
When all that seems shall suffer shock,  
Rise in the spiritual rock,  
Flow through our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust  
A voice as unto him that hears,  
A cry above the conquered years  
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]



# DRIFTWOOD

## I

HEAVEN is lovelier than the stars,  
The sea is fairer than the shore;  
I've seen beyond the sunset bars  
A color more.

A thought is floating round my mind,  
And there are words that will not come.  
Do you believe, as I, the wind  
Somewhere goes home?

## II

In grassy paths my spirit walks.  
The earth I travel speaks me fair  
And still through many voices talks  
Of that deep oneness which we are.

I love to see the rolling sod  
Mixing and changing ever grow  
To other forms,—and this is God  
And all of God and all we know.

I love to feel the dead dust whirled  
About my face, to touch the dust;  
And this large muteness of the world  
Gives me vitality of trust.

Here on the earth I lie a space,  
The quiet earth that knows no strife.  
I mix with her and take my place  
In the dark matter that is life.

## IV

Between the sun and moon  
A voice, now vague, now clear—  
Do you hear?—  
Says, "Wander on "

And on the hearthstone black  
The embers poignantly—  
Do you see?—  
Spell, “Come back.”

*Trumbull Stickney [1874-1904]*

“WHAT RICHES HAVE YOU”

WHAT riches have you that you deem me poor,  
Or what large comfort that you call me sad?  
Tell me what makes you so exceeding glad:  
Is your earth happy or your heaven sure?  
I hope for heaven, since the stars endure  
And bring such tidings as our fathers had.  
I know no deeper doubt to make me mad,  
I need no brighter love to keep me pure.  
To me the faiths of old are daily bread;  
I bless their hope, I bless their will to save,  
And my deep heart still meaneth what they said.  
It makes me happy that the soul is brave,  
And, being so much kinsman to the dead,  
I walk contented to the peopled grave.

*George Santayana [1863- ]*

“O WORLD”

O WORLD, thou choosest not the better part!  
It is not wisdom to be only wise,  
And on the inward vision close the eyes,  
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.  
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,  
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;  
To trust the soul's invincible surmise  
Was all his science and his only art.  
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine  
That lights the pathway but one step ahead  
Across a void of mystery and dread.  
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine  
By which alone the mortal heart is led  
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

*George Santayana [1863- ]*

### THE RUSTIC AT THE PLAY

OUR youth is like a rustic at the play  
 That cries aloud in simple-hearted fear,  
 Curses the villain, shudders at the fray,  
 And weeps before the maiden's wreathèd bier.  
 Yet once familiar with the changeful show,  
 He starts no longer at a brandished knife,  
 But, his heart chastened at the sight of woe,  
 Ponders the mirrored sorrows of his life.

So tutored too, I watch the moving art  
 Of all this magic and impassioned pain  
 That tells the story of the human heart  
 In a false instance, such as poets feign;  
 I smile, and keep within the parchment furled  
 That prompts the passions of this strutting world.

*George Santayana* [1863-

### TO HASEKAWA

PERHAPS it is no matter that you died.  
 Life's an *incognito* which you saw through:  
 You never told on life—you had your pride;  
 But life has told on you.

*Walter Conrad Arensberg* [1861-

### LIFE, A QUESTION

LIFE? and worth living?  
 Yes, with each part of us—  
 Hurt of us, help of us, hope of us, heart of us,  
 Life is worth living.  
 Ah! with the whole of us,  
 Will of us, brain of us, senses and soul of us.  
 Is life worth living?  
 Aye, with the best of us,  
 Heights of us, depths of us,—  
 Life is the test of us!

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson* [1861-1933]

## THE EARTH AND MAN

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,  
A soft wind blowing from the west—  
And woods and fields are sweet again,  
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,  
So quick with love and life her frame:  
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,  
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,  
A soft impulse, a sudden dream—  
And life as dry as desert dust  
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,  
So ready for new hope and joy:  
Ten thousand years since it began  
Have left it younger than a boy.

*Stoford Augustus Brooke* [1832-1916]

## DESERVINGS

THIS is the height of our deserts:  
A little pity for life's hurts;  
A little rain, a little sun,  
A little sleep when work is done.

A little righteous punishment,  
Less for our deeds than their intent;  
A little pardon now and then,  
Because we are but struggling men.

A little light to show the way,  
A little guidance where we stray;  
A little love before we pass  
To rest beneath the kirkyard grass.

## 2910 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

A little faith, in days of change,  
When life is stark and bare and strange;  
A solace when our eyes are wet  
With tears of longing and regret.

True it is that we cannot claim  
Unmeasured recompense or blame,  
Because our way of life is small:  
A little is the sum of all.

*Unknown*

### "A LITTLE WORK" \*

From "Trilby"

A LITTLE work, a little play  
To keep us going—and so, good-day!  
A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow.

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! And so—good-bye!  
*George du Maurier* [1834-1896]

### MAN'S DAYS

A SUDDEN wakin', a sudden weepin',  
A li'l suckin', a li'l sleepin';  
A cheel's full joys an' a cheel's short sorrows,  
Wi' a power o' faith in gert to-morrows.  
Young blood red-hot an' the love of a maid,  
One glorious day as'll never fade;  
Some shadows, some sunshine, some triumphs, some tears,  
And a gatherin' weight o' the flyin' years.  
Then old man's talk o' the days behind 'e,  
Your darter's youngest darter to mind 'e;  
A li'l dreamin', a li'l dyin':  
A li'l lew corner o' airth to lie in.

*Eden Phillpotts* [1862-

\* For the original of this poem see page 3848.

## A LITTLE WHILE

A LITTLE while the tears and laughter,  
The willow and the rose;  
A little while, and what comes after  
No man knows.

An hour to sing, to love and linger,  
Then lutanist and lute  
Will fall on silence, song and singer  
Both be mute.

Our gods from our desires we fashion,  
Exalt our baffled lives,  
And dream their vital bloom and passion  
Still survives;

But when we're done with mirth and weeping,  
With myrtle, rue, and rose,  
Shall Death take Life into his keeping?  
No man knows.

What heart hath not, through twilight places,  
Sought for its dead again  
To gild with love their pallid faces?  
Sought in vain!

Still mounts the Dream on shining pinion,  
Still broods the dull distrust:  
Which shall have ultimate dominion,  
Dream, or dust?

A little while with grief and laughter,  
And then the day will close;  
The shadows gather . . . what comes after  
No man knows!

## THE CONDUCT OF LIFE

### INTEGER VITÆ \*

THE man of life upright,  
Whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds,  
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days  
In harmless joys are spent  
Whom hope cannot delude,  
Nor sorrow discontent;

That man needs neither towers  
Nor armor for defense,  
Nor secret vaults to fly  
From thunder's violence:

He only can behold  
With unaffrighted eyes  
The horrors of the deep  
And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares  
That fate or fortune brings,  
He makes the heaven his book,  
His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,  
His wealth a well-spent age,  
The earth his sober inn  
And quiet pilgrimage.

*After Horace, by Thomas Campion [?-1619]*

\* For the original of this poem see page 3828

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,  
Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!



## 2914 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!  
*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

### A PSALM OF LIFE

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!—  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### EXCELSIOR

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,  
And like a silver clarion rung  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"  
And loud that clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior!

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior!

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!  
Beware the awful avalanche!”  
This was the peasant’s last Good-night,  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of Saint Bernard  
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,  
A voice cried through the startled air,  
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,  
Half buried in the snow was found,  
Still grasping in his hand of ice  
That banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought!

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* [1807-1882]

# FOUR THINGS

FOUR things a man must learn to do  
 If he would make his record true:  
 To think without confusion clearly;  
 To love his fellow-men sincerely;  
 To act from honest motives purely;  
 To trust in God and Heaven securely.

*Henry Van Dyke* [1852-1933]

# LABOR AND LOVE

LABOR and love! there are no other laws  
 To rule the liberal action of that soul  
 Which fate hath set beneath thy brief control,  
 Or lull the empty fear that racks and gnaws;  
 Labor! then like a rising moon, the cause  
 Of life shall light thine hour from pole to pole,  
 Thou shalt taste health of purpose, and the roll  
 Of simple joys unwind without a pause.  
 Love! and thy heart shall cease to question why  
 Its beating pulse was set to rock and rave;  
 Find but another heart this side the grave  
 To soothe and cling to,—thou hast life's reply.  
 Labor and love! then fade without a sigh,  
 Submerged beneath the inexorable wave.

*Edmund Gosse* [1849-1928]

# WHAT IS GOOD

"WHAT is the real good?"  
 I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;  
 Knowledge, said the school;  
 Truth, said the wise man;  
 Pleasure, said the fool;  
 Love, said the maiden;  
 Beauty, said the page;

Freedom, said the dreamer;  
Home, said the sage;  
Fame, said the soldier;  
Equity, the seer;—

Spake my heart full sadly,  
“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom  
Softly this I heard:  
“Each heart holds the secret;  
Kindness is the word.”

*John Boyle O'Reilly [1844-1890]*

## FAITH

BETTER trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,  
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;  
Better be cheated to the last  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

*Frances Anne Kemble [1809-1893]*

## A CHARGE

If thou hast squandered years to grave a gem  
Commissioned by thy absent Lord, and while  
    'Tis incomplete,  
Others would bribe thy needy skill to them—  
Dismiss them to the street!

Should'st thou at last discover Beauty's grove,  
At last be panting on the fragrant verge,  
    But in the track,  
Drunk with divine possession, thou meet Love—  
Turn, at her bidding, back.

## 2920 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

When round thy ship in tempest Hell appears,  
And every specter mutters up more dire  
    To snatch control  
And loose to madness thy deep-kenneled Fears—  
    Then to the helm, O Soul!

Last, if upon the cold, green-mantling sea,  
    Thou cling, alone with Truth, to the last spar,  
    Both castaway,  
And one must perish—let it not be he  
    Whom thou art sworn to obey.  
                                *Herbert Trench* [1865-1923]

### TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning  
    Another blue Day:  
Think, wilt thou let it  
    Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity  
    This new Day is born;  
Into Eternity,  
    At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime  
    No eye ever did:  
So soon it for ever  
    From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
    Another blue Day:  
Think, wilt thou let it  
    Slip useless away?

*Thomas Carlyle* [1795-1881]

### “MY DAYS AMONG THE DEAD ARE PASSED”

My days among the Dead are passed,  
    Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
    The mighty minds of old:

My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,  
And seek relief in woe;  
And while I understand and feel  
How much to them I owe,  
My cheeks have often been bedewed  
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them  
I live in long-past years,  
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,  
Partake their hopes and fears;  
And from their lessons seek and find  
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon  
My place with them will be,  
And I with them shall travel on  
Through all Futurity;  
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,  
That will not perish in the dust.

*Robert Southey* [1774-1843]

## OPPORTUNITY

MASTER of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe



## 2922 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.  
I answer not, and I return no more!

*John James Ingalls* [1833-1900]

### OPPORTUNITY

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away!  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!  
Each night I burn the records of the day—  
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?  
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?  
Then turn from blotted archives of the past  
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;  
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"  
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep  
But yet might rise and be again a man!

*Walter Malone* [1866-1915]

# OPPORTUNITY

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—  
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.  
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
 And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—  
 That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this  
 Blunt thing!" he snapped and flung it from his hand,  
 And lowering crept away and left the field.  
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

*Edward Rowland Sill [1841-1887]*

# THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
 Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
 It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
 For who has sight so keen and strong,  
 That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
 I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
 And the song, from beginning to end,  
 I found again in the heart of a friend.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

## CALUMNY

A WHISPER woke the air,  
 A soft, light tone, and low,  
 Yet barbed with shame and woe.  
 Ah! might it only perish there,  
 Nor farther go!

But no! a quick and eager ear  
 Caught up the little, meaning sound;  
 Another voice has breathed it clear;  
 And so it wandered round  
 From ear to lip, from lip to ear,  
 Until it reached a gentle heart  
 That throbbed from all the world apart  
 And that—it broke!

It was the only heart it found,—  
 The only heart 'twas meant to find,  
 When first its accents woke.  
 It reached that gentle heart at last,  
 And that—it broke!

*Frances Sargent Osgood* [1811-1850]

## THE EFFECT OF EXAMPLE

WE scatter seeds with careless hand,  
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more;  
 But for a thousand years  
 Their fruit appears,  
 In weeds that mar the land,  
 Or healthful shore.

The deeds we do, the words we say,—  
 Into still air they seem to fleet,  
 We count them ever past;  
 But they shall last,—  
 In the dread judgment they  
 And we shall meet.

I charge thee by the years gone by,  
For the love's sake of brethren dear,  
Keep thou the one true way,  
In work and play,  
Lest in that world their cry  
Of woe thou hear.

*John Keble [1792-1866]*

### LITTLE AND GREAT

A TRAVELER on a dusty road  
Strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening-time,  
To breathe its early vows;  
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs.  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore—  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well  
Where weary men might turn;  
He walled it in, and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that Toil might drink.  
He passed again; and lo! the well,  
By summer never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parchèd tongues.  
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought,  
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new;  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,  
 And, lo! its light became  
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
 A monitory flame:  
 The thought was small; its issue great;  
 A watch-fire on the hill,  
 It sheds its radiance far adown,  
 And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid the crowd  
 That thronged the daily mart,  
 Let fall a word of hope and love,  
 Unstudied from the heart;—  
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
 A transitory breath,—  
 It raised a brother from the dust,  
 It saved a soul from death.  
 O germ! O fount! O word of love!  
 O thought at random cast!  
 Ye were but little at the first,  
 But mighty at the last.

*Charles Mackay* [1814-1889]

### THE SIN OF OMISSION

It isn't the thing you do, dear;  
 It's the thing you leave undone,  
 Which gives you a bit of heartache  
 At the setting of the sun.  
 The tender word forgotten,  
 The letter you did not write,  
 The flower you might have sent, dear,  
 Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted  
 Out of a brother's way,  
 The bit of heartsome counsel  
 You were hurried too much to say:

The loving touch of the hand, dear,  
The gentle and winsome tone,  
That you had no time nor thought for,  
With troubles enough of your own.

The little acts of kindness,  
So easily out of mind;  
Those chances to be angels  
Which every one may find—  
They come in night and silence—  
Each chill, reproachful wraith—  
When hope is faint and flagging  
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,  
And sorrow is all too great;  
To suffer our great compassion  
That tarries until too late;  
And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
It's the thing you leave undone,  
Which gives you the bit of heartache  
At the setting of the sun.

*Margaret Sangster* [1838-1912]

## THE FLOWER

ONCE in a golden hour  
I cast to earth a seed.  
Up there came a flower,  
The people said, a weed.

To and fro they went  
Through my garden-bower,  
And muttering discontent  
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall  
It wore a crown of light,  
But thieves from o'er the wall  
Stole the seed by night;

Sowed it far and wide  
 By every town and tower,  
 Till all the people cried,  
 "Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:  
 He that runs may read.  
 Most can raise the flowers now,  
 For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,  
 And some are poor indeed;  
 And now again the people  
 Call it but a weed.

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

## STANZAS

OFTEN rebuked, yet always back returning  
 To those first feelings that were born with me,  
 And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning  
 For idle dreams of things that cannot be:

To-day, I will seek not the shadowy region;  
 Its unsustaining vastness waxes drear;  
 And visions rising, legion after legion,  
 Bring the unreal world too strangely near.

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,  
 And not in paths of high morality,  
 And not among the half-distinguished faces,  
 The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:  
 It vexes me to choose another guide:  
 Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are feeding;  
 Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side.

What have those lonely mountains worth revealing?  
 More glory and more grief than I can tell:  
 The earth that wakes *one* human heart to feeling  
 Can center both the worlds of Heaven and Hell.

*Emily Broniz* [1818-1848]

SOLITUDE

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you;  
 Weep, and you weep alone,  
 For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,  
 But has trouble enough of its own.  
 Sing, and the hills will answer;  
 Sigh, it is lost on the air,  
 The echoes bound to a joyful sound,  
 But shrink from voicing care.  
  
 Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
 Grieve, and they turn and go.  
 They want full measure of all your pleasure,  
 But they do not need your woe.  
 Be glad, and your friends are many;  
 Be sad, and you lose them all,—  
 There are none to decline your nectared wine,  
 But alone you must drink life's gall.  
  
 Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
 Fast, and the world goes by.  
 Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
 But no man can help you die.  
 There is room in the halls of pleasure  
 For a long and lordly train,  
 But one by one we must all file on  
 Through the narrow aisles of pain.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox* [1850-1919]

RECOMPENSE

THE gifts that to our breasts we fold  
 Are brightened by our losses.  
 The sweetest joys a heart can hold  
 Grow up between its crosses.  
 And on life's pathway many a mile  
 Is made more glad and cheery,  
 Because, for just a little while,  
 The way seemed dark and dreary.

*Nixon Waterman* [1859-



## THE LESSON OF THE WATER-MILL

LISTEN to the Water-Mill;  
 Through the live-long day  
 How the clicking of its wheel  
 Wears the hours away!  
 Languidly the Autumn wind  
 Stirs the forest leaves,  
 From the field the reapers sing,  
 Binding up their sheaves;  
 And a proverb haunts my mind  
 As a spell is cast,  
 "The mill cannot grind  
 With the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more  
 Leaves that once are shed,  
 And the sickle cannot reap  
 Corn once gatherèd;  
 Flows the ruffled streamlet on,  
 Tranquil, deep, and still,  
 Never gliding back again  
 To the water-mill;  
 Truly speaks the proverb old,  
 With a meaning vast,—  
 "The mill cannot grind  
 With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself  
 True and loving heart;  
 Golden youth is fleeting by,  
 Summer hours depart;  
 Learn to make the most of life,  
 Lose no happy day,  
 Time will never bring thee back  
 Chances swept away!  
 Leave no tender word unsaid,  
 Love while love shall last;  
 "The mill cannot grind  
 With the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines,  
Man of strength and will!  
Never does the streamlet glide  
Useless by the mill;  
Wait not till to-morrow's sun  
Beams upon thy way,  
All that thou canst call thine own  
Lies in thy "to-day";  
Power and intellect and health  
May not always last,  
"The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past."

O the wasted hours of life  
That have drifted by!  
O the good that might have been,—  
Lost, without a sigh!  
Love, that we might once have saved  
By a single word,  
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,  
Perishing unheard;—  
Take the proverb to thine heart,  
Take, and hold it fast,—  
“The mill cannot grind  
With the water that is past.”

*Sarah Doudney* [1843-

## LIFE

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by:  
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie  
                                My life within this band.  
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they  
By noon most cunningly did steal away,  
                                And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;  
I took, without more thinking, in good part  
Time's gentle admonition:

## 2932 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Who did so sweetly Death's sad taste convey,  
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,  
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent,  
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,  
And after death for cures.  
I follow straight, without complaints or grief;  
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if  
It be as short as yours.  
*George Herbert* [1593-1633]

### BE TRUE

THOU must be true thyself,  
If thou the truth wouldst teach;  
Thy soul must overflow, if thou  
Another's soul wouldst reach!  
It needs the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts  
Shall the world's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A great and noble creed.

*Horatius Bonar* [1808-1889]

### TO-DAY

WHY fear to-morrow, timid heart?  
Why tread the future's way?  
We only need to do our part  
To-day, dear child, to-day.

The past is written! Close the book  
On pages sad and gay;  
Within the future do not look,  
But live to-day—to-day.

'Tis this one hour that God has given;  
His Now we must obey;  
And it will make our earth his heaven  
To live to-day—to-day.

*Lydia Avery Coonley Ward [1845-1924]*

## THE VALLEY OF VAIN VERSES

THE grief that is but feigning,  
And weeps melodious tears  
Of delicate complaining  
From self-indulgent years;  
The mirth that is but madness,  
And has no inward gladness  
Beneath its laughter, straining  
To capture thoughtless ears;

The love that is but passion  
Of amber-scented lust;  
The doubt that is but fashion;  
The faith that has no trust;—  
These Thamyris disperses,  
In the Valley of Vain Verses  
Below the Mount Parnassian,  
And they crumble into dust.

*Henry Van Dyke [1852-1933]*

## A THANKSGIVING

LORD, for the erring thought  
Not unto evil wrought;  
Lord, for the wicked will  
Betrayed and baffled still;  
For the heart from itself kept:  
Our Thanksgiving accept!

For ignorant hopes that were  
Broken to our blind prayer;  
For pain, death, sorrow—sent  
Unto our chastisement;

For all loss of seeming good:  
Quicken our gratitude!

*William Dean Howells* [1837-1920]

### THE LADY POVERTY

THE Lady Poverty was fair:  
But she has lost her looks of late,  
With change of times and change of air.  
Ah slattern, she neglects her hair,  
Her gown, her shoes. She keeps no state  
As once when her pure feet were bare.

Or—almost worse, if worse can be—  
She scolds in parlors; dusts and trims,  
Watches and counts. Oh, is this she  
Whom Francis met, whose step was free,  
Who with Obedience caroled hymns,  
In Umbria walked with Chastity?

Where is her ladyhood? Not here,  
Not among modern kinds of men;  
But in the stony fields, where clear  
Through the thin trees the skies appear;  
In delicate spare soil and fen,  
And slender landscape and austere.

*Alice Meynell* [1850-1922]

### THE LADY POVERTY

I MET her on the Umbrian Hills,  
Her hair unbound, her feet unshod;  
As one whom secret glory fills  
She walked—alone with God.

I met her in the city street;  
Oh, how changed was her aspect then!  
With heavy eyes and weary feet  
She walked alone—with men.

*Evelyn Underhill* [1875-1941]

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?

It is the generous spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
Whose high endeavors are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright:  
Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care;  
Who, doomed to go in company with pain,  
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;  
Is placable—because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He labors good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows:  
Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means; and there will stand

On honorable terms, or else retire,  
 And in himself possess his own desire;  
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
 For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;  
 Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all:  
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
 Is happy as a lover; and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;  
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need:  
 He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;  
 Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,  
 Are at his heart; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve;  
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love.  
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,  
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be won:  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray;  
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpassed:

Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
And leave a dead unprofitable name—  
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;  
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.

This is the happy Warrior; this is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be.

*William Wordsworth [1770-1850]*

### THE GREAT ADVENTURE

'Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead,  
To know them still alive;  
But sweeter if we earn their bread,  
And in us they survive.

Ye skies, drop gently round my breast  
And be my corselet blue;  
Ye earth, receive my lance in rest,  
My faithful charger you:

Ye stars my spear-heads in the sky,  
My arrow-tips ye are:  
I see the routed foemen fly  
My bright spears fixed [for war].

Give me an angel for a foe!  
Fix now the place and time!  
And straight to meet him I will go  
Above the starry chime:

And with our clashing bucklers' clang  
The heavenly spheres shall ring,  
While bright the northern lights shall hang  
Beside our tourneying.

And if she lose her champion true,  
Tell Heaven not to despair,  
For I will be her champion new,  
Her fame I will repair.

*Henry David Thoreau [1817-1862]*



“HE WHOM A DREAM HATH POSSESSED ”

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of  
doubting,

For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing of  
words he scorns;

Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly  
shouting,

And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a mil-  
lion morns.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of roam-  
ing;

All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest  
flight he knows,

But wherever his feet are set, his soul is forever homing,

And going, he comes, and coming he heareth a call and  
goes.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of  
sorrow,

At death and the dropping of leaves and the fading of suns  
he smiles,

For a dream remembers no past and scorns the desire of a  
morrow,

And a dream in a sea of doom sets surely the ultimate isles.

He whom a dream hath possessed treads the impalpable  
marches,

From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a laughing  
star,

And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal arches,

And rides God's battle-field in a flashing and golden car.

*Shacmas OSheel* [1886-

### MASTERY

I WOULD not have a god come in

To shield me suddenly from sin,

And set my house of life to rights;

Nor angels with bright burning wings

Ordering my earthly thoughts and things;

Rather my own frail guttering lights  
Wind-blown and nearly beaten out,  
Rather the terror of the nights  
And long sick groping after doubt,  
Rather be lost than let my soul  
Slip vaguely from my own control—  
Of my own spirit let me be  
In sole though feeble mastery.

*Sara Teasdale* [1884-1933]

## A PRAYER

I KNEEL not now to pray that thou  
Make white one single sin,—  
I only kneel to thank thee, Lord,  
For what I have not been;

For deeds which sprouted in my heart  
But ne'er to bloom were brought,  
For monstrous vices which I slew  
In the shambles of my thought—

Dark seeds the world has never guessed  
By hell and passion bred,  
Which never grew beyond the bud  
That cankered in my head.

Some said I was a righteous man—  
Poor fools! The gallows tree  
(If thou hadst let one foot to slip)  
Had grown a limb for me.

So for the Man I might have been  
My heart must cease to mourn—  
'Twere best to praise the living Lord  
For monsters never born,

To bend the spiritual knee  
(Knowing myself within)  
And thank the kind, benignant God  
For what I have not been.

*Harry Kemp* [1883-]

"OF WOUNDS AND SORE DEFEAT"

Pandora's Song from "The Fire-Bringer"

OF wounds and sore defeat  
 I made my battle stay;  
 Wingèd sandals for my feet  
 I wove of my delay;  
 Of weariness and fear  
 I made my shouting spear;  
 Of loss, and doubt, and dread,  
 And swift oncoming doom  
 I made a helmet for my head  
 And a floating plume.  
 From the shutting mist of death,  
 From the failure of the breath,  
 I made a battle-horn to blow  
 Across the vales of overthrow.  
 O hearken, love, the battle-horn!  
 The triumph clear, the silver scorn!  
 O hearken where the echoes bring,  
 Down the gray disastrous morn,  
 Laughter and rallying!

*William Vaughn Moody* [1869-1910]

PRAYER FOR PAIN

I DO not pray for peace nor ease,  
 Nor truce from sorrow:  
 No suppliant on servile knees  
 Begs here against to-morrow!

Lean flame against lean flame we flash,  
 O Fates that meet me fair;  
 Blue steel against blue steel we clash—  
 Lay on, and I shall dare!

But Thou of deeps the awful Deep,  
 Thou breather in the clay,

Grant this my only prayer—Oh keep  
My soul from turning gray!

For until now, whatever wrought  
Against my sweet desires,  
My days were smitten harps strung taut,  
My nights were slumbrous lyres.

And howsoe'er the hard blow rang  
Upon my battered shield,  
Some lark-like, soaring spirit sang  
Above my battle-field;

And through my soul of stormy night  
The zigzag blue flame ran.  
I asked no odds—I fought my fight—  
Events against a man.

But now—at last—the gray mist chokes  
And numbs me. *Leave me pain!*  
*Oh, let me feel the biting strokes*  
*That I may fight again!*

*John G. Neihardt [1881-*

# CARRY ON!

It's easy to fight when everything's right,  
And you're mad with the thrill and the glory;  
It's easy to cheer when victory's near,  
And wallow in fields that are gory.  
It's a different song when everything's wrong,  
When you're feeling infernally mortal;  
When it's ten against one, and hope there is none,  
Buck up, little soldier, and chortle:

Carry on! Carry on!

There isn't much punch in your blow.  
You're glaring and staring and hitting out blind;  
You're muddy and bloody, but never you mind.

Carry on! Carry on!

You haven't the ghost of a show.  
It's looking like death, but while you've a breath,  
Carry on, my son! Carry on!

And so in the strife of the battle of life  
 It's easy to fight when you're winning;  
 It's easy to slave, and starve and be brave,  
 When the dawn of success is beginning.  
 But the man who can meet despair and defeat  
 With a cheer, there's the man of God's choosing;  
 The man who can fight to Heaven's own height  
 Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

Carry on! Carry on!

Things never were looming so black.  
 But show that you haven't a cowardly streak,  
 And though you're unlucky you never are weak.

Carry on! Carry on!

Brace up for another attack.  
 It's looking like hell, but—you never can tell:

Carry on, old man! Carry on!

There are some who drift out in the deserts of doubt,  
 And some who in brutishness wallow;  
 There are others, I know, who in piety go  
 Because of a Heaven to follow.  
 But to labor with zest, and to give of your best,  
 For the sweetness and joy of the giving;  
 To help folks along with a hand and a song;  
 Why, there's the real sunshine of living.

Carry on! Carry on!

Fight the good fight and true;  
 Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;  
 There's big work to do, and that's why you are here.

Carry on! Carry on!

Let the world be the better for you;  
 And at last when you die, let this be your cry:

*Carry on, my soul! Carry on!*

*Robert W. Service [1874-*

### THE FIGHTING FAILURE

HE has come the way of the fighting men and fought by the  
 rules of the Game.  
 And out of Life he has gathered—what? A living—and  
 little fame.

Ever and ever the Goal looms near—seeming each time  
worth while,

But ever it proves a mirage fair—ever the grim gods smile.  
And so, with lips hard set and white, he buries the hope  
that is gone—

His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet he is  
fighting on.

Out of the smoke of the battle-line, watching men win their  
way

And cheering with those who cheer success, he enters again  
the fray,

Licking the blood and dust from his lips, wiping the sweat  
from his eyes,

He does the work he is set to do, and—"therein honor lies."  
Brave they were, those men he cheered, theirs is the winners'  
thrill;

His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet he is  
fighting still.

And those who have won, have rest and peace; and those  
who have died, have more;

But weary and spent, he cannot stop, seeking the ultimate  
score.

Courage was theirs for a little time—but what of the man  
who sees

That lose he must, yet will not beg, for mercy, upon his knees?  
Side by side with grim Defeat, he struggles at dusk or dawn;  
His fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet, he is  
fighting on.

Praise for the warriors who succeed, and tears for the van-  
quished dead.

The world will hold them close to Her heart, wreathing  
each honored head;

But there in the ranks, soul-sick, time-tried, he battles  
against the odds,

*Sans* hope, but true to his colors torn, the plaything of the  
gods!

Uncover when he goes by at last! Held to his task by *will*—  
The fight is lost—and he knows it is lost—and yet he is  
fighting still!

*Everard John Appleton* [1872-1931]

# THE PRAYER OF BEATEN MEN

From "The House of Broken Swords"

WE are the fallen, who, with helpless faces  
 Low in the dust, in stiffening ruin lay,  
 Felt the hoof's beat, and heard the rattling traces  
 As o'er us drove the chariots of the fray.

We are the fallen, who by ramparts gory,  
 Awaiting death, heard the far shouts begin,  
 And with our last glance glimpsed the victor's glory  
 For which we died, but dying might not win.

We were but men. Always our eyes were holden,  
 We could not read the dark that walled us round,  
 Nor deem our futile plans with thine enfolden—  
 We fought, not knowing God was on the ground.

Give us our own; and though in realms eternal  
 The potsherd and the pot, belike, are one,  
 Make our old world to know that with supernal  
 Powers we were matched, and by the stars o'erthrown.

Ay, grant our ears to hear the foolish praising  
 Of men—old voices of our lost home-land,  
 Or else, the gateways of this dim world raising,  
 Give us our swords again, and hold thy hand.

*William Hervey Woods* [1852—

# THE LAST WORD

**CREEP** into thy narrow bed,  
 Creep, and let no more be said!  
 Vain thy onset! all stands fast.  
 Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!  
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese,  
 Let them have it how they will!  
 Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?  
 Better men fared thus before thee;  
 Fired their ringing shot and passed,  
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!  
 Let the victors, when they come,  
 When the forts of folly fall,  
 Find thy body by the wall!

*Matthew Arnold* [1822-1888]

# IO VICTIS

From "He and She"

I SING the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of  
 Life,  
 The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-  
 whelmed in the strife;  
 Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resound-  
 ing acclaim  
 Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chap-  
 let of fame,  
 But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the  
 broken in heart,  
 Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and des-  
 perate part;  
 Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes  
 burned in ashes away,  
 From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at,  
 who stood at the dying of day  
 With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, un-  
 heeded, alone,  
 With Death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but  
 their faith overthrown,  
 While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its pæan for  
 those who have won;  
 While the trumpet is sounding triumphant and high to the  
 breeze and the sun



## 2946 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Glad banners are waving, hands clapping and hurrying feet  
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the  
field of defeat  
In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and  
dying, and there  
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted  
brows, breathe a prayer,  
Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper, "They only the  
victory win  
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the  
demon that tempts us within,  
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the  
world holds on high,  
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if  
need be, to die."  
Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long  
annals and say,  
Are they those whom the world called the victors,—who  
won the success of a day?  
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Ther-  
mopylæ's tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates?  
Pilate, or Christ?

*William Wetmore Story* [1819-1895]

### "THEY WENT FORTH TO BATTLE BUT THEY ALWAYS FELL"

THEY went forth to battle but they always fell;  
Their eyes were fixed above the sullen shields;  
Nobly they fought and bravely, but not well,  
And sank heart-wounded by a subtle spell.  
They knew not fear that to the foeman yields,  
They were not weak, as one who vainly wields  
A futile weapon; yet the sad scrolls tell  
How on the hard-fought field they always fell.

It was a secret music that they heard,  
A sad sweet plea for pity and for peace;  
And that which pierced the heart was but a word,  
Though the white breast was red-lipped where the sword

Pressed a fierce cruel kiss, to put surcease  
On its hot thirst, but drank a hot increase.  
Ah, they by some strange troubling doubt were stirred,  
And died for hearing what no foeman heard.

They went forth to battle but they always fell:  
Their might was not the might of lifted spears;  
Over the battle-clamor came a spell  
Of troubling music, and they fought not well.  
Their wreaths are willows and their tribute, tears;  
Their names are old sad stories in men's ears;  
Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell,  
Who went to battle forth and always fell.

*Shaemas O Sheel* [1886—

### THE MASTERS

OH, Masters, you who rule the world,  
Will you not wait with me awhile,  
When swords are sheathed and sails are furled,  
And all the fields with harvest smile?  
I would not waste your time for long,  
I ask you but, when you are tired,  
To read how by the weak, the strong  
Are weighed and worshiped and desired.

When weary of the Mart, the Loom,  
The Withering-house, the Rifle-blocks,  
The Barrack-square, the Engine-room,  
The pick-axe, ringing on the rocks,—  
When tents are pitched and work is done,  
While restful twilight broods above,  
By fresh-lit lamp, or dying sun,  
See in my songs how women love.

We shared your lonely watch by night,  
We knew you faithful at the helm,  
Our thoughts went with you through the fight  
That saved a soul,—or wrecked a realm:

Ah, how our hearts leapt forth to you,  
 In pride and joy, when you prevailed,  
 And when you died, serene and true:  
 —We wept in silence when you failed!

Oh, brain, that did not gain the gold!  
 Oh, arm, that could not wield the sword,  
 Here is the love, that is not sold,  
 Here are the hearts to hail you Lord!

You played and lost the game? What then?  
 The rules are harsh and hard, we know;  
 You, still, oh, brothers, are the men  
 Whom we in secret reverence so.  
 Your work was waste? Maybe your share  
 Lay in the hour you laughed and kissed;  
 Who knows but that your son shall wear  
 The laurels that his father missed?

Ay, you who win, and you who lose,  
 Whether you triumph,—or despair,—  
 When your returning footsteps choose  
 The homeward track, our love is there.  
 For, since the world is ordered thus,  
 To you, the fame, the stress, the sword,  
 We can but wait, until to us  
 You give yourselves, for our reward.

To Whaler's deck and Coral beach,  
 To lonely Ranch and Frontier-Fort,  
 Beyond the narrow bounds of speech  
 I lay the cable of my thought.  
 I fain would send my thanks to you,  
 (Though who am I, to give you praise?)  
 Since what you are, and work you do  
 Are lessons for our easier ways.

'Neath alien stars your camp-fires glow,  
 I know you not,—your tents are far.  
 My hope is but in song to show  
 How honored and how dear you are.

*Laurence Hope* [1865-1904]

## THE KINGS

A MAN said unto his Angel:  
 "My spirits are fallen low,  
 And I cannot carry this battle:  
 O brother! where might I go?

"The terrible Kings are on me  
 With spears that are deadly bright;  
 Against me so from the cradle  
 Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:  
 "Thou wavering witless soul,  
 Back to the ranks! What matter  
 To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges  
 Who hearken not well, nor see?  
 Not thus, by the outer issue,  
 The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure  
 And only event of things:  
 The puniest heart, defying,  
 Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,  
 Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain,  
 And pallid Thirst of the Spirit  
 That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,  
 And ringleted Vain Desires,  
 And Vice with the spoils upon him  
 Of thee and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil  
 Yet darken the hills about,  
 Thy part is with broken saber  
 To rise on the last redoubt;

“To fear not sensible failure,  
 Nor covet the game at all,  
 But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
 Die, driven against the wall!”

*Louise Imogen Guiney* [1861-1920]

## FAILURES

THEY bear no laurels on their sunless brows,  
 Nor aught within their pale hands as they go;  
 They look as men accustomed to the slow  
 And level onward course 'neath drooping boughs.  
 Who may these be no trumpet doth arouse,  
 These of the dark processional of woe,  
 Unpraised, unblamed, but whom sad Acheron's flow  
 Monotonously lulls to leaden drowse?  
 These are the Failures. Clutched by Circumstance,  
 They were—say not too weak!—too ready prey  
 To their own fear whose fixèd Gorgon glance  
 Made them as stone for aught of great essay;—  
 Or else they nodded when their Master-Chance  
 Wound his one signal, and went on his way.

*Arthur Upson* [1877-1908]

## DON QUIXOTE

BEHIND thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,  
 Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,  
 Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe,  
 And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back,  
 Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack!  
 To make Wiseacredom, both high and low,  
 Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go),  
 Dispatch its Dogberrys upon thy track:  
 Alas! poor Knight! Alas! poor soul possessed!  
 Yet would to-day, when Courtesy grows chill,  
 And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,  
 Some fire of thine might burn within us still!  
 Ah! would but one might lay his lance in rest,  
 And charge in earnest—were it but a mill.

*Austin Dobson* [1840-1921]

## A PRAYER

LORD, not for light in darkness do we pray,  
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,  
Nor that the slow ascension of our day  
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things  
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,  
Nor for remission of the peril and stings  
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end  
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,  
Nor that the little healing that we lend  
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars  
Thy wisdom sets about us; we shall climb  
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars  
In thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift  
When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,  
Nor yet the understanding strong to sift  
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these thou hast revealed.  
We know the golden season when to reap  
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,  
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,  
The pure from stained, the noble from the base,  
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows  
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,  
Across our hearts are written thy decrees.  
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless  
With more than these.

## 2952 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,  
Grant us the strength to labor as we know,  
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,  
    To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge thou hast lent;  
But Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need.  
Give us to build above the deep intent  
    The deed, the deed.

*John Drinkwater* [1882-1937]

### IF—

If you can keep your head when all about you  
    Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
    But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
    Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
    And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
    If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
    And treat those two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
    Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
    And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings;  
    And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
    And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
    To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
    Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

*Rudyard Kipling [1865-1936]*

### RABIA

RABIA, sick upon her bed,  
By two saints was visited,—

Holy Malik, Hassan wise—  
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.

Hassan says, "Whose prayer is pure,  
Will God's chastisement endure."

Malik, from a deeper sense  
Uttered his experience:

"He who loves his Master's choice  
Will in chastisement rejoice."

Rabia saw some selfish will  
In their maxims lingering still,

And replied, "O men of grace!  
He who sees his Master's face

Will not, in his prayer, recall  
That he is chastised at all."

*From the Arabic, by James Freeman Clarke [1810-1888]*

### THE JOYFUL WISDOM

From "The Angel in the House"

WOULD Wisdom for herself be wooed,  
And wake the foolish from his dream,  
She must be glad as well as good,  
And must not only be, but seem.



Beauty and joy are hers by right;  
 And, knowing this, I wonder less  
 That she's so scorned, when falsely dight  
 In misery and ugliness.  
 What's that which Heaven to man endears,  
 And that which eyes no sooner see  
 Than the heart says, with floods of tears,  
 "Ah, that's the thing which I would be!"  
 Not childhood, full of frown and fret;  
 Not youth, impatient to disown  
 Those visions high, which to forget  
 Were worse than never to have known;  
 Not worldlings, in whose fair outside,  
 Nor courtesy nor justice fails,  
 Thanks to cross-pulling vices tied,  
 Like Samson's foxes, by the tails;  
 Not poets; real things are dreams,  
 When dreams are as realities,  
 And boasters of celestial gleams  
 Go stumbling aye for want of eyes;  
 Not patriots nor people's men,  
 In whom two worse-matched evils meet  
 Than ever sought Adullam's den,  
 Base conscience and a high conceit;  
 Not new-made saints, their feelings iced,  
 Their joy in man and nature gone,  
 Who sing "O easy yoke of Christ!"  
 But find 'tis hard to get it on;  
 Not great men, even when they're good;  
 The good man whom the time makes great,  
 By some disgrace of chance or blood,  
 God fails not to humiliate;  
 Not these: but souls, found here and there,  
 Oases in our waste of sin,  
 Where everything is well and fair,  
 And Heaven remits its discipline;  
 Whose sweet subdual of the world  
 The worldling scarce can recognize,  
 And ridicule, against it hurled,  
 Drops with a broken sting, and dies;

Who nobly, if they cannot know  
Whether a 'scutcheon's dubious field  
Carries a falcon or a crow,  
Fancy a falcon on the shield;  
Yet, ever careful not to hurt  
God's honor, who creates success,  
Their praise of even the best desert  
Is but to have presumed no less;  
Who, should their own life plaudits bring,  
Are simply vexed at heart that such  
An easy, yea, delightful thing  
Should move the minds of men so much.  
They live by law, not like the fool,  
But like the bard, who freely sings  
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,  
And finds in them, not bonds, but wings.  
Postponing still their private ease  
To courtly custom, appetite,  
Subjected to observances,  
To banquet goes with full delight;  
Nay, continence and gratitude  
So cleanse their lives from earth's alloy,  
They taste, in Nature's common food,  
Nothing but spiritual joy.  
They shine like Moses in the face,  
And teach our hearts, without the rod,  
That God's grace is the only grace,  
And all grace is the grace of God.

*Coventry Patmore [1823-1896]*

### ODE TO DUTY

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!  
O Duty! if that name thou love,  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring and reprove;  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe;  
From vain temptations dost set free;  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

## 2956 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth:  
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot,  
Who do thy work, and know it not:  
O, if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust:  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control;  
But in the quietness of thought:  
Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance-desires;  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face:

Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and  
strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
I call thee: I myself commend  
Unto thy guidance from this hour;  
O, let my weakness have an end!  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
The confidence of reason give;  
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

*William Wordsworth [1770-1850]*

# CHANT ROYAL OF HIGH VIRTUE

WHO lives in suit of armor pent,  
And hides himself behind a wall,  
For him is not the great event,  
The garland, nor the Capitol.  
And is God's guerdon less than they?  
Nay, moral man, I tell thee Nay:  
Nor shall the flaming forts be won  
By sneaking negatives alone,  
By Lenten fast or Ramazàn,  
But by the challenge proudly thrown—  
*Virtue is that beseems a Man!*

God, in his Palace resident  
Of Bliss, beheld our sinful ball,  
And charged His own Son innocent  
Us to redeem from Adam's fall.  
—"Yet must it be that men Thee slay."  
—"Yea, though it must, must I obey,"  
Said Christ,—and came, His royal Son,  
To die, and dying to atone  
For harlot and for publican.  
Read on that rood He died upon—  
*Virtue is that beseems a Man!*

And by that rood where He was bent

I saw the world's great captains all  
Go riding to the tournament—

Cyrus the Great and Hannibal,  
Cæsar of Rome and Attila,  
Lord Charlemagne and his array,  
Lord Alisaundre of Macedon—

With flaming lance and habergeon  
They passed, and to the rataplan  
Of drums gave salutation—

*Virtue is that beseems a Man!*

Had tall Achilles lounged in tent

For aye, and Xanthus neighed in stall,  
The towers of Troy had ne'er been shent,  
Nor stayed the dance in Priam's hall.

Bend o'er thy book till thou be gray,  
Read, mark, perpend, digest, survey—  
Instruct thee deep as Solomon—  
One only chapter thou shalt con,

One lesson learn, one sentence scan,  
One title and one colophon—

*Virtue is that beseems a Man!*

High Virtue's hest is eloquent

With spur and not with martingall:  
Sufficeth not thou'rt continent:

BE COURTEOUS, BRAVE, AND LIBERAL.  
God fashioned thee of chosen clay  
For service, nor did ever say  
"Deny thee this," "Abstain from yon,"  
Save to inure thee, thew and bone,

To be confirmèd of the clan  
That made immortal Marathon—

*Virtue is that beseems a Man!*

#### ENVOY

Young Knight, the lists are set to-day:  
Hereafter shall be long to pray  
In sepulture with hands of stone.  
Ride, then! outride the bugle blown!

And gaily dinging down the van  
Charge with a cheer—Set on! Set on!

*Virtue is that beseems a Man!*

*Arthur T. Quiller-Couch* [1863—

### THE SPLENDID SPUR

Not on the neck of prince or hound,  
Nor on a woman's finger twined,  
May gold from the deriding ground  
Keep sacred that we sacred bind:  
Only the heel  
Of splendid steel  
Shall stand secure on sliding fate,  
When golden navies weep their freight.

The scarlet hat, the laureled stave  
Are measures, not the springs, of worth;  
In a wife's lap, as in a grave,  
Man's airy notions mix with earth.  
Seek other spur  
Bravely to stir  
The dust in this loud world, and tread  
Alp-high among the whispering dead.

*Trust in thyself*,—then spur amain:  
So shall Charybdis wear a grace,  
Grim Ætna laugh, the Libyan plain  
Take roses to her shriveled face.  
This orb—this round  
Of sight and sound—  
Count it the lists that God hath built  
For haughty hearts to ride a-tilt.  
*Arthur T. Quiller-Couch* [1863—

### SACRIFICE

THOUGH love repine, and reason chafe,  
There came a voice without reply,—  
"Tis man's perdition to be safe,  
When for the truth he ought to die."

*Ralph Waldo Emerson* [1803-1882]

# THE TRANSCENDENTALISTS

## CONSCIENCE

From "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers"

CONSCIENCE is instinct bred in the house,  
Feeling and Thinking propagate the sin  
By an unnatural breeding in and in.  
I say, Turn it out of doors,  
Into the moors.  
I love a life whose plot is simple,  
And does not thicken with every pimple,  
A soul so sound no sickly conscience binds it,  
That makes the universe no worse than 't finds it.  
I love an earnest soul,  
Whose mighty joy and sorrow  
Are not drowned in a bowl,  
And brought to life to-morrow;  
That lives one tragedy,  
And not seventy;  
A conscience worth keeping,  
Laughing not weeping;  
A conscience wise and steady,  
And forever ready;  
Not changing with events,  
Dealing in compliments;  
A conscience exercised about  
Large things, which one *may* doubt.  
I love a soul not all of wood,  
Predestined to be good,  
But true to the backbone  
Unto itself alone  
And false to none;  
Born to its own affairs,  
Its own joys and own cares;  
By whom the work which God begun  
Is finished, and not undone;

Taken up where he left off,  
Whether to worship or to scoff;  
If not good, why then evil,  
If not good god, good devil.  
Goodness!—you hypocrite, come out of that,  
Live your life, do your work, then take your hat.  
I have no patience towards  
Such conscientious cowards.  
Give me simple laboring folk,  
Who love their work,  
Whose virtue is a song  
To cheer God along.

*Henry David Thoreau [1817-1862]*

### MY PRAYER

GREAT God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf  
Than that I may not disappoint myself;  
That in my action I may soar as high  
As I can now discern with this clear eye.

And next in value, which thy kindness lends,  
That I may greatly disappoint my friends,  
Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,  
They may not dream how thou'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,  
And my life practise more than my tongue saith;  
That my low conduct may not show,  
Nor my relenting lines,  
That I thy purpose did not know,  
Or overrated thy designs.

*Henry David Thoreau [1817-1862]*

### INSPIRATION

If with light head erect I sing,  
Though all the Muses lend their force,  
From my poor love of anything,  
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.



## 2962 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

But if with bended neck I grope  
Listening behind me for my wit,  
With faith superior to hope,  
More anxious to keep back than forward it,—

Making my soul accomplice there  
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,  
Then will the verse forever wear,—  
Time cannot bend the line which God has writ.

I hearing get, who had but ears,  
And sight, who had but eyes before;  
I moments live, who lived but years,  
And truth discern, who knew but learning's lore.

Now chiefly is my natal hour,  
And only now my prime of life;  
Of manhood's strength it is the flower,  
'Tis peace's end, and war's beginning strife.

It comes in summer's broadest noon,  
By a gray wall, or some chance place,  
Unseasoning time, insulting June,  
And vexing day with its presuming face.

I will not doubt the love untold  
Which not my worth nor want hath bought,  
Which wooed me young, and woos me old,  
And to this evening hath me brought.

*Henry David Thoreau [1817-1862]*

### EACH AND ALL

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown  
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;  
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,  
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;  
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,  
Deems not that *great* Napoleon  
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,  
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;

Nor knowest thou what argument  
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.  
All are needed by each one;  
Nothing is fair or good alone.  
I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;  
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;  
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,  
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—  
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,  
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;  
Nor knew her beauty's best attire  
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.  
At last she came to his hermitage,  
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—  
The gay enchantment was undone,  
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;  
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;  
I leave it behind with the games of youth:"—  
As I spoke, beneath my feet  
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,  
Running over the club-moss burrs;  
I inhaled the violet's breath;  
Around me stood the oaks and firs;  
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;

Over me soared the eternal sky,  
 Full of light and of deity;  
 Again I saw, again I heard,  
 The rolling river, the morning bird;—  
 Beauty through my senses stole;  
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson [1803-1882]*

### BRAHMA

IF the red slayer think he slays,  
 Or if the slain think he is slain,  
 They know not well the subtle ways  
 I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;  
 Shadow and sunlight are the same;  
 The vanished gods to me appear;  
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;  
 When me they fly, I am the wings;  
 I am the doubter and the doubt,  
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,  
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven;  
 But thou, meek lover of the good!  
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson [1803-1882]*

### BACCHUS

BRING me wine, but wine which never grew  
 In the belly of the grape,  
 Or grew on vine whose tap-roots, reaching through  
 Under the Andes to the Cape,  
 Suffered no savor of the earth to 'scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute  
From a nocturnal root,  
Which feels the acrid juice  
Of Styx and Erebus;  
And turns the woe of Night,  
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread;  
We buy diluted wine;  
Give me of the true,—  
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled  
Among the silver hills of heaven  
Draw everlasting dew;  
Wine of wine,  
Blood of the world,  
Form of forms, and mold of statures,  
That I intoxicated,  
And by the draught assimilated,  
May float at pleasure through all natures;  
The bird-language rightly spell,  
And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed  
Like the torrents of the sun  
Up the horizon walls,  
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run  
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,  
Food which needs no transmuting,  
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited,  
Wine which is already man,  
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which Music is,—  
Music and wine are one,—  
That I, drinking this,  
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me;  
Kings unborn shall walk with me,

And the poor grass shall plot and plan  
 What it will do when it is man.  
 Quickened so, will I unlock  
 Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice  
 For all I know;—  
 Winds of remembering  
 Of the ancient being blow,  
 And seeming-solid walls of use  
 Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine;  
 Retrieve the loss of me and mine!  
 Vine for vine be antidote,  
 And the grape requite the lote!  
 Haste to cure the old despair;—  
 Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,  
 The memory of ages quenched;  
 Give them again to shine;  
 Let wine repair what this undid;  
 And where the infection slid,  
 A dazzling memory revive;  
 Refresh the faded tints,  
 Recut the agèd prints,  
 And write my old adventures with the pen  
 Which on the first day drew,  
 Upon the tablets blue,  
 The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson* [1803-1882]

#### THE PROBLEM

I LIKE a church; I like a cowl;  
 I love a prophet of the soul;  
 And on my heart monastic aisles  
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:  
 Yet not for all his faith can see  
 Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,  
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;  
Never from lips of cunning fell  
The thrilling Delphic oracle;  
Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old;  
The litanies of nations came,  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below,—  
The canticles of love and woe:  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
Himself from God he could not free;  
He builded better than he knew;—  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest  
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell?  
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone,  
And Morning opes with haste her lids,  
To gaze upon the Pyramids;  
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye;  
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,  
These wonders rose to upper air;  
And Nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;  
 Art might obey, but not surpass.  
 The passive Master lent his hand  
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned;  
 And the same power that reared the shrine  
 Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
 Ever the fiery Pentecost  
 Girds with one flame the countless host,  
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
 And through the priest the mind inspires.  
 The word unto the prophet spoken  
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken;  
 The word by seers or sibyls told,  
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
 Still floats upon the morning wind,  
 Still whispers to the willing mind.  
 One accent of the Holy Ghost  
 The heedless world hath never lost.  
 I know what say the fathers wise,—  
 The Book itself before me lies,—  
 Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,  
 And he who blent both in his line,  
 The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,  
 Taylor, the Shakespeare of divines.  
 His words are music in my ear,  
 I see his cowlèd portrait dear;  
 And yet, for all his faith could see,  
 I would not the good bishop be.  
*Ralph Waldo Emerson* [1803-1882]

## EVENING HYMN

SLOWLY by God's hand unfurled,  
 Down around the weary world  
 Falls the darkness; oh, how still  
 Is the working of Thy will!

Mighty Maker! Here am I,—  
 Work in me as silently,

Veil the day's distracting sights,  
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth  
Countless stars, a wondrous birth!  
So may gleams of glory dart  
Through the dim abyss, my heart;

Living worlds to view be brought,  
In the boundless realms of thought,  
High and infinite desires,  
Burning like those upper fires.

Holy truth, eternal right,  
Let them break upon my sight,  
Let them shine unclouded, still,  
And with light my being fill.

Thou art there. Oh, let me know,  
Thou art here within me too;  
Be the perfect peace of God  
Here as there now shed abroad.

May my soul attuned be  
To that perfect harmony,  
Which, beyond the power of sound,  
Fills the universe around.

*William Henry Furness* [1802-1896]

## THE HIGHER GOOD

FATHER, I will not ask for wealth or fame,  
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense:  
I shudder not to bear a hated name,  
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense.  
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;  
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;  
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;  
A manly faith that makes all darkness light:



Give me the power to labor for mankind;  
 Make me the mouth of such as cannot speak;  
 Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;  
 A conscience to the base; and to the weak  
 Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;  
 And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek.

*Theodore Parker* [1810-1860]

### THE IDLER

I IDLE stand that I may find employ,  
 Such as my Master when He comes will give;  
 I cannot find in mine own work my joy,  
 But wait, although in waiting I must live;  
 My body shall not turn which way it will,  
 But stand till I the appointed road can find,  
 And journeying so his messages fulfil,  
 And do at every step the work designed.  
 Enough for me, still day by day to wait  
 Till Thou who form'st me find'st me too a task,  
 A cripple lying at the rich man's gate,  
 Content for the few crumbs I get to ask,  
 A laborer but in heart, while bound my hands  
 Hang idly down still waiting thy commands.

*Jones Very* [1813-1880]

### QUESTIONINGS

HATH this world, without me wrought,  
 Other substance than my thought?  
 Lives it by my sense alone,  
 Or by essence of its own?  
 Will its life, with mine begun,  
 Cease to be when that is done,  
 Or another consciousness  
 With the self-same forms impress?

Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,  
 Hang by my permission there?

Are the clouds that wander by  
But the offspring of mine eye,  
Born with every glance I cast,  
Perishing when that is past?  
And those thousand, thousand eyes,  
Scattered through the twinkling skies,  
Do they draw their life from mine,  
Or of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,  
And creation disappears;  
Yet if I but speak the word,  
All creation is restored.  
Or, more wonderful, within  
New creations do begin;  
Hues more bright and forms more rare  
Than reality doth wear  
Flash across my inward sense,  
Born of the mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!  
Shall these glories pass away?  
Will those planets cease to blaze  
When these eyes no longer gaze?  
And the life of things be o'er  
When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me works and lives,—  
Life to all things living gives,—  
Art thou not thyself, perchance,  
But the universe in trance?  
A reflection inly flung  
By that world thou fanciedst sprung  
From thyself—thyself a dream—  
Of the world's thinking thou the theme?

Be it thus, or be thy birth  
From a source above the earth—  
Be thou matter, be thou mind,  
In thee alone myself I find,

And through thee alone, for me,  
Hath this world reality.  
Therefore, in thee will I live,  
To thee all myself will give,  
Losing still, that I may find  
This bounded self in boundless Mind.

*Frederic Henry Hedge* [1805-1890]

### THE GREAT VOICES

A VOICE from the sea to the mountains,  
From the mountains again to the sea;  
A call from the deep to the fountains:  
O spirit! be glad and be free!

A cry from the floods to the fountains,  
And the torrents repeat the glad song  
As they leap from the breast of the mountains:  
O spirit! be free and be strong!

The pine forests thrill with emotion  
Of praise as the spirit sweeps by;  
With a voice like the murmur of ocean  
To the soul of the listener they cry.

Oh, sing, human heart, like the fountains,  
With joy reverential and free;  
Contented and calm as the mountains,  
And deep as the woods and the sea.

*Charles Timothy Brooks* [1813-1883]

### BEAUTY AND DUTY

I SLEPT, and dreamed that life was beauty;  
I woke, and found that life was duty.  
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?  
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,  
And thou shalt find thy dream to be  
A noonday light and truth to thee.

*Ellen Hooper* [1816-1841]

## THE STRAIGHT ROAD

BEAUTY may be the path to highest good,  
And some successfully have it pursued.  
Thou, who wouldst follow, be well warned to see  
That way prove not a curvèd road to thee.  
The straightest path perhaps which may be sought,  
Lies through the great highway men call "I ought."  
*Ellen Hooper* [1816-1841]

## THE WAY

THEY find the way who linger where  
The soul finds fullest life;  
The battle brave is carried on  
By all who wait, and waiting, dare  
Deem each day's least that's fitly done  
A victory worthy to be won,  
Nor seek their gain with strife.  
*Sidney Henry Morse* [18 -

## INSPIRATION

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flowing in the Prophet's word  
And the People's liberty!  
  
Never was to chosen race  
That unstinted tide confined;  
Thine is every time and place,  
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!  
  
Secret of the morning stars,  
Motion of the oldest hours,  
Pledge through elemental wars  
Of the coming spirit's powers!

Rolling planet, flaming sun,  
Stand in nobler man complete;  
Prescient laws Thine errands run,  
Frame the shrine for Godhead meet.

Homeward led, the wondering eye  
Upward yearned in joy or awe,  
Found the love that waited nigh,  
Guidance of Thy guardian Law.

In the touch of earth it thrilled;  
Down from mystic skies it burned;  
Right obeyed and passion stilled  
Its eternal gladness earned.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,  
Pulsing in the hero's blood,  
Nerving simplest thought and deed,  
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,  
Holy book and pilgrim track,  
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong  
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of Ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flow still in the Prophet's word  
And the People's liberty!

*Samuel Johnson* [1822-1882]

# I IN THEE, AND THOU IN ME

I AM but clay in thy hands; but thou art the all-loving artist;  
Passive I lie in thy sight, yet in my selfhood I strive  
So to embody the life and love thou ever impartest  
That in my spheres of the finite I may be truly alive.

Knowing thou needest this form, as I thy divine inspiration,  
Knowing thou shapest the clay with a vision and purpose  
divine,  
So would I answer each touch of thy hand in its loving creation,  
That in my conscious life thy power and beauty may shine.

Reflecting the noble intent thou hast in forming thy crea-  
 tures;  
 Waking from sense into life of the soul, and the image of  
 thee;  
 Working with thee in thy work to model humanity's features  
 Into the likeness of God, myself from myself I would  
 free.

One with all human existence, no one above or below me;  
 Lit by thy wisdom and love, as roses are steeped in the  
 morn;  
 Growing from clay to statue, from statue to flesh, till thou  
 know me  
 Wrought into manhood celestial, and in thine image re-  
 born.

So in thy love will I trust, bringing me sooner or later  
 Past the dark screen that divides these shows of the finite  
 from thee.  
 Thine, thine only, this warm dear life, O loving Creator!  
 Thine the invisible future, born of the present, must be.

*Christopher Pearse Cranch [1813-1892]*

## GNOSIS

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
 Feeling deeper than all thought;  
 Souls to souls can never teach  
 What unto themselves was taught

We are spirits clad in veils;  
 Man by man was never seen;  
 All our deep communing fails  
 To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;  
 Mind with mind did never meet;  
 We are columns left alone  
 Of a temple once complete.

## 2976 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
Far apart, though seeming near,  
In our light we scattered lie;  
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
But a babbling summer stream?  
What our wise philosophy  
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love  
Melts the scattered stars of thought,  
Only when we live above  
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed  
By the fount which gave them birth,  
And by inspiration led  
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,  
Swelling till they meet and run,  
Shall be all absorbed again,  
Melting, flowing into one.

*Christopher Pearse Cranch [1813-1892]*

### THE FUTURE

WHAT may we take into the vast Forever?  
That marble door  
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,  
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,  
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?  
No gold, no gains  
Of all our toiling: in the life immortal  
No hoarded wealth remains,  
Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us  
    We entered here:  
No word came with our coming, to remind us  
    What wondrous world was near,  
    No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us,  
    Naked we glide:  
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,  
    No comrade at our side,  
    No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,  
    Our footsteps fare;  
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow—  
    His love alone is there,  
    No curse, no care.

*Edward Rowland Sill* [1841-1887]

### TWICE FED

THANK God we do not live by bread alone  
But by all loveliness that we have known,  
By each fair color and by each soft tone.

Far to the west the golden wheat fields spread,  
And from this beauty soul and sense are fed;  
For so God gives us twice our daily bread.

*A. A. Bassett* [

### LOVE'S LORD

WHEN weight of all the garnered years  
    Bows me, and praise must find relief  
In harvest-song, and smiles and tears  
    Twist in the band that binds my sheaf;

Thou known Unknown, dark, radiant sea  
    In whom we live, in whom we move,  
My spirit must lose itself in Thee,  
    Crying a name—Life, Light, or Love.

*Edward Dowden* [1843-1913]



## A MIND CONTENT

“JOG ON, JOG ON”

From “The Winter’s Tale”

JOG on, jog on the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a;  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

*William Shakespeare* [1564–1616]

## ON A CONTENTED MIND

WHEN all is done and said,  
In the end this shall you find:  
He most of all doth bathe in bliss  
That hath a quiet mind;  
And, clear from worldly cares,  
To deem can be content  
The sweetest time in all his life  
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is  
To fickle Fortune’s power,  
And to a million of mishaps  
Is casual every hour;  
And Death in time doth change  
It to a clod of clay;  
When as the mind, which is divine,  
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like  
Unto the mind alone,  
For many have been harmed by speech,-  
**Through** thinking, few, or **none.**

## The Means to Attain Happy Life 2979

Fear oftentimes restraineth words,  
But makes not thoughts to cease;  
And he speaks best that hath the skill  
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,  
Our kinsmen at the grave;  
But virtues of the mind unto  
The heavens with us we have;  
Wherefore, for virtue's sake,  
I can be well content  
The sweetest time of all my life  
To deem in thinking spent.

*Thomas Vaux [1510-1556]*

### MÆSIA'S SONG

From "Farewell to Folly"

SWEET are the thoughts that savor of content,  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown,  
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent,  
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown:  
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,  
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,  
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,  
The mean that 'grees with country music best,  
The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,  
Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:  
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

*Robert Greene [1560?-1592]*

### THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE

MARTIAL, the things that do attain  
The happy life be these, I find:  
The riches left, not got with pain;  
The fruitful ground; the quiet mind;

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;  
 No charge of rule, no governance;  
 Without disease, the healthful life;  
 The household of continuance;  
 The mean diet, no delicate fare;  
 True wisdom joined with simpleness;  
 The night dischargèd of all care,  
 Where wine the wit may not oppress;  
 The faithful wife, without debate;  
 Such sleeps as may beguile the night:  
 Contented with thine own estate,  
 Nor wish for death, nor fear his might.

*After Martial, by Henry Howard [1517?-1547]*

#### RISPOSTA

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mines  
 Can buy, no chemic art can counterfeit;  
 It makes men rich in greatest poverty;  
 Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,  
 The homely whistle to sweet music's strain:  
 Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,  
 That much in little, all in naught—Content.

*John Wilbye [fl. 1598-1614]*

#### A CONTENTED MIND

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile;  
 I joy not much in earthly joys;  
 I seek not state, I reck not style;  
 I am not fond of fancy's toys:  
 I rest so pleased with what I have,  
 I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;  
 I tremble not at news of war;  
 I swound not at the news of wrack;  
 I shrink not at a blazing star;  
 I fear not loss, I hope not gain,  
 I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;  
 I see some Tantals starved in store;  
 I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;  
 I see even Midas gape for more;  
 I neither want nor yet abound,—  
 Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;  
 I fawn not on the great (in show);  
 I prize, I praise a mean estate,—  
 Neither too lofty nor too low:  
 This, this is ail my choice, my cheer,—  
 A mind content, a conscience clear.

*Joshua Sylvester* [1563-1618]

# THE HAPPY HEART

From "Patient Grissell"

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?

O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?

O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd

To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?

O sweet content!

Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?

O punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden bears

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;

Honest labor bears a lovely face;

Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

*Thomas Dekker* [1570?-1641?]

## THE MILLER OF THE DEE

THERE dwelt a miller, hale and bold,  
 Beside the River Dee;  
 He wrought and sang from morn till night,  
 No lark more blithe than he;  
 And this the burden of his song  
 Forever used to be,  
 "I envy no man, no, not I,  
 And no one envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,  
 "As wrong as wrong can be;  
 For could my heart be light as thine,  
 I'd gladly change with thee.  
 And tell me now what makes thee sing  
 With voice so loud and free,  
 While I am sad, though I'm the King,  
 Beside the River Dee?"

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:  
 "I earn my bread," quoth he;  
 "I love my wife, I love my friend,  
 I love my children three.  
 I owe no one I cannot pay,  
 I thank the River Dee,  
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn  
 To feed my babes and me!"

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,  
 "Farewell! and happy be;  
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true,  
 That no one envies thee.  
 Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;  
 Thy mill my kingdom's fee!  
 Such men as thou are England's boast,  
 Oh, miller of the Dee!"

*Charles Mackay* [1814-1889]

## A PHILOSOPHER

To take things as they be—  
That's my philosophy.  
No use to holler, mope, or cuss—  
If they was changed they might be wuss.

If rain is pourin' down,  
An' lightnin's buzzin' roun',  
I ain't a-fearin' we'll be hit,  
But grin that I ain't out in it.

If I got deep in debt—  
It hasn't happened yet—  
And owed a man two dollars, Gee!  
Why, I'd be glad it wasn't three!

If some one come along,  
And tried to do me wrong,  
Why I should sort of take a whim  
To thank the Lord I wasn't him.

I never seen a night  
So dark there wasn't light  
Somewheres about if I took care  
To strike a match and find out where.

*John Kendrick Bangs [1862-1922]*

## THE GOOD DAY

WHEN the golden sun he knelt  
On the far horizon's brim,  
Casting off the cloaks of night,  
At my bed I bowed with him,

Said my prayer, and, as he rose,  
Rose up too, and went my way,  
Fed the beast and cleaned the byre,  
Bent my back above the hay.

When at noon full hot he paused,  
 Then I spread my cloth, and ate  
 Meat that had its life from him,  
 Meat and fruit from his estate,

Rose refreshed, and took my scythe,  
 Toiled until, as dusk drew nigh,  
 Passing hence, the moon his bride,  
 Held her glowing monstrance high,

Bade me see him still, then, blessed,  
 Sent me home with joyful tread,  
 Where the two dear hands I love  
 Poured the wine, and broke the bread.

*Henry Howarth Bashford* [1880-

### "I SAW THE CLOUDS"

I SAW the clouds among the hills  
     Trailing their plumes of rainy gray.  
 The purple of the woods behind  
     Fell down to where the valley lay  
 In sweet satiety of rain,  
 With ripened fruit, and full filled grain.

I saw the graves, upon the plain,  
     Of pioneers, who took the land,  
 And tamed the stubborn elements  
     Till they were gentle to the hand.  
 Their children, now in fortune's ways,  
 Dwell in their father's palaces.

I saw some old forgotten lays;  
     And treasured volumes I passed by.  
 They were but repetitions cheap  
     For any hucksterer to buy.  
 The clouds, the graves, the worn old song,  
 I bear them in my heart along.

*Hervey White* [1866-

## CORONATION

At the king's gate the subtle noon  
Wove filmy yellow nets of sun;  
Into the drowsy snare too soon  
The guards fell one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,  
A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings  
Me chance, at last, to see if men  
Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,  
Propping his face with listless hand;  
Watching the hour-glass sifting down  
Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"  
The beggar turned, and pitying,  
Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee,  
Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head  
Shook off the crown, and threw it by.  
"O man, thou must have known," he said,  
"A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,  
Went king and beggar hand in hand.  
Whispered the king, "Shall I know when  
Before *his* throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste  
Were wiping from the king's hot brow  
The crimson lines the crown had traced.  
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon  
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;  
Out of their sleep in terror soon  
The guards waked one by one.



## 2986 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man seen  
The king?" The cry ran to and fro;  
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,  
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;  
The king came not. They called him dead;  
And made his eldest son one day  
Slave in his father's stead.

*Helen Hunt Jackson* [1831-1885]

### THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Not tied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
With a religious book, or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And having nothing, yet hath all.

*Henry Wotton* [1568-1639]

“MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS”

My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such present joys therein I find,  
That it excels all other bliss  
That earth affords or grows by kind:  
Though much I want which most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,  
No force to win the victory,  
No wily wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to feed a loving eye;  
To none of these I yield as thrall:  
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty [surfeits] oft,  
And hasty climbers soon do fall;  
I see that those which are aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all;  
They get with toil, they keep with fear:  
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;  
I seek no more than may suffice;  
I press to bear no haughty sway;  
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:  
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;  
I little have, and seek no more.  
They are but poor, though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store:  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;  
I grudge not at another's gain;  
No worldly waves my mind can toss;  
My state at one doth still remain:

## 2988 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;  
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,  
Their wisdom by their rage of will;  
Their treasure is their only trust;  
A cloakèd craft their store of skill:  
But all the pleasure that I find  
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;  
My conscience clear my chief defense;  
I neither seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by deceit to breed offense:  
Thus do I live; thus will I die;  
Would all did so as well as I!  
*Edward Dyer* [1550?-1607]

### WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY

To thee, fair freedom! I retire  
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;  
Nor art thou found in mansions higher  
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;  
And every health which I begin,  
Converts dull port to bright champagne;  
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!  
I fly from falsehood's specious grin!  
Freedom I love, and form I hate,  
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,  
Which lackeys else might hope to win;  
It buys, what courts have not in store;  
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome, at an inn.

*William Shenstone* [1714-1763]

### CARELESS CONTENT

I AM content, I do not care,  
Wag as it will the world for me!  
When fuss and fret was all my fare  
It got no ground that I could see;  
So when away my caring went  
I counted cost and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought  
I strive to make my matters meet;  
To seek what ancient sages sought,  
Physic and food in sour and sweet;  
To take what passes in good part  
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gently-humored hearts  
I choose to chat where'er I come,  
Whate'er the subject be that starts;  
But if I get among the glum  
I hold my tongue to tell the troth,  
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,  
For Fortune's favor or her frown,  
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,  
I never dodge nor up nor down,  
But swing what way the ship shall swim,  
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,  
Nor trace the turn of every tide.  
If simple sense will not succeed  
I made no bustling, but abide.

## 2990 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

For shining wealth or scaring woe  
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,  
Of they're-i'-th'-wrong and we're-i'-th'-right,  
I shun the rancors and the routs;  
And, wishing well to every wight,  
Whatever turn the matter takes,  
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,  
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint.  
If wonted welcome be withdrawn  
I cook no kind of a complaint.  
With none disposed to disagree,  
I like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule  
How all my betters should behave;  
But fame shall find me no man's fool,  
Nor to a set of men a slave;  
I love a friendship free and frank,  
But hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,  
I never loose where'er I link,  
Though if a business budges by  
I talk thereon just as I think;  
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,  
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,  
Whatever hap the question hath  
The point impartially I poise,  
And read and write, but without wrath;  
For, should I burn or break my brains,  
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbor as myself—  
Myself like him too, by his leavel  
Nor to his pleasure, power or pelf  
Came I to crouch, as I conceive!

Dame Nature doubtless has designed  
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,  
Mood it and brood it in your breast;  
Or, if ye ween for worldly stirs  
That man does right to mar his rest,  
Let me be deft and debonair,  
I am content, I do not care!

*John Byrom* [1692-1763]

### THE GOLDEN MEAN \*

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,  
So shalt thou live beyond the reach  
Of adverse Fortune's power;  
Not always tempt the distant deep,  
Nor always timorously creep  
Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,  
And lives contentedly between  
The little and the great,  
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power  
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower  
Comes heaviest to the ground;  
The bolts, that spare the mountain's side,  
His cloud-capped eminence divide,  
And spread the ruin round.

The well-informed philosopher  
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,

\* For the original of this poem see page 3829.

And hopes, in spite of pain;  
 If Winter bellow from the north,  
 Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,  
 And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?  
 The dark appearance will not last;  
 Expect a brighter sky.  
 The God, that strings the silver bow,  
 Awakes sometimes the Muses too,  
 And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,  
 Thy magnanimity display,  
 And let thy strength be seen;  
 But O! if Fortune fill thy sail  
 With more than a propitious gale,  
 Take half thy canvas in.

*After Horace, by William Cowper [1731-1800]*

### “ITS AIN DRAP O’ DEW”

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence,  
 For Providence is kind:  
 An’ bear ye a’ life’s changes  
 Wi’ a calm an’ tranquil mind.  
 Though pressed and hemmed on every side,  
 Ha’e faith, an’ ye’ll win through;  
 For ilka blade o’ grass  
 Keps its ain drap o’ dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crossed in love,  
 As whiles nae doubt ye’ve been,  
 Grief lies deep-hidden in your heart,  
 Or tears flow frae your e’en,  
 Believe it for the best, and trow  
 There’s good in store for you;  
 For ilka blade o’ grass  
 Keps its ain drap o’ dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer,  
 When the clear and cloudless sky  
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain  
 To nature, parched and dry,  
 The genial night, with balmy breath,  
 Gars verdure spring anew,  
 An' ilka blade o' grass  
 Keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine  
 We should feel owre proud an' hie,  
 An' in our pride forget to wipe  
 The tear frae poortith's e'e,  
 Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come,  
 We ken na whence nor hoo;  
 But ilka blade o' grass  
 Keps its ain drap o' dew.

*James Ballantine [1808-1877]*

# RESIGNATION

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,  
 At pleasures slipped away?  
 Some the stern Fates will never lend,  
 And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,  
 The dew upon the grass;  
 I see them, and I ask not why  
 They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not  
 To call them back; 'twere vain:  
 In this, or in some other spot,  
 I know they'll shine again.

*Walter Savage Landor [1775-1864]*

# “ EN VOYAGE ”

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,  
 Some heart is glad to have it so;  
 Then blow it east or blow it west,  
 The wind that blows, that wind is best.



My little craft sails not alone:  
 A thousand fleets from every zone  
 Are out upon a thousand seas;  
 And what for me were favoring breeze  
 Might dash another, with the shock  
 Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not care to pray  
 For winds to waft me on my way,  
 But leave it to a Higher Will  
 To stay or speed me; trusting still  
 That all is well, and sure that He  
 Who launched my bark will sail with me  
 Through storm and calm, and will not fail,  
 Whatever breezes may prevail,  
 To land me, every peril past,  
 Within his sheltering haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,  
 My heart is glad to have it so;  
 And blow it east or blow it west,  
 The wind that blows, that wind is best.

*Caroline Atwater Mason* [1853-1939]

### THE HAPPIEST HEART

Who drives the horses of the sun  
 Shall lord it but a day;  
 Better the lowly deed were done,  
 And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,  
 The dust will hide the crown;  
 Ay, none shall nail so high his name  
 Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat  
 Was in some quiet breast  
 That found the common daylight sweet,  
 And left to Heaven the rest.

*John Vance Cheney* [1848-1922]

## GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE, proud world! I'm going home:  
 Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.  
 Long through thy weary crowds I roam;  
 A river-ark on the ocean brine,  
 Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;  
 But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;  
 To Grandeur with his wise grimace;  
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;  
 To supple Office, low and high;  
 To crowded halls, to court and street;  
 To frozen hearts and hasting feet;  
 To those who go, and those who come;  
 Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.

I am going to my own hearth-stone,  
 Bosomed in yon green hills alone,—  
 A secret nook in a pleasant land,  
 Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;  
 Where arches green, the livelong day,  
 Echo the blackbird's roundelay,  
 And vulgar feet have never trod—  
 A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,  
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;  
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines,  
 Where the evening star so holy shines,  
 I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,  
 At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;  
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,  
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

*Ralph Waldo Emerson* [1803-1882]

## SAPIENTIA LUNÆ

THE wisdom of the world said unto me:

*"Go forth and run, the race is to the brave;  
 Perchance some honor tarrieth for thee!"*

*"As tarrieth," I said, "for sure, the grave."*

## 2996 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

For I had pondered on a rune of roses,  
Which to her votaries the moon discloses.

The wisdom of the world said: "*There are bays:  
Go forth and run, for victory is good,  
After the stress of the laborious days.*"

"Yet," said I, "shall I be the worms' sweet food,"  
As I went musing on a rune of roses,  
Which in her hour, the pale, soft moon discloses.

Then said my voices: "*Wherefore strive or run,  
On dusty highways ever, a vain race?  
The long night cometh, starless, void of sun,  
What light shall serve thee like her golden face?*"  
For I had pondered on a rune of roses,  
And knew some secrets which the moon discloses.

"Yea," said I, "for her eyes are pure and sweet  
As lilies, and the fragrance of her hair  
Is many laurels; and it is not meet  
To run for shadows when the prize is here";  
And I went reading in that rune of roses  
Which to her votaries the moon discloses.

*Ernest Dowson* [1867-1900]

### THE BEASTS

From "Song of Myself"

I THINK I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid  
and self-contained;  
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition;  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins;  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God;  
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania  
of owning things;  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thou-  
sands of years ago;  
Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

*Walt Whitman* [1819-1892]

## IMMORAL

I KEEP walking around myself, mouth open with amazement:  
For by all the ethical rules of life, I ought to be solemn and  
sad,

But, look you, I am bursting with joy.

I scold myself:

I say: Boy, your work has gone to pot:

You have scarcely enough money to last out the week:

And think of your responsibilities!

Whereupon, my heart bubbles over,

I puff on my pipe, and think how solemnly the world goes  
by my window,

And how childish people are, wrinkling their foreheads over  
groceries and rent.

For here jets life fresh and stinging in the vivid air:

The winds laugh to the jovial Earth:

The day is keen with Autumn's fine flavor of having done  
the year's work

Earth, in her festival, calls her children to the crimson  
revels.

The trees are a drunken riot: the sunshine is dazzling . . .

Yes, I ought, I suppose, to be saddened and tragic:

But joy drops from me like ripe apples.

*James Oppenheim* [1882-1932]

## DIOGENES

A HUT, and a tree,

And a hill for me,

And a piece of a weedy meadow.

I'll ask no thing,

Of God or king,

But to clear away his shadow.

*Max Eastman* [1883-

## LEISURE

WHAT is this life if, full of care,  
 We have no time to stand and stare.  
 No time to stand beneath the boughs  
 And stare as long as sheep or cows.  
 No time to see, when woods we pass,  
 Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.  
 No time to see, in broad daylight,  
 Streams full of stars, like skies at night.  
 No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
 And watch her feet, how they can dance.  
 No time to wait till her mouth can  
 Enrich that smile her eyes began.  
 A poor life this if, full of care,  
 We have no time to stand and stare.

*William H. Davies [1870-1940]*

## POOR KINGS

GOD's pity on poor kings,  
 They know no gentle rest;  
 The North and South cry out,  
 Cries come from East and West—  
 "Come, open this new Dock,  
 Building, Bazaar or Fair."  
 Lord, what a wretched life  
 Such men must bear.  
 They're followed, watched and spied,  
 No liberty they know;  
 Some eye will watch them still,  
 No matter where they go.  
 When in green lanes I muse,  
 Alone, and hear birds sing,  
 God's pity then, say I,  
 On some poor king.

*William H. Davies [1870-1940]*

## FRIENDSHIP AND BROTHERHOOD

### SALVE!

To live within a cave—it is most good;  
But, if God make a day,  
And some one come, and say,  
“Lo! I have gathered fagots in the wood!”  
E'en let him stay,  
And light a fire, and fan a temporal mood!

So sit till morning! when the light is grown  
That he the path can read,  
Then bid the man God-speed!  
His morning is not thine: yet must thou own  
They have a cheerful warmth—those ashes on the stone.  
*Thomas Edward Brown [1830-1897]*

### ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold:—  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the Presence in the room he said,  
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”  
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”  
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,  
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

## 3000 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

*Leigh Hunt* [1784-1859]

### ENVOY

From "More Songs from Vagabondia"

#### I

WHOSE furthest footstep never strayed  
Beyond the village of his birth,  
Is but a lodger for the night  
In this old wayside inn of earth.

To-morrow he shall take his pack,  
And set out for the ways beyond,  
On the old trail from star to star,  
An alien and a vagabond.

#### II

If any record of our names  
Be blown about the hills of time,  
Let no one sunder us in death,—  
The man of paint, the men of rhyme.

Of all our good, of all our bad,  
This one thing only is of worth,—  
We held the league of heart to heart  
The only purpose of the earth.

*Richard Hovey* [1864-1900]

### FRIENDS

You ask me "why I like him." Nay,  
I cannot; nay, I would not, say.  
I think it vile to pigeonhole  
The pros and cons of a kindred soul.

You "wonder he should be my friend."  
But then why should you comprehend?  
Thank God for this—a new—surprise:  
My eyes, remember, are not your eyes.

Cherish this one small mystery;  
And marvel not that love can be  
"In spite of all his many flaws."  
In spite? Supposing I said "Because."

A truce, a truce to questioning:  
"We two are friends" tells everything.  
Yet if you *must* know, this is why:  
Because he is he and I am I.

*Edward Verrall Lucas [1868—*

## A FRIEND

ALL that he came to give,  
He gave and went again:  
I have seen one man live,  
I have seen one man reign,  
With all the graces in his train.

As one of us, he wrought  
Things of the common hour:  
Whence was the charmed soul brought,  
That gave each act such power;  
The natural beauty of a flower?

Magnificence and grace,  
Excellent courtesy:  
A brightness on the face,  
Airs of high memory:  
Whence came all these, to such as he?

Like young Shakespearean kings,  
He won the adoring throng:  
And as Apollo sings,  
He triumphed with a song:  
Triumphed, and sang, and passed along.



## 3002 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

With a light word, he took  
The hearts of men in thrall:  
And, with a golden look,  
Welcomed them, at his call  
Giving their love, their strength, their all.

No man less proud than he,  
Nor cared for homage less:  
Only, he could not be  
Far off from happiness:  
Nature was bound to his success.

Weary, the cares, the jars,  
The lets, of every day:  
But the heavens filled with stars,  
Chanced he upon the way:  
And where he stayed, all joy would stay.

Now when the night draws down,  
When the austere stars burn;  
Roaming the vast live town,  
My thoughts and memories yearn  
Toward him, who never will return.

Yet have I scen him live,  
And owned my friend, a king:  
All that he came to give,  
He gave and I, who sing  
His praise, bring all I have to bring.

*Lionel Johnson* [1867-1902]

### BILL AND JOE

COME, dear old comrade, you and I  
Will steal an hour from days gone by,  
The shining days when life was new,  
And all was bright with morning dew,  
The lusty days of long ago,  
When you were Bill and I was Joe:

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,  
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail;  
And mine as brief appendix wear  
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;  
To-day, old friend, remember still  
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,  
And grand you look in people's eyes,  
With H O N. and L L. D.  
In big brave letters, fair to see,—  
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—  
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;  
You've taught your name to half the globe;  
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;  
You've made the dead past live again:  
The world may call you what it will,  
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,  
"See those old buffers, bent and gray,—  
They talk like fellows in their teens!  
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means,"—  
And shake their heads; they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
While Joe sits smiling at his side;  
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,  
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes,—  
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill  
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?  
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;  
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,  
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;  
A few swift years, and who can show  
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe? . .

## 3004 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

The weary idol takes his stand,  
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
While gaping thousands come and go,—  
How vain it seems, this empty show!  
Till all at once his pulses thrill;—  
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
The names that pleased our mortal ears;  
In some sweet lull of harp and song,  
For earth-born spirits none too long,  
Just whispering of the world below  
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here  
No sounding name is half so dear;  
When fades at length our lingering day,  
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?  
Read on the hearts that love us still,  
*Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.*

*Oliver Wendell Holmes [1809-1894]*

### "AS TOILSOME I WANDERED VIRGINIA'S WOODS"

As toilsome I wandered Virginia's woods,  
To the music of rustling leaves kicked by my feet, (for 'twas  
autumn,)

I marked at the foot of a tree the grave of a soldier;  
Mortally wounded he and buried on the retreat, (easily all  
could I understand,)

The halt of a mid-day hour, when up! no time to lose—yet  
this sign left,

On a tablet scrawled and nailed on the tree by the grave,  
*Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.*

Long, long I muse, then on my way go wandering,  
Many a changeful season to follow, and many a scene of life,  
Yet at times through changeful season and scene, abrupt,  
alone, or in the crowded street,

Comes before me the unknown soldier's grave, comes the  
inscription rude in Virginia's woods,  
*Bold, cautious, true, and my loving comrade.*

*Walt Whitman [1819-1892]*

## GONE

ABOUT the little chambers of my heart  
Friends have been coming—going—many a year.  
The doors stand open there.  
Some, lightly stepping, enter; some depart.  
Freely they come and freely go, at will.  
The walls give back their laughter; all day long  
They fill the house with song.  
One door alone is shut, one chamber still.

*Mary E. Coleridge [1861-1907]*

## COMRADES

WHERE are the friends that I knew in my Maying,  
In the days of my youth, in the first of my roaming?  
We were dear; we were leal; O, far we went straying;  
Now never a heart to my heart comes homing!—  
Where is he now, the dark boy slender  
Who taught me bare-back, stirrup and reins?  
I loved him; he loved me; my beautiful, tender  
Tamer of horses on grass-grown plains.  
Where is he now whose eyes swam brighter,  
Softer than love, in his turbulent charms;  
Who taught me to strike, and to fall, dear fighter,  
And gathered me up in his boyhood arms;  
Taught me the rifle, and with me went riding,  
Suppled my limbs to the horseman's war;  
Where is he now, for whom my heart's bidding,  
Biding, biding—but he rides far?  
O love that passes the love of woman!  
Who that hath felt it shall ever forget,  
When the breath of life with a throb turns human,  
And a lad's heart is to a lad's heart set?  
Ever, forever, lover and rover—  
They shall cling, nor each from other shall part  
Till the reign of the stars in the heavens be over,  
And life is dust in each faithful heart!—

## 3006 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

They are dead, the American grasses under;  
There is no one now who presses my side;  
By the African chotts I am riding asunder,  
And with great joy ride I the last great ride.  
I am fey; I am fain of sudden dying;  
Thousands of miles there is no one near;  
And my heart—all the night it is crying, crying  
In the bosoms of dead lads darling-dear.

Hearts of my music—they dark earth covers;  
Comrades to die, and to die for, were they;—  
In the width of the world there were no such rovers—  
Back to back, breast to breast, it was ours to stay;  
And the highest on earth was the vow that we cherished,  
To spur forth from the crowd and come back never more,  
And to ride in the track of great souls perished  
Till the nests of the lark shall roof us o'er.

Yet lingers a horseman on Altai highlands,  
Who hath joy of me, riding the Tartar glissade;  
And one, far faring o'er orient islands  
Whose blood yet glints with my blade's accolade;  
North, west, east, I fling you my last hallooing,  
Last love to the breasts where my own has bled;  
Through the reach of the desert my soul leaps pursuing  
My star where it rises a Star of the Dead.

*George Edward Woodberry* [1855-1930]

### COMRADES

At least, it was a life of swords,  
Our life! nor lived in vain:  
We fought the fight with mighty lords,  
Nor dastards have we slain.

We stirred at morn, and through bright air  
Swept to the trysting place:  
Winds of the mountains in our hair,  
And sunrise on each face.

No need to spur! our horses knew  
The joy, to which we went:  
Over the brightening lands they flew  
Forward, and were content.

On each man's lips, an happy smile;  
In each man's eyes, delight:  
So, fired with foretaste, mile on mile,  
We thundered to the fight.

Let death come now, and from the sun  
Hide me away: what then?  
My days have seen more prowess done,  
Than years of other men.

Oh, warriors of the rugged heights,  
We, where the eagles nest:  
They, courtly soldiers, gentle knights,  
By kings and dames caressed.

Not theirs, the passion of the sword,  
The fire of living blades!  
Like men, they fought: and found reward  
In dance and feast, like maids.

We, on the mountain lawns encamped,  
Close under the great stars,  
Turned, when the horses hard by stamped,  
And dreamed again, of wars:

Or, if one woke, he saw the gleam  
Of moonlight, on each face,  
Touch its tumultuary dream  
With moments of mild grace.

We hated no man; but we fought  
With all men: the fierce wind  
Lashes the wide earth without thought;  
Our tempest scourged mankind.

They cursed us, living without laws!  
 They, in their pride of peace:  
 Who bared no blade, but in just cause:  
 Nor grieved, that war should cease.

O spirit of the wild hill-side!  
 O spirit of the steel!  
 We answered nothing, when they cried,  
 But challenged with a peal.

And, when the battle blood had poured  
 To slake our souls' desire:  
 Oh, brave to hear, how torrents roared  
 Beside the pinewood fire!

My brothers, whom in warrior wise  
 The death of deaths hath stilled!  
 Ah, you would understand these eyes,  
 Although with strange tears filled!

*Lionel Johnson [1867-1902]*

### COMRADES

I ROSE up when the battle was dead,  
 I, the most wounded man of us all!  
 From the slain that fell, to the living that fled,  
 Over the waste one name I call.

Thou whose strength was an oak that branched,  
 Thou whose voice was a fire that burned,  
 Thine the face that the fighting blanched,  
 Thine the heart that the tumult turned!

Had I, beloved, when swords swept measure,  
 Had I but reached thee, and slain thee then:  
 Then in thy death had my soul found pleasure,  
 Counting thee dead as a man with men.

Then with the peace, when the fight was ended,  
 Men would have asked, and I would have said,  
 "Yonder he lies whom once I befriended,  
 Sharing his rest in the ranks of the dead."

Ghosts of the riders, ghosts of the ridden,  
Here keep tryst for the loves that died;  
Thou alone of all loves art hidden,  
Never again to be near my side.

Here, beloved, when the fight has slackened,  
I rise up, and a sword is mine!  
Over the mounds with dead men blackened,  
Ever my soul makes haste for thine.

Though thou lurk in the caverns beneath,  
Though thou crouch by the moaning sea,  
I am a sword that leaps to its sheath,  
Never at rest till I find out thee!

Oh, poor soul, all the night unstanched,  
Poor heart, couched in a shameful breast,  
Thou, whose face at the fighting blanched,  
Out of the battle I bring thee—rest.

*Laurence Housman* [1867—

### AT THE CROSSROADS

You to the left and I to the right,  
For the ways of men must sever—  
And it well may be for a day and a night,  
And it well may be forever.  
But whether we meet or whether we part  
(For our ways are past our knowing),  
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart  
On the ways we all are going!  
Here's luck!  
For we know not where we are going.

We have striven fair in love and war,  
But the wheel was always weighted!  
We have lost the prize that we struggled for,  
We have won the prize that was fated.  
We have met our loss with a smile and a song,



## 3010 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

And our gains with a wink and a whistle,—  
For, whether we're right or whether we're wrong,  
There's a rose for every thistle.  
Here's luck!  
And a drop to wet your whistle!

Whether we win or whether we lose  
With the hands that life is dealing,  
It is not we nor the ways we choose  
But the fall of the cards that's sealing.  
There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,  
And the best of us all go under—  
And whether we're wrong or whether we're right,  
We win, sometimes, to our wonder.  
Here's luck!  
That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow  
We have tramped the ways together,  
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now  
In the Fiend's own night for weather;  
And whether we bleed or whether we smile  
In the leagues that lie before us,  
The ways of life are many a mile  
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.  
Here's luck!  
And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,  
For the ways of men must sever,  
And it well may be for a day and a night,  
And it well may be forever!  
But whether we live or whether we die  
(For the end is past our knowing),  
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,  
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!  
Here's luck!  
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

*Richard Hovey* [1864-1900]

## TWILIGHT SONG

THROUGH the shine, through the rain  
We have shared the day's load;  
To the old march again  
We have tramped the long road;  
We have laughed, we have cried,  
And we've tossed the King's crown;  
We have fought, we have died,  
And we've trod the day down.  
So it's lift the old song  
Ere the night flies again,  
Where the road leads along  
Through the shine, through the rain.

Long ago, far away,  
Came a sign from the skies;  
And we feared then to pray  
For the new sun to rise:  
With the King there at hand,  
Not a child stepped or stirred—  
Where the light filled the land  
And the light brought the word;  
For we knew then the gleam  
Though we feared then the day,  
And the dawn smote the dream  
Long ago, far away.

But the road leads us all,  
For the King now is dead;  
And we know, stand or fall,  
We have shared the day's bread.  
We can laugh down the dream,  
For the dream breaks and flies;  
And we trust now the gleam,  
For the gleam never dies;—  
So it's off now the load,  
For we know the night's call,  
And we know now the road  
And the road leads us all.

Through the shine, through the rain,  
 We have wrought the day's quest;  
 To the old march again  
 We have earned the day's rest;  
 We have laughed, we have cried,  
 And we've heard the King's groans;  
 We have fought, we have died,  
 And we've burned the King's bones,  
 And we lift the old song  
 Ere the night flies again,  
 Where the road leads along  
 Through the shine, through the rain.

*Edwin Arlington Robinson* [1869-1935]

### THE ADVENTURERS

THEY sit at home and they dream and dally,  
 Raking the embers of long-dead years—  
 But ye go down to the haunted Valley,  
 Light-hearted pioneers.  
 They have forgotten they ever were young,  
 They hear your songs as an unknown tongue . . .  
 But the Flame of God through your spirit stirs,  
 Adventurers—O Adventurers!

They weigh and ponder, and shilly-shally,  
 Wielding the pen, who are past the sword—  
 But ye go down to the mystic Valley,  
 That never was yet explored.  
 They brood over obsolete ways and means,  
 Their eyes confusing the grays and greens, . . .  
 But no tradition your vision blurs,  
 Adventurers—O Adventurers!

They tithe their herbs and they count their tally,  
 Choosing their words that a phrase may live—  
 But ye cast down in the hungry Valley  
 All that a man can give.  
 They prophesy smoothly, with weary smile  
 Fulfilling their feeble appointed while,  
 But Death himself to your pride defers,  
 Adventurers—O Adventurers!

*May Byron* [1861-

“FAME IS A FOOD THAT DEAD MEN EAT”

FAME is a food that dead men eat,—  
 I have no stomach for such meat.  
 In little light and narrow room,  
 They eat it in the silent tomb,  
 With no kind voice of comrade near  
 To bid the feaster be of cheer.

But Friendship is a nobler thing,—  
 Of Friendship it is good to sing.  
 For truly, when a man shall end,  
 He lives in memory of his friend,  
 Who doth his better part recall  
 And of his fault make funeral.

*Austin Dobson* [1840-1921]

JAFFÂR

*Shelley, take this to thy dear memory;—  
 To praise the generous, is to think of thee.*

JAFFÂR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,  
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,  
 Jaffâr was dead, slain by a doom unjust;  
 And guilty Hâroun, sullen with mistrust  
 Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,  
 Ordained that no man living from that day  
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.  
 All Araby and Persia held their breath;  
 All but the brave Mondeer: he, proud to show  
 How far for love a grateful soul could go,  
 And facing death for very scorn and grief  
 (For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
 Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square  
 Where once had stood a happy house, and there  
 Harangued the tremblers at the scimitar  
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffâr.

### 3014 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man  
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began  
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;  
"From bonds far worse Jaffâr delivered me;  
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;  
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;  
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par  
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffâr?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this  
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate  
Might smile upon another half as great.  
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;  
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.  
Go: and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,  
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,  
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"

"Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it  
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,  
Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffâr!"

*Leigh Hunt* [1784-1859]

#### COUNSEL

IF thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell,  
But for one night though that farewell may be,  
Press thou his hand in thine; thou canst not tell  
How far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead his feet  
Ere that to-morrow come. Men have been known  
Lightly to turn the corner of a street,  
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,  
Before they look on loving eyes again.  
Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears,  
With tears and pain,

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,  
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true  
The palm of him who goeth forth; unseen,  
Fate goeth too!

Yea, find thou always time to say  
Some earnest word betwixt the idle talk,  
Lest with thee henceforth ever, night and day,  
Regret should walk.

*Mary Evelyn Moore Davis [1852-1909]*

### TO A FRIEND

WHEN we were idlers with the loitering rills,  
The need of human love we little noted:  
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated  
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,  
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:  
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,  
That, wisely doting, asked not why it doted,  
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.  
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;  
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,  
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,  
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;  
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,  
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

*Hartley Coleridge [1796-1849]*

### “FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER”

FAREWELL!—but whenever you welcome the hour  
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,  
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,  
And forgot his own griefs, to be happy with you.  
His griefs may return,—not a hope may remain  
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain,—  
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw  
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you!  
And still on that evening, when Pleasure fills up  
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,  
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,  
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;

## 3016 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,  
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles,—  
Too blest if it tell me that, 'mid the gay cheer,  
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;  
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,—  
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

*Thomas Moore* [1779-1852]

### "AWAKE! AWAKE!"

From "Song of the Dawn"

AWAKE! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet gray;  
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that keep the gates of  
Day;  
Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets be  
free,  
The morning watch is past—the watch of evening shall not  
be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands  
to dust;  
A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better  
trust;  
Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet  
bar,—  
A noise is on the morning winds; but not the noise of war!

For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time of rest,  
And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his  
breast,  
Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness shall be,  
And the Wolf is dead in Arcady and the Dragon in the sea!

*John Ruskin* [1819-1900]

## THE VOICE OF TOIL

I HEARD men saying, Leave hope and praying.  
All days shall be as all have been;  
To-day and to-morrow bring fear and sorrow,  
The never-ending toil between.

When Earth was young 'mid toil and hunger,  
In hope we strove, and our hands were strong;  
Then great men led us, with words they fed us,  
And bade us right the earthly wrong.

Go read in story their deeds and glory,  
Their names amidst the nameless dead;  
Turn then from lying to us slow-dying  
In that good world to which they led;

Where fast and faster our iron master,  
The thing we made, for ever drives,  
Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure  
For other hopes and other lives;

Where home is a hovel and dull we grovel,  
Forgetting that the world is fair;  
Where no babe we cherish, lest its very soul perish;  
Where mirth is crime, and love a snare.

Who now shall lead us, what god shall heed us  
As we lie in the hell our hands have won?  
For us are no rulers but fools and befoolers,  
The great are fallen, the wise men gone.

I heard men saying, Leave tears and praying,  
The sharp knife heedeth not the sheep;  
Are we not stronger than the rich and the wronger,  
When day breaks over dreams and sleep?

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows older!  
Help lies in naught but thee and me;  
Hope is before us, and the long years that bore us  
Bore leaders more than men may be.



## 3018 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Let dead hearts tarry and trade and marry,  
And trembling nurse their dreams of mirth,  
While we the living our lives are giving  
To bring the bright new world to birth.

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere earth grows older!  
The Cause spreads over land and sea;  
Now the world shaketh, and fear awaketh,  
And joy at last for thee and me.

*William Morris* [1834-1896]

### TOM DUNSTAN, OR, THE POLITICIAN

Now poor Tom Dunstan's cold,  
Our shop is duller;  
Scarce a story is told,  
And our chat has lost the old  
Red-republican color!  
Though he was sickly and thin,  
'Twas a sight to see his face—  
While, sick of the country's sin,  
With bang of the fist, and chin  
Thrust out, he argued the case!  
He prophesied folk should be free,  
And the money-bags be bled—  
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;  
"Courage, boys! wait and see!  
Freedom's ahead!"

All day we sat in the heat,  
Like spiders spinning,  
Stitching full fine and flect,  
While the old Jew on his seat  
Sat greasily grinning:  
And there Tom said his say,  
And prophesied Tyranny's death,  
And the tallow burnt all day,  
And we stitched and stitched away  
In the thick smoke of our breath,  
Wearily, wearily.

With hearts as heavy as lead—  
But "Patience, she's coming!" said he;  
"Courage, boys! wait and see!  
Freedom's ahead!"

And at night, when we took here  
The rest allowed to us,  
The paper came with the beer,  
And Tom read, sharp and clear,  
The news out loud to us;  
And then, in his witty way,  
He threw the jests about—  
The cutting things he'd say  
Of the wealthy and the gay!

How he turned them inside out!  
And it made our breath more free  
To hearken to what he said—  
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;  
"Courage, boys! wait and see!  
Freedom's ahead!"

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,  
Would mutter, "Master,  
If Freedom means to appear,  
I think she might step here  
A little faster!"

Then it was fine to see Tom flame,  
And argue and prove and preach,  
Till Jack was silent for shame,  
Or a fit of coughing came

O' sudden to spoil Tom's speech.  
Ah! Tom had the eyes to see,  
When Tyranny should be sped;  
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he;  
"Courage, boys! wait and see!  
Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak;  
The hard hours shook him;  
Hollower grew his cheek,  
And when he began to speak

The coughing took him.  
 Ere long the cheery sound  
 Of his chat among us ceased,  
 And we made a purse all round,  
 That he might not starve, at least;  
 His pain was sorry to see,  
 Yet there, on his poor sick-bed,  
 "She's coming, in spite of me!  
 Courage, and wait!" cried he,  
 "Freedom's ahead!"

A little before he died,  
 To see his passion!  
 "Bring me a paper!" he cried,  
 And then to study it tried  
 In his old sharp fashion;  
 And with eyeballs glittering  
 His look on me he bent,  
 And said that savage thing  
 Of the lords of the Parliament.  
 Then, darkening, smiling on me,  
 "What matter if one be dead?  
 She's coming, at last!" said he;  
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!  
 Freedom's ahead!"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold,  
 The shop feels duller;  
 Scarce a story is told,  
 And our talk has lost the old  
 Red-republican color.  
 But we see a figure gray,  
 And we hear a voice of death,  
 And the tallow burns all day,  
 And we stitch and stitch away,  
 In the thick smoke of our breath;  
 Ay, while in the dark sit we,  
 Tom seems to call from the dead—  
 "She's coming, she's coming!" says he;  
 "Courage, boys! wait and see!  
 "Freedom's ahead!"

How long, O Lord, how long  
Doth Thy handmaid linger?  
She who shall right the wrong?  
Make the oppressèd strong?—  
Sweet morrow, bring her!  
Hasten her over the sea,  
O Lord, ere hope be fled—  
Bring her to men and to me!  
O slave, pray still on thy knee—  
“Freedom’s ahead!”

*Robert Buchanan* [1841-1901]

### THE COMMON STREET

THE common street climbed up against the sky,  
Gray meeting gray; and wearily to and fro  
I saw the patient common people go,  
Each, with his sordid burden, trudging by.  
And the rain dropped; there was not any sigh  
Or stir of a live wind; dull, dull and slow  
All motion; as a tale told long ago  
The faded world; and creeping night drew nigh.

Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet,  
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven.  
Suddenly down the long wet glistening hill  
Pure splendor poured—and lo! the common street,  
A golden highway into golden heaven,  
With the dark shapes of men ascending still.

*Helen Gray Cone* [1859-1934]

### TO A NEW YORK SHOP-GIRL DRESSED FOR SUNDAY

TO-DAY I saw the shop-girl go  
Down gay Broadway to meet her beau.

Conspicuous, splendid, conscious, sweet,  
She spread abroad and took the street.

## 3022 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

And all that niceness would forbid,  
Superb, she smiled upon and did.

Let other girls, whose happier days  
Preserve the perfume of their ways,

Go modestly. The passing hour  
Adds splendor to their opening flower.

But from this child too swift a doom  
Must steal her prettiness and bloom,

Toil and weariness hide the grace  
That pleads a moment from her face.

So blame her not if for a day  
She flaunts her glories while she may.

She half perceives, half understands,  
Snatching her gifts with both her hands.

The little strut beneath the skirt  
That lags neglected in the dirt,

The indolent swagger down the street—  
Who can condemn such happy feet!

Innocent! vulgar—that's the truth!  
Yet with the darling wiles of youth!

The bright, self-conscious eyes that stare  
With such hauteur, beneath such hair!  
*Perhaps the men will find me fair!*

Charming and charmed, flippancy, arrayed,  
Fluttered and foolish, proud, displayed,  
Infinite pathos of parade!

The bangles and the narrowed waist—  
The tinsel'd boa—forgive the taste!

Oh, the starved nights she gave for that,  
And bartered bread to buy her hat!

She flows before the reproachful sage  
And begs her woman's heritage.

Dear child, with the defiant eyes,  
Insolent with the half surmise  
We do not quite admire, I know  
How foresight frowns on this vain show!

And judgment, wearily sad, may see  
No grace in such frivolity.

Yet which of us was ever bold  
To worship Beauty, hungry and cold!

Scorn famine down, proudly expressed  
Apostle to what things are best.

Let him who starves to buy the food  
For his soul's comfort find her good,

Nor chide the frills and furbelows  
That are the prettiest things she knows.

Poet and prophet in God's eyes  
Make no more perfect sacrifice.

Who knows before what inner shrine  
She eats with them the bread and wine?

Poor waif! One of the sacred few  
That madly sought the best they knew!

Dear—let me lean my cheek to-night  
Close, close to yours. Ah, that is right.

How warm and near! At last I see  
One beauty shines for thee and me.

So let us love and understand—  
Whose hearts are hidden in God's hand.

## 3024 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

And we will cherish your brief Spring  
And all its fragile flowering.

God loves all prettiness, and on this  
Surely his angels lay their kiss.

*Anna Hempstead Branch* [18 —1937]

### SATURDAY NIGHT

THE lights of Saturday night beat golden, golden over the  
pillared street;  
The long plate-glass of a Dream-World olden is as the foot-  
lights shining sweet.  
Street-lamp—flambeau—glamor of trolley—comet-trail of  
the trains above,  
Splash where the jostling crowds are jolly with echoing  
laughter and human love.

This is the City of the Enchanted, and these are her En-  
chanted People;  
Far and far is Daylight, haunted with whistle of mill and  
bell of steeple.  
The Eastern tenements loose the women, the Western flats  
release the wives  
To touch, where all the ways are common, a glory to their  
sweated lives.

The leather of shoes in the brilliant casement sheds a luster  
over the heart;  
The high-heaped fruit in the flaring basement glows with  
the tints of Turner's art.  
Darwin's dream and the eye of Spencer saw not such a  
gloried race  
As here, in copper light intenser than desert sun, glides face  
by face.

The drab washwoman dazed and breathless, ray-chiseled in  
the golden stream,  
Is a magic statue standing deathless—her tub and soap-suds  
touched with Dream.

Yea, in this people, glamor-sunnied, democracy wins heaven  
again;  
Here the unlearned and the unmoneyed laugh in the lights  
of Lover's Lane!

O Dream-World lights that lift through the ether millions  
of miles to the Milky Way!  
To-night Earth rolls through a golden weather that lights  
the Pleiades where they play!  
Yet . . . God? Does he lead these sons and daughters?  
Yea, do they feel with a passion that stills,  
God on the face of the moving waters, God in the quiet of  
the hills?

Yet . . . what if the million-mantled mountains, and what  
if the million-moving sea  
Are here alone in façades and fountains—our deep stone-  
world of humanity—  
We builders of cities and civilizations walled away from the  
sea and the sod  
Must reach, dream-led, for our revelations through one an-  
other—as far as God.

Through one another—through one another—no more the  
gleam on sea or land  
But so close that we see the Brother—and understand—and  
understand!  
Till, drawn in swept crowd closer, closer, we see the gleam in  
the human clod,  
And clerk and foreman, peddler and grocer, are in our  
Family of God!

*James Oppenheim [1882-1932]*

### THE BARREL-ORGAN

THERE's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street,  
In the City as the sun sinks low;  
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it  
sweet  
And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;



## 3026 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the  
pain

That surround the singing organ like a large eternal  
light;

And they've given it a glory and a part to play again

In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And now it's marching onward through the realms of old  
romance,

And trolling out a fond familiar tune,

And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of  
France,

And now it's prattling softly to the moon,

And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore

Of human joys and wonders and regrets;

To remember and to recompense the music evermore

For what the cold machinery forgets. . . .

Yes; as the music changes,

Like a prismatic glass,

It takes the light and ranges

Through all the moods that pass;

Dissects the common carnival

Of passions and regrets,

And gives the world a glimpse of all

The colors it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs

Another sadder song;

And there *Il Trovatore* cries

A tale of deeper wrong;

And bolder knights to battle go

With sword and shield and lance,

Than ever here on earth below

Have whirled into—a *dance*!—

Go down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's  
wonderland;

Go down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry-trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and  
sweet perfume,  
The cherry-trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)  
And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a  
blaze of sky  
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London.

The nightingale is rather rare and yet they say you'll hear  
him there  
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)  
The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long  
halloo  
And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

Nor Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard  
At Kew, at Kew in lilac-time (and oh, so near to London!)  
And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires  
are out  
You'll hear the rest without a doubt, all chorusing for  
London:—

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;  
Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)*  
*And you shall wander hand in hand with Love in summer's  
wonderland;*  
*Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London!)*

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden street,  
In the City as the sun sinks low;  
And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet  
Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,  
And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never  
meet,  
Through the meadows of the sunset, through the poppies  
and the wheat,  
In the land where the dead dreams go.

## 3028 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trovatore* did you dream  
Of the City when the sun sinks low  
Of the organ and the monkey and the many-colored stream  
On the Piccadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem  
To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam  
As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme  
And pulses with the sunset-glow?

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen  
stone

In the City as the sun sinks low;  
There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,  
There's a clerk and there's a butcher of a soft reposeful tone,  
And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have  
known:

They are crammed and jammed in busses and—they're each  
of them alone

In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a very modish woman and her smile is very bland  
In the City as the sun sinks low;  
And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jeweled hand  
Is clenched a little tighter and she cannot understand  
What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered  
land,

For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she  
planned,

In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an Oxford man that listens and his heart is crying  
out

In the City as the sun sinks low;  
For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and  
shout,  
For the minute-gun, the counting and the long disheveled  
rout,  
For the howl along the tow-path and a fate that's still in  
doubt,

For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about  
In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a laborer that listens to the voices of the dead  
In the City as the sun sinks low;  
And his hand begins to tremble and his face to smoulder red  
As he sees a loafer watching him and—there he turns his  
head  
And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled,  
For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led  
Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an old and hardened demi-rep, it's ringing in her  
ears,  
In the City as the sun sinks low;  
With the wild and empty sorrow of the love that blights and  
scars,  
Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be sure, be sure she  
hears,  
Hears and bears the bitter burden of the unforgotten years,  
And her laugh's a little harsher and her eyes are brimmed  
with tears  
For the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street  
In the City as the sun sinks low;  
Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it  
sweet  
Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven  
meet  
Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet  
Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat  
In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,  
What have you to say  
When you meet the garland girls  
Tripping on their way?

All around my gala hat  
I wear a wreath of roses  
(A long and lonely year it is  
I've waited for the May!)

## 3030 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

If any one should ask you,  
The reason why I wear it is—  
My own love, my true love  
Is coming home to-day.

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady  
(*It's lilac-time in London; it's lilac-time in London !*)  
Buy a bunch of violets for the lady  
While the sky burns blue above:

On the other side the street you'll find it shady  
(*It's lilac-time in London; it's lilac-time in London !*)  
But buy a bunch of violets for the lady,  
And tell her she's your own true love.

There's a barrel-organ carolling across a golden street  
In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow;  
And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it  
sweet  
And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete  
In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning  
meet,  
As it dies into the sunset glow;  
And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain  
That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,  
And they've given it a glory and a part to play again  
In the Symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,  
The song runs round again;  
Once more it turns and ranges  
Through all its joy and pain:  
Dissects the common carnival  
Of passions and regrets;  
And the wheeling world remembers all  
The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs  
Another sadder song:  
Once more *Il Trovatore* cries  
A tale of deeper wrong;

Once more the knights to battle go  
 With sword and shield and lance,  
 Till once, once more, the shattered foe  
 Has whirled into—a dance !

*Come down to Kew in lilac-time, in lilac-time, in lilac-time;  
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)  
 And you shall wander hand in hand with Love in summer's  
 wonderland,  
 Come down to Kew in lilac-time (it isn't far from London !)*  
*Alfred Noyes {1880-*

## AMANTIUM IRÆ

From "The Paradise of Dainty Devices"

IN going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,  
 I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.  
 She sighèd sore, and sang full sweet to bring the babe to  
 rest,  
 That would not cease, but crièd still, in sucking at her  
 breast.  
 She was full weary of her watch, and grievèd with her child;  
 She rockèd it, and rated it, till that on her it smiled.  
 Then did she say, "Now have I found this proverb true to  
 prove,  
*The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."*

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,  
 In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.  
 As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat  
 Much matter uttered she of weight, in place whereas she  
 sat:  
 And provèd plain there was no beast, nor creature bearing  
 life  
 Could well be known to live in love, without discord and  
 strife.  
 Then kissèd she her little babe, and sware, by God above,  
*The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.*

### 3032 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

She said that neither king, nor prince, nor lord could live  
 aright,  
 Until their puissance they did prove, their manhood, and  
 their might,  
 When manhood shall be matchèd so, that fear can take no  
 place,  
 Then weary works make warriors each other to embrace,  
 And leave their force that failèd them; which did consume  
 the rout  
 That might before have lived their time, their strength and  
 nature out.  
 Then did she sing, as one that thought no man could her  
 reprove,  
*The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.*

She said she saw no fish, nor fowl, nor beast within her  
 haunt  
 That met a stranger in their kind, but could give it a taunt.  
 Since flesh might not endure, but rest must wrath succeed,  
 And force the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they  
 feed,  
 So noble Nature can well end the work she hath begun;  
 And bridle well that will not cease her tragedy in some.  
 Thus in her song she oft rehearsed, as did her well behove,  
*The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love.*

"I marvel much, pardy," quoth she, "for to behold the  
 rout,  
 To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;  
 Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some  
 can smoothly smile,  
 And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a  
 wile.  
 Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some  
 stout,  
 Yet are they never friends in deed, until they once fall out."  
 Thus ended she her song, and said before she did remove,  
*"The falling out of faithful friends, renewing is of love."*

*Richard Edwards* [1523?-1566]

## QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!  
At last, at last, unite them there!

*Arthur Hugh Clough* [1819-1861]



“FOR A’ THAT AND A’ THAT”

Is there, for honest Poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a’ that!  
 The coward slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a’ that!  
 For a’ that, and a’ that,  
 Our toil’s obscure, and a’ that;  
 The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,  
 The Man’s the gowd for a’ that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin gray, and a’ that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A Man’s a Man for a’ that.  
 For a’ that, and a’ that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a’ that;  
 The honest man, though e’er sae poor,  
 Is king o’ men for a’ that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca’d a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a’ that;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He’s but a coof for a’ that;  
 For a’ that, and a’ that,  
 His ribbon, star, and a’ that;  
 The man o’ independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a’ that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a’ that;  
 But an honest man’s aboon his might,  
 Guid faith, he maunna fa’ that!  
 For a’ that, and a’ that,  
 Their dignities, and a’ that,  
 The pith o’ sense, and pride o’ worth,  
 Are higher rank than a’ that.

Then let us pray that come it may,—  
 As come it will for a’ that,—  
 That Sense and Worth, o’er a’ the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a’ that.  
 For a’ that, and a’ that,  
 It’s coming yet, for a’ that,—  
 That Man to Man, the warld o’er,  
 Shall brothers be for a’ that!

*Robert Burns [1759-1796]*

“WE ARE BRETHERN A’”

A HAPPY bit hame this auld world would be  
 If men, when they’re here, could make shift to agree,  
 An’ ilk said to his neebor, in cottage an’ ha’,  
 “Come, gi’e me your hand,—we are brethren a’.”

I ken na why ane wi’ anither should fight,  
 When to ’gree would make a’ body cosie an’ right,  
 When man meets wi’ man, ’tis the best way ava,  
 To say, “Gi’e me your hand,—we are brethren a’.”

My coat is a coarse ane, an’ yours may be fine,  
 And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;  
 But we baith ha’e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:  
 Sae gi’e me your hand,—we are brethren a’.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu’ deride;  
 Ye would stand like a rock, wi’ the truth on your side;  
 Sae would I, an’ naught else would I value a straw:  
 Then gi’e me your hand,—we are brethren a’.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;  
 I haud by the right aye, as well as I can;  
 We are ane in our joys, our affections, an’ a’:  
 Come, gi’e me your hand,—we are brethren a’.

Your mother has lo’ed you as mithers can lo’e;  
 An’ mine has done for me what mithers can do;  
 We are ane high an’ laigh, an’ we shouldna be twa:  
 Sae gi’e me your hand,—we are brethren a’.

We love the same simmer day, sunny an' fair;  
 Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!  
 Frae the pure air o' heaven the same life we draw:  
 Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,  
 An' creepin' along at his back will be death;  
 Sync into the same mither-yird we will fa':  
 Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

*Robert Nicoll* [1814-1837]

### FRATERNITY

I KNOW not but in every leaf  
 That sprang to life along with me,  
 Were written all the joy and grief  
 Thenceforth my fate to be.

The wind that whispered to the earth,  
 The bird that sang its earliest lay,  
 The flower that blossomed at my birth—  
 My kinsmen all were they.

Ay, but for fellowship with these  
 I had not been—nay, might not be;  
 Nor they but vagrant melodies  
 Till harmonized by me.

*John Banister Tabb* [1845-1909]

### SONNET

MOST men know love but as a part of life;  
 They hide it in some corner of the breast,  
 Even from themselves; and only when they rest  
 In the brief pauses of that daily strife,  
 Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,  
 They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy  
 To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)  
 And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.

Ah me! why may not love and life be one?  
 Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,  
 Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?  
 How would the marts grow noble! and the street,

Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary feet,  
Seem then a golden court-way of the Sun!

*Henry Timrod* [1843-1867]

## IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT\*

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet face  
Before they laid it in its resting-place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair;  
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,  
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,  
And fold my hands with lingering caress,—  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind with loving thought  
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,  
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words would all be put aside,  
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,  
Recalling other days remorsefully;  
The eyes that chill me with averted glance  
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,  
And soften in the old familiar way,  
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?  
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends! I pray to-night,  
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow:  
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.  
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.  
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!  
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

*Arabella Eugenia Smith* [1844-1916]

\* For a parody of this poem see page 1950.

## VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK DURING  
HIS SOLITARY ABODE ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ

I AM monarch of all I survey;  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the center all round to the sea  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.  
O Solitude! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,  
I must finish my journey alone,  
Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
I start at the sound of my own.  
The beasts that roam over the plain  
My form with indifference see;  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love,  
Divinely bestowed upon man,  
O, had I the wings of a dove  
How soon would I taste you again!  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford.  
But the sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard,  
Nor sighed at the sound of a knell,  
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

“ Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind ” 3039

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more:  
My friends,—do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there;  
But alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place,  
And mercy, encouraging thought!  
Gives even affliction a grace  
And reconciles man to his lot.

*William Cowper [1731-1800]*

“BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND”

From “ As You Like It ”

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 Thou dost not bite so nigh  
     As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
     As friend remembered not.  
 Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly;  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
     Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
     This life is most jolly!  
*William Shakespeare* [1564-1616]

#### THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
 In the place of their self-content;  
 There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,  
     In a fellowless firmament;  
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
     Where highways never ran—  
 But let me live by the side of the road  
     And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
     Where the race of men go by—  
 The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
     As good and as bad as I.  
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat  
     Or hurl the cynic's ban—  
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
     And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,  
     By the side of the highway of life,  
 The men who press with the ardor of hope,  
     The men who are faint with the strife,  
 But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,  
     Both parts of an infinite plan—  
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road  
     And be a friend to *man*.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,  
 And mountains of wearisome height;  
 That the road passes on through the long afternoon  
 And stretches away to the night.  
 And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice  
 And weep with the strangers that moan,  
 Nor live in my house by the side of the road  
 Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,  
 It's here the race of men go by—  
 They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,  
 Wise, foolish—so am I.  
 Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,  
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?  
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road  
 And be a friend to man.

*Sam Walter Foss [1858-1911]*

## THE MAN WITH THE HOE

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MILLET'S WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTING

God made man in His own image in the image of God made He him.  
 —GENESIS

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans  
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
 The emptiness of ages in his face,  
 And on his back the burden of the world.  
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
 To have dominion over sea and land;  
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
 To feel the passion of Eternity?



Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
 And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?  
 Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
 There is no shape more terrible than this—  
 More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—  
 More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
 More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
 Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
 Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?  
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
 Touch it again with immortality;  
 Give back the upward looking and the light;  
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
 Make right the immemorial infamies,  
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
 How will the Future reckon with this Man?  
 How answer his brute question in that hour  
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
 When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
 After the silence of the centuries?

*Edwin Markham* [1852-1940]

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

A REPLY

Let us a little permit Nature to take her own way: she better understands  
her own affairs than we.—MONTAIGNE

NATURE reads not our labels, "great" and "small";  
Accepts she one and all

Who, striving, win and hold the vacant place;  
All are of royal race.

Him, there, rough-cast, with rigid arm and limb,  
The Mother molded him,

Of his rude realm ruler and demigod,  
Lord of the rock and clod.

With Nature is no "better" and no "worse,"  
On this bared head no curse.

Humbled it is and bowed; so is he crowned  
Whose kingdom is the ground.

Diverse the burdens on the one stern road  
Where bears each back its load;

Varied the toil, but neither high nor low.  
With pen or sword or hoe,

He that has put out strength, lo, he is strong;  
Of him with spade or song

Nature but questions,—“This one, shall he stay?”  
She answers “Yea,” or “Nay,”

“Well, ill, he digs, he sings”; and he bides on,  
Or shudders, and is gone.

Strength shall he have, the toiler, strength and grace,  
So fitted to his place

## 3044 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

As he leaned, there, an oak where sea winds blow,  
Our brother with the hoe.

No blot, no monster, no unsightly thing,  
The soil's long-lineaged king;

His changeless realm, he knows it and commands;  
Erect enough he stands,

Tall as his toil. Nor does he bow unblest:  
Labor he has, and rest.

Need was, need is, and need will ever be  
For him and such as he;

Cast for the gap, with gnarlèd arm and limb,  
The Mother molded him,—

Long wrought, and molded him with mother's care,  
Before she set him there.

And aye she gives him, mindful of her own,  
Peace of the plant, the stone;

Yea, since above his work he may not rise,  
She makes the field his skies.

See! she that bore him, and metes out the lot,  
He serves her. Vex him not

To scorn the rock whence he was hewn, the pit  
And what was digged from it;

Lest he no more in native virtue stand,  
The earth-sword in his hand,

But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,  
And let a kingdom go.

*John Vance Cheney* [1848-1922]

## THE SINGING MAN

HE sang above the vineyards of the world.

And after him the vines with woven hands  
Clambered and clung, and everywhere unfurled

Triumphing green above the barren lands;  
Till high as gardens grow, he climbed, he stood,  
Sun-crowned with life and strength, and singing toil,  
And looked upon his work; and it was good:  
The corn, the wine, the oil.

He sang above the noon. The topmost cleft  
That grudged him footing on the mountain scars

He planted and despaired not; till he left  
His vines soft breathing to the host of stars.

He wrought, he tilled; and even as he sang,  
The creatures of his planting laughed to scorn  
The ancient threat of deserts where there sprang  
The wine, the oil, the corn!

He sang not for abundance.—Over-lords

Took of his tilth. Yet was there still to reap,  
The portion of his labor; dear rewards  
Of sunlit day, and bread, and human sleep.

He sang for strength; for glory of the light.

He dreamed above the furrows, "They are mine!"  
When all he wrought stood fair before his sight  
With corn, and oil, and wine.

*Truly, the light is sweet*

*Yea, and a pleasant thing*

*It is to see the Sun.*

*And that a man should eat*

*His bread that he hath won;—*

*(So is it sung and said),*

*That he should take and keep,*

*After his laboring,*

*The portion of his labor in his bread,*

*His bread that he hath won;*

*Yea, and in quiet sleep,*

*When all is done.*

He sang; above the burden and the heat,  
 Above all seasons with their fitful grace;  
 Above the chance and change that led his feet  
 To this last ambush of the Market-place.  
 "Enough for him," they said—and still they say—  
 "A crust, with air to breathe, and sun to shine;  
 He asks no more!"—Before they took away  
 The corn, the oil, the wine.

He sang. No more he sings now, anywhere. .  
 Light was enough, before he was undone.  
 They knew it well, who took away the air,  
 —Who took away the sun;  
 Who took, to serve their soul-devouring greed,  
 Himself, his breath, his bread—the goad of toil;—  
 Who have and hold, before the eyes of Need,  
 The corn, the wine,—the oil!

*Truly, one thing is sweet  
 Of things beneath the Sun;  
 This, that a man should earn his bread and eat,  
 Rejoicing in his work which he hath done.  
 What shall be sung or said  
 Of desolate deceit,  
 When others take his bread;  
 His and his children's bread?—  
 And the laborer hath none.  
 This, for his portion now, of all that he hath done.  
 He earns; and others eat.  
 He starves;—they sit at meat  
 Who have taken away the Sun.*

Seek him now, that singing Man.  
 Look for him,  
 Look for him  
 In the mills,  
 In the mines;  
 Where the very daylight pines,—  
 He, who once did walk the hills!

You shall find him, if you scan  
 Shapes all unbefitting Man,  
 Bodics warped, and faces dim.  
 In the mines; in the mills  
 Where the ceaseless thunder fills  
 Spaces of the human brain  
 Till all thought is turned to pain.  
 Where the skirl of wheel on wheel,  
 Grinding him who is their tool,  
 Makes the shattered senses reel  
 To the numbness of the fool.  
 Perished thought, and halting tongue—  
 (Once it spoke;—once it sung!)  
 Live to hunger, dead to song.  
 Only heart-beats loud with wrong  
 Hammer on,—*How long?*  
 . . . *How long?—How long?*

Search for him;  
 Search for him;  
 Where the crazy atoms swim  
 Up the fiery furnace-blast.  
 You shall find him, at the last,—  
 He whose forehead braved the sun,—  
 Wrecked and tortured and undone.  
 Where no breath across the heat  
 Whispers him that life was sweet;  
 But the sparkles mock and flare,  
 Scattering up the crooked air.  
 (Blackened with that bitter mirk,—  
 Would God know His handiwork?)

Thought is not for such as he;  
 Naught but strength, and misery;  
 Since, for just the bite and sup,  
 Life must needs be swallowed up.  
 Only, reeling up the sky,  
 Hurtling flames that hurry by,  
 Gasp and flare, with *Why—Why,*  
 . . . *Why? . . .*

Why the human mind of him  
 Shrinks, and falters and is dim  
 When he tries to make it out:  
 What the torture is about.—  
 Why he breathes, a fugitive  
 Whom the World forbids to live.  
 Why he earned for his abode,  
 Habitation of the toad!  
 Why his fevered day by day  
 Will not serve to drive away  
 Horror that must always haunt:—  
 . . . *Want* . . . *Want!*  
 Nightmare shot with waking pangs;—  
 Tightening coil, and certain fangs,  
 Close and closer, always nigh . . .  
 . . . *Why?* . . . *Why?*

Why he labors under ban  
 That denies him for a man.  
 Why his utmost drop of blood  
 Buys for him no human good;  
 Why his utmost urge of strength  
 Only lets Them starve at length;—  
 Will not let him starve alone;  
 He must watch, and see his own  
 Fade and fail, and starve, and die.

. . . *Why?* . . . *Why?*  
 . . . . .

Heart-beats, in a hammering song,  
 Heavy as an ox may plod,  
 Goaded—goaded—faint with wrong,  
 Cry unto some ghost of God  
 . . . *How long?* . . . *How long?*  
 . . . . . *How long?*

## III

Seek him yet. Search for him!  
 You shall find him, spent and grim;

In the prisons, where we pen  
 These unsightly shards of men.  
 Sheltered fast;  
 Housed at length;  
 Clothed and fed, no matter how!—  
 Where the householders, aghast,  
 Measure in his broken strength  
 Naught but power for evil, now.  
 Beast-of-burden drudgeries  
 Could not earn him what was his:  
 He who heard the world applaud  
 Glories seized by force and fraud,  
 He must break,—he must take!—  
 Both for hate and hunger's sake.  
 He must seize by fraud and force;  
 He must strike, without remorse!  
 Seize he might; but never keep.  
 Strike, his once!—Behold him here.  
 (Human life we buy so cheap,  
 Who should know we held it dear?)

No denial,—no defence  
 From a brain bereft of sense,  
 Any more than penitence.  
 But the heart-beats now, that plod  
 Goaded—goaded—dumb with wrong,  
 Ask not even a ghost of God  
 . . . . . *How long?*

*When the Sea gives up its dead,  
 Prison caverns, yield instead  
 This, rejected and despised;  
 This, the Soiled and Sacrificed!  
 Without form or comeliness;  
 Shamed for us that did transgress;  
 Bruised, for our iniquities,  
 With the stripes that are all his!  
 Face that wreckage, you who can.  
 It was once the Singing Man.*



## IV

Must it be?—Must we then  
 Render back to God again  
 This His broken work, this thing,  
 For His man that once did sing?  
 Will not all our wonders do?  
 Gifts we stored the ages through,  
 (Trusting that He had forgot)—  
 Gifts the Lord requirèd not?

Would the all-but-human serve!  
 Monsters made of stone and nerve;  
 Towers to threaten and defy  
 Curse or blessing of the sky;  
 Shafts that blot the stars with smoke;  
 Lightnings harnessed under yoke;  
 Sea-things, air-things, wrought with steel,  
 That may smite, and fly, and feel!  
 Oceans calling each to each;  
 Hostile hearts, with kindred speech.  
 Every work that Titans can;  
 Every marvel: save a man,  
 Who might rule without a sword.—  
 Is a man more precious, Lord?

Can it be?—Must we then  
 Render back to Thee again  
 Million, million wasted men?  
 Men, of flickering human breath,  
 Only made for life and death?

Ah, but see the sovereign Few,  
 Highly favored, that remain!  
 These, the glorious residue,  
 Of the cherished race of Cain.  
 These, the magnates of the age,  
 High above the human wage,  
 Who have numbered and possessed  
 All the portion of the rest!

What are all despairs and shames,  
What the mean, forgotten names  
Of the thousand more or less,  
For one surfeit of success?

For those dullest lives we spent,  
Take these Few magnificent!  
For that host of blotted ones,  
Take these glittering central suns.  
Few;—but how their lustre thrives  
On the million broken lives!  
Splendid, over dark and doubt,  
For a million souls gone out!  
These, the holders of our hoard,—  
Wilt thou not accept them, Lord?

v

Oh, in the wakening thunders of the heart,  
—The small lost Eden, troubled through the night,  
Sounds there not now,—forboded and apart,  
Some voice and sword of light?

Some voice and portent of a dawn to break?—  
Searching like God, the ruinous human shard  
Of that lost Brother-man Himself did make,  
And Man himself hath marred?

It sounds!—And may the anguish of that birth  
Seize on the world; and may all shelters fail,  
Till we behold new Heaven and new Earth  
Through the rent Temple-vail!

When the high-tides that threaten near and far  
To sweep away our guilt before the sky,—  
Flooding the waste of this dishonored Star,  
Cleanse, and o'erwhelm, and cry!—

Cry, from the deep of world-accusing waves,  
With longing more than all since Light began,  
Above the nations,—underneath the graves,—  
“Give back the Singing Man!”

*Josephine Preston Peabody* [1874-1922]

# “SCUM O’ THE EARTH”

## I

At the gate of the West I stand,  
On the isle where the nations throng.  
We call them “scum o’ the earth”;

Stay, are we doing you wrong,  
Young fellow from Socrates’ land?—  
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong  
Fresh from the master Praxiteles’ hand?  
So you’re of Spartan birth?  
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—  
Deathless in story and song—  
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ’s pass? . . .  
Ah, I forgot what straits, (alas!),  
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,  
That have doomed you to march in our “immigrant class”  
Where you’re nothing but “scum o’ the earth.”

## II

You Pole with a child on your knee,  
What dower bring you to the land of the free?  
Hark! does she croon  
That sad little tune  
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea  
And mounted in gold for you and for me?  
Now a ragged young fiddler answers  
In wild Czeck melody  
That Dvořák took whole from the dancers.  
And the heavy faces bloom  
In the wonderful Slavic way;  
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,  
Suddenly dawn like the day.  
While, watching these folks and their mystery,  
I forget that they’re nothing worth;  
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,  
And men of all Slavic nations  
Are “polacks”—and “scum o’ the earth.”

III

Genoese boy of the level brow,  
 Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes  
 Astore at Manhattan's pinnacles now  
 In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise;  
 Within your far-rapt seer's eyes  
 I catch the glow of the wild surmise  
 That played on the Santa Maria's prow  
 In that still gray dawn,  
 Four centuries gone,  
 When a world from the wave began to rise.  
 Oh, who shall foretell what high emprise  
 Is the goal that gleams  
 When Italy's dreams  
 Spread wing and sweep into the skies?  
 Caesar dreamed him a world ruled well;  
 Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;  
 Angelo brought us there to dwell;  
 And you, are you of a different birth?—  
 You're only a "dago,"—and "scum o' the earth"!

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong  
 Calling you "scum o' the earth,"  
 Man of the sorrow-bowed head,  
 Of the features tender yet strong,—  
 Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery  
 Mingled with patience and dread?  
 Have not I known you in history,  
 Sorrow-bowed head?  
 Were you the poet-king, worth  
 Treasures of Ophir unpriced?  
 Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art  
 Foretold how the rabble would mock  
 That shepherd of spirits, ere long,  
 Who should gather the lambs to his heart  
 And tenderly feed his flock?  
 Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head.  
 Behold the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.  
 You're merely a butt for our mirth.  
 You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised  
 And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

## v

Countrymen, bend and invoke  
 Mercy for us blasphemers,  
 For that we spat on these marvelous folk,  
 Nations of darers and dreamers,  
 Scions of singers and seers,  
 Our peers, and more than our peers.  
 "Rabble and refuse," we name them  
 And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.  
 Mercy for us of the few, young years,  
 Of the culture so callow and crude,  
 Of the hands so grasping and rude,  
 The lips so ready for sneers  
 At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.  
 Mercy for us who dare despise  
 Men in whose loins our Homer lies;  
 Mothers of men who shall bring to us  
 The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;  
 Children in whose frail arms may rest  
 Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,  
 Help us incarnate dreams like these.  
 Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.  
 Help us to father a nation strong  
 In the comradeship of an equal birth,  
 In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

*Robert Haven Schauffler* [1879—

## THE SECOND COMING

THE Saviour came. With trembling lips  
 He counted Europe's battleships.  
 "Yet millions lack their daily bread.  
 So much for Calvary!" He said.

*Norman Gale* [1862—

## THE NIGHT COURT

"CALL Rose Costara!"

Insolent she comes.

The watchers, practised, keen, turn down their thumbs.

The walk, the talk, the face,—that sea-shell tint,—

It is old stuff; they read her like coarse print.

Here is no hapless innocence waylaid.

This is a stolid worker at her trade.

Listening, she yawns, half smiling, undismayed,

Shrugging a little at the law's delay,

Bored and impatient to be on her way.

It is her eighth conviction. Out beyond the rail

A lady novelist in search of types turns pale.

She meant to write of them just as she found them,

And with no tears or maudlin glamor round them,

In forceful, virile words, harsh, true words, without shame,

Calling an ugly thing, boldly, an ugly name;

Sympathy, velvet glove, on purpose, iron hand.

But *eighth conviction!* All the phrases she had planned

Fail; "sullen," "vengeful," no, she isn't that.

No, the pink face beneath the hectic hat

Gives back her own aghast and sickened stare

With a detached and rather cheerful air,

And then the little novelist sees red.

From her chaste heart all clemency is fled.

"Oh, loathsome! venomous! Off with her head!

*Call* Rose Costara!" But before you stop,

And shelve your decent rage,

Let's call the cop.

Let's call the plain-clothes cop who brought her in.

The weary-eyed night watchman of the law,

A shuffling person with a hanging jaw,

Loose-lipped and sallow, rather vague of chin,

Comes rubber-heeling at His Honor's rap.

He set and baited and then sprung the trap—

The *trap*—by his unsavory report.

Let's ask him why—but first

Let's call the court.

## 3056 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Not only the grim figure in the chair,  
 Sphinx-like above the waste and wreckage there,  
 Skeptical, tired of a retold tale,  
 But the whole humming hive, the false, the frail,—  
 An old young woman with a weasel face,  
 A lying witness waiting in his place,  
 Two ferret lawyers nosing out a case,  
 Reporters questioning a Mexican,  
 Sobbing her silly heart out for her man,  
 Planning to feature her, "lone, desperate, pretty,"—  
 Yes, call the court. But wait!  
                                     Let's call the city.

Call the community! Call up, call down,  
 Call all the speeding, mad, unheeding town!  
 Call rags and tags and then call velvet gown!  
 Go, summon them from tenements and clubs,  
 On office floors and over steaming tubs!  
 Shout to the boxes and behind the scenes,  
 Then to the push-carts and the limousines!  
 Arouse the lecture-room, the cabaret!  
 Confound them with a trumpet blast and say,  
 "Are you so dull, so deaf and blind indeed,  
 That you mistake the harvest for the seed?"  
 Condemn them for—but stay!  
                                     Let's call the code—

That facile thing they've fashioned to their mode.  
 Smug sophistries that smother and befool,  
 That numb and stupefy; that clumsy thing  
 That measures mountains with a three-foot rule,  
 And plumbs the ocean with a pudding string—  
 The little, brittle code. Here is the root,  
 Far out of sight and buried safe and deep,  
 And Rose Costara is the bitter fruit.  
 On every limb and leaf, death, ruin, creep.

So, lady novelist, go home again.  
 Rub biting acid on your little pen.  
 Look back and out and up and in, and then

Write that it is no job for pruning-shears.  
 Tell them to dig for years and years and years  
 The twined and twisted roots. Blot out the page;  
 Invert the blundering order of the age;  
 Reverse the scheme: the last shall be the first.  
 Summon the system, starting with the worst—  
 The lying, dying code! On, down the line,  
 The city and the court, the cop. Assign  
 The guilt, the blame, the shame! Sting, lash, and spur!  
 Call each and all! Call us! And *then* call her!

*Ruth Comfort Mitchell* [18

### THE FACTORIES

I HAVE shut my little sister in from life and light  
 (For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair),  
 I have made her restless feet still until the night,  
 Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air;  
 I who ranged the meadowlands, free from sun to sun,  
 Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly,  
 I have bound my sister till her playing-time was done—  
 Oh, my little sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood  
 (For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark),  
 Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,  
 How shall she go scatheless through the sin-lit dark?  
 I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,  
 I who could have love and mirth before the light went by,  
 I have put my sister in her mating-time away—  
 Sister, my young sister, was it I? Was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast,  
 (For a coin, for the weaving of *my* children's lace and  
 lawn),  
 Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest—  
 How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone?  
 I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn,  
 I, against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,  
 Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn—  
*God of Life! Creator! It was I! It was I!*

*Margaret Widdemer* [18



## BLACK SHEEP

FROM their folded mates they wander far,  
 Their ways seem harsh and wild;  
 They follow the beck of a baleful star,  
 Their paths are dream beguiled.

Yet haply they sought but a wider range,  
 Some loftier mountain-slope,  
 And little recked of the country strange  
 Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call  
 Summoned their feet to tread  
 Midst the cruel rocks, where the deep pitfall  
 And the lurking snare are spread.

Maybe, in spite of their tameless days  
 Of outcast liberty,  
 They're sick at heart for the homely ways  
 Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night, when the plains fall dark  
 And the hills loom large and dim,  
 For the Shepherd's voice they mutely hark,  
 And their souls go out to him.

Meanwhile, "Black sheep! black sheep!" we cry,  
 Safe in the inner fold;  
 And maybe, they hear, and wonder why,  
 And marvel, out in the cold.

*Richard Burton* [1861-1940]

## IN MEN WHOM MEN CONDEMN AS ILL

From "Byron"

IN men whom men condemn as ill  
 I find so much of goodness still,  
 In men whom men pronounce divine  
 I find so much of sin and blot,  
 I do not dare to draw a line  
 Between the two, where God has not.

*Joaquin Miller* [1839-1913]

SUNDAY EVENING IN THE COMMON

Look—on the topmost branches of the world  
 The blossoms of the myriad stars are thick;  
 Over the huddled rows of stone and brick  
 A few sad wisps of empty smoke are curled  
 Like ghosts, languid and sick.

One breathless moment now the city's moaning  
 Fades, and the endless streets seem vague and dim;  
 There is no sound around the whole world's rim,  
 Save in the distance a small band is droning  
 Some desolate old hymn.

Van Wyck, how often have we been together  
 When this same moment made all mysteries clear—  
 The infinite stars that brood above us here,  
 And the gray city in the soft June weather,  
 So tawdry and so dear!

*John Hall Whellock* [1859-

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES

God, we don't like to complain  
 We know that the mine is no lark—  
 But—there's the pools from the rain;  
 But—there's the cold and the dark.

God, You don't know what it is—  
 You, in Your well-lighted sky,  
 Watching the meteors whizz;  
 Warm, with the sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon  
 Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,  
 Even You'd tire of it soon,  
 Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above,  
 And nothing that moves but the cars—  
 God, if You wish for our love,  
 Fling us a handful of stars!

*Louis Untermeyer* [1885-

## LANDSCAPES

THE rain was over, and the brilliant air  
 Made every little blade of grass appear  
 Vivid and startling—everything was there  
 With sharpened outlines, eloquently clear,  
 As though one saw it in a crystal sphere.  
 The rusty sumac with its struggling spires;  
 The golden-rod with all its million fires;  
 (A million torches swinging in the wind)  
 A single poplar, marvellously thinned,  
 Half like a naked boy, half like a sword;  
 Clouds, like the haughty banners of the Lord;  
 A group of pansies with their shrewish faces  
 Little old ladies cackling over laces;  
 The quaint, unhurried road that curved so well;  
 The prim petunias with their rich, rank smell;  
 The lettuce-birds, the creepers in the field—  
 How bountifully were they all revealed!  
 How arrogantly each one seemed to thrive—  
 So frank and strong, so radiantly alive!

And over all the morning-minded earth  
 There seemed to spread a sharp and kindling mirth.  
 Piercing the stubborn stones until I saw  
 The toad face heaven without shame or awe,  
 The ant confront the stars, and every weed  
 Grow proud as though it bore a royal seed;  
 While all the things that die and decompose  
 Sent forth their bloom as richly as the rose . . .  
 Oh, what a liberal power that made them thrive  
 And keep the very dirt that died, alive.

And now I saw the slender willow-tree  
 No longer calm and drooping listlessly,  
 Letting its languid branches sway and fall  
 As though it danced in some sad ritual;  
 But rather like a young, athletic girl,  
 Fearless and gay, her hair all out of curl,  
 And flying in the wind—her head thrown back,  
 Her arms flung up, her garments flowing slack,

And all her rushing spirits running over. . . .  
 What made a sober tree seem such a rover—  
 Or made the staid and stalwart apple-trees,  
 That stood for years knee-deep in velvet peace,  
 Turn all their fruit to little worlds of flame,  
 And burn the trembling orchard there below.  
 What lit the heart of every golden-glow—  
 Oh, why was nothing weary, dull or tame? . . .  
 Beauty it was, and keen, compassionate mirth  
 That drives the vast and energetic earth.

And, with abrupt and visionary eyes,  
 I saw the huddled tenements arise.  
 Here where the merry clover danced and shone  
 Sprang agonies of iron and of stone;  
 There, where green Silence laughed or stood enthralled,  
 Cheap music blared and evil alleys sprawled.  
 The roaring avenues, the shrieking mills;  
 Brothels and prisons on those kindly hills—  
 The menace of these things swept over me;  
 A threatening, unconquerable sea. . . .

A stirring landscape and a generous earth!  
 Freshening courage and benevolent mirth—  
 And then the city, like a hideous sore. . . .  
*Good God, and what is all this beauty for?*

*Louis Untermeyer [1885-*

### STUPIDITY STREET

I SAW with open eyes  
 Singing birds sweet  
 Sold in the shops  
 For the people to eat,  
 Sold in the shops of  
 Stupidity Street.

I saw in vision  
 The worm in the wheat,  
 And in the shops nothing  
 For people to eat;  
 Nothing for sale in  
 Stupidity Street.

*Ralph Hodgson [1871-*

## A TROOP OF THE GUARD

[HARVARD CLASS POEM]

THERE's trampling of hoofs in the busy street,  
 There's clanking of sabres on floor and stair,  
 There's sound of restless, hurrying feet,  
 Of voices that whisper, of lips that entreat,  
 Will they live, will they die, will they strive, will they  
 dare?  
 The houses are garlanded, flags flutter gay,  
 For a Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.

Oh, the troopers will ride and their hearts will leap,  
 When it's shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend—  
 But it's some to the pinnacle, some to the deep.  
 And some in the glow of their strength to sleep,  
 And for all it's a fight to the tale's far end.  
 And it's each to his goal, nor turn nor sway,  
 When the Troop of the Guard rides forth to-day.  
 The dawn is upon us, the pale light speeds  
 To the zenith with glamor and golden dart.  
 On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!  
 There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,  
 With the pain of the world in its cavernous heart.  
 Ours be the triumph! Humanity calls!  
 Life's not a dream in the clover!  
 On to the walls, on to the walls,  
 On to the walls, and over!

The wine is spent, the tale is spun,  
 The revelry of youth is done.  
 The horses prance, the bridles clink,  
 While maidens fair in bright array  
 With us the last sweet goblet drink,  
 Then bid us "Mount and ride away!"  
 Into the dawn, we ride, we ride,  
 Fellow and fellow, side by side;  
 Galloping over the field and hill,

Over the marshland, stalwart still;  
Into the forest's shadowy hush,  
Where spectres walk in sunless day,  
And in dark pools and branch and bush  
The treacherous will-o'-the-wisp lights play.  
Out of the wood 'neath the risen sun,  
Weary we gallop, one and one,  
To a richer hope and a stronger foe  
And a hotter fight in the fields below—  
Each man his own slave, each his lord,  
For the golden spurs and the victor's sword!

Friends of the great, the high, the perilous years,  
Upon the brink of mighty things we stand—  
Of golden harvests and of silver tears,  
And griefs and pleasures that like grains of sand  
Gleam in the hour-glass, yield their place, and die.  
Like a dark sea our lives before us lie,  
And we, like divers o'er a pearl-strewn deep,  
Stand yet an instant in the warm, young sun,  
Plunge, and are gone,  
And over pearl and diver the restless breakers sweep.  
On to the quest! To-day  
In joyful revelry we still may play  
With the last golden phantoms of dead years;  
Hearing above the stir  
The old protecting music in our ears  
Of fluttering pinions and the voice of her,  
The Mighty Mother, watching o'er her sons.  
To-day we still may crouch beneath her wings,  
Dreaming of unimagined things;  
To-morrow we are part  
Of the world's depthless, palpitating heart,  
One with the living, striving millions  
Whose lives beat out the ceaseless, rhythmic song  
Of joy and pain and peace and love and wrong.  
We may not dwell on solitary heights.  
There is a force that draws men breast to breast  
In the hot swirl of never-ending fights,  
When man—enriched, despoiled, oppressed,

## 3064 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

By the great titans of the earth who hold  
 The nations in their hands as boys a swallow's nest—  
 Leaps from the sodden mass through loves and feuds  
 And tumult of hot strife and tempest blast,  
 Until he stands, free of the depths at last,  
 A titan in his turn, to mould  
 The pliable clay of the world's multitudes.

An anxious generation sends us forth  
 On the far conquest of the thrones of might.  
 From West and East, from South and North,  
 Earth's children, weary-eyed with too much light,  
 Cry from their dream-forsaken vales of pain,  
 "Give us our gods, give us our gods again!"  
 A lofty and relentless century,  
 Gazing with Argus eyes,  
 Has pierced the very inmost halls of faith,  
 And left no shelter whither man may flee  
 From the cold storms of night and lovelessness and death  
 Old gods have fallen and the new must rise!  
 Out of the dust of doubt and broken creeds,  
 The sons of those who cast men's idols low  
 Must build up for a hungry people's needs  
 New gods, new hopes, new strength to toil and grow;  
 Knowing that naught that ever lived can die,  
 No act, no dream but spreads its sails, sublime,  
 Sweeping across the visible seas of Time,  
 Into the treasure-haven of eternity.

The portals are open, the white road leads  
 Through thicket and garden, o'er stone and sod.  
 On, up! Boot and saddle! Give spurs to your steeds!  
 There's a city beleaguered that cries for men's deeds,  
 For the faith that is strength and the love that is God!  
 On through the dawning! Humanity calls!  
 Life's not a dream in the clover!  
 On to the walls, on to the walls,  
 On to the walls, and over!

*Hermann Hagedorn* [1882—

## THE GOD-MAKER, MAN

## NEVERMORE

Shall the shepherds of Arcady follow  
Pan's moods as he lolls by the shore  
Of the mere, or lies hid in the hollow;  
Nevermore  
Shall they start at the sound of his reed-fashioned flute;

## Fallen mute

Are the strings of Apollo,  
His lyre and his lute;  
And the lips of the Memnons are mute  
Evermore;  
And the gods of the North,—are they dead or forgetful,  
Our Odin and Baldur and Thor?  
Are they drunk, or grown weary of worship and fretful,  
Our Odin and Baldur and Thor?

And into what night have the Orient deities strayed?  
Swart gods of the Nile, in dusk splendors arrayed,  
Brooding Isis and somber Osiris,  
You were gone ere the fragile papyrus,  
(That bragged you eternal!) decayed.

## The avatars

But illumine their limited evens  
And vanish like plunging stars;  
They are fixed in the whirling heavens  
No firmer than falling stars;  
Brief lords of the changing soul, they pass  
Like a breath from the face of a glass,  
Or a blossom of summer blown shallop-like over  
The clover  
And tossed tides of grass.

Sink to silence the psalms and the pæans,  
The shibboleths shift, and the faiths,  
And the temples that challenged the æons  
Are tenanted only by wraiths;  
Swoon to silence the cymbals and psalters,  
The worships grow senseless and strange



## 3066 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

And the mockers ask, "*Where be thy altars?*"  
Crying, "*Nothing is changeless—but Changel*"

Yes, nothing seems changeless, but Change.  
And yet, through the creed-wrecking years,  
One story for ever appears;  
The tale of a City Supernal—  
The whisper of Something eternal—  
A passion, a hope, and a vision

That peoples the silence with Powers;  
A fable of meadows Elysian  
Where Time enters not with his Hours;—  
Manifold are the tale's variations,  
Race and clime ever tinting the dreams,  
Yet its essence, through endless mutations,  
Immutable gleams.

Deathless, though godheads be dying,  
Surviving the creeds that expire,  
Illogical, reason-defying,  
Lives that passionate, primal desire;  
Insistent, persistent, forever  
Man cries to the silences, "*Never*  
*Shall Death reign the lord of the soul,*  
*Shall the dust be the ultimate goal—*  
*I will storm the black bastions of Night!*  
*I will tread where my vision has trod,*  
*I will set in the darkness a light,*  
*In the vastness, a god!"*

As the forehead of Man grows broader, so do his creeds;  
And his gods they are shaped in his image, and mirror his  
needs;  
And he clothes them with thunders and beauty, he clothes  
them with music and fire;  
Seeing not, as he bows by their altars, that he worships his  
own desire;  
And mixed with his trust there is terror, and mixed with  
his madness is ruth,  
And every man grovels in error, yet every man glimpses a  
truth.

For all of the creeds are false, and all of the creeds are true;  
And low at the shrines where my brothers bow, there will I  
bow, too;

For no form of a god, and no fashion  
Man has made in his desperate passion  
But is worthy some worship of mine;—

Not too hot with a gross belief,

Nor yet too cold with pride,

I will bow me down where my brothers bow,

Humble—but open-eyed!

*Don Marquis [1878-1937]*

### THE FIELD OF GLORY

WAR shook the land where Levi dwelt,  
And fired the dismal wrath he felt,  
That such a doom was ever wrought  
As his, to toil while others fought;  
To toil, to dream—and still to dream,  
With one day barren as another;  
To consummate, as it would seem,  
The dry despair of his old mother.

Far off one afternoon began  
The sound of man destroying man;  
And Levi, sick with nameless rage,  
Condemned again his heritage,  
And sighed for scars that might have come,  
And would, if once he could have sundered  
Those harsh, inhering claims of home  
That held him while he cursed and wondered.

Another day, and then there came,  
Rough, bloody, ribald, hungry, lame,  
But yet themselves, to Levi's door,  
Two remnants of the day before.  
They laughed at him and what he sought;  
They jeered him, and his painful acre;  
But Levi knew that they had fought,  
And left their manners to their Maker.

That night, for the grim widow's ears,  
 With hopes that hid themselves in fears,  
 He told of arms, and fiery deeds,  
 Whereat one leaps the while he reads,  
 And said he'd be no more a clown,  
 While others drew the breath of battle.—  
 The mother looked him up and down,  
 And laughed—a scant laugh with a rattle.

She told him what she found to tell,  
 And Levi listened, and heard well  
 Some admonitions of a voice  
 That left him no cause to rejoice.—  
 He sought a friend, and found the stars,  
 And prayed aloud that they should aid him;  
 But they said not a word of wars,  
 Or of a reason why God made him.

And who's of this or that estate  
 We do not wholly calculate,  
 When baffling shades that shift and cling  
 Are not without their glimmering;  
 When even Levi, tired of faith,  
 Beloved of none, forgot by many,  
 Dismissed as an inferior wraith,  
 Reborn may be as great as any.

*Edwin Arlington Robinson [1869-1935]*

### THE CONQUERORS

I SAW the Conquerors riding by  
 With trampling feet of horse and men:  
 Empire on empire like the tide  
 Flooded the world and ebbd again;

A thousand banners caught the sun,  
 And cities smoked along the plain,  
 And laden down with silk and gold  
 And heaped-up pillage groaned the wain.

I saw the Conquerors riding by,  
 Splashing through loathsome floods of war—

## The Arsenal at Springfield 3069

The Crescent leaning o'er its hosts,  
And the barbaric scimitar,—

And continents of moving spears,  
And storms of arrows in the sky,  
And all the instruments sought out  
By cunning men that men may die!

I saw the Conquerors riding by  
With cruel lips and faces wan:  
Musing on kingdoms sacked and burned  
There rode the Mongol Ghengis Khan;

And Alexander, like a god,  
Who sought to weld the world in one;  
And Cæsar with his laurel wreath;  
And like a thing from Hell the Hun;

And, leading like a star the van,  
Heedless of upstretched arm and groan,  
Inscrutable Napoleon went  
Dreaming of empire, and alone. . . .

Then all they perished from the earth  
As fleeting shadows from a glass,  
And, conquering down the centuries,  
Came Christ, the Swordless, on an ass!

*Harry Kemp* [1883—

### THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!  
What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,

## 3070 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,  
With such accursed instruments as these,  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!  
And every nation, that should lift again  
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

## The Little Sister of the Prophet 3071

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### THE LITTLE SISTER OF THE PROPHET

"If there arise among you a prophet or dreamer . . . ."

I HAVE left a basket of dates  
In the cool dark room that is under the vine,  
Some curds set out in two little crimson plates  
And a flask of amber wine,  
And cakes most cunningly beaten  
Of savory herbs, and spice, and the delicate wheaten  
Flour that is best,  
And all to lighten his spirit and sweeten his rest.

This morning he cried, "Awake,  
And see what the wonderful grace of the Lord hath revealed!"

And we ran for his sake,  
But 'twas only the dawn outspread o'er our father's field,  
And the house of the potter white in the valley below.  
But his hands were upraised to the east and he cried to us,  
"So

Ye may ponder and read  
The strength and the beauty of God out-rolled in a fiery  
screed!"

Then the little brown mother smiled,  
As one does on the words of a well-loved child,  
And, "Son," she replied, "have the oxen been watered and  
fed?

For work is to do, though the skies be never so red,  
And already the first sweet hours of the day are spent."  
And he sighed, and went.

Will he come from the byre  
With his head all misty with dreams, and his eyes on fire,  
Shaking us all with the weight of the words of his passion?

## 3072 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

I will give him raisins instead of dates,  
And wreath the young leaves on the little red plates.  
I will put on my new head-tyre,  
And braid my hair in a comelier fashion.  
Will he note? Will he mind?  
Will he touch my cheek as he used to, and laugh and be  
kind? *Marjorie L. C. Pickthall* [1883-1922]

### THE SONS OF MARTHA

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited  
that good part;  
But the Sons of Martha favor their Mother of the careful  
soul and the troubled heart.  
And because she lost her temper once, and because she  
was rude to the Lord, her Guest,  
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without  
end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and  
cushion the shock.  
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that  
the switches lock.  
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to  
embark and entrain,  
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by  
land and main.

They say to mountains, "Be ye removèd." They say to  
the lesser floods "Be dry."  
Under their rods are the rocks reprovèd—they are not  
afraid of that which is high.  
Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then is the  
bed of the deep laid bare,  
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly  
sleeping and unaware.

They finger death at their gloves' end where they piece  
and repiece the living wires.  
He rears against the gates they tend: they feed him  
hungry behind their fires.

Early at dawn, ere men see clear, they stumble into his  
terrible stall,  
And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad and  
turn him till evenfall.

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from these till  
death is Relief afar.

They are concerned with matters hidden—under the  
earthline their altars are:

The secret fountains to follow up, waters withdrawn to  
restore to the mouth,  
And gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them again  
at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a  
little before the nuts work loose.

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave  
their job when they damn-well choose.

As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the dark  
and the desert they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's  
days may be long in the land.

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path  
more fair or flat;

Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of Martha  
spilled for that!

Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a witness  
to any creed,

But simple service simply given to his own kind in their  
common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessèd—they know  
the angels are on their side.

They know in them is the Grace confessèd, and for them  
are the Mercies multiplied.

They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they see  
how truly the Promise runs.

They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—the  
Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-1936]



## THE TUFT OF FLOWERS

I WENT to turn the grass once after one  
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.

The dew was gone that made his blade so keen  
Before I came to view the levelled scene.

I looked for him behind an isle of trees;  
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,  
And I must be, as he had been,—alone,

“As all must be,” I said within my heart,  
“Whether they work together or apart.”

But as I said it, swift there passed me by  
On noiseless wing a 'wildered butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim o'er night  
Some resting flower of yesterday's delight.

And once I marked his flight go round and round,  
As where some flower lay withering on the ground

And then he flew as far as eye could see,  
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.

I thought of questions that have no reply,  
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;

But he turned first, and led my eye to look  
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared  
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

I left my place to know them by their name,  
Finding them butterfly weed when I came.

The mower in the dew had loved them thus  
By leaving them to flourish, not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him,  
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

The butterfly and I had lit upon,  
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds around,  
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,

And feel a spirit kindred to my own;  
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;

But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,  
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech  
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.

"Men work together," I told him from the heart,  
"Whether they work together or apart."

*Robert Frost [1875-*

## MENDING WALL

SOMETHING there is that doesn't love a wall,  
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,  
And spills the upper boulders in the sun;  
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.  
The work of hunters is another thing:  
I have come after them and made repair  
Where they have left not one stone on stone,  
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,  
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,  
No one has seen them made or heard them made  
But at spring mending-time we find them there.  
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;  
And on a day we meet to walk the line  
And set the wall between us once again.  
We keep the wall between us as we go.  
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.  
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls  
We have to use a spell to make them balance

"Stay where you are until our backs are turned!"  
 We wear our fingers rough with handling them.  
 Oh, just another kind of out-door game,  
 One on a side. It comes to little more:  
 There where it is we do not need the wall:  
 He is all pine and I am apple orchard.  
 My apple trees will never get across  
 And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.  
 He only says, "Good fences make good neighbors."  
 Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder  
 If I could put a notion in his head:  
 "Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it  
 Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.  
 Before I built a wall I'd ask to know  
 What I was walling in or walling out,  
 And to whom I was like to give offence.  
 Something there is that doesn't love a wall,  
 That wants it down." I could say "Elves" to him,  
 But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather  
 He said it for himself. I see him there  
 Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top  
 In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed.  
 He moves in darkness as it seems to me,  
 Not of woods only and the shade of trees.  
 He will not go behind his father's saying,  
 And he likes having thought of it so well  
 He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors."

*Robert Frost [1875-*

### FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?  
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?  
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?  
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?  
 And loved so well a high behavior,  
 In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,  
 Nobility more nobly to repay?  
 O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

*Ralph Waldo Emerson [1803-1882]*

# THE MUSIC-MAKERS

## ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
Whose heart-strings are a lute;  
None sing so wildly well  
As the angel Israfel,  
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),  
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above  
In her highest noon,  
The enamoured moon  
Blushes with love,  
While, to listen, the red levin  
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,  
Which were seven)  
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir  
And the other listening things)  
That Israfeli's fire  
Is owing to that lyre  
By which he sits and sings,  
The trembling living wire  
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,  
Where deep thoughts are a duty,  
Where Love's a grown-up God,  
Where the Houri glances are  
Imbued with all the beauty  
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore thou art not wrong,  
 Israfe!i, who despisest  
 An unimpassioned song;  
 To thee the laurels belong,  
 Best bard, because the wisest:  
 Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above  
 With thy burning measures suit:  
 Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
 With the fervor of thy lute:  
 Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this  
 Is a world of sweets and sours;  
 Our flowers are merely—flowers,  
 And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
 Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell  
 Where Israfe!l  
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
 He might not sing so wildly well  
 A mortal melody,  
 While a bolder note than this might swell  
 From my lyre within the sky.

*Edgar Allan Poe* [1809-1849]

## PROEM

(WRITTEN TO INTRODUCE THE FIRST GENERAL COLLECTION  
 OF HIS POEMS)

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
 Which softly melt the ages through,  
 The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
 Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
 Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
 To breathe their marvellous notes I try;  
 I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
 In silence feel the dewy showers,  
 And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
 The harshness of an untaught ear,  
 The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
 Beat often Labor's hurried time,  
 Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
 No rounded art the lack supplies;  
 Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,  
 Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
 I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
 The secrets of the heart and mind;  
 To drop the plummet-line below  
 Our common world of joy and woe,  
 A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
 Of human right and weal is shown;  
 A hate of tyranny intense,  
 And hearty in its vehemence,  
 As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong  
 Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
 Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,  
 Still with a love as deep and strong  
 As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

*John Greenleaf Whittier [1807--1892]*

## EMBRYO

I **FEEL** a poem in my heart to-night,  
 A still thing growing,—  
 As if the darkness to the outer light  
 A song were owing:

A something strangely vague, and sweet, and sad,  
     Fair, fragile, slender;  
 Not tearful, yet not daring to be glad,  
     And oh, so tender!

It may not reach the outer world at all,  
     Despite its growing;  
 Upon a poem-bud such cold winds fall  
     To blight its blowing.  
 But, oh, whatever may the thing betide,  
     Free life or fetter,  
 My heart, just to have held it till it died,  
     Will be the better!

*Mary Ashley Townsend* [1832-1901]

### THE SINGER'S PRELUDE

From "The Earthly Paradise"

OF Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,  
 I cannot ease the burden of your fears,  
 Or make quick-coming death a little thing,  
 Or bring again the pleasure of past years,  
 Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,  
 Or hope again for aught that I can say,  
 The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,  
 From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,  
 And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,  
 Grudge every minute as it passes by,  
 Made the more mindful that the sweet days die,—  
 Remember me a little then, I pray,  
 The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care  
 That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,  
 These idle verses have no power to bear;  
 So let me sing of names remembered,  
 Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,  
 Or long time take their memory quite away  
 From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?  
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme  
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,  
Telling a tale not too importunate  
To those who in the sleepy region stay,  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king  
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,  
That through one window men beheld the spring,  
And through another saw the summer glow,  
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,  
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,  
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,  
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,  
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss  
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,  
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;  
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,  
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

*William Morris [1834-1896]*

## A PRELUDE

SPIRIT that moves the sap in spring,  
When lusty male birds fight and sing,  
Inform my words, and make my lines  
As sweet as flowers, as strong as vines.

Let mine be the freshening power  
Of rain on grass, of dew on flower;  
The fertilizing song be mine,  
Nut-flavored, racy, keen as wine.

Let some procreant truth exhale  
From me, before my forces fail;  
Or ere the ecstatic impulse go,  
Let all my buds to blossoms blow.



If quick, sound seed be wanting where  
 The virgin soil feels sun and air,  
 And longs to fill a higher state,  
 There let my meanings germinate.

Let not my strength be spilled for naught,  
 But, in some fresher vessel caught,  
 Be blended into sweeter forms,  
 And fraught with purer aims and charms.

Let bloom-dust of my life be blown  
 To quicken hearts that flower alone;  
 Around my knees let scions rise  
 With heavenward-pointed destinies.

And when I fall, like some old tree,  
 And subtle change makes mould of me,  
 There let earth show a fertile line  
 Whence perfect wild-flowers leap and shine!

*Maurice Thompson* [1844-1901]

#### ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
 Round many western islands have I been  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told  
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:  
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken;  
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes  
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

*John Keats* [1795-1821]

THE ODYSSEY

As one that for a weary space has lain  
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine  
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,  
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,  
And only the low lutes of love complain,  
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,  
As such an one were glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—  
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free  
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,  
And through the music of the languid hours,  
They hear like ocean on a western beach  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

*Andrew Lang* [1844-1912]

HOMERIC UNITY

THE sacred keep of Ilion is rent  
With trench and shaft; foiled waters wander slow  
Through plains where Simois and Scamander went  
To war with Gods and heroes long ago.  
Not yet to tired Cassandra, lying low  
In rich Mycenæ, do the Fates relent:  
The bones of Agamemnon are a show,  
And ruined is his royal monument.  
The dust and awful treasures of the Dead,  
Hath Learning scattered wide, but vainly thee,  
Homer, she meteth with her tool of lead,  
And strives to rend thy songs; too blind to see  
The crown that burns on thine immortal head  
Of indivisible supremacy!

*Andrew Lang* [1844-1912]

“ENAMORED ARCHITECT OF AIRY RHYME”

ENAMORED architect of airy rhyme,  
Build as thou wilt, heed not what each man says:  
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,  
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;

Others, beholding how thy turrets climb  
 'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all thy days;  
 But most beware of those who come to praise.  
 O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime  
 And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;  
 Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,  
 Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given;  
 Then, if at last the airy structure fall,  
 Dissolve, and vanish—take thyself no shame.  
 They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich [1839-1907]*

### DIVINA COMMEDIA

OFT have I seen at some cathedral door  
 A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,  
 Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet  
 Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor  
 Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;  
 Far off the noises of the world retreat;  
 The loud vociferations of the street  
 Become an indistinguishable roar.  
 So, as I enter here from day to day,  
 And leave my burden at this minster gate,  
 Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,  
 The tumult of the time disconsolate  
 To inarticulate murmurs dies away,  
 While the eternal ages watch and wait.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### "A MAN CALLED DANTE, I HAVE HEARD"

A MAN called Dante, I have heard,  
 Once ranged the country-side,  
 He knew to dawn's mysterious word  
 What drowsy birds replied;  
 He knew the deep sea's voice, its gleams  
 And tremulous lights afar.  
 When he lay down at night, in dreams  
 He tramped from star to star.

*Georgiana Goddard King [1871-1939]*

## THE SONGS I SING

THE songs I sing at morning  
I never sing at eve;  
Oh, not through any scorning,  
For tears regret may leave;  
But that our radiant pleasures  
Suit not the shadowed hour,  
For which I have such measures  
As mourn the withered flower.

The songs I sing at twilight  
I never sing at morn;  
I would not mar the highlight  
With any note forlorn;  
My path made gay and sunny,  
With joy I fill my heart;  
The hyssop from the honey—  
I keep them wide apart.

*Charles G. Blanden [1857-*

## THE DEAREST POETS

WERE I to name, out of the times gone by,  
The poets dearest to me, I should say,  
Pulci for spirits, and a fine, free way;  
Chaucer for manners, and close, silent eye;  
Milton for classic taste, and harp strung high;  
Spenser for luxury, and sweet, sylvan play;  
Horace for chatting with, from day to day;  
Shakespeare for all, but most, society.  
But which take with me, could I take but one?  
Shakespeare,—as long as I was unoppressed  
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts intensen  
But did I wish, out of the common sun  
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,  
And dream of things far off and healing,—Spenser.

*Leigh Hunt [1784-1859]*

## FALSE POETS AND TRUE

LOOK how the lark soars upward and is gone,  
Turning a spirit as he nears the sky!  
His voice is heard, but body there is none  
To fix the vague excursions of the eye.

So, poets' songs are with us, though they die  
 Obscured, and hid by death's oblivious shroud,  
 And Earth inherits the rich melody  
 Like raining music from the morning cloud.  
 Yet few there be who pipe so sweet and loud  
 Their voices reach us through the lapse of space:  
 The noisy day is deafened by a crowd  
 Of undistinguished birds, a twittering race;  
 But only lark and nightingale forlorn  
 Fill up the silences of night and morn.

*Thomas Hood [1799-1845]*

### A SINGING LESSON

FAR-FETCHED and dear bought, as the proverb rehearses,  
 Is good, or was held so, for ladies: but naught  
 In a song can be good if the turn of the verse is  
     Far-fetched and dear bought.

As the turn of a wave should it sound, and the thought  
 Ring smooth, and as light as the spray that disperses  
 Be the gleam of the words for the garb thereof wrought.

Let the soul in it shine through the sound as it pierces  
 Men's hearts with possession of music unsought;  
 For the bounties of song are no jealous god's mercies,  
     Far-fetched and dear bought.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne [1837-1909]*

### POETRY

I **AM** the reality of things that seem;  
 The great transmuter, melting loss to gain,  
 Languor to love, and fining joy from pain.  
 I am the waking, who am called the dream;  
 I am the sun, all light reflects my gleam;  
 I am the altar-fire within the fane;  
 I am the force of the refreshing rain;  
 I am the sea to which flows every stream;  
 I **am** the utmost height there is to climb;

I am the truth, mirrored in fancy's glass;  
I am stability, all else will pass;  
I am eternity, encircling time;  
Kill me, none may; conquer me, nothing can—  
I am God's soul, fused in the soul of man.

*Ella Heath* [18 -

## THE INNER VISION

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,  
While a fair region round the traveller lies  
Which he forbears again to look upon;  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
—If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:  
With Thought and Love companions of our way—  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse.—  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

## ON AN OLD SONG

LITTLE snatch of ancient song,  
What has made thee live so long?  
Flying on thy wings of rhyme  
Lightly down the depths of time,  
Telling nothing strange or rare,  
Scarce a thought or image there,  
Nothing but the old, old tale  
Of a hapless lover's wail;  
Offspring of an idle hour,  
Whence has come thy lasting power?  
By what turn of rhythm or phrase,  
By what subtle careless grace,  
Can thy music charm our ears  
After full three hundred years?

Landmarks of the human mind  
 One by one are left behind,  
 And a subtle change is wrought  
 In the mould and cast of thought;  
 Modes of reasoning pass away,  
 Types of beauty lose their sway;  
 Creeds and causes that have made  
 Many noble lives must fade,  
 And the words that thrilled of old  
 Now seem hueless, dead, and cold;  
 Fancy's rainbow tints are flying,  
 Thoughts, like men, are slowly dying;  
 All things perish, and the strongest  
 Often do not last the longest;  
 The stately ship is seen no more,  
 The fragile skiff attains the shore;  
 And while the great and wise decay,  
 And all their trophies pass away,  
 Some sudden thought, some careless rhyme,  
 Still floats above the wrecks of Time.

*William Edward Hartpole Lecky* [1838-1903]

## TO SONG

HERE shall remain all tears for lovely things  
 And here enshrined the longing of great hearts,  
 Caught on a lyre whence waking wonder starts,  
 To mount afar upon immortal wings;  
 Here shall be treasured tender wonderings,  
 The faintest whisper that the soul imparts,  
 All silent secrets and all gracious arts,  
 Where nature murmurs of her hidden springs.

O magic of a song! here loveliness  
 May sleep unhindered of life's mortal toll,  
 And noble things stand towering o'er the tide;  
 Here mid the years, untouched by time or stress,  
 Shall sweep on every wind that stirs the soul  
 The music of a voice that never died!

*Thomas S. Jones, Jr.* [1882-1932]

## VERSE

PAST ruined Iliion Helen lives,  
Alcestis rises from the shades;  
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives  
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall Oblivion's deepening veil  
Hide all the peopled hills you see,  
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
These many summers you and me.

*Walter Savage Landor* [1775-1864]

## AN OLD-FASHIONED POET

IN simpler verse than triolets,  
Rondeau, or deft quatrain,  
With breath of morning violets  
In every dewy strain,  
He sang from overflowing heart  
His sweet old songs unspoiled by art.

Progressive years have passed since then—  
The Muse has changed her ways;  
No more through flowery mead and glen  
A rustic maid she strays;  
Amid the traffic of the town  
We catch the flutter of her gown.

But one who knows her virgin grace  
Gives back the songs she sung  
And brings with glimpses of her face  
The days when love was young.  
O Muse immortal, singer true,  
What harmonies unite the two!

*Ada Foster Murray* [1857-1936]

## POET AND LARK

WHEN leaves turn outward to the light,  
And all the roads are fringed with green,  
When larks are pouring, high, unseen,  
The joy they find in song and flight,



Then I, too, with the lark would wing  
My little flight, and, soaring, sing

When larks drop downward to the nest,  
And day drops downward to the sea,  
And song and wing are fain to rest,  
The lark's dear wisdom guideth me,  
And I too turn within my door,  
Content to dream, and sing no more.

*Mary Ainge de Vere* [1844-1920]

#### A HINT FROM HERRICK

No slightest golden rhyme he wrote  
That held not something men must quote;  
Thus by design or chance did he  
Drop anchors to posterity.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich* [1836-1907]

#### TO THE POETS

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth!  
Have ye souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new?  
Yes, and those of heaven commune  
With the spheres of sun and moon;  
With the noise of fountains wondrous  
And the parle of voices thund'rous;  
With the whisper of heaven's trees  
And one another, in soft ease  
Seated on Elysian lawns,  
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns;  
Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not,  
Where the nightingale doth sing.  
Not a senseless, trancèd thing,  
But divine, melodious truth,  
Philosophic numbers smooth;  
Tales and golden histories  
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then  
On the earth ye live again;  
And the souls ye left behind you  
Teach us, here, the way to find you,  
Where your other souls are joying,  
Never slumbered, never cloying.  
Here, your earth-born souls still speak  
To mortals, of their little week;  
Of their sorrows and delights;  
Of their passions and their spites;  
Of their glory and their shame;  
What doth strengthen and what maim.  
Thus ye teach us, every day,  
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,  
Ye have left your souls on earth!  
Ye have souls in heaven too,  
Double-lived in regions new!

*John Keats [1795-1821]*

## THE PROGRESS OF POESY

### A PINDARIC ODE

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,  
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
From Helicon's harmonious springs  
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:  
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,  
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
Now the rich stream of music winds along  
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,  
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:  
Now rolling down the steep amain,  
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;  
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares  
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.

## 3092 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War  
 Has curbed the fury of his car,  
 And dropped his thirsty lance at thy command.  
 Perching on the sceptered hand  
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king  
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:  
 Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie  
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
 Tempered to thy warbled lay.  
     O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
     The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen  
 On Cytherea's day,  
     With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
     Frisking light in frolic measures;  
 Now pursuing, now retreating,  
     Now in circling troops they meet:  
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,  
     Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:  
     Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.  
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
     In gliding state she wins her easy way:  
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move  
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!  
 Labor, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
     And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?  
 Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her specters wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky:  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of  
     war.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.  
And oft, beneath the odorous shade  
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat  
In loose numbers wildly sweet  
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.  
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,  
Glory pursue and generous Shame,  
The unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.  
Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles, that crown the Ægean deep,  
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
Or where Mæander's amber waves  
In lingering labyrinths creep,  
How do your tuneful echoes languish,  
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?  
Where each old poetic mountain  
Inspiration breathed around:  
Every shade and hallowed fountain  
Murmured deep a solemn sound:  
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,  
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast,  
Far from the sun and summer gale,  
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,  
To him the mighty mother did unveil  
Her awful face: the dauntless child  
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.  
This pencil take (she said), whose colors clear  
Richly paint the vernal year:  
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!  
This can unlock the gates of joy;

Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of the abyss to spy.

He passed the flaming bounds of place and time:  
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.  
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
Two coursers of ethereal race,  
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!  
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.  
But ah, 'tis heard no more!

O Lyre divine! what daring Spirit  
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban Eagle bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air:  
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,  
With orient hues, unborrowed of the Sun:  
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

*Thomas Gray [1716-1771]*

### SEAWEED

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,

Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reefs; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas,—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long,  
From each cave and rocky fastness  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth;  
From the flashing surf, whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor  
That for ever  
Wrestles with the tides of Fate;

From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,  
 Tempest-shattered,  
 Floating waste and desolate;—  
 Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless heart;  
 Till at length in books recorded,  
 They, like hoarded  
 Household words, no more depart.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### TO THE MUSES

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,  
 Or in the chambers of the East,  
 The chambers of the Sun, that now  
 From ancient melody have ceased;  
 Whether in heaven ye wander fair,  
 Or the green corners of the earth,  
 Or the blue regions of the air  
 Where the melodious winds have birth;  
 Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,  
 Beneath the bosom of the sea,  
 Wandering in many a coral grove;  
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;  
 How have you left the ancient love  
 That bards of old enjoyed in you!  
 The languid strings do scarcely move,  
 The sound is forced, the notes are few.

*William Blake [1757-1827]*

### "WHITHER IS GONE THE WISDOM AND THE POWER"

WHITHER is gone the wisdom and the power  
 That ancient sages scattered with the notes  
 Of thought-suggesting lyres? The music floats  
 In the void air; e'en at this breathing hour,

In every cell and every blooming bower  
The sweetness of old lays is hovering still:  
But the strong soul, the self-constraining will,  
The rugged root which bare the winsome flower  
Is weak and withered. Were we like the fays  
That sweetly nestle in the fox-glove bells,  
Or lurk and murmur in the rose-lipped shells  
Which Neptune to the earth for quit-rent pays,  
Then might our pretty modern Philomels  
Sustain our spirits with their roundelays.

*Hartley Coleridge* [1796-1849]

## THE MUSES

Of old the Muses sat on high,  
And heard and judged the songs of men;  
On one they smiled, who loitered by;  
Of toiling ten, they slighted ten.

"They lightly serve who serve us best,  
Nor know they how the task was done;  
We Muses love a soul at rest,  
But violence and toil we shun."

If men say true, the Muses now  
Have changed their ancient habitude,  
And would be served with knitted brow,  
And stress and toil each day renewed.

So each one with the other vies,  
Of those who weave romance or song:  
"On us, O Muse, bestow thy prize,  
For we have striven well and long!"

And yet methinks I hear the hest  
Come murmuring down from Helicon:  
"They lightly serve who serve us best,  
Nor know they how the task was done!"

*Edith M. Thomas* [1854-1925]



## EVOE!

"Many are the wand-bearers, few are the true bacchanals."

MANY are the wand-bearers;  
 Their windy shouts I hear  
 Along the hillside vineyard,  
 And where the wine runs clear;  
 They show the vine-leaf chaplet,  
 The ivy-wreathen spear,  
 But the god, the true Iacchus,  
 He does not hold them dear.

Many are the wand-bearers,  
 And bravely are they clad;  
 Yes, they have all the tokens  
 His early lovers had.  
 They sing the master passions,  
 Themselves unsad, unglad;  
 And the god, the true Iacchus—  
 He knows they are not mad!

Many are the wand-bearers;  
 The fawn-skin bright they wear;  
 There are among them mænads  
 That rave with unbound hair.  
 They toss the harmless firebrand—  
 It spends itself in air:  
 And the god, the true Iacchus,  
 He smiles—and does not care.

Many are the wand-bearers,  
 And who (ye ask) am I?  
 One who was born in madness,  
 "Evoe!" my first cry—  
 Who dares, before your spear-points,  
 To challenge and defy;  
 And the god, the true Iacchus,  
 So keep me till I die!

Many are the wand-bearers.  
I bear with me no sign;  
Yet, I was mad, was drunken,  
Ere yet I tasted wine;  
Nor bleeding grape can slacken  
The thirst wherewith I pine;  
And the god, the true Iacchus,  
Hears now this song of mine.

*Edith M. Thomas* [1854-1925]

### AN INVOCATION

I NEVER prayed for Dryads, to haunt the woods again;  
More welcome were the presence of hungering, thirsting  
men,  
Whose doubts we could unravel, whose hopes we could  
fulfil,  
Our wisdom tracing backward, the river to the rill;  
Were such beloved forerunners one summer day restored,  
Then, then we might discover the Muse's mystic hoard.

Oh, dear divine Comatas, I would that thou and I  
Beneath this broken sunlight this leisure day might lie;  
Where trees from distant forests, whose names were strange  
to thee,  
Should bend their amorous branches within thy reach to be,  
And flowers thine Hellas knew not, which art hath made  
more fair,  
Should shed their shining petals upon thy fragrant hair.

Then thou shouldst calmly listen with ever-changing looks  
To songs of younger minstrels and plots of modern books,  
And wonder at the daring of poets later born,  
Whose thoughts are unto thy thoughts as noon-tide is to  
morn;  
And little shouldst thou grudge them their greater strength  
of soul,  
Thy partners in the torch-race, though nearer to the goal.

As when ancestral portraits look gravely from the walls  
Upon the youthful baron who treads their echoing halls;

## 3100 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

And whilst he builds new turrets, the thrice ennobled heir  
Would gladly wake his grandsire his home and feast to share;  
So from Ægean laurels that hide thine ancient urn  
I fain would call thee hither, my sweeter lore to learn.

Or in thy cedarn prison thou waitest for the bee:  
Ah, leave that simple honey, and take thy food from me!  
My sun is stooping westward. Entrancèd dreamer, haste:  
There's fruitage in my garden, that I would have thee taste.  
Now lift the lid a moment: now, Dorian shepherd, speak:  
Two minds shall flow together, the English and the Greek.

*William Johnson-Cory [1823-1892]*

### INVENTION

I ENVY not the Lark his song divine,  
Nor thee, O Maid, thy beauty's faultless mould.  
Perhaps the chief felicity is mine,  
Who hearken and behold.

The joy of the Artificer Unknown  
Whose genius could devise the Lark and thee—  
This, or a kindred rapture, let me own,  
I covet ceaselessly!

*William Watson [1858-1935]*

### JOY OF THE MORNING

I HEAR you, little bird,  
Shouting aswing above the broken wall.  
Shout louder yet: no song can tell it all.  
Sing to my soul in the deep still wood:  
'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word:  
I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white, still dawn  
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart,  
I've felt it like a glory in my heart—  
(The world's mysterious stir)  
But had no throat like yours, my bird,  
Nor such a listener.

*Edwin Markham [1852-1940]*

CRICKET

CRICKET, chirring in the autumn twilight,  
Little kinsman,  
I, like you, the unknown path must follow  
Into darkness,—  
One day into darkness.  
Would I might, with your ecstatic buoyance,  
Fare forth singing!

*Clinton Scollard* [1860-1932]

TO A POET A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE

I WHO am dead a thousand years,  
And wrote this sweet archaic song,  
Send you my words for messengers  
The way I shall not pass along.

I care not if you bridge the seas,  
Or ride secure the cruel sky,  
Or build consummate palaces  
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,  
And statues and a bright-eyed love,  
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,  
And prayers to them that sit above?

How shall we conquer? Like a wind  
That falls at eve our fancies blow,  
And old Mæonides the blind  
Said it three thousand years ago.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,  
Student of our sweet English tongue,  
Read out my words at night, alone:  
I was a poet, I was young.

Since I can never see your face,  
And never shake you by the hand,  
I send my soul through time and space  
To greet you. You will understand.

*James Elroy Flecker* [1884-1915]

## THE MOODS

(AFTER READING CERTAIN OF THE IRISH POETS)

THE Moods have laid their hands across my hair:  
 The Moods have drawn their fingers through my heart;  
 My hair shall nevermore lie smooth and bright,  
 But stir like tide-worn sea-weed, and my heart  
 Shall nevermore be glad of small, sweet things,—  
 A wild rose, or a crescent moon,—a book  
 Of little verses, or a dancing child.  
 My heart turns crying from the rose and brook,  
 My heart turns crying from the thin bright moon,  
 And weeps with useless sorrow for the child.  
 The Moods have loosed a wind to vex my hair,  
 And made my heart too wise, that was a child.

Now I shall blow like smitten candle-flame;  
 I shall desire all things that may not be:  
 The years, the stars, the souls of ancient men,  
 All tears that must, and smiles that may not be,—  
 Yes, glimmering lights across a windy ford,  
 And vagrant voices on a darkened plain,  
 And holy things, and outcast things, and things  
 Far too remote, frail-bodied, to be plain.

My pity and my joy are grown alike;  
 I cannot sweep the strangeness from my heart.  
 The Moods have laid swift hands across my hair:  
 The Moods have drawn swift fingers through my heart.

*Fannie Stearns Davis* [1884—

## THE PASSIONATE READER TO HIS POET

DOTH it not thrill thee, Poet,  
 Dead and dust though thou art,  
 To feel how I press thy singing  
 Close to my heart?

Take it at night to my pillow,  
Kiss it before I sleep,  
And again when the delicate morning  
Beginneth to peep?

See how I bathe thy pages  
Here in the light of the sun;  
Through thy leaves, as a wind among roses,  
The breezes shall run.

Feel how I take thy poem  
And bury within it my face,  
As I pressed it last night in the heart of a flower,  
Or deep in a dearer place.

Think, as I love thee, Poet,  
A thousand love beside,  
Dear women love to press thee too  
Against a sweeter side.

Art thou not happy, Poet?  
I sometimes dream that I  
For such a fragrant fame as thine  
Would gladly sing and die.

Say, wilt thou change thy glory  
For this same youth of mine?  
And I will give my days i' the sun  
For that great song of thine.

*Richard Le Gallienne* [1866-

## THE FLIGHT OF THE GODDESS

A MAN should live in a garret aloof,  
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,  
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,  
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

Of old, when I walked on a rugged way,  
And gave much work for but little bread,  
The Goddess dwelt with me night and day,  
Sat at my table, haunted my bed.

The narrow, mean attic, I see it now!—  
 Its window o'erlooking the city's tiles,  
 The sunset's fires, and the clouds of snow,  
 And the river wandering miles and miles.

Just one picture hung in the room,  
 The saddest story that Art can tell—  
 Dante and Virgil in lurid gloom  
 Watching the Lovers float through Hell.

Wretched enough was I sometimes,  
 Pinched, and harassed with vain desires;  
 But thicker than clover sprung the rhymes  
 As I dwelt like a sparrow among the spires.

Midnight filled my slumbers with song;  
 Music haunted my dreams by day.  
 Now I listen and wait and long,  
 But the Delphian airs have died away.

I wonder and wonder how it befell:  
 Suddenly I had friends in crowds;  
 I bade the house-tops a long farewell;  
 "Good-by," I cried, "to the stars and clouds!

"But thou, rare soul, thou hast dwelt with me,  
 Spirit of Poesy! thou divine  
 Breath of the morning, thou shalt be,  
 Goddess! for ever and ever mine."

And the woman I loved was now my bride,  
 And the house I wanted was my own;  
 I turned to the Goddess satisfied—  
 But the Goddess had somehow flown.

Flown, and I fear she will never return;  
 I am much too sleek and happy for her,  
 Whose lovers must hunger and waste and burn  
 Ere the beautiful heathen heart will stir.

I call—but she does not stoop to my cry;  
 I wait—but she lingers, and ah! so long!  
 It was not so in the years gone by,  
 When she touched my lips with chrism of song

I swear I will get me a garret again,  
And adore, like a Parsee, the sunset's fires,  
And lure the Goddess, by vigil and pain,  
Up with the sparrows among the spires.

For a man should live in a garret aloof,  
And have few friends, and go poorly clad,  
With an old hat stopping the chink in the roof,  
To keep the Goddess constant and glad.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich* [1837-1907]

### THE SOVEREIGNS

THEY who create rob death of half its stings,  
Their life is given for the Muse's sake;  
Of thought they build their palaces, and make  
Enduring entities and beauteous things;  
They are the Poets—they give airy wings  
To shapes marmorean; or they overtake  
The Ideal with the brush, or, soaring, wake  
Far in the rolling clouds their glorious strings.  
The Poet is the only potentate;  
His sceptre reaches o'er remotest zones;  
His thought remembered and his golden tones  
Shall, in the ears of nations uncreate,  
Roll on for ages and reverberate  
When Kings are dust beside forgotten thrones.

*Lloyd Mifflin* [1846-1921]

### THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,  
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;  
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,  
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.  
I write of Youth, of Love, and have access  
By these, to sing of cleanly wantonness;  
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,  
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.  
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write  
How roses first came red, and lilies white:



## 3106 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing  
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.  
I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall,  
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

*Robert Herrick* [1591-1674]

### ENVOY

Go, little book, and wish to all  
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,  
A bit of wine, a spice of wit,  
A house with lawns enclosing it,  
A living river by the door,  
A nightingale in the sycamore!

*Robert Louis Stevenson* [1850-1894]

### ENVOY

Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet play;  
Go, children of swift joy and tardy sorrow:  
And some are sung, and that was yesterday,  
And some unsung, and that may be to-morrow.

Go forth; and if it be o'er stony way,  
Old joy can lend what newer grief must borrow:  
And it was sweet, and that was yesterday,  
And sweet is sweet, though purchasèd with sorrow.

Go, songs, and come not back from your far way:  
And if men ask you why ye smile and sorrow,  
Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know To-day,  
Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know To-morrow.

*Francis Thompson* [1859?-1907]

## THE SONNET'S VOICE

### A METRICAL LESSON BY THE SEASHORE

YON silvery billows breaking on the beach  
Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,  
The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear  
A restless lore like that the billows teach;  
For on these sonnet-waves my soul would reach

From its own depths, and rest within you, dear,  
As, through the billowy voices yearning here,  
Great nature strives to find a human speech.  
A sonnet is a wave of melody:  
From heaving waters of the impassioned soul  
A billow of tidal music one and whole  
Flows, in the "octave"; then, returning free,  
Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll  
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

*Theodore Watts-Dunton* [1836-1914]

### THE SONNET

A SONNET is a moment's monument,—  
Memorial from the Soul's eternity  
To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,  
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,  
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:  
Carve it in ivory or in ebony,  
As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see  
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.  
A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals  
The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due:—  
Whether for tribute to the august appeals  
Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,  
It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,  
In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti* [1828-1882]

### THE SONNET

WHAT is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell  
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;  
A precious jewel carved most curiously;  
It is a little picture painted well.  
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell  
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;  
A two-edged sword, a star, a song,—ah me!  
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.  
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath,  
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,

And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls;  
 A sea this is,—beware who ventureth!  
 For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid  
 Mid-ocean deep sheer to the mountain walls.

*Richard Watson Gilder* [1844-1909]

## THE SONNET

### I

THE Sonnet is a fruit which long hath slept  
 And ripened on life's sun-warmed orchard-wall;  
 A gem which, hardening in the mystical  
 Mine of man's heart, to quenchless flame hath leapt;  
 A medal of pure gold art's nympholept  
 Stamps with love's lips and brows imperial;  
 A branch from memory's briar, whereon the fall  
 Of thought-eternalizing tears hath wept:  
 A star that shoots athwart star-steadfast heaven;  
 A fluttering aigrette of tossed passion's brine;  
 A leaf from youth's immortal missal torn;  
 A bark across dark seas of anguish driven;  
 A feather dropped from breast-wings aquiline;  
 A silvery dream shunning red lips of morn.

### II

There is no mood, no heart-throb fugitive,  
 No spark from man's imperishable mind,  
 No moment of man's will, that may not find  
 Form in the Sonnet; and thenceforward live  
 A potent elf, by art's imperative  
 Magic to crystal spheres of song confined:  
 As in the moonstone's orb pent spirits wind  
 'Mid dungeon depths day-beams they take and give.  
 Spare thou no pains; carve thought's pure diamond  
 With fourteen facets, scattering fire and light:—  
 Uncut, what jewel burns but darkly bright?  
 And Prospero vainly waves his runic wand,  
 If, spurning art's inexorable law,  
 In Ariel's prison-sphere he leave one flaw.

## III

The Sonnet is a world, where feelings caught  
In webs of phantasy, combine and fuse  
Their kindred elements 'neath mystic dews  
Shed from the ether round man's dwelling wrought;  
Distilling heart's content, star-fragrance fraught  
With influences from the breathing fires  
Of heaven in everlasting endless gyres  
Enfolding and encircling orbs of thought.  
Our Sonnet's world hath two fixed hemispheres:  
This, where the sun with fierce strength masculine  
Pours his keen rays and bids the noonday shine;  
That, where the moon and the stars, concordant powers,  
Shed milder rays, and daylight disappears  
In low melodious music of still hours.

*John Addington Symonds* [1840-1893]

## "SCORN NOT THE SONNET"

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honors; with this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

## VENDOR'S SONG

My songs to sell, good sir!  
I pray you buy.  
Here's one will win a lady's tears,  
Here's one will make her gay,

## 3110 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Here's one will charm your true love true  
Forever and a day;  
Good sir, I pray you buy!

*Oh, no, he will not buy.*

My songs to sell, sweet maid!  
I pray you buy.  
This one will teach you Lilith's lore,  
And this what Helen knew,  
And this will keep your gold hair gold,  
And this your blue eyes blue;  
Sweet maid, I pray you buy!

*Oh, no, she will not buy.*

*If I'd as much money as I could tell,  
I never would cry my songs to sell,  
I never would cry my songs to sell.*

*Adelaide Crapsey [1878-1914]*

### THUNDERSTORMS

My mind has thunderstorms,  
That brood for heavy hours:  
Until they rain me words;  
My thoughts are drooping flowers  
And sulking, silent birds.

Yet come, dark thunderstorms,  
And brood your heavy hours;  
For when you rain me words,  
My thoughts are dancing flowers  
And joyful singing birds.

*William H. Davies [1870-1940]*

### GENIUS LOCI

PEACE, Shepherd, peace! What boots it singing on?  
Since long ago grace-giving Phæbus died,  
And all the train that loved the stream-bright side  
Of the poetic mount with him are gone

Beyond the shores of Styx and Acheron,  
 In unexplorèd realms of night to hide.  
 The clouds that strew their shadows far and wide  
 Are all of Heaven that visits Helicon.  
 Yet here, where never muse or god did haunt,  
 Still may some nameless power of Nature stray,  
 Pleased with the reedy stream's continual chant  
 And purple pomp of these broad fields in May.  
 The shepherds meet him where he herds the kine,  
 And careless pass him by whose is the gift divine.

*Margaret Woods* [1856-

### THE RONDEAU

You bid me try, Blue Eyes, to write  
 A Rondeau. What! Forthwith?—To-night?  
 Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true;  
 But thirteen lines!—and rhymed on two!—  
 "Refrain," as well. Ah, hapless plight!

Still, there are five lines—ranged aright.  
 These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright  
 My easy Muse. They did, till you—  
 You bid me try!

That makes them eight.—The port's in sight:  
 'Tis all because your eyes are bright!  
 Now just a pair to end in "oo,"—  
 When maids command, what can't we do!  
 Behold!—the Rondeau, tasteful, light,  
 You bid me try!

*After the French of Vouivre by Austin Dobson* [1840-1921]

### METRICAL FEET

#### LESSON FOR A BOY

TROCHEE trips from long to short;  
 From long to long in solemn sort

## 3112 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Slow Spondee stalks; strong foot! yet ill able  
Ever to come up with dactyl trisyllable.  
Iambics march from short to long;—  
With a leap and a bound the swift Anapæsts throng;  
One syllable long, with one short at each side,  
Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride;—  
First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer  
Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud highbred racer.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge* [1772-1834]

### ACCIDENT IN ART

WHAT painter has not with a careless smutch  
Accomplished his despair?—one touch revealing  
All he had put of life, thought, vigor, feeling,  
Into the canvas that without that touch  
Showed of his love and labor just so much  
Raw pigment, scarce a scrap of soul concealing!  
What poet has not found his spirit kneeling  
A-sudden at the sound of such or such  
Strange verses staring from his manuscript,  
Written he knows not how, but which will sound  
Like trumpets down the years? So Accident  
Itself unmasks the likeness of Intent,  
And even in blind Chance's darkest crypt  
The shrine-lamp of God's purposing is found.

*Richard Hovey* [1864-1900]

### A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
This universal frame began:  
When nature underneath a heap  
Of jarring atoms lay,  
And could not heave her head,  
The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
"Arise, ye more than dead!"  
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
In order to their stations leap,  
And Music's power obey.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687 3113

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
    This universal frame began:  
    From harmony to harmony  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?  
    When Jubal struck the chorded shell,  
    His listening brethren stood around,  
    And, wondering, on their faces fell  
    To worship that celestial sound:  
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell  
    Within the hollow of that shell  
    That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

    The trumpet's loud clangor  
    Excites us to arms,  
    With shrill notes of anger,  
    And mortal alarms.  
The double double double beat  
    Of the thundering drum  
    Cries Hark! the foes come;  
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!

    The soft complaining flute,  
    In dying notes, discovers  
    The woes of hopeless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute

    Sharp violins proclaim  
    Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
    Fury, frantic indignation,  
    Depth of pains, and height of passion,  
    For the fair, disdainful dame.

But O, what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach,  
    The sacred organ's praise?



## 3114 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;  
And trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre;  
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:  
When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
An angel heard, and straight appeared  
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

### GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the Blest above;  
So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky!

*John Dryden [1631-1700]*

## ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC; AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1697

### I

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son—  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne;  
His valiant peers were placed around,  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,  
(So should desert in arms be crowned);  
The lovely Thais by his side  
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—

Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave  
None but the brave  
None but the brave deserves the fair!

CHORUS—*Happy, happy, happy pair!*  
*None but the brave*  
*None but the brave*  
*None but the brave deserves the fair!*

## II

Timotheus, placed on high  
Amid the tuneful choir,  
With flying fingers touched the lyre:  
The trembling notes ascend the sky  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove  
Who left his blissful seats above—  
Such is the power of mighty love!  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;  
Sublime on radiant spires he rode  
When he to fair Olympia pressed,  
And while he sought her snowy breast,  
Then round her slender waist he curled,  
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
world.

—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound!  
A present deity! they shout around:  
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:  
With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod  
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS—*With ravished ears*  
*The monarch hears,*  
*Assumes the god,*  
*Affects to nod*  
*And seems to shake the spheres.*

## III

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:  
 The jolly god in triumph comes!  
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
 Flushed with a purple grace  
 He shows his honest face:  
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!  
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain;  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS—*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

## IV

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again,  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!  
 The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,  
 Changed his hand and checked his pride.  
 He chose a mournful Muse  
 Soft pity to infuse:  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood;  
 Deserted at his utmost need  
 By those his former bounty fed;

On the bare earth exposed he lies  
With not a friend to close his eyes.  
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
Revolving, in his altered soul,  
The various turns of Chance below;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS—*Revolving, in his altered soul,  
The various turns of Chance below;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.*

The mighty master smiled to see  
That love was in the next degree;  
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,  
For pity melts the mind to love.  
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
Honor but an empty bubble;  
Never ending, still beginning,  
Fighting still, and still destroying;  
If the world be worth thy winning,  
Think, O think it worth enjoying:  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee!  
—The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:  
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS—*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,*

# 3118 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

*And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:  
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.*

## VI

Now strike the golden lyre again:  
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!  
Break his bands of sleep asunder  
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark, hark! the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head:  
As awaked from the dead,  
And amazed he stares around.  
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,  
See the Furies arise!  
See the snakes that they rear  
How they hiss in their hair,  
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
Behold a ghastly band,  
Each a torch in his hand!  
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain:  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew!  
Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
How they point to the Persian abodes  
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
—The princes applaud with a furious joy:  
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;  
Thais led the way  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

CHORUS—*And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to de-*  
*stroy;*

*Thais led the way  
To light him to his prey,  
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!*

## VII

—Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 —Let old Timotheus yield the prize  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down!

GRAND CHORUS—*At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts un-  
 known before.  
 —Let old Timotheus yield the prize  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down!*

*John Dryden [1631-1700]*

## THE PASSIONS

## AN ODE FOR MUSIC

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Thronged around her magic cell

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,  
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatched her instruments of sound;  
 And, as they oft had heard apart  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each (for madness ruled the hour),  
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewildered laid,  
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,  
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed; his eyes, on fire,  
 In lightnings owned his secret stings;  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair  
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delightful measure?  
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
 She called on Echo still, through all the song;  
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,  
Revenge impatient rose;  
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.  
And ever and anon he beat  
The doubling drum with furious heat;  
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity, at his side,  
Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,  
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his  
head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed,  
Sad proof of thy distressful state;  
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,  
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,  
Pale Melancholy sate retired,  
And from her wild sequestered seat,  
In notes by distance made more sweet,  
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul:  
And, dashing soft from rocks around,  
Bubbling runnels joined the sound;  
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole;  
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,  
Round an holy calm diffusing,  
Love of Peace and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone,  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulder flung,  
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunter's call to faun and dryad known!



### 3122 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,  
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,  
Peeping from forth their alleys green;  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,  
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.  
He, with viny crown advancing,  
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;  
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.  
They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids  
Amidst the vestal sounding shades,  
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round;  
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,  
And he, amidst his frolic play,  
As if he would the charming air repay,  
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!  
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,  
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?  
As, in that loved Athenian bower,  
You learned an all-commanding power,  
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endeared,  
Can well recall what then it heard.  
Where is thy native simple heart,  
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?  
Arise, as in that elder time,  
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!  
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
Fill thy recording sister's page.—  
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,  
Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
Than all which charms this laggard age;

Even all at once together found,  
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.  
O bid our vain endeavors cease,  
Revive the just designs of Greece:  
Return in all thy simple state!  
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

*William Collins [1721-1759]*

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so  
With thy delicious numbers,  
That, being ravished, hence I go  
Away in easy slumbers.  
Ease my sick head,  
And make my bed,  
Thou power that canst sever  
From me this ill,  
And quickly still,  
Though thou not kill  
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same  
From a consuming fire  
Into a gentle-licking flame,  
And make it thus expire.  
Then make me weep  
My pains asleep;  
And give me such repose  
That I, poor I,  
May think thereby  
I live and die  
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,  
Or like those maiden showers  
Which, by the peep of day, do strew  
A baptism o'er the flowers.  
Melt, melt my pains  
With thy soft strains;

That, having ease me given,  
 With full delight  
 I leave this light,  
 And take my flight  
 For Heaven.

*Robert Herrick [1591-1634]*

### A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,  
 Down in the reeds by the river?  
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
 From the deep cool bed of the river:  
 The limpid water turbidly ran,  
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,  
 While turbidly flowed the river;  
 And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
 Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed  
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
 (How tall it stood in the river!)  
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
 Steadily from the outside ring,  
 And notched the poor dry empty thing  
 In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,  
 (Laughed while he sat by the river,)  
 "The only way, since gods began

To make sweet music, they could succeed."  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,  
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man:  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—  
For the reed which grows nevermore again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning* [1806-1861]

#### AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse!  
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,  
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,  
And to our high-raised phantasy present  
That undisturbèd Song of pure consent  
Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne  
To Him that sits thereon,  
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;  
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row  
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow;  
And the Cherubic host in thousand choirs  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly:  
That we on earth, with undiscording voice  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportioned sin  
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din

Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O may we soon again renew that Song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

*John Milton* [1608-1674]

### WITH A GUITAR, TO JANE

ARIEL to Miranda:—Take  
 This slave of Music, for the sake  
 Of him who is the slave of thee,  
 And teach it all the harmony  
 In which thou can'st, and only thou,  
 Make the delighted spirit glow,  
 Till joy denies itself again,  
 And, too intense, is turned to pain;  
 For by commission and command  
 Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,  
 Poor Ariel sends this silent token  
 Of more than ever can be spoken;  
 Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who,  
 From life to life, must still pursue  
 Your happiness;—for thus alone  
 Can Ariel ever find his own.  
 From Prospero's enchanted cell,  
 As the mighty verses tell,  
 To the throne of Naples, he  
 Lit you o'er the trackless sea,  
 Flitting on, your prow before,  
 Like a living meteor.  
 When you die, the silent Moon,  
 In her interlunar swoon,  
 Is not sadder in her cell  
 Than deserted Ariel.  
 When you live again on earth,  
 Like an unseen star of birth,

Ariel guides you o'er the sea  
Of life from your nativity.  
Many changes have been run  
Since Ferdinand and you begun  
Your course of love, and Ariel still  
Has tracked your steps and served your will  
Now, in humbler, happier lot,  
This is all remembered not;  
And now, alas! the poor sprite is  
Imprisoned, for some fault of his,  
In a body like a grave;—  
From you he only dares to crave,  
For his service and his sorrow,  
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought  
To echo all harmonious thought,  
Felled a tree, while on the steep  
The woods were in their winter sleep,  
Rocked in that repose divine  
On the wind-swept Apennine;  
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,  
And some of Spring approaching fast,  
And some of April buds and showers,  
And some of songs in July bowers,  
And all of love; and so this tree—  
Oh, that such our death may be!—  
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,  
To live in happier form again:  
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,  
The artist wrought this loved Guitar;  
And taught it justly to reply  
To all who question skilfully,  
In language gentle as thine own;  
Whispering in enamoured tone  
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,  
And summer winds in sylvan cells.  
For it had learnt all harmonies  
Of the plains and of the skies,

Of the forests and the mountains,  
 And the many-voicèd fountains;  
 The clearest echoes of the hills,  
 The softest notes of falling rills,  
 The melodies of birds and bees,  
 The murmuring of summer seas,  
 And pattering rain, and breathing dew,  
 And airs of evening; and it knew  
 That seldom-heard, mysterious sound  
 Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
 As it floats through boundless day,  
 Our world enkindles on its way.—  
 All this it knows; but will not tell  
 To those who cannot question well  
 The Spirit that inhabits it.  
 It talks according to the wit  
 Of its companions; and no more  
 Is heard than has been felt before,  
 By those who tempt it to betray  
 These secrets of an elder day:  
 But sweetly as its answers will  
 Flatter hands of perfect skill,  
 It keeps its highest, holiest tone  
 For our belovèd Jane alone.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley* [1792-1822]

### ODE

WE are the music-makers,  
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
 And sitting by desolate streams;  
 World-losers and world-forsakers,  
 On whom the pale moon gleams:  
 Yet we are the movers and shakers  
 Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties  
 We build up the world's great cities,

And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory:  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself with our mirth;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the old of the new world's worth;  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration  
Is the life of each generation;  
A wondrous thing of our dreaming  
Unearthly, impossible seeming—  
The soldier, the king, and the peasant  
Are working together in one,  
Till our dream shall become their present,  
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing  
Of the goodly house they are raising;  
They had no divine foreshowing  
Of the land to which they are going:  
But on one man's soul it hath broken,  
A light that doth not depart;  
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,  
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And therefore to-day is thrilling  
With a past day's late fulfilling;  
And the multitudes are enlisted  
In the faith that their fathers resisted



And, scorning the dream of tomorrow,  
 And bringing to pass, as they may,  
 In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,  
 The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,  
 Ceaseless and sorrowless we!  
 The glory about us clinging  
 Of the glorious futures we see,  
 Our souls with high music ringing:  
 O men! it must ever be  
 That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,  
 A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning  
 And the suns that are not yet high,  
 And out of the infinite morning  
 Intrepid you hear us cry—  
 How, spite of your human scorning,  
 Once more God's future draws nigh,  
 And already goes forth the warning  
 That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers  
 From the dazzling unknown shore;  
 Bring us hither your sun and your summers,  
 And renew our world as of yore;  
 You shall teach us your song's new numbers,  
 And things that we dreamed not before:  
 Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers.  
 And a singer who sings no more.

*Arthur O'Shaughnessy* [1844-1881]

## MUSIC

THE God of Music dwelleth out of doors.  
 All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,  
 Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet:  
 From organ-lofts in forests old he pours  
 A solemn harmony: on leafy floors

To smooth Autumnal pipes he moves his feet,  
 Or with the tingling plectrum of the sleet  
 In Winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.  
 Leave me the reed unplucked beside the stream,  
 And he will stoop and fill it with the breeze;  
 Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,  
 Unwrought, and it shall make a druid theme;  
 Leave me the whispering shell on Nereid shores:  
 The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.

*Edith M. Thomas [1854-1925]*

# ON MUSIC

MANY love music but for music's sake,  
 Many because her touches can awake  
 Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,  
 And rise to follow where she loves to lead.  
 What various feelings come from days gone by!  
 What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!  
 Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play  
 And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,  
 Mind how at every touch, at every tone,  
 A spark of life hath glistened and hath gone.

*Walter Savage Landor [1775-1864]*

# MUSIC AT TWILIGHT

O TWILIGHT, Twilight! evermore to hear  
 The wounded viols pleading to thy heart!  
 To dream we watch thy purple wings depart;  
 To wake, and know thy presence always near!  
 What dost thou on the pathway of the sun?  
 Abide thy sister Night, while grief so pure  
 Makes heaven and all its beauty seem too sure,  
 And all too certain her oblivion.  
 One star awakes to turn thee from the South.  
 Oh, linger in the shadows thou hast drawn,  
 Ere Night cast dew before the feet of Dawn,  
 Or Silence lay her kiss on Music's mouth!

*George Sterling [1869-1926]*

## THE KEY-BOARD

FIVE-AND-THIRTY black slaves,  
 Half-a-hundred white,  
 All their duty but to sing  
 For their Queen's delight,  
 Now with throats of thunder,  
 Now with dulcet lips,  
 While she rules them royally  
 With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace,  
 All the slaves are dumb—  
 Dumb with dolor till the Queen  
 Back to Court is come:  
 Dumb the throats of thunder,  
 Dumb the dulcet lips,  
 Lacking all the sovereignty  
 Of her finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,  
 Ebon slaves and white,  
 When the Queen was on her throne  
 How you sang to-night!  
 Ah, the throats of thunder!  
 Ah, the dulcet lips!  
 Ah, the gracious tyrannies  
 Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent,  
 All your voices now;  
 Was it then her life alone  
 Did your life endow?  
 Waken, throats of thunder!  
 Waken, dulcet lips!  
 Touched to immortality  
 By her finger-tips.

*William Watson* [1858-1935]

## A TOCCATA OF GALUPPI'S

OH Galuppi, Baldassare, this is very sad to find!  
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and  
blind;  
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy  
mind!

Here you come with your old music, and here's all the good  
it brings.  
What, they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants  
were the kings,  
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the sea  
with rings?

Ay, because the sea's the street there; and 'tis arched by  
. . . . what you call  
. . . Shylock's bridge with houses on it, where they kept  
the carnival:  
I was never out of England—it's as if I saw it all.

Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was  
warm in May?  
Balls and masks begun at midnight, burning ever to mid-  
day,  
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do  
you say?

Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red,—  
On her neck the small face buoyant, like a bell-flower on its  
bed,  
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base  
his head?

Well, and it was graceful of them—they'd break talk off  
and afford  
—She, to bite her mask's black velvet—he, to finger on his  
sword,  
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavi-  
chord?

### 3134 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished,  
sigh on sigh,

Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions  
—"Must we die?"

Those commiserating sevenths—"Life might last! we can  
but try!"

"Were you happy?"—"Yes"—"And are you still as happy?"  
—"Yes. And you?"

—"Then, more kisses!"—"Did *I* stop them, when a million  
seemed so few?"

Hark! the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered  
to!

So, an octave struck the answer. Oh, they praised you, I  
dare say!

"Brave Galuppi! that was music! good alike at grave and  
gay!

I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play."

Then they left you for their pleasure: till in due time, one by  
one,

Some with lives that came to nothing, some with deeds as  
well undone,

Death came tacitly and took them where they never see  
the sun.

But when I sit down to reason, think to take my stand nor  
swerve,

While I triumph o'er a secret wrung from nature's close  
reserve,

In you come with your cold music, till I creep through every  
nerve.

Yes, you, like a ghostly cricket, creaking where a house was  
burned:

"Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what  
Venice earned!

The soul, doubtless, is immortal—where a soul can be dis-  
cerned.

"Yours for instance: you know physics, something of geology,  
Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their degree;  
Butterflies may dread extinction,—you'll not die, it cannot be!

"As for Venice and her people, merely born to bloom and drop,  
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly were the crop:  
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?

"Dust and ashes!" So you creak it, and I want the heart to scold.  
Dear dead women, with such hair, too—what's become of all the gold  
Used to hang and brush their bosoms? I feel chilly and grown old.

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

### ABT VOGLER

(AFTER HE HAS BEEN EXTEMPORIZING UPON THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF HIS INVENTION)

Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,  
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,  
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, as when Solomon willed  
Armies of angels that soar, legions of demons that lurk,  
Man, brute, reptile, fly,—alien of end and of aim,  
Adverse, each from the other heaven-high, hell-deep removed,—  
Should rush into sight at once as he named the ineffable Name,  
And pile him a palace straight, to pleasure the princess he loved!

### 3136 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Would it might tarry like his, the beautiful building of mine,  
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned  
to raise!

Ah, one and all, how they helped, would dispart now and  
now combine,

Zealous to hasten the work, heighten their master his  
praise!

And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to  
hell,

Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things.

Then up again swim into sight, having based me my palace  
well,

Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march, like the excellent  
minion he was,

Ay, another and yet another, one crowd but with many  
a crest,

Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass,

Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest:

For higher still and higher (as a runner tips with fire.

When a great illumination surprises a festal night—

Outlining round and round Rome's dome from space to  
spire)

Up, the pinnacled glory reached, and the pride of my soul  
was in sight.

In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match  
man's birth,

Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;

And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach  
the earth,

As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale  
the sky:

Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with  
mine,

Not a point nor peak but found and fixed its wandering  
star;

Meteor-moons, balls of blaze: and they did not pale nor pine,

For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near  
nor far.

Nay more; for there wanted not who walked in the glare  
and glow,

Presences plain in the place; or, fresh from the Protoplast,  
Furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should  
blow,

Lured now to begin and live, in a house to their liking at  
last;

Or else the wonderful Dead who have passed through the  
body and gone,

But were back once more to breathe in an old world worth  
their new:

What never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be  
anon;

And what is,—shall I say, matched both? for I was made  
perfect too.

All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my  
soul,

All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly  
forth,

All through music and me! For think, had I painted the  
whole,

Why, there it had stood, to see, nor the process so wonder-  
worth.

Had I written the same, made verse—still, effect proceeds  
from cause,

Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is  
told;

It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,

Painter and poet are proud, in the artist-list enrolled:—

But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can,

Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,

That out of three sounds he frame not a fourth sound  
but a star.

Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught:

It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:

Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought:

And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow  
the head!



### 3138 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;  
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too  
slow;  
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,  
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.  
Never to be again! But many more of the kind  
As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort to me?  
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind  
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what  
was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?  
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!  
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?  
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power  
expands?  
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live  
as before;  
The evil is null. is naught is silence implying sound;  
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good  
more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect  
round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;  
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor  
power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.  
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;  
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence  
For the fullness of the days? Have we withered or agon-  
ized?  
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might  
issue thence?  
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be  
prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,  
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:  
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;  
The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:  
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.  
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,  
Sliding by semitones till I sink to the minor,—yes,  
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,  
Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep;  
Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting-place  
is found,  
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

### HACK AND HEW

Hack and Hew were the sons of God  
In the earlier earth than now:  
One at his right hand, one at his left,  
To obey as he taught them how.  
  
And Hack was blind, and Hew was dumb,  
But both had the wild, wild heart;  
And God's calm will was their burning will,  
And the gist of their toil was art.  
  
They made the moon and the belted stars,  
They set the sun to ride;  
They loosed the girdle and veil of the sea,  
The wind and the purple tide.  
  
Both flower and beast beneath their hands  
To beauty and speed outgrew,—  
The furious, fumbling hand of Hack,  
And the glorying hand of Hew.  
  
Then, fire and clay, they fashioned a man,  
And painted him rosy brown;  
And God himself blew hard in his eyes:  
"Let them burn till they smoulder down!"

## 3140 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

And "There!" said Hack, and "There!" thought Hew,  
"We'll rest, for our toil is done."  
But "Nay," the Master Workman said,  
"For your toil is just begun."

"And ye who served me of old as God  
Shall serve me anew as man,  
Till I compass the dream that is in my heart,  
And perfect the vaster plan."

And still the craftsman over his craft,  
In the vague white light of dawn,  
With God's calm will for his burning will,  
While the mounting day comes on,

Yearning, wind-swift, indolent, wild,  
Toils with those shadowy two,—  
The faltering, restless hand of Hack,  
And the tireless hand of Hew.

*Bliss Carman* [1861-1929]

### ARS VICTRIX \*

IMITATED FROM THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

YES; when the ways oppose—  
When the hard means rebel,  
Fairer the work out-grows,—  
More potent far the spell.

O POET, then, forbear  
The loosely-sandalled verse,  
Choose rather thou to wear  
The buskin—strait and terse;

Leave to the tyro's hand  
The limp and shapeless style;  
See that thy form demand  
The labor of the file.

\* For the original of this poem see page 3842.

SCULPTOR, do thou discard  
 The yielding clay,—consign  
 To Paros marble hard  
 The beauty of thy line;—

Model thy Satyr's face  
 For bronze of Syracuse;  
 In the veined agate trace  
 The profile of thy Muse.

PAINTER, that still must mix  
 But transient tints anew,  
 Thou in the furnace fix  
 The firm enamel's hue;

Let the smooth tile receive  
 Thy dove-drawn Erycine;  
 Thy Sirens blue at eve  
 Coiled in a wash of wine.

All passes. ART alone  
 Enduring stays to us:  
 The Bust out-lasts the throne,—  
 The Coin, Tiberius;

Even the gods must go;  
 Only the lofty Rhyme  
 Not countless years o'erthrow,—  
 Not long array of time.

Paint, chisel, then, or write;  
 But, that the work surpass,  
 With the hard fashion fight,—  
 With the resisting mass.

*Austin Dobson* [1830-1921]

# FLOWER O' THE MIND

## TOM-A-BEDLAM'S POEM

FROM the hag and hungry goblin  
That into rags would rend ye,  
And the spirits that stand  
By the naked man  
In the Book of Moons, defend yel  
That of your five sound senses  
You never be forsaken,  
Nor wander from yourself with Tom,  
Abroad to beg your bacon.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,  
And a cruse of cockle pottage  
With a thing thus tall,  
Sky bless you all,  
I fell into this dotage.  
I slept not since the Conquest,  
Till then I never wakèd,  
Till the roguish boy of love where I lay  
Me found and stripped me naked.

When I short have shorn my sow's face  
And swigged my horny barrel,  
In an oaken inn  
I pawn my skin  
As a suit of gilt apparel.  
The Moon's my constant mistress,  
And the lonely owl my marrow;  
The flaming drake and the night-crow make  
Me music to my sorrow.

I know more than Apollo,  
For oft, when he lies sleeping,  
I see the stars  
At mortal wars  
And the rounded welkin weeping;  
The Moon embrace her shepherd,  
And the Queen of Love her warrior,  
While the first doth horn the star of morn,  
And the next the heavenly farrier.

With an host of furious fancies  
Whereof I am commander  
    With a burning spear  
    And a horse of air  
To the wilderness I wander;  
By a knight of ghosts and shadows  
I summoned am to tourney  
    Ten leagues beyond the wide world's end—  
Methinks it is no journey

*Unknown*

## L'ALLEGRO

HENCE loathèd Melancholy  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian Cave forlorn  
    'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
    Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-Raven sings;  
    There, under Ebon shades, and low-browed Rocks,  
As ragged as thy Locks,  
    In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven yclept Euphrosyne,  
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
With two sister Graces more,  
To Ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;  
Or whether (as some Sager sing)  
The frolic Wind that breathes the Spring,  
Zephir with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-Maying,  
There, on Beds of Violets blue,  
And fresh-blown Roses washed in dew,  
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
    Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it as ye go  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And if I give thee honor due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unprovèd pleasures free;  
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,  
 And, singing, startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,  
 Or the twisted Eglantine.  
 While the Cock, with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack, or the Barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,  
 Oft listening how the Hounds and horn  
 Clearly rouse the slumbering morn,  
 From the side of some Hoar Hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.  
 Some time walking not unseen  
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,  
 Right against the Eastern gate,  
 Where the great Sun begins his state,  
 Robed in flames, and Amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.  
 While the Plowman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the Furrowed Land,  
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the Mower whets his scythe,

And every Shepherd tells his tale  
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the Landscape round it measures,  
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The laboring clouds do often rest:  
Meadows trim with Daisies pied,  
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.  
Towers, and Battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted Trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.  
Hard by a Cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged Oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met.  
Are at their savory dinner set  
Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her Bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tanned Haycock in the Mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The up-land Hamlets will invite,  
When the merry Bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the Chequered shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a Sunshine Holyday,  
Till the live-long day-light fail;  
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.  
She was pinched, and pulled she said;  
And he, by Friar's Lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,  
To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,



When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy Flail hath threshed the Corn  
 That ten day-labcrers could not end,  
 Then lies him down, the Lubbar Fiend,  
 And stretched out all the Chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
 And Crop-full out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first Cock his Matin rings.  
 Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whispering Winds soon lulled asleep.

Towered Cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,  
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend  
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,  
 Such sights as youthful Poets dream  
 On Summer eves by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learnèd Sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native Wood-notes wild;  
 And ever, against eating Cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian Airs,  
 Married to immortal verse  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
 In notes, with many a winding bout  
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running;  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed

Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
Such strains as would have won the ear  
Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regained Eurydice.  
These delights, if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

*John Milton* [1608-1674]

IL PENSEROSO

HENCE vain deluding Joys,  
The brood of Folly without father bred!  
How little you bestead,  
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys;  
Dwell in some idle brain,  
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams  
The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,  
Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
Whose Sainly visage is too bright  
To hit the Sense of human sight;  
And therefore to our weaker view,  
O'er-laid with black, staid Wisdom's hue.  
Black, but such as in esteem,  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that Starred Ethiope Queen that strove  
To set her beauty's praise above  
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.  
Yet thou art higher far descended:  
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore,  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain).  
Oft in glimmering Bowers, and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain,  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of Cypress Lawn,  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thy self to Marble, till  
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring,  
 Aye round about Jove's Altar sing.  
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,  
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;  
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation,  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a Song,  
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke,  
 Gently o'er th' accustomed Oak;  
 Sweet Bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy!  
 Thee, Chauntress, oft the Woods among,  
 I woo to hear thy even-song;  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,  
 To behold the wandering Moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the Heaven's wide pathless way;

And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off Curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;  
 Or if the Air will not permit,  
 Some still removèd place will fit,  
 Where glowing Embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the Bellman's drowsy charm,  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm:  
 Or let my Lamp, at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely Tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato to unfold  
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
 And of those Dæmons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With Planet, or with Element.  
 Some time let Gorgeous Tragedy  
 In Scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine,  
 Or what (though rare) of later age,  
 Ennoblèd hath the Buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.  
 Or call up him that left half told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold,

Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That owned the virtuous Ring and Glass,  
 And of the wondrous Horse of Brass,  
 On which the Tartar King did ride;  
 And if aught else great Bards beside,  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of Tourneys and of Trophies hung;  
 Of Forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not tricked and frownced as she was wont,  
 With the Attic Boy to hunt,  
 But Kerchiefed in a comely Cloud,  
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,  
 Or ushered with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling Leaves,  
 With minute-drops from off the Eaves.  
 And when the Sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of Pine, or monumental Oak,  
 Where the rude Ax with heavèd stroke,  
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.  
 There in close covert by some Brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look,  
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,  
 While the Bee with Honied thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the Waters murmuring  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;  
 And let some strange mysterious dream,  
 Wave at his Wings, in Airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture displayed,  
 Softly on *my* eye-lids laid.

And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.

But let my due feet never fail,  
To walk the studious Cloister's pale,  
And love the high embowèd Roof,  
With antique Pillars massy proof,  
And storied Windows richly dight.  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing Organ blow,  
To the full voiced choir below,  
In Service high, and Anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every Star that Heaven doth shew,  
And every Herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like Prophetic strain.  
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

*John Milton [1608-1674]*

### KILMENY

From "The Queen's Wake"

BONNY Kilmeny gaed up the glen;  
But it wasna to meet Duncira's men,  
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;—  
The scarlet hypp, and the hind-berrye,  
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.

But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',  
 And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;  
 Lang the laird o' Duneira blame,  
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,  
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
 When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,  
 When the bedesman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung;  
 Late, late in a gloamin', when all was still,  
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,  
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,  
 The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,  
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
 When the ingle lowed wi' an eiry leme.  
 Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
 Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;  
 By burn, by ford, by green-wood tree,  
 Yet you are halesome and fair to see.  
 Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?  
 That bonny snood o' the birk sac green?  
 And those roses, the fairest that ever was seen?  
 Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny looked up wi' a lovely grace,  
 But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;  
 As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,  
 As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
 Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
 For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
 And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;  
 Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,  
 Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;  
 But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,  
 And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,  
 When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
 And a land where sin had never been;  
 A land of love, and a land of light,  
 Withouten sun, or moon, or night;

Where the river swa'd a living stream,  
And the light a pure celestial beam;  
The land of vision, it would seem,  
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon green-wood there is a waik,  
And in that waik there is a wene,  
And in that wene there is a maike,  
That neither has flesh, nor blood, nor bane;  
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;  
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,  
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;  
She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e,  
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She woke on a couch of silk sae slim,  
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;  
And lovely beings around were rife,  
Who erst had travelled mortal life;  
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to spier:  
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang have I ranged the world wide,"  
A meek and reverend fere replied;  
"Baith night and day I have watched the fair  
Eident a thousand years and mair.  
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,  
Wherever blooms feminitye;  
But sinless virgin, free of stain,  
In mind and body, fand I nane.  
Never, since the banquet of time,  
Found I a virgin in her prime,  
Till late this bonny maiden I saw,  
As spotless as the morning snaw:  
Full twenty years she has lived as free  
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrie.  
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,  
That sin or death she never may ken."



### 3154 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

They clasped her waist, and her hands sae fair;  
 They kissed her cheeks, and they kemmed her hair;  
 And round came many a blooming fere,  
 Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!  
 Women are freed of the littand scorn;  
 O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
 Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
 Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!  
 Many a lang year, in sorrow and pain,  
 Many a lang year through the world we've gane,  
 Commissioned to watch fair woman-kind,  
 For it's they who nurse the immortal mind.  
 We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,  
 And deep in the green-wood walks alone;  
 By lily bower and silken bed,  
 The viewless tears have been o'er them shed;  
 Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,  
 Or left the couch of love to weep.  
 We have seen! we have seen! but the time maun come,  
 And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind  
 Aye keep these holy truths in mind,  
 That kindred spirits their motions see,  
 Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,  
 And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!  
 O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,  
 And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!  
 And dear to Heaven the words of truth,  
 And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!  
 And dear to the viewless forms of air  
 The minds that kythes as the body fair!

"O bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,  
 If ever you seek the world again,  
 That world of sin, of sorrow and fear,  
 O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;  
 And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;  
 Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;  
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;  
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
And they smiled on Heaven, when they saw her lie  
In the stream of life that wandered by.  
And she heard a song,—she heard it sung,  
She kenned not where; but sae sweetly it rung,  
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn,—  
“O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!  
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,  
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;  
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,  
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,  
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;  
And the angels shall miss them, travelling the air.  
But lang, lang after, baith night and day,  
When the sun and the world have fled away,  
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,  
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!”

They bore her away, she wist not how,  
For she felt not arm nor rest below;  
But so swift they wained her through the light,  
’Twas like the motion of sound or sight;  
They seemed to split the gales of air,  
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.  
Unnumbered groves below them grew;  
They came, they passed, and backward flew,  
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,  
A moment seen, in a moment gone.  
Ah, never vales to mortal view  
Appeared like those o’er which they flew,

That land to human spirits given,  
 The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;  
 From thence they can view the world below,  
 And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,—  
 More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
 To see what mortal never had seen;  
 And they seated her high on a purple sward,  
 And bade her heed what she saw and heard,  
 And note the changes the spirits wrought;  
 For now she lived in the land of thought.—  
 She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
 But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes;  
 She looked, and she saw nae land aright,  
 But an endless whirl of glory and light;  
 And radiant beings went and came,  
 Far swifter than wind or the linkèd flame;  
 She hid her e'en frae the dazzling view;  
 She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun in a summer sky,  
 And clouds of amber sailing by;  
 A lovely land beneath her lay,  
 And that land had lakes and mountains gray:  
 And that land had valleys and hoary piles,  
 And marlèd seas, and a thousand isles;  
 Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
 And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,  
 Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay  
 The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,  
 Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung;  
 On every shore they seemed to be hung;  
 For there they were seen on their downward plain  
 A thousand times and a thousand again;  
 In winding lake and placid firth,  
 Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,  
 For she found her heart to that land did cleave.

She saw the corn wave on the vale;  
She saw the deer run down the dale;  
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,  
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;  
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
The fairest that ever the sun shone on:  
A lion licked her hand of milk,  
And she held him in a leish of silk,  
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,  
With a silver wand and melting e'e;  
Her sovereign shield, till love stole in,  
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedesman came,  
And hundit the lion on his dame;  
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,  
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;  
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,  
Till the bonniest flower o' the world lay dead;  
A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
And she saw the red blood fall like rain.  
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff, grim carle girmed amain,  
And they trampled him down, but he rose again;  
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;  
And weening his head was danger-proof  
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,  
He gowled at the carle, and chased him away  
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.  
He gowled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven;  
But his mark was set, and his arles given.  
Kilmeny a while her e'en withdrew;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her, fair unfurled,  
One half of all the glowing world,

Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,  
 To bound the aims of sinful man.  
 She saw a people fierce and fell,  
 Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;  
 There lilies grew, and the eagle flew;  
 And she herked on her ravening crew,  
 Till the cities and towers were wrapped in a blaze,  
 And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the seas.  
 The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,  
 And she threatened an end to the race of man.  
 She never lened, nor stood in awe,  
 Till caught by the lion's deadly paw.  
 O, then the eagle swinked for life,  
 And brainzelled up a mortal strife;  
 But flew she north, or flew she south,  
 She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,  
 The eagle sought her eiry again;  
 But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,  
 And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,  
 Before she sey another flight,  
 To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,  
 So far surpassing nature's law,  
 The singer's voice wad sink away,  
 And the string of his harp wad cease to play.  
 But she saw till the sorrows of man were by  
 And all was love and harmony;  
 Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,  
 Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
 The friends she had left in her ain countrie,  
 To tell of the place where she had been,  
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen;  
 To warn the living maidens fair,  
 The loved of heaven, the spirits' care,  
 That all whose minds unmeled remain  
 Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;  
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,  
All happed wi' flowers in the green-wood wene.  
When seven long years had come and fled,  
When grief was calm, and hope was dead,  
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,  
Late, late in a gloamin', Kilmeny came hame!  
And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
But still and steadfast was her e'e!  
Such beauty bard may never declare,  
For there was no pride nor passion there;  
And the soft desire of maidens' e'en,  
In that mild face could never be seen.  
Her seymar was the lily flower,  
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;  
And her voice like the distant melody  
That floats along the twilight sea.  
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,  
And keep afar frae the haunts of men;  
Her holy hymns unheard to sing.  
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.  
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
The wild beasts of the hills were cheered;  
The wolf played blithely round the field;  
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;  
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,  
And cowered aneath her lily hand.  
And when at eve the woodlands rung,  
When hymns of other worlds she sung  
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
O, then the glen was all in motion!  
The wild beasts of the forest came,  
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,  
And goved around, charmed and amazed;  
Even the dull cattle crooned, and gazed,  
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain  
For something the mystery to explain.  
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,  
The corby left her houf in the rock;

The blackbird along wi' the eagle flew;  
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;  
 The wolf and the kid their raikie began;  
 And the kid, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;  
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,  
 And the merle and the mavis forhooyed their young;  
 And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:  
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and day had come and gane,  
 Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;  
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,  
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.  
 But O the words that fell frae her mouth  
 Were words of wonder, and words of truth!  
 But all the land were in fear and dread,  
 For they kendna whether she was living or dead.  
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;  
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
 And returned to the land of thought again.

*James Hogg [1770-1835]*

### KUBLA KHAN

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan

A stately pleasure-dome decree:  
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
 Through caverns measureless to man  
 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground  
 With walls and towers were girdled round:  
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O! that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted  
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this Earth in fast thick pants were breathing,  
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced,  
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:  
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever  
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.  
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion  
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,  
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,  
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:  
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was heard the mingled measure  
From the fountain and the caves.

It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such a deep delight 'twould win me  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air,  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all who heard should see them there,  
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round him thrice,  
And close your eyes with holy dread,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge [1772-1834]*



## HYMN OF PAN

FROM the forests and highlands  
     We come, we come;  
 From the river-girt islands,  
     Where loud waves are dumb,  
 Listening my sweet pipings.  
     The wind in the reeds and the rushes,  
     The bees on the bells of thyme,  
     The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
     The cicale above in the lime,  
 And the lizards below in the grass,  
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,  
 Listening my sweet pipings.

Liquid Penëus was flowing,  
     And all dark Tempe lay  
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
     The light of the dying day,  
 Speeded by my sweet pipings.  
     The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,  
     And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,  
     To the edge of the moist river-lawns,  
     And the brink of the dewy caves,  
 And all that did then attend and follow,  
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,  
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing Stars,  
     I sang of the dædal Earth,  
 And of Heaven, and the giant wars,  
     And Love, and Death, and Birth.  
 And then I changed my pipings—  
     Singing how down the vale of Mænalus  
     I pursued a maiden, and clasped a reed:  
     Gods and men, we are all deluded thus;  
     It breaks in our bosom, and then we bleed.  
 All wept—as I think both ye now would,  
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,  
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley* [1792-1822]

## ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness,  
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:  
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape  
Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?  
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?  
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:  
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;  
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;  
And, happy melodist, unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new;  
More happy love! more happy, happy love!  
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
For ever panting and for ever young;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?

What little town by river or sea-shore,  
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?  
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore  
 Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell  
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede  
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
 As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral!  
 When old age shall this generation waste,  
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all  
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

*John Keats [1795-1821]*

### ODE TO PSYCHE

O GODDESS! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung  
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,  
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung  
 Even into thine own soft-conchèd ear:  
 Surely I dreamed to-day, or did I see  
 The wingèd Psyche with awakened eyes?  
 I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,  
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,  
 Saw two fair creatures, couchèd side by side  
 In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof  
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran  
 A brooklet, scarce espied:  
 'Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,  
 Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,  
 They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;  
 Their arms embracèd, and their pinions too;  
 Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu,  
 As if disjointed by soft-handed slumber,  
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber

At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love:  
The wingèd boy I knew;  
But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove?  
His Psyche true!

O latest-born and loveliest vision far  
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!  
Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-regioned star,  
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;  
Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,  
Nor altar heaped with flowers;  
Nor Virgin-choir to make delicious moan  
Upon the midnight hours;  
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet  
From chain-swung censer teeming;  
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat  
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

O brightest! though too late for antique vows,  
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,  
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,  
Holy the air, the water, and the fire;  
Yet even in these days so far retired  
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,  
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,  
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.  
So let me be thy choir, and make a moan  
Upon the midnight hours!  
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet  
From swingèd censer teeming:  
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat  
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane  
In some untrodden region of my mind,  
Where branchèd thoughts, new-grown with pleasant pain,  
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:  
Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees  
Fledge the wild-ridgèd mountains steep by steep;  
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,  
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep;

## 3166 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

And in the midst of this wide quietness  
A rosy sanctuary will I dress  
With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,  
    With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,  
With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,  
    Who, breeding flowers, will never breed the same;  
And there shall be for thee all soft delight  
    That shadowy thought can win,  
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,  
    To let the warm Love in!

*John Keats [1795-1821]*

### TO FANCY

EVER let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home:  
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,  
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;  
Then let wingèd Fancy wander  
Through the thought still spread beyond her:  
Open wide the mind's cage-door,  
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.  
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,  
And the enjoying of the Spring  
Fades as does its blossoming;  
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,  
Blushing through the mist and dew,  
Cloys with tasting: What do then?  
Sit thee by the ingle, when  
The sear faggot blazes bright,  
Spirit of a winter's night;  
When the soundless earth is muffled,  
And the cakèd snow is shuffled  
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon;  
When the Night doth meet the Noon  
In a dark conspiracy  
To banish Even from her sky.  
Sit thee there, and send abroad,  
With a mind self-overawed,

Fancy, high-commissioned:—send her!  
She has vassals to attend her:  
She will bring, in spite of frost,  
Beauties that the earth hath lost;  
She will bring thee, all together,  
All delights of summer weather;  
All the buds and bells of May,  
From dewy sward or thorny spray;  
All the heapèd Autumn's wealth,  
With a still, mysterious stealth:  
She will mix these pleasures up  
Like three fit wines in a cup,  
And thou shalt quaff it:—thou shalt hear  
Distant harvest-carols clear;  
Rustle of the reapèd corn;  
Sweet birds antheming the morn:  
And, in the same moment—hark!  
'Tis the early April lark,  
Or the rooks, with busy caw,  
Foraging for sticks and straw.  
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold  
The daisy and the marigold;  
White-plumed lilies, and the first  
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;  
Shaded hyacinth, alway  
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;  
And every leaf, and every flower  
Pearlèd with the self-same shower.  
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep  
Meagre from its cellèd sleep;  
And the snake all winter-thin  
Cast on sunny bank its skin;  
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see  
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,  
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest  
Quiet on her mossy nest;  
Then the hurry and alarm  
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;  
Acorns ripe down-pattering,  
While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose;  
 Every thing is spoilt by use:  
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade,  
 Too much gazed at? Where's the maid  
 Whose lip mature is ever new?  
 Where's the eye, however blue,  
 Doth not weary? Where's the face  
 One would meet in every place?  
 Where's the voice, however soft,  
 One would hear so very oft?  
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth  
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.  
 Let, then, wingèd Fancy find  
 Thee a mistress to thy mind:  
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,  
 Ere the God of Torment taught her  
 How to frown and how to chide;  
 With a waist and with a side  
 White as Hebe's, when her zone  
 Slipped its golden clasp, and down  
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,  
 While she held the goblet sweet,  
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh  
 Of the Fancy's silken leash;  
 Quickly break her prison-string,  
 And such joys as these she'll bring.—  
 Let the wingèd Fancy roam,  
 Pleasure never is at home.

*John Keats [1795-1821]*

### THE HAUNTED PALACE

IN the greenest of our valleys  
 By good angels tenanted,  
 Once a fair and stately palace—  
 Radiant palace—reared its head.  
 In the monarch Thought's dominion,  
 It stood there;  
 Never seraph spread a pinion  
 Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago),  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley  
Through two luminous windows saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tunèd law,  
Round about a throne where, sitting  
(Porphyrogene),  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate;  
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home, the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody;



## 3170 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh—but smile no more.

*Edgar Allan Poe* [1809-1849]

### THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
“’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my chamber door:  
Only this and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,  
“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:  
This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide  
the door:—  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,  
fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream  
before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no  
token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,  
"Lenore!"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,  
"Lenore!"  
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window  
lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore;  
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and  
flutter,  
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or  
stayed he;  
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber  
door,  
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:  
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

### 3172 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it  
wore,—

“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art  
sure no craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the  
Nightly shore:

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian  
shore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so  
plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber  
door,

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber  
door,

With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-  
pour.

Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he  
fluttered,

Till I scarcely more than muttered,—“Other friends have  
flown before;

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown  
before.”

Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and  
store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Dis-  
aster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden  
bore:

Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
Of ‘Never—nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust  
and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird  
of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's  
core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclin-  
ing

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated  
o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating  
o'er

*She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an un-  
seen censer

Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted  
floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these  
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost  
Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or  
devil!

Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here  
ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I im-  
plore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

### 3174 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore:

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,  
upstarting.

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!  
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow  
on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

*Edgar Allan Poe* [1809-1849]

### THE BELLS

#### I

HEAR the sledges with the bells,  
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 In the icy air of night!  
 While the stars that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens seem to twinkle  
 With a crystalline delight;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinabulation that so musically wells  
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

## II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
 Golden bells!  
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
 Through the balmy air of night  
 How they ring out their delight!  
 From the molten-golden notes,  
 And all in tune,  
 What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
 On the moon!  
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
 How it swells!  
 How it dwells  
 On the future; how it tells  
 Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

## III

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
 Brazen bells!  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells

### 3176 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek,  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor  
Now, now to sit, or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of despair!  
How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
Yet the ear it fully knows,  
By the twanging,  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling,  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells;  
Of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

#### IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,  
Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!  
In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!

**For every sound that floats**  
**From the rust within their throats,**  
**Is a groan.**  
**And the people—ah, the people,**  
**They that dwell up in the steeple,**  
**All alone.**  
**And who tolling, tolling, tolling,**  
**In that muffled monotone,**  
**Feel a glory in so rolling**  
**On the human heart a stone—**  
**They are neither man nor woman,**  
**They are neither brute nor human,**  
**They are ghouls:**  
**And their king it is who tolls;**  
**And he rolls, rolls, rolls,**  
**Rolls**  
**A pæan from the bells!**  
**And his merry bosom swells**  
**With the pæan of the bells!**  
**And he dances, and he yells;**  
**Keeping time, time, time,**  
**In a sort of Runic rhyme,**  
**To the pæan of the bells,**  
**Of the bells;**  
**Keeping time, time, time,**  
**In a sort of Runic rhyme,**  
**To the throbbing of the bells;**  
**Of the bells, bells, bells—**  
**To the sobbing of the bells;**  
**Keeping time, time, time,**  
**As he knells, knells, knells,**  
**In a happy Runic rhyme,**  
**To the rolling of the bells;**  
**Of the bells, bells, bells—**  
**To the tolling of the bells,**  
**Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,**  
**Bells, bells, bells—**  
**To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.**

*Edgar Allan Poe [1809-1849]*



## THE LOTOS-EATERS

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,  
 "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land

In which it seemèd always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;

And, like a downward smoke, the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;

And some through wavering lights and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,

Three silent pinnacles of agèd snow,

Stood sunset-flushed; and, dewed with showery drops,

Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmèd sunset lingered low adown

In the red West: through mountain clefts the dale

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down

Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale

And meadow, set with slender galingale;

A land where all things always seemed the same!

And round about the keel with faces pale,

Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,

The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,

Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave

To each, but whoso did receive of them

And taste, to him the gushing of the wave

Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave

On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,

His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;

And deep-asleep he seemed, yet all awake,

And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore:  
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,  
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore  
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
Then some one said, "We will return no more;"  
And all at once they sang, "Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

*Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]*

## ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,  
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed  
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those  
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when  
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;  
For always roaming with a hungry heart  
Much have I seen and known,—cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honored of them all;  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough  
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!  
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains: but every hour is saved

From that eternal silence, something more,  
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
 And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—  
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
 This labor, by slow prudence to make mild  
 A rugged people, and through soft degrees  
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
 Of common duties, decent not to fail  
 In offices of tenderness, and pay  
 Meet adoration to my household gods,  
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:  
 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,  
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—  
 That ever with a frolic welcome took  
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;  
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,  
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though  
 We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;—  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

*Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]*

## MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle rolled  
Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
On one side lay the ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we  
Shall never more, at any future time,  
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
Walking about the gardens and the halls  
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
I perish by this people which I made,—  
Though Merlin sware that I should come again  
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,  
I am so deeply smitten through the helm,  
That without help I cannot last till morn.  
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how  
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
Holding the sword—and how I rowed across  
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:

And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
 In after time, this also shall be known:  
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,  
 And fling him far into the middle mere:  
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:  
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
 Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm.  
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,  
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stepped  
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
 By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:  
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,  
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work  
 Of subtlest jewelery. He gazed so long  
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,  
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
 In act to throw: but at the last it seemed  
 Better to leave Excalibur concealed  
 There in the many-knotted water-flags,  
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
 So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
 "Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?  
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:  
 "Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseemed  
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:  
For surer sign had followed, either hand,  
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;  
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
His palms together, and he cried aloud,  
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,  
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
What good should follow this, if this were done?  
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,  
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
An act unprofitable, against himself?  
The king is sick, and knows not what he does.  
What record, or what relic of my lord  
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,  
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,  
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake;  
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
To all the people, winning reverence;  
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
And hid Excalibur, the second time,  
And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the trag  
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!  
Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widowed of the power in his eye  
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,  
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
In whom should meet the offices of all,  
Thou would'st betray me for the precious hilt;  
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:  
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,  
And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand  
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,  
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,  
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur:  
But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
And lightly went the other to the king.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:

"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,

Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,  
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;  
But when I looked again, behold an arm,  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him  
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:  
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.  
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear  
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,  
And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,  
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
When all the house is mute. So sighed the king,  
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!  
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,  
Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.  
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves  
And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based  
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—  
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,



Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,  
 Beneath them; and descending they were ware  
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms  
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these  
 Three queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose  
 A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,  
 And, as it were one voice, an agony  
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills  
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,  
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"  
 And to the barge they came. There those three queens  
 Put forth their hands, and took the king, and wept.  
 But she that rose the tallest of them all  
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,  
 And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,  
 And called him by his name, complaining loud,  
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow  
 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white  
 And colorless, and like the withered moon  
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;  
 And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops  
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—  
 That made his forehead like a rising sun  
 High from the dais-throne—were parched with dust;  
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,  
 Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.  
 So like a shattered column lay the king;  
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,  
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,  
 Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged  
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:  
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?  
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?  
 For now I see the true old times are dead,  
 When every morning brought a noble chance,  
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.  
 Such times have been not since the light that led  
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.

But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved  
Which was an image of the mighty world;  
And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
And the days darken round me, and the years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:  
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.  
But now farewell. I am going a long way  
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt—  
To the island-valley of Avilion;  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,  
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swar  
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT

## PART I

ON either side the river lie  
 Long fields of barley and of rye,  
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;  
 And through the field the road runs by  
     To many-towered Camelot;  
 And up and down the people go,  
 Gazing where the lilies blow  
 Round an island there below,  
     The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
 Little breezes dusk and shiver  
 Through the wave that runs for ever  
 By the island in the river  
     Flowing down to Camelot.  
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,  
 Overlook a space of flowers,  
 And the silent isle embowers  
     The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,  
 Slide the heavy barges trailed  
 By slow horses; and unhailed  
 The shallop flitteth silken-sailed  
     Skimming down to Camelot:  
 But who hath seen her wave her hand?  
 Or at the casement seen her stand?  
 Or is she known in all the land,  
     The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early  
 In among the bearded barley,  
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly  
 From the river winding clearly,  
     Down to towered Camelot:

And by the moon the reaper weary,  
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,  
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy  
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day  
A magic web with colors gay.  
She has heard a whisper say,  
A curse is on her if she stay  
To look down to Camelot.  
She knows not what the curse may be,  
And so she weaveth steadily,  
And little other care hath she,  
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear  
That hangs before her all the year,  
Shadows of the world appear.  
There she sees the highway near  
Winding down to Camelot:  
There the river eddly whirls,  
And there the surly village-churls,  
And the red cloaks of market girls,  
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,  
An abbot on an ambling pad,  
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,  
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,  
Goes by to towered Camelot;  
And sometimes through the mirror blue  
The knights come riding two and two:  
She hath no loyal knight and true,  
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights  
To weave the mirror's magic sights,  
For often through the silent nights  
A funeral, with plumes and lights  
And music, went to Camelot:

Or when the moon was overhead,  
 Came two young lovers lately wed;  
 "I am half sick of shadows," said  
     The Lady of Shalott.

## PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,  
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,  
 The sun came dazzling through the leaves,  
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves  
     Of bold Sir Lancelot.  
 A red-cross knight for ever kneeled  
 To a lady in his shield,  
 That sparkled on the yellow field,  
     Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,  
 Like to some branch of stars we see  
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.  
 The bridle bells rang merrily  
     As he rode down to Camelot;  
 And from his blazoned baldric slung  
 A mighty silver bugle hung,  
 And as he rode his armor rung,  
     Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather  
 Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-leather,  
 The helmet and the helmet-feather  
 Burned like one burning flame together,  
     As he rode down to Camelot;  
 As often through the purple night,  
 Below the starry clusters bright,  
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,  
     Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;  
 On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;  
 From underneath his helmet flowed  
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,  
     As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river  
He flashed into the crystal mirror,  
"Tirra lirra," by the river  
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces through the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume,  
She looked down to Camelot.  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror cracked from side to side;  
"The curse is come upon me!" cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

## PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,  
The pale yellow woods were waning,  
The broad stream in his banks complaining,  
Heavily the low sky raining  
Over towered Camelot;  
Down she came and found a boat  
Beneath a willow left afloat,  
And round about the prow she wrote  
*The Lady of Shalott.*

And down the river's dim expanse—  
Like some bold seër in a trance,  
Seeing all his own mischance—  
With a glassy countenance  
Did she look to Camelot.  
And at the closing of the day  
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;  
The broad stream bore her far away,  
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white  
That loosely flew to left and right—  
The leaves upon her falling light—  
Through the noises of the night  
She floated down to Camelot:

And as the boat-head wound along  
 The willowy hills and fields among,  
 They heard her singing her last song,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
 And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
     Turned to towered Camelot;  
 For ere she reached upon the tide  
 The first house by the water-side,  
 Singing in her song she died,  
     The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
 By garden-wall and gallery,  
 A gleaming shape she floated by,  
 Dead-pale between the houses high,  
     Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,  
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
 And round the prow they read her name,  
     *The Lady of Shalott.*

Who is this? and what is here?  
 And in the lighted palace near  
 Died the sound of royal cheer;  
 And they crossed themselves for fear,  
     All the knights at Camelot:  
 But Lancelot mused a little space;  
 He said, "She has a lovely face;  
 God in His mercy lend her grace,  
     The Lady of Shalott."

*Alfred Tennyson [1809-1892]*

## RENASCENCE

ALL I could see from where I stood  
 Was three long mountains and a wood;  
 I turned and looked the other way,  
 And saw three islands in a bay.  
 So with my eyes I traced the line  
 Of the horizon, thin and fine,

Straight around till I was come  
 Back to where I'd started from;  
 And all I saw from where I stood  
 Was three long mountains and a wood.  
 Over these things I could not see:  
 These were the things that bounded me;  
 And I could touch them with my hand,  
 Almost, I thought, from where I stand.  
 And all at once things seemed so small  
 My breath came short, and scarce at all.  
 But, sure, the sky is big, I said;  
 Miles and miles above my head;  
 So here upon my back I'll lie  
 And look my fill into the sky.  
 And so I looked, and, after all,  
 The sky was not so very tall.  
 The sky, I said, must somewhere stop,  
 And—sure enough!—I see the top!  
 The sky, I thought, is not so grand;  
 I 'most could touch it with my hand!  
 And, reaching up my hand to try,  
 I screamed to feel it touch the sky.  
 I screamed, and—lo!—Infinity  
 Came down and settled over me;  
 Forced back my scream into my chest,  
 Bent back my arm upon my breast,  
 And, pressing of the Undefined  
 The definition on my mind,  
 Held up before my eyes a glass  
 Through which my shrinking sight did pass  
 Until it seemed I must behold  
 Immensity made manifold;  
 Whispered to me a word whose sound  
 Deafened the air for worlds around,  
 And brought unmuffled to my ears  
 The gossiping of friendly spheres,  
 The creaking of the tented sky,  
 The ticking of Eternity.

I saw and heard, and knew at last  
 The How and Why of all things, past,



And present, and forevermore.  
 The Universe, cleft to the core,  
 Lay open to my probing sense  
 That, sickening, I would fain pluck thence  
 But could not,—nay! But needs must suck  
 At the great wound, and could not pluck  
 My lips away till I had drawn  
 All venom out.—Ah, fearful pawn!  
 For my omniscience paid I toll  
 In infinite remorse of soul.  
 All sin was of my sinning, all  
 Atoning mine, and mine the gall  
 Of all regret. Mine was the weight  
 Of every brooded wrong, the hate  
 That stood behind each envious thrust,  
 Mine every greed, mine every lust.  
 And all the while for every grief,  
 Each suffering, I craved relief  
 With individual desire,—  
 Craved all in vain! And felt fierce fire  
 About a thousand people crawl;  
 Perished with each,—then mourned for all!  
 A man was starving in Capri;  
 He moved his eyes and looked at me;  
 I felt his gaze, I heard his moan,  
 And knew his hunger as my own.  
 I saw at sea a great fog bank  
 Between two ships that struck and sank;  
 A thousand screams the heavens smote;  
 And every scream tore through my throat.  
 No hurt I did not feel, no death  
 That was not mine; mine each last breath  
 That, crying, met an answering cry  
 From the compassion that was I.  
 All suffering mine, and mine its rod;  
 Mine, pity like the pity of God.  
 Ah, awful weight! Infinity  
 Pressed down upon the finite Me!  
 My anguished spirit, like a bird,  
 Beating against my lips I heard;  
 Yet lay the weight so close about

There was no room for it without.  
And so beneath the weight lay I  
And suffered death, but could not die.

Long had I lain thus, craving death,  
When quietly the earth beneath  
Gave way, and inch by inch, so great  
At last had grown the crushing weight,  
Into the earth I sank till I  
Full six feet under ground did lie,  
And sank no more,—there is no weight  
Can follow here, however great.  
From off my breast I felt it roll,  
And as it went my tortured soul  
Burst forth and fled in such a gust  
That all about me swirled the dust.

Deep in the earth I rested now;  
Cool is its hand upon the brow  
And soft its breast beneath the head  
Of one who is so gladly dead.  
And all at once, and over all  
The pitying rain began to fall;  
I lay and heard each pattering hoof  
Upon my lowly, thatched roof,  
And seemed to love the sound far more  
Than ever I had done before.  
For rain it hath a friendly sound  
To one who's six feet under ground;  
And scarce the friendly voice or face:  
A grave is such a quiet place.

The rain, I said, is kind to come  
And speak to me in my new home.  
I would I were alive again  
To kiss the fingers of the rain,  
To drink into my eyes the shine  
Of every slanting silver line,  
To catch the freshened, fragrant breeze  
From drenched and dripping apple-trees.  
For soon the shower will be done,  
And then the broad face of the sun  
Will laugh above the rain-soaked earth

Until the world with answering mirth  
 Shakes joyously, and each round drop  
 Rolls, twinkling, from its grass-blade top.  
 How can I bear it; buried here,  
 While overhead the sky grows clear  
 And blue again after the storm?  
 O, multi-colored, multiform,  
 Belovèd beauty over me,  
 That I shall never, never see  
 Again! Spring-silver, autumn-gold,  
 That I shall never more behold!  
 Sleeping your myriad magics through,  
 Close-sepulchred away from you!  
 O God, I cried, give me new birth,  
 And put me back upon the earth!  
 Upset each cloud's gigantic gourd  
 And let the heavy rain, down-poured  
 In one big torrent, set me free,  
 Washing my grave away from me!

I ceased; and, through the breathless hush  
 That answered me, the far-off rush  
 Of herald wings came whispering  
 Like music down the vibrant string  
 Of my ascending prayer, and—crash!  
 Before the wild wind's whistling lash  
 The startled storm-clouds reared on high  
 And plunged in terror down the sky,  
 And the big rain in one black wave  
 Fell from the sky and struck my grave.  
 I know not how such things can be;  
 I only know there came to me  
 A fragrance such as never clings  
 To aught save happy living things;  
 A sound as of some joyous elf  
 Singing sweet songs to please himself,  
 And, through and over everything,  
 A sense of glad awakening.  
 The grass, a-tiptoe at my ear,  
 Whispering to me I could hear;  
 I felt the rain's cool finger-tips

Brushed tenderly across my lips,  
Laid gently on my sealèd sight,  
And all at once the heavy night  
Fell from my eyes and I could see,—  
A drenched and dripping apple-tree,  
A last long line of silver rain,  
A sky grown clear and blue again.  
And as I looked a quickening gust  
Of wind blew up to me and thrust  
Into my face a miracle  
Of orchard-breath, and with the smell,—  
I know not how such things can be!—  
I breathed my soul back into me.  
Ah! Up then from the ground sprang I  
And hailed the earth with such a cry  
As is not heard save from a man  
Who has been dead, and lives again.  
About the trees my arms I wound;  
Like one gone mad I hugged the ground;  
I raised my quivering arms on high;  
I laughed and laughed into the sky,  
Till at my throat a strangling sob  
Caught fiercely, and a great heart-throb  
Sent instant tears into my eyes;  
O God, I cried, no dark disguise  
Can e'er hereafter hide from me  
Thy radiant identity!  
Thou canst not move across the grass  
But my quick eyes will see Thee pass,  
Nor speak, however silently,  
But my hushed voice will answer Thee.  
I know the path that tells Thy way  
Through the cool eve of every day;  
God, I can push the grass apart  
And lay my finger on Thy heart!

The world stands out on either side  
No wider than the heart is wide;  
Above the world is stretched the sky,—  
No higher than the soul is high.  
The heart can push the sea and land

Farther away on either hand;  
 The soul can split the sky in two,  
 And let the face of God shine through.  
 But East and West will pinch the heart  
 That can not keep them pushed apart;  
 And he whose soul is flat—the sky  
 Will cave in on him by and by.

*Edna St. Vincent Millay* [1892-

### THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

THE blessed damozel leaned out  
 From the gold bar of Heaven;  
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
 Of waters stilled at even;  
 She had three lilies in her hand,  
 And the stars in her hair were seven.  
 Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
 No wrought flowers did adorn,  
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
 For service sweetly worn;  
 Her hair that lay along her back  
 Was yellow like ripe corn.  
 Herseemed she scarce had been a day  
 One of God's choristers;  
 The wonder was not yet quite gone  
 From that still look of hers;  
 Albeit, to them she left, her day  
 Had counted as ten years.  
 (To one, it is ten years of years.  
 . . . Yet now, and in this place,  
 Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
 Fell all about my face. . . .  
 Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.  
 The whole year sets apace.)  
 It was the rampart of God's house  
 That she was standing on;  
 By God built over the sheer depth  
 The which is Space begun;  
 So high, that looking downward thence  
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remembered names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove  
Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,  
Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells  
Possessed the mid-day air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,  
 For he will come," she said.  
 "Have not I prayed in Heaven?—on earth,  
 Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?  
 Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
 And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole clings,  
 And he is clothed in white,  
 I'll take his hand and go with him  
 To the deep wells of light;  
 As unto a stream we will step down,  
 And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,  
 Occult, withheld, untrod,  
 Whose lamps are stirred continually  
 With prayer sent up to God;  
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
 Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie in the shadow of  
 That living mystic tree  
 Within whose secret growth the Dove  
 Is sometimes felt to be,  
 While every leaf that His plumes touch  
 Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,  
 I myself, lying so,  
 The songs I sing here; which his voice  
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
 And find some knowledge at each pause  
 Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! we two, we two, thou say'st!  
 Yea, one wast thou with me  
 That once of old. But shall God lift  
 To endless unity  
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
 Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves  
Where the lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak:  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles:  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me:—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love, only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild,—  
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.  
The light thrilled towards her, filled  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled



(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
 Was vague in distant spheres:  
 And then she cast her arms along  
 The golden barriers,  
 And laid her face between her hands,  
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti* [1828-1882]

### A SONG OF ANGIOLA IN HEAVEN

FLOWERS,—that have died upon my Sweet,  
 Lulled by the rhythmic dancing beat  
 Of her young bosom under you,—  
 Now will I show you such a thing  
 As never, through thick buds of Spring,  
 Betwixt the daylight and the dew,  
 The Bird whose being no man knows—  
 The voice that waketh all night through,  
 Tells to the Rose.

For lo,—a garden-place I found,  
 Well filled of leaves, and stilled of sound,  
 Well flowered, with red fruit marvelous;  
 And 'twixt the shining trunks would flit  
 Tall knights and silken maids, or sit  
 With faces bent and amorous;—  
 There, in the heart thereof, and crowned  
 With woodbine and amaracus,  
 My Love I found.

Alone she walked,—ah, well I wis,  
 My heart leapt up for joy of this!—  
 Then when I called to her her name,—  
 The name, that like a pleasant thing  
 Men's lips remember, murmuring,—  
 At once across the sward she came,—  
 Full fain she seemed, my own dear maid,  
 And asked ever as she came,  
 "Where hast thou stayed?"

## A Song of Angiola in Heaven 3203

"Where hast thou stayed?" she asked, as though  
The long years were an hour ago;

But I spake not, nor answerèd,  
For, looking in her eyes, I saw  
A light not lit of mortal law;

And in her clear cheek's changeless red,  
And sweet, unshaken speaking found  
That in this place the Hours were dead,  
And Time was bound.

"This is well done," she said, "in thee,  
O Love, that thou art come to me,

To this green garden glorious;  
Now truly shall our life be sped  
In joyance and all goodlihed,

For here all things are fair to us,  
And none with burden is oppressed,  
And none is poor or piteous,—  
For here is Rest.

"No formless Future blurs the sky;  
Men mourn not here, with dull dead eye,

By shrouded shapes of Yesterday;  
Betwixt the Coming and the Past  
The flawless life hangs fixen fast

In one unwearying To-Day,  
That darkens not; for Sin is shriven,  
Death from the doors is thrust away,  
And here is Heaven."

At "Heaven" she ceased;—and lifted up  
Her fair head like a flower-cup,

With rounded mouth, and eyes aglow;  
Then set I lips to hers, and felt,—  
Ah, God,—the hard pain fade and melt,

And past things change to painted show;  
The song of quiring birds outbroke;  
The lit leaves laughed—sky shook. and lo  
I swooned,—and woke.

And now, O Flowers,  
—Ye that indeed are dead,—

Now for all waiting hours,  
 Well am I comforted;  
 For of a surety, now, I see,  
 That, without dim distress  
 Of tears, or weariness,  
 My Lady, verily, awaiteth me;  
 So that until with Her I be,  
 For my dear Lady's sake  
 I am right fain to make  
 Out from my pain a pillow, and to take  
 Grief for a golden garment unto me;  
 Knowing that I, at last, shall stand  
 In that green garden-land,  
 And, in the holding of my dear Love's hand,  
 Forget the grieving and the misery.

*Austin Dobson* [1840-1921]

#### THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;  
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
 Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears  
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.  
 Up vistaed hopes I sped;  
 And shot, precipitated  
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,  
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.  
 But with unhurrying chase,  
 And unperturbèd pace,  
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
 They beat—and a Voice beat  
 More instant than the Feet—  
 "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."  
  
 I pleaded, outlaw-wise,  
 By many a hearted casement, curtained red,  
 Trellised with intertwining charities;  
 (For, though I knew His love Who followèd,  
 Yet was I sore adread

Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);  
But, if one little casement parted wide,  
    The gust of His approach would clash it to.  
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.  
Across the margent of the world I fled,  
    And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,  
    Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;  
    Fretted to dulcet jars  
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.  
I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon;  
    With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over  
    From this tremendous Lover!  
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!  
    I tempted all His servitors, but to find  
My own betrayal in their constancy,  
In faith to Him their fickleness to me.  
    Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.  
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;  
    Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.  
    But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,  
    The long savannahs of the blue;  
    Or whether, Thunder-driven,  
    They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven  
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—  
    Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.  
    Still with unhurrying chase,  
    And unperturbèd pace,  
    Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
    Came on the following Feet,  
    And a Voice above their beat—  
    “Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed  
    In face of man or maid;  
But still within the little children's eyes  
    Seems something, something that replies;  
They at least are for me, surely for me!  
I turned me to them very wistfully;  
But, just as their young eyes grew sudden fair  
    With dawning answers there,

## 3206 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.  
 "Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share  
 With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;  
     Let me greet you lip to lip,  
     Let me twine you with caresses,  
         Wantoning  
     With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,  
         Languishing  
     With her in her wind-walled palace,  
     Underneath her azure dais,  
     Quaffing, as your taintless way is,  
         From a chalice  
 Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."  
     So it was done:  
 I in their delicate fellowship was one—  
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.  
 I knew all the swift importings  
     On the wilful face of skies,  
     I knew how the clouds arise  
     Spumèd of the wild sea-snortings;  
         All that's born or dies  
     Rose and drooped with—made them shapers  
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—  
     With them joyed and was bereaven.  
     I was heavy with the even,  
     When she lit her glimmering tapers  
     Round the day's dead sanctities.  
     I laughed in the morning's eyes.  
 I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,  
     Heaven and I wept together,  
 And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;  
 Against the red throb of its sunset-heart  
     I laid my own to beat,  
     And share commingling heat;  
 But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.  
 In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.  
 For ah! we know not what each other says,  
     These things and I; in sound *I* speak—  
*Their* sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.  
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;

Let her, if she would owe me,  
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me  
 The breasts o' her tenderness:  
 Never did any milk of hers once bless  
     My thirsting mouth.  
     Nigh and dry draws the chase,  
     With unperturbèd pace,  
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;  
     And past those noisèd Feet  
     A voice comes yet more fleet—  
 "Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me.'

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!  
 My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,  
     And smitten me to my knee;  
     I am defenseless utterly.  
     I slept, methinks, and woke,  
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.  
 In the rash lustihood of my young powers,  
     I shook the pillaring hours  
 And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears  
 I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—  
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.  
 My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,  
 Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream  
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;  
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist  
 I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,  
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account  
 For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah! is Thy love indeed  
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,  
 Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?

Ah! must—  
 Designer infinite!—  
 Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with  
     it?  
 My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust:  
 And now my heart is as a broken fount,

Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever  
     From the dank thoughts that shiver  
 Upon the sighful branches of my mind.  
     Such is; what is to be?  
 The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?  
 I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds:  
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds  
 From the hid battlements of Eternity;  
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then  
 Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again.  
     But not ere him who summoneth  
     I first have seen, enwound  
 With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;  
 His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.  
 Whether man's heart or life it be which yields  
     Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields  
     Be dunged with rotten death?

    Now of that long pursuit  
     Comes on at hand the bruit;  
 That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:  
     "And is thy earth so marred,  
     Shattered in shard on shard?  
     Lo, all things fly thee, for thou flyest Me!  
     Strange, pitcous, futile thing,  
 Wherefore should any set thee love apart?  
 Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),  
 "And human love needs human meriting:  
     How hast thou merited—  
 Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?  
     Alack, thou knowest not  
 How little worthy of any love thou art!  
 Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee  
     Save Me, save only Me?  
 All which I took from thee, I did but take,  
     Not for thy harms,  
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.  
     All which thy child's mistake  
 Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:  
     Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that footfall:  
Is my gloom, after all,  
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?  
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
I am He Whom thou seekest!  
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."  
*Francis Thompson* [1859?-1907]

## WILD EDEN

THERE is a garden enclosed  
In the high places,  
But never hath love reposed  
In its bowery spaces;  
And the cedars there like shadows  
O'er the moonlit champaign stand  
Till light like an angel's hand  
Touches Wild Eden.

Who told me the name of the garden  
That lieth remote, apart,  
I know not, nor whence was the music  
That sang it into my heart;  
But just as the loud robin tosses  
His notes from the elm tops high,  
As the violets come in the mosses  
When south winds wake and sigh,  
So on my lips I found it,  
This name that is made my cry.

There, under the stars and the dawns  
Of the virginal valleys,  
White lilies flood the low lawns  
And the rose lights the alleys;  
But never are heard there the voices  
That sweeten on lovers' lips,  
And the wild bee never sips  
Sweets of Wild Eden.



But who hath shown me the vision  
 Of the roses and lilies in ranks  
 I would that I knew, that forever  
 To him I might render thanks;  
 For a maiden grows there in her blossom,  
 In the place of her maidenhood,  
 Nor knows how her virgin bosom  
 Is stored with the giving of good,  
 For the truth is hidden from her  
 That of love is understood.

No bird with his mate there hovers,  
 Nor beside her has trilled or sung;  
 No bird in the dewy covers  
 Has built a nest for his young;  
 And over the dark-leaved mountains  
 The voice in the laurel sleeps,  
 And the moon broods on the deeps  
 Shut in Wild Eden.

O Love, if thou in thy hiding  
 Art he who above me stands,  
 If thou givest wings to my spirit,  
 If thou art my heart and my hands,—  
 Through the morn, through the noon, through the even  
 That burns with thy planet of light,  
 Through the moonlit space of heaven,  
 Guide thou my flight  
 Till, star-like on the dark garden,  
 I fall in the night!

Fly, song of my bosom, unto it  
 Wherever the earth breathes spring;  
 Though a thousand years were to rue it,  
 Such a heart beats under thy wing,  
 Thou shalt dive, thou shalt soar, thou shalt find it,  
 And forever my life be blest,  
 Such a heart beats in my breast,—  
 Fly to Wild Eden!

*George Edward Woodberry* [1855-1930]

## THE AZTEC CITY

THERE is a clouded city, gone to rest  
    Beyond the crest  
Where cordilleras mar the mystic west.  
There suns unheeded rise and re-arise;  
    And in the skies  
The harvest moon unnoticed lives and dies.  
And yet this clouded city has no night—  
    Volcanic light  
Compels eternal noontide, redly bright.  
A thousand wells, whence cooling waters came,  
    No more the same,  
Now send aloft a thousand jets of flame.  
This clouded city is enchanting fair,  
    For rich and rare  
From sculptured frieze the gilded griffins stare.  
With level look—with loving, hopeful face,  
    Fixed upon space,  
Stand caryatides of unknown race,  
And colonnades of dark green serpentine,  
    Of strange design,  
Carved on whose shafts queer alphabets combine.  
And there are lofty temples, rich and great,  
    And at the gate,  
Carved in obsidian, the lions wait.  
And from triumphant arches, looking down  
    Upon the town,  
In porphyry, sad, unknown statesmen frown.  
And there are palace homes, and stately walls,  
    And open halls  
Where fountains are, with voiceless waterfalls.  
The ruddy fire incessantly illumes  
    Temples and tombs,  
And in its blaze the stone-wrought cactus blooms.

## 3212 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

From clouds congealed the mercury distils,  
And, forming rills,  
Adown the streets in double streamlet trills.  
As rains from clouds, that summer skies eclipse,  
From turret-tips  
And spire and porch the mobile metal drips.  
No one that visited this fiery hive  
Ever alive  
Came out but me—I, I alone, survive.

*Eugene Fitch Ware* [1841-1911]

### BEFORE A STATUE OF ACHILLES

BEHOLD Pelides with his yellow hair,  
Proud child of Thetis, hero loved of Jove;  
Above the frowning of his brows it wove  
A crown of gold, well combed, with Spartan care.  
Who might have seen him, sullen, great, and fair,  
As with the wrongful world he proudly strove,  
And by high deeds his wilder passion shrove,  
Mastering love, resentment, and despair.  
He knew his end, and Phoebus' arrow sure  
He braved for fame immortal and a friend,  
Despising life; and we, who know our end,  
Know that in our decay he shall endure  
And all our children's hearts to grief inure,  
With whose first bitter battles his shall blend.  
  
Who brought thee forth, immortal vision, who  
In Pythia or in Tempe brought thee forth?  
Out of the sunlight and the sapful earth  
What god the simples of thy spirit drew?  
A goddess rose from the green waves, and threw  
Her arms about a king, to give thee birth;  
A centaur, patron of thy boyish mirth,  
Over the meadows in thy footsteps flew.  
Now Thessaly forgets thee, and the deep  
Thy keeled bark furrowed answers not thy prayer;  
But far away new generations keep  
Thy laurels fresh, where branching Isis hems

The lawns of Oxford round about, or where  
Enchanted Eton sits by pleasant Thames.

I gaze on thee as Phidias of old  
Or Polyclitus gazed, when first he saw  
These hard and shining limbs, without a flaw,  
And cast his wonder in heroic mould.  
Unhappy me who only may behold,  
Nor make immutable and fix in awe  
A fair immortal form no worm shall gnaw,  
A tempered mind whose faith was never told!  
The godlike mien, the lion's lock and eye,  
The well-knit sinew, utter a brave heart  
Better than many words that part by part  
Spell in strange symbols what serene and whole  
In nature lives, nor can in marble die.  
The perfect body is itself the soul.

*George Santayana [1863-*

“I FLUNG ME ROUND HIM”

From “The Water-nymph and the Boy”

I FLUNG me round him,  
I drew him under;  
I clung, I drowned him,  
My own white wonder! . . .

Father and mother,  
Weeping and wild,  
Came to the forest,  
Calling the child,  
Came from the palace,  
Down to the pool,  
Calling my darling,  
My beautiful!  
Under the water,  
Cold and so pale!  
Could it be love made  
Beauty to fail?

Ah me! for mortals:  
In a few moons,

If I had left him,  
 After some Junes  
 He would have faded,  
 Faded away,  
 He, the young monarch, whom  
 All would obey,  
 Fairer than day;  
 Alien to springtime,  
 Joyless and gray,  
 He would have faded,  
 Faded away,  
 Moving a mockery,  
 Scorned of the day!  
 Now I have taken him  
 All in his prime,  
 Saved from slow poisoning  
 Pitiless Time,  
 Filled with his happiness,  
 One with the prime,  
 Saved from the cruel  
 Dishonor of Time.  
 Laid him, my beautiful,  
 Laid him to rest,  
 Loving, adorable,  
 Softly to rest,  
 Here in my crystalline,  
 Here in my breast!     *Roden Noel* [1834-1894]

#### THE QUEEN'S SONG

HAD I the power  
     To Midas given of old  
 To touch a flower  
     And leave the petals gold,  
 I then might touch thy face,  
     Delightful boy,  
 And leave a metal grace,  
     A graven joy.  
 Thus would I slay,—  
     Ah, desperate device!

The vital day  
That trembles in thine eyes,  
And let the red lips close  
Which sang so well,  
And drive away the rose  
To leave a shell.

Then I myself,  
Rising austere and dumb,  
On the high shelf  
Of my half-lighted room  
Would place the shining bust  
And wait alone,  
Until I was but dust,  
Buried unknown.

Thus in my love  
For nations yet unborn,  
I would remove  
From our two lives the morn,  
And muse on loveliness  
In mine arm-chair,  
Content should Time confess  
How sweet you were.

*James Elroy Flecker [1884-1915]*

### BALKIS

From "Emblems of Love"

BALKIS was in her marble town,  
And shadow over the world came down.  
Whiteness of walls, towers and piers,  
That all day dazzled eyes to tears,  
Turned from being white-golden flame,  
And like the deep-sea blue became.  
Balkis into her garden went;  
Her spirit was in discontent  
Like a torch in restless air.  
Joylessly she wandered there,  
And saw her city's azure white  
Lying under the great night,  
Beautiful as the memory  
Of a worshipping world would be

In the mind of a god, in the hour  
 When he must kill his outward power;  
 And, coming to a pool where trees  
 Grew in double greeneries,  
 Saw herself, as she went by  
 The water, walking beautifully,  
 And saw the stars shine in the glance  
 Of her eyes, and her own fair countenance  
 Passing, pale and wonderful,  
 Across the night that filled the pool.  
 And cruel was the grief that played  
 With the queen's spirit; and she said:  
 "What do I hear, reigning alone?  
 For to be unloved is to be alone.  
 There is no man in all my land  
 Dare my longing understand;  
 The whole folk like a peasant bows  
 Lest its look should meet my brows  
 And be harmed by this beauty of mine.  
 I burn their brains as I were sign  
 Of God's beautiful anger sent  
 To master them with punishment  
 Of beauty that must pour distress  
 On hearts grown dark with ugliness.  
 But it is I am the punished one.  
 Is there no man, is there none,  
 In whom my beauty will but move  
 The lust of a delighted love;  
 In whom some spirit of God so thrives  
 That we may wed our lonely lives?  
 Is there no man, is there none?"—  
 She said, "I will go to Solomon."

*Lascelles Abercrombie* [1881-1938]

### THE GATES OF DREAMLAND

It's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at Carrow-  
 more,  
 And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps the  
 shore;

Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled,  
Yet his sleep is filled with music by the masters of the world.

There's a hand is white as silver that is fondling with his hair:

There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing by him there:

And half-open lips of faery that were dyed a faery red  
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the world is weary now;

'Tis the twilight of the ages and it's time to quit the plough.  
Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the dew,  
And its gold is changed and faded before it falls to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender, a tenderer heart is near.

What's the starlight in her glances when the stars are shining clear?

Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower-face glows above?

'Tis the Beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love."

Oh, the great gates of the mountain have opened once again,  
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men,

And the Land of Youth lies gleaming, flushed with rainbow light and mirth,

And the old enchantment lingers in the honey-heart of earth.

*A. E. (George William Russell) [1867-1935]*

## EDITH

EDITH, the silent stars are coldly gleaming,  
The night wind moans, the leafless trees are still.  
Edith, there is a life beyond this seeming,  
So sleeps the ice-clad lake beneath thy hill.



So silent beats the pulse of thy pure heart,  
 So shines the thought of thy unquestioned eyes.  
 O life! why wert thou helpless in thy art?  
 O loveliness! why seem'st thou but surprise?

Edith, the streamlets laugh to leap again;  
 There is a spring to which life's pulses fly;  
 And hopes that are not all the sport of pain,  
 Like lustres in the veil of that gray eye.

They say the thankless stars have answering vision,  
 That courage sings from out the frost-bound ways;  
 Edith, I grant that olden time's decision—  
 Thy beauty paints with gold the icy rays.

As in the summer's heat her promise lies,  
 As in the autumn's seed his vintage hides,  
 Thus might I shape my moral from those eyes,  
 Glass of thy soul, where innocence abides.

Edith, thy nature breathes of answered praying;  
 If thou dost live, then not my grief is vain;  
 Beyond the nerves of woe, beyond delaying,  
 Thy sweetness stills to rest the winter's pain.

*William Ellery Channing* [1818-1901]

### TENANTS

SUDDENLY, out of dark and leafy ways,  
 We came upon the little house asleep  
 In cold blind stillness, shadowless and deep,  
 In the white magic of the full moon-blaze:  
 Strangers without the gate, we stood agaze,  
 Fearful to break that quiet, and to creep  
 Into the house that had been ours to keep  
 Through a long year of happy nights and days.  
 So unfamiliar in the white moon-gleam,  
 So old and ghostly like a house of dream  
 It seemed, that over us there stole the dread  
 That even as we watched it, side by side,  
 The ghosts of lovers, who had lived and died  
 Within its walls, were sleeping in our bed.

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson* [1878-

## THE LISTENERS

“Is there anybody there?” said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest’s ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller’s head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
“Is there anybody there?” he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller’s call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
‘Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
“Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,” he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

*Waller de la Mare* [1873—

## “CARE-CHARMER SLEEP’

### SLEEP

From “The Woman-Hater”

COME, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving  
Lock me in delight awhile;  
Let some pleasing dreams beguile  
All my fancies; that from thence  
I may feel an influence  
All my powers of care bereaving!

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,  
Let me know some little joy!  
We that suffer long annoy  
Are contented with a thought  
Through an idle fancy wrought:  
O let my joys have some abiding!

*John Fletcher* [1579-1625]

### “SLEEP, SILENCE’ CHILD”

SLEEP, Silence’ child, sweet father of soft rest,  
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,  
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,  
Sole comforter of minds with grief oppressed;  
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things  
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possessed,  
And yet o’er me to spread thy drowsy wings  
Thou sparest, alas! who cannot be thy guest.  
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face  
To inward light which thou art wont to show;  
With feignèd solace ease a true-felt woe;  
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,

Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath:  
I long to kiss the image of my death.

*William Drummond* [1585-1649]

### TO SLEEP

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;  
I've thought of all by turns, and yet do lie  
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies  
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;  
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:  
So do not let me wear to-night away:  
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

### VIXI

I HAVE lived and I have loved;  
I have waked and I have slept;  
I have sung and I have danced;  
I have smiled and I have wept;  
I have won and wasted treasure;  
I have had my fill of pleasure;  
And all these things were weariness,  
And some of them were dreariness; —  
And all these things, but two things,  
Were emptiness and pain:  
And Love—it was the best of them;  
And Sleep—worth all the rest of them,  
Worth everything but Love to my spirit and my brain.  
Be still my friend, O Slumber,  
Till my days complete their number,  
For Love shall never, never return to me again!

(?) *Charles Mackay* [1814-1889]

## SLEEP

O HAPPY Sleep! thou bear'st upon thy breast  
 The blood-red poppy of enchanting rest,  
 Draw near me through the stillness of this place  
 And let thy low breath move across my face,  
 As faint wind moves above a poplar's crest.

The broad seas darken slowly in the west;  
 The wheeling sea-birds call from nest to nest;  
 Draw near and touch me, leaning out of space,  
 O happy Sleep!

There is no sorrow hidden or confessed,  
 There is no passion uttered or suppressed,  
 Thou canst not for a little while efface;  
 Enfold me in thy mystical embrace.  
 Thou sovereign gift of God most sweet, most blest,  
 O happy Sleep!

*Ada Louise Martin* [18 -

## THE QUIET NIGHTS

UNMINDFUL of my low desert  
 Who turn e'en blessings to my hurt,  
 God sends me graces o'er and o'er,  
 More than the sands on the seashore.

Among the blessings He doth give  
 My starveling soul that she may live,  
 I praise Him for my nights He kept  
 And all the quiet sleep I slept.

Since I was young, who now grow old,  
 For all those nights of heat, of cold,  
 I slept the sweet hours through, nor heard  
 Even the call of the first bird.

Nights when the darkness covered me  
In a great peace like a great sea,  
With waves of sweetness, who should lie  
Wakeful for mine iniquity.

Cool nights of fragrance dripping sweet  
After the sultriness of heat,  
Amid gray meadows drenched with dew;  
Sweet was the sleep my eyelids knew.

Surely some angel kept my bed  
After I had knelt down and prayed;  
Like a young child I slept until  
The day stood at the window-sill.

I thank Him for the nights of stars,  
Bright Saturn, with his rings, and Mars.  
And overhead the Milky Way;  
Nights when the Summer lightnings play.

How many a Milky Way I trod,  
And through the mercy of my God  
Drank milk and honey, wrapped in ease  
Of darkness and sweet heaviness!

I thank Him for the wakening bird  
And the struck hours I have not heard,  
And for the morns so cool, so kind,  
That found me fresh in heart and mind.

Among the gifts of His mercy,  
More than the leaves upon the tree,  
The sands upon the shore, I keep  
And name my lovely nights of sleep.

*Katherine Tynan Hinkson* [1861-1931]

#### THE NIGHT

Most Holy Night, that still dost keep  
The keys of all the doors of sleep,  
To me when my tired eyelids close  
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them  
 That chaunt the dead day's requiem  
 Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,  
 Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd Moon  
 By my bedside their memories croon.  
 So shall I have new dreams and blest  
 In my brief rest.

Fold thy great wings about my face,  
 Hide day-dawn from my resting-place,  
 And cheat me with thy false delight,  
 Most Holy Night.

*Hilaire Belloc* [1870-

### O SLEEP

TAKE me upon thy breast,  
 O river of rest.  
 Draw me down to thy side,  
 Slow-moving tide.  
 Carry out beyond reach  
 Of song or of speech  
 This body and soul forespent.  
 To thy still continent,  
 Where silence hath his home,  
 Where I would come,  
 Bear me now in thy deep  
 Bosom, Sleep,  
 O Sleep.

*Grace Fallow Norton* [18

### THE WHARF OF DREAMS

STRANGE wares are handled on the wharves of sleep:  
 Shadows of shadows pass, and many a light  
 Flashes a signal fire across the night;  
 Barges depart whose voiceless steersmen keep

Their way without a star upon the deep;  
And from lost ships, homing with ghostly crews,  
Come cries of incommunicable news,  
While cargoes pile the piers, a moon-white heap—  
Budgets of dream-dust, merchandise of song,  
Wreckage of hope and packs of ancient wrong,  
Nepenthes gathered from a secret strand,  
Fardels of heartache, burdens of old sins,  
Luggage sent down from dim ancestral inns,  
And bales of fantasy from No-Man's Land.

*Edwin Markham* [1852-1946]



## HOME AND FATHERLAND

### HAME, HAME, HAME

HAME, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—  
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf is on the tree,  
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countree;  
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—  
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

The green leaf o' loyaltie's beginning for to fa',  
The bonnie White Rose it is withering an' a';  
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,  
An' green it will grow in my ain countree.

O, there's nocht now frae ruin my country can save,  
But the keys o' kind heaven, to open the grave;  
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie  
May rise again an' fight for their ain countree.

The great now are gane, a' wha ventured to save,  
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;  
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,  
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countree."

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—  
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

*Allan Cunningham [1784-1842]*

### HOME, SWEET HOME!

From "Clari, the Maid of Milan"

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!  
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!  
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—  
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!

There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,  
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!  
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,  
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!

There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;  
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;  
No more from that cottage again will I roam;  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!

There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

*John Howard Payne [1792-1852]*

### MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

THE sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;  
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;  
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,  
While the birds make music all the day.  
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,  
All merry, all happy and bright;  
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:—  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,

O, weep no more to-day!

We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,  
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;  
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,  
On the bench by the old cabin door.

## 3228 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,  
With sorrow, where all was delight;  
The time has come when the darkeys have to part:—  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,  
Wherever the darkey may go;  
A few more days and the troubles all will end,  
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.  
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—  
No matter, 'twill never be light;  
A few more days till we totter on the road:—  
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady,  
O, weep no more to-day!  
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,  
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

*Stephen Collins Foster [1826-1864]*

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,  
Far, far away,  
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,  
Dere's wha de old folks stay.  
All up and down de whole creation  
Sadly I roam,  
Still longing for de old plantation,  
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary,  
Eb'rywhere I roam;  
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,  
Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered  
When I was young,  
Den many happy days I squandered  
Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing wid my brudder  
Happy was I;  
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!  
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,  
One dat I love,  
Still sadly to my memory rushes,  
No matter where I rove.  
When will I see de bees a-humming  
All around de comb?  
When will I hear de banjo tumming,  
Down in my good old home?

*Stephen Collins Foster* [1826-1864]

## HOME

O, FALMOUTH is a fine town with ships in the bay,  
And I wish from my heart it's there I was to-day;  
I wish from my heart I was far away from here,  
Sitting in my parlor and talking to my dear.  
For it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be.  
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.  
O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree  
They're all growing green in the old countrie.

In Baltimore a-walking a lady I did meet  
With her babe on her arm as she came down the street;  
And I thought how I sailed, and the cradle standing ready  
For the pretty little babe that has never seen its daddie.  
And it's home, dearie, home,—

O, if it be a lass, she shall wear a golden ring;  
And if it be a lad, he shall fight for his king;  
With his dirk and his hat and his little jacket blue  
He shall walk the quarter-deck as his daddie used to do.  
And it's home, dearie, home,—

O, there's a wind a-blowing, a-blowing from the west,  
And that of all the winds is the one I like the best,

## 3230 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

For it blows at our backs, and it shakes our pennon free,  
And it soon will blow us home to the old countrie.  
For it's home, dearie, home—it's home I want to be.  
Our topsails are hoisted, and we'll away to sea.  
O, the oak and the ash and the bonnie birken tree  
They're all growing green in the old countrie.

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

### HOT WEATHER IN THE PLAINS—INDIA

FAR beyond the sky-line, where the steamers go,  
There's a cool, green country, there's the land I know;  
Where the gray mist rises from the hidden pool.  
And the dew falls softly on the meadows cool.  
When the exile's death has claimed me it is there my soul  
shall fly,  
To the pleasant English country, when my time has come to  
die;  
Where the west wind on the uplands echoes back the sea-  
bird's cry—  
Oh! it's there my soul will hasten though it's here my bones  
must lie.

From the many temples, tinkling bells ring clear,  
But a fairer music in my heart I hear—  
Lilt of English skylark, plash of woodland streams,  
Songs of thrush and blackbird fill my waking dreams.  
In each pause from work and worry, it is there my thoughts  
will fly,  
To the pleasant English country with the pearly, misty  
sky—  
And the present's toil and trouble fade and cease and pass  
me by—  
Oh! it's there I fain would wander, but it's here my bones  
must lie.

Hard and hot the sky spreads, one unchanging glare,  
Far and wide the earth lies burnt and brown and bare,  
Sunset brings no solace, night-time no redress,  
Still the breathless silence mocks the land's distress.

So my thoughts recross the waters to the spring-times long  
gone by,  
Passed 'mid English woods and pastures, 'neath a softer,  
sweeter sky;  
For when death shall end my exile, thither will my spirit  
fly—  
Oh! it's there my soul shall wander, though it's here my  
bones must lie.

*E. H. Tipple* [18 -

### HEART'S CONTENT

"A SAIL! a sail! Oh, whence away,  
And whither, o'er the foam?  
Good brother mariners, we pray,  
God speed you safely home!"  
"Now wish us not so foul a wind,  
Until the fair be spent;  
For hearth and home we leave behind:  
We sail for Heart's Content."

"For Heart's Content! And sail ye so,  
With canvas flowing free?  
But, pray you, tell us, if ye know,  
Where may that harbor be?  
For we that greet you, worn of time,  
Wave-racked, and tempest-rent,  
By sun and star, in every clime,  
Have searched for Heart's Content.

"In every clime the world around,  
The waste of waters o'er;  
An El Dorado have we found,  
That ne'er was found before.  
The isles of spice, the lands of dawn,  
Where East and West are blent—  
All these our eyes have looked upon,  
But where is Heart's Content?

"Oh, turn again, while yet ye may,  
 And ere the hearths are cold,  
 And all the embers ashen-gray,  
 By which ye sat of old,  
 And dumb in death the loving lips  
 That mourned as forth ye went  
 To join the fleet of missing ships,  
 In quest of Heart's Content;

"And seek again the harbor-lights,  
 Which faithful fingers trim,  
 Ere yet alike the days and nights  
 Unto your eyes are dim!  
 For woe, alas! to those that roam  
 Till time and tide are spent,  
 And win no more the port of home—  
 The only Heart's Content!"

*Unknown*

### SONG

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
 Home-keeping hearts are happiest.  
 For those that wander they know not where  
 Are full of trouble and full of care;  
 To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,  
 They wander east, they wander west,  
 And are baffled and beaten and blown about  
 By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;  
 To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
 The bird is safest in its nest;  
 Over all that flutter their wings and fly  
 A hawk is hovering in the sky;  
 To stay at home is best.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* [1807-1882]

## MY EARLY HOME

HERE sparrows build upon the trees,  
And stockdove hides her nest;  
The leaves are winnowed by the breeze  
Into a calmer rest:  
The black-cap's song was very sweet,  
That used the rose to kiss;  
It made the Paradise complete:  
My early home was this.

The red-breast from the sweetbrier bush  
Dropped down to pick the worm;  
On the horse-chestnut sang the thrush,  
O'er the house where I was born;  
The moonlight, like a shower of pearls,  
Fell o'er this 'bower of bliss',  
And on the bench sat boys and girls:  
My early home was this.

The old house stooped just like a cave,  
Thatched o'er with mosses green;  
Winter around the walls would rave,  
But all was calm within;  
The trees are here all green again,  
Here bees the flowers still kiss,  
But flowers and trees seemed sweeter then:  
My early home was this.

*John Clare [1793-1864]*

## THE OLD HOME

AN old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree;  
A wild wood, a wild brook—they will not let me be:  
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

Down deep in my heart's core I hear them and my eyes  
Through tear-mists behold them beneath the oldtime skies,  
'Mid bee-boom and rose-bloom and orchard-lands arise.



## 3234 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

I hear them; and heartsick with longing is my soul,  
To walk there, to dream there, beneath the sky's blue bowl;  
Around me, within me, the weary world made whole.

To talk with the wild brook of all the long ago;  
To whisper the wood-wind of things we used to know  
When we were old companions, before my heart knew woe.

To walk with the morning and watch its rose unfold;  
To drowse with the noontide lulled in its heart of gold;  
To lie with the night-time and dream the dreams of old.

To tell to the old trees, and to each listening leaf,  
The longing, the yearning, as in my boyhood brief,  
The old hope, the old love, would ease me of my grief.

The old lane, the old gate, the old house by the tree,  
The wild wood, the wild brook—they will not let me be:  
In boyhood I knew them, and still they call to me.

*Madison Cawein* [1865-1914]

### THE AULD HOUSE

Oh, the auld house, the auld house,—  
What though the rooms were wee?  
Oh, kind hearts were dwelling there,  
And bairnies fu' o' glee;  
The wild rose and the jessamine  
Still hang upon the wa':  
How mony cherished memories  
Do they sweet flowers reca'!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,  
Sae canty, kind, and crouse,—  
How mony did he welcome to  
His ain wee dear auld house;  
And the ledly too, sae genty,  
There sheltered Scotland's heir,  
And clipped a lock wi' her ain hand,  
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,  
The bluebells sweetly blaw,  
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,  
But the auld house is awa'.  
The auld house, the auld house,—  
Deserted though ye be,  
There ne'er can be a new house  
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear-tree  
The bairnies liked to see;  
And oh, how often did they speir  
When ripe they a' wad be!  
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet  
Aye rinnin' here and there,  
The merry shout—oh! whiles we greet  
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now;  
Some to the Indies gane,  
And ane, alas! to her lang hame;  
Not here we'll meet again.  
The kirkyard, the kirkyard!  
Wi' flowers o' every hue,  
Sheltered by the holly's shade  
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!  
How glorious it gaed doon;  
The cloudy splendor raised our hearts  
To cloudless skies aboon.  
The auld dial, the auld dial!  
It tauld how time did pass;  
The wintry winds hac dung it doon,  
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

*Carolina Nairne* [1766-1845]

## THE ROWAN TREE

O ROWAN tree, O rowan tree! thou'lt aye be dear to me!  
Intwined thou art wi' mony ties o' hame and infancy.  
Thy leaves were aye the first o' spring, thy flowers the summer's pride;  
There wasna sic a bonnie tree in a' the country side.  
O rowan tree!

How fair wert thou in simmer time, wi' a' thy clusters white,  
How rich and gay thy autumn dress, wi' berries red and  
bright!  
On thy fair stem were mony names which now nae mair I see,  
But they're engraven on my heart—forgot they ne'er can be!  
O rowan tree!

We sat aneath thy spreading shade, the bairnies round thee  
ran,  
They pu'd thy bonnie berries red, and necklaces they strang.  
My mother! O I see her still, she smiled our sports to see,  
Wi' little Jeanie on her lap, and Jamie at her knee.  
O rowan tree!

O there arose my father's prayer, in holy evening's calm;  
How sweet was then my mother's voice in the Martyr's  
psalm!  
Now a' are gane! we meet nae mair aneath the rowan tree!  
But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and in-  
fancy,  
O rowan tree!

*Carolina Nairne* [1766-1845]

## THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

WE sat within the farm-house old,  
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze damp and cold  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,  
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,  
Descending, filled the little room;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and said,  
Of what had been, and might have been,  
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the heart of friends,  
When first they feel, with secret pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
That words are powerless to express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but mark;  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the main,  
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed,  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,  
 The ocean, roaring up the beach,  
 The gusty blast, the bickering flames,  
 All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part  
 Of fancies floating through the brain,  
 The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
 That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!  
 They were indeed too much akin,  
 The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
 The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### MY AIN FIRESIDE

I HAE seen great anes and sat in great ha's,  
 'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,  
 At feasts made for princes wi' princes I've been,  
 When the grand shine o' splendor has dazzled my een;  
 But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied  
 As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O, cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside;  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, Gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle  
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;  
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,  
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.  
 Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,  
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;  
 Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,  
 There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.  
 My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
 O, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearthstane,  
 My heart louns sae light I scarce ken 't for my ain;  
 Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,  
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the night.  
 I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,  
 And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee;  
 Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,  
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.  
     My ain fireside, my ain fireside,  
     O, there's naught to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.  
*Elizabeth Hamilton* [1758-1816]

### THE INGLE-SIDE

It's rare to see the morning bleeze  
     Like a bonfire frae the sea,  
 It's fair to see the burnie kiss  
     The lip o' the flowery lea;  
 An' fine it is on green hillside,  
     Where hums the bonnie bee,  
 But rarer, fairer, finer far  
     Is the ingle-side for me.  
  
 Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,  
     The birds may fill the tree;  
 An' haughs hae a' the scented ware  
     The simmer-growth can gie:  
 But the canty hearth where cronies meet,  
     An' the darling o' our e'e,  
 That makes to us a warl' complete:  
     Oh, the ingle-side for me!  
*Hew Ainslee* [1792-1878]

### THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,  
 And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,  
 Away from the world and its toils and its cares,  
 I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

## 3240 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,  
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;  
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day  
Is grand, through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks  
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,  
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,  
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),  
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;  
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;  
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,  
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire,  
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get  
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;  
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;  
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:  
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,  
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times:  
As we sit in a fog made of rick Latakia,  
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,  
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;  
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair  
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,  
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;  
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,  
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,  
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!

I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;  
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,  
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!  
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,  
And she sat there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,  
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;  
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,  
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,  
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—  
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—  
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past, and revisits my room;  
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;  
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,  
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

*William Makepeace Thackeray [1811-1863]*

### DUNA

WHEN I was a little lad  
With folly on my lips,  
Fain was I for journeying  
All the seas in ships.  
But now across the southern swell,  
Every dawn I hear  
The little streams of Duna  
Running clear.

When I was a young man,  
Before my beard was gray,  
All to ships and sailormen  
I gave my heart away.  
But I'm weary of the sea-wind,  
I'm weary of the foam,  
And the little stars of Duna  
Call me home.

*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall [1883-1922]*



## THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

SOMEWHAT back from the village street  
 Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
 Across its antique portico  
 Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;  
 And from its station in the hall  
 An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
     “Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
 And points and beckons with its hands  
 From its case of massive oak,  
 Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
 Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
 With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—  
     “Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;  
 But in the silent dead of night,  
 Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
 It echoes along the vacant hall,  
 Along the ceiling, along the floor,  
 And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—  
     “Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
 Through days of death and days of birth,  
 Through every swift vicissitude  
 Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,  
 And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
 It calmly repeats those words of awe,—  
     “Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be  
 Free-hearted Hospitality;  
 His great fires up the chimney roared;  
 The stranger feasted at his board;

## The Old Clock on the Stairs 3243

But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—

“Forever—never!  
Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;  
O precious hours! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time!  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

“Forever—never!  
Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“Forever—never!  
Never—forever!”

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“Ah! when shall they all meet again?”  
As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“Forever—never!  
Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
Forever there, but never here!  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—

“Forever—never!  
Never—forever!”

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* [1807-1882]

"MOTHER, HOME, HEAVEN"

THREE words fall sweetly on my soul,  
 As music from an angel's lyre,  
 That bid my spirit spurn control,  
 And upward to its source aspire;  
 The sweetest sounds to mortals given  
 Are heard in Mother, Home, and Heaven.

Dear Mother!—ne'er shall I forget  
 Thy brow, thine eye, thy pleasant smile;  
 Though in the sea of death hath set  
 Thy star of life, my guide awhile,  
 Oh, never shall thy form depart  
 From the bright pictures in my heart.

And like a bird that from the flowers,  
 Wing-weary seeks her wonted nest,  
 My spirit, e'en in manhood's hours,  
 Turns back in childhood's Home to rest;  
 The cottage, garden, hill, and stream,  
 Still linger like a pleasant dream.

And while to one engulfing grave  
 By Time's swift tide we're driven,  
 How sweet the thought that every wave  
 But bears us nearer Heaven!  
 There we shall meet, when life is o'er,  
 In that blest Home, to part no more.

*William Goldsmith Brown* [1812-1906]

THE HERO

My hero is na decked wi' gowd,  
 He has nae glittering state;  
 Renown upon a field o' blood  
 In war he hasna met.  
 He has nae siller in his pouch,  
 Nae menials at his ca';  
 The proud o' earth frae him would turn,  
 And bid him stand awa'.

His coat is hame-spun hodden-gray,  
His shoon are clouted sair,  
His garments, maist unhero-like,  
Are a' the waur o' wear:  
His limbs are strong—his shoulders broad,  
His hands were made to plow;  
He's rough without, but sound within;  
His heart is bauldly true.

He toils at e'en, he toils at morn,  
His wark is never through;  
A coming life o' weary toil  
Is ever in his view.  
But on he trudges, keeping aye  
A stout heart to the brae,  
And proud to be an honest man  
Until his dying day.

His hame a hame o' happiness  
And kindly love may be;  
And monie a nameless dwelling-place  
Like his we still may see.  
His happy altar-hearth so bright  
Is ever bleezing there;  
And cheerfu' faces round it set  
Are an unending prayer.

The poor man in his humble hame,  
Like God, who dwells aboon,  
Makes happy hearts around him there,  
Sae joyfu' late and soon.  
His toil is sair, his toil is lang;  
But weary nights and days,  
Hame—happiness akin to his—  
A hunder-fauld repays.

Go, mock at conquerors and kings!  
What happiness give they?  
Go, tell the painted butterflies  
To kneel them down and pray!

Go, stand erect in manhood's pride,  
 Be what a man should be,  
 Then come, and to my hero bend  
 Upon the grass your knee!

*Robert Nicoll [1814-1837]*

## THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—GRAY

My loved, my honored, much-respected friend!  
 No mercenary bard his homage pays;  
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;  
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise.  
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,  
 The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;  
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;  
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been;  
 Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;  
 The shortening winter-day is near a close;  
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,  
 The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:  
 The toilworn cotter frae his labor goes,—  
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,—  
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
 The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through  
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.  
 His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,  
 His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifie's smile,  
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee,  
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,  
 And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';  
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
 A cannie errand to a neibor town;  
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,  
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
 Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,  
 Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,  
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,  
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:  
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;  
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;  
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
 Anticipation forward points the view.  
 The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,  
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;  
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,  
 The youngers a' are warnèd to obey;  
 And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,  
 And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:  
 "And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!  
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,  
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;  
 With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,  
 While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak;  
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake

## 3248 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;  
 A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye;  
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en;  
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.  
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
 But blate and lathefu', scarce can weel behave;  
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave:  
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!  
 O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!  
 I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare:—  
 If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,  
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?  
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!  
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?  
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food,  
 The soupe their only hawkie does afford,  
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:  
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,  
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck, fell,  
 And aft he's pressed, and aft he ca's it guid;  
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell  
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,  
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;  
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,  
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;  
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,  
 His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;  
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
 He wales a portion with judicious care;  
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;  
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:  
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,  
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name,  
 Or noble "Elgin" beets the heavenward flame,  
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:  
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;  
 The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;  
 Nae unison hac they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,—  
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;  
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage  
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;  
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie  
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;  
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;  
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;  
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—  
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;  
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,  
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:  
 How his first followers and servants sped  
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;  
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,  
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,  
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's  
 command.



## 3250 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,  
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:  
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"  
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear;  
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method and of art,  
 When men display to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart!  
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,  
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;  
 And, in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,  
 That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,  
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide;  
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,  
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad;  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God";  
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,  
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind:  
 What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined:

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!  
And, oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!  
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,  
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;  
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,  
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,  
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,  
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)  
O, never, never Scotia's realm desert;  
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,  
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!  
*Robert Burns [1759-1796]*

## ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine,—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.  
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear!  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
Who bid'st me honor with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,

I will obey, not willingly alone,  
 But gladly, as the precept were her own:  
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
 A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,  
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss:  
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
 Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.  
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day;  
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;  
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
 But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone  
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.  
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more.  
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
 What ardently I wished I long believed,  
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.  
 By expectation every day beguiled,  
 Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.  
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
 I learned at last submission to my lot;  
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more;  
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;  
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,  
 Drew me to school along the public way,  
 Delighted with my hawble coach, and wrapped  
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,  
 'Tis now become a history little known  
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.

Short-lived possession! but the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced  
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;  
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;  
All this, and, more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes  
That humor interposed too often makes;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,  
I pricked them into paper with a pin  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),  
Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?  
I would not trust my heart,—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might,—  
But no,—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast  
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),  
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile;  
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,

While airs impregnated with incense play  
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;  
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore,  
 "Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"  
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.  
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
 Always from port withheld, always distressed,—  
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,  
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;  
 And day by day some current's thwarting force  
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
 Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!  
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—  
 The son of parents passed into the skies!

And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run  
 His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.  
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:  
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,  
 Without the sin of violating thine;  
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,  
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft,—  
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

*William Cowper* [1731-1800]

### THE CROWING OF THE RED COCK

ACROSS the Eastern sky has glowed  
 The flicker of a blood-red dawn,  
 Once more the clarion cock has crowed,  
 Once more the sword of Christ is drawn.  
 A million burning rooftrees light  
 The world-wide path of Israel's flight.

Where is the Hebrew's Fatherland?

The folk of Christ is sore bestead;  
The Son of Man is bruised and banned,  
Nor finds whereon to lay his head.  
His cup is gall, his meat is tears,  
His passion lasts a thousand years.

Each crime that wakes in man the beast,  
Is visited upon his kind.  
The lust of mobs, the greed of priest,  
The tyranny of kings, combined  
To root his seed from earth again;  
His record is one cry of pain.

When the long roll of Christian guilt  
Against his sires and kin is known,  
The flood of tears, the life-blood spilt,  
The agony of ages shown,  
What oceans can the stain remove  
From Christian law and Christian love?

Nay, close the book; not now, not here,  
The hideous tale of sin narrate,  
Re-echoing in the martyr's ear  
Even he might nurse revengeful hate,  
Even he might turn in wrath sublime,  
With blood for blood and crime for crime.

Coward? Not he, who faces death,  
Who singly against worlds has fought,  
For what? A name he may not breathe,  
For liberty of prayer and thought.  
The angry sword he will not whet,  
His nobler task is—to forget.

*Emma Lazarus* [1849-1887]

## THE WORLD'S JUSTICE

If the sudden tidings came  
That on some far, foreign coast,  
Buried ages long from fame,  
Had been found a remnant lost

Of that hoary race who dwelt  
 By the golden Nile divine,  
 Spake the Pharaoh's tongue and knelt  
 At the moon-crowned Isis' shrine—  
 How at reverend Egypt's feet,  
 Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

If the sudden news were known,  
 That anigh the desert-place  
 Where once blossomed Babylon,  
 Scions of a mighty race  
 Still survived, of giant build,  
 Huntsmen, warriors, priest and sage,  
 Whose ancestral fame had filled,  
 Trumpet-tongued, the earlier age,  
 How at old Assyria's feet  
 Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

Yet when Egypt's self was young,  
 And Assyria's bloom unworn,  
 Ere the mythic Homer sung,  
 Ere the gods of Greece were born,  
 Lived the nation of one God,  
 Priests of freedom, sons of Shem,  
 Never quelled by yoke or rod,  
 Founders of Jerusalem—  
 Is there one abides to-day,  
 Seeker of dead cities, say!

Answer, now as then, *they are*;  
 Scattered broadcast o'er the lands,  
 Knit in spirit nigh and far,  
 With indissoluble bands.  
 Half the world adores their God,  
 They the living law proclaim,  
 And their guerdon is—the rod,  
 Stripes and scourgings, death and shame.  
 Still on Israel's head forlorn,  
 Every nation heaps its scorn.

*Emma Lazarus* [1849-1887]

## DOVER CLIFFS

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood  
Uplift their shadowing heads, and at their feet  
Hear not the surge that has for ages beat,  
How many a lonely wanderer has stood;  
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear  
And o'er the distant billows the still eve  
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave  
To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;  
Of social scenes from which he wept to part.  
Oh! if, like me, he knew how fruitless all  
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,  
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,  
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,—  
The World his country, and his God his guide.

*William Lisle Bowles* [1762-1850]

## THE BRIDGE

ACROSS the foaming river  
The old bridge bends its bow;  
My father's fathers built it  
In ages long ago.  
They never left the farmstead  
Past which the waters curled,  
Why should one ever wander  
When here is all the world:  
Family, friends and garden;  
Small fields of rice and tea;  
The cattle in the meadow;  
The birds in stream and tree;  
The pageant of the seasons  
As the slow years go by;  
Between the peaks above us  
An azure bridge of sky.  
The dead they live and linger  
In each familiar place  
With kindly thoughts to hearten  
The children of their race.

*Frederick Peterson* [1859-1938]



## THE EXILE'S SONG

OH, why left I my hame?  
 Why did I cross the deep?  
 Oh, why left I the land  
 Where my forefathers sleep?  
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,  
 And I gaze across the sea,  
 But I canna get a blink  
 O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,  
 And fair the myrtle springs;  
 And to the Indian maid  
 The bulbul sweetly sings;  
 But I dinna see the broom  
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,  
 Nor hear the lintie's sang  
 O' my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell  
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
 Nor song of reapers heard  
 Amang the yellow corn:  
 For the tyrant's voice is here,  
 And the wail o' slaverie;  
 But the sun of freedom shines  
 In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,  
 And a balm for every pain,  
 But the first joys o' our heart  
 Come never back again.  
 There's a track upon the deep,  
 And a path across the sea;  
 But the weary ne'er return  
 To their ain countrie!

*Robert Gilfillan* [1798-1850]

“THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE”

THE sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he;  
But he has tint the blithe blink he had  
In my ain countrie.

O, it's nae my ain ruin  
That saddens aye my e'e,  
But the dear Marie I left behin'  
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

My lanely hearth burned bonnie,  
An' smiled my ain Marie;  
I've left a' my heart behin'  
In my ain countrie.

The bird comes back to summer,  
And the blossom to the bee;  
But I'll win back, O never,  
To my ain countrie.

O, I am leal to high Heaven,  
Which aye was leal to me,  
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon  
Frae my ain countrie!

*Allan Cunningham* [1784-1842]

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE

OUR Father Land! and wouldst thou know  
Why we should call it Father Land?  
It is that Adam here below  
Was made of earth by Nature's hand;  
And he, our father made of earth,  
Hath peopled earth on every hand;  
And we, in memory of his birth,  
Do call our country Father Land.

At first, in Eden's bowers, they say,  
 No sound of speech had Adam caught,  
 But whistled like a bird all day,—  
 And maybe 'twas for want of thought:  
 But Nature, with resistless laws,  
 Made Adam soon surpass the birds;  
 She gave him lovely Eve because  
 If he'd a wife they must *have words*.

And so the native land, I hold,  
 By male descent is proudly mine;  
 The language, as the tale hath told,  
 Was given in the female line.  
 And thus we see on either hand  
 We name our blessings whence they've sprung;  
 We call our country Father Land,  
 We call our language Mother Tongue.  
*Samuel Lover* [1797-1868]

### THE FATHERLAND

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?  
 Is it where he by chance is born?  
 Doth not the yearning spirit scorn  
 In such scant borders to be spanned?  
 Oh, yes! his fatherland must be  
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,  
 Where God is God and man is man?  
 Doth he not claim a broader span  
 For the soul's love of home than this?  
 Oh, yes! his fatherland must be  
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear  
 Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,  
 Where'er a human spirit strives

After a life more true and fair,  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another,—  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—  
That spot of earth is thine and mine!  
There is the true man's birthplace grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

*James Russell Lowell [1819-1891]*

## THE CALL TO A SCOT

THERE came an ancient man and slow  
Who piped his way along our street—  
How could the neighbors' children know  
That to her ears 'twas passing sweet?

With smiles they spoke the ragged kilt,  
And jeered the pipes, in mirthful file;  
But, strangely moved, she heard the lilt  
That rallied Carrick and Argyle.

A stroller, playing in the street,  
Half-hearted, weary, out of place—  
But his old measure stirred her feet,  
My baby with the Gaelic face:

She squared her shoulders as she stood  
To watch the piper 'round the turn—  
Nor dreamed what beat within her blood  
Was Robert Bruce and Bannockburn!

*Ruth Guthrie Harding [1882-]*

## NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE POEMS

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please:  
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!  
How often have I paused on every charm,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
For talking age and whispering lovers made!  
How often have I blessed the coming day,  
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labor free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old surveyed;  
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:  
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;  
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
By holding out, to tire each other down;  
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,  
While secret laughter tittered round the place;  
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove,-

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,  
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,  
These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green;  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;  
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall,  
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,  
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man;  
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:  
His best companions, innocence and health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;  
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,  
And every want to opulence allied,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,  
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,  
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green,—  
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,  
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,  
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view  
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,  
 Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose;  
 I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—  
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return,—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,  
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,  
 A youth of labor with an age of ease;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;  
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate:

But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;  
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,  
While Resignation gently slopes the way;  
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,  
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
The mingling notes came softened from below;  
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,  
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;  
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
The playful children just let loose from school;  
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind.  
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—  
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.  
But now the sounds of population fail,  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,  
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled—  
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;  
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,  
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,  
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place:



Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;  
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,  
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
 His house was known to all the vagrant train.  
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;  
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,  
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.  
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,  
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;  
 But in his duty prompt at every call,  
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;  
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,  
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,  
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
 His looks adorned the venerable place;  
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.  
 The service past, around the pious man,  
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;

Even children followed, with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.  
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.  
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,  
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,  
The village master taught his little school;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew:  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;  
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declared how much he knew;  
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;  
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,  
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,  
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;  
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.  
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,  
 Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,  
 And news much older than their ale went round.  
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
 The parlor splendors of that festive place,—  
 The whitewashed wall; the nicely sanded floor;  
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;  
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay—  
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;  
 The pictures placed for ornament and use;  
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;  
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,  
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;  
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,  
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all  
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.  
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,—  
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;  
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey  
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and a happy land.  
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,  
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;  
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around.  
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name  
That leaves our useful products still the same.  
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride  
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:  
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth  
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;  
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies:  
While thus the land, adorned for pleasure all,  
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,  
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,  
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,  
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes,  
But when those charms are past,—for charms are frail,—  
When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
In all the glaring impotence of dress;  
Thus fares the land, by luxury betrayed,  
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,

But verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;  
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,  
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;  
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
 The country blooms,—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,  
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
 And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.  
 If to the city sped,—what waits him there?  
 To see profusion that he must not share;  
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined  
 To pamper luxury and thin mankind;  
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know  
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.  
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,  
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;  
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,  
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.  
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,  
 Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train;  
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,  
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.  
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!  
 Sure these denote one universal joy!  
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes  
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.  
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,  
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;  
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;  
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,  
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,  
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,  
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,  
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,  
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?  
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
Where half the convex world intrudes between,  
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,  
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.  
Far different there from all that charmed before,  
The various terrors of that horrid shore,—  
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
And fiercely shed intolerable day;  
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,  
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;  
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,  
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;  
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake  
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;  
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,  
And savage men more murderous still than they;  
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.  
Far different these from every former scene,  
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,  
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day  
That called them from their native walks away;  
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
Hung round their bowers, and fondly looked their last,  
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain  
For seats like these beyond the western main;  
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,  
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.  
The good old sire the first prepared to go  
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;  
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his helpless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.  
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,  
 And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose;  
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,  
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;  
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O Luxury! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,  
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!  
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,  
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.  
 At every draught more large and large they grow,  
 A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe;  
 Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,  
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,  
 And half the business of destruction done;  
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,  
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.  
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail  
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.  
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there;  
 And piety with wishes placed above,  
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.  
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;  
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,  
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;  
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,  
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;

Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;  
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!  
Farewell; and oh, where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime;  
Aid slighted truth; with thy persuasive strain  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed,  
Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away;  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

*Oliver Goldsmith* [1728-1774]

## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON: A FABLE

### SONNET ON CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart—  
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;  
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—  
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar; for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.



## I

My hair is gray, but not with years,  
     Nor grew it white  
     In a single night,  
 As men's have grown from sudden fears.  
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,  
     But rusted with a vile repose,  
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
     And mine has been the fate of those  
 To whom the goodly earth and air  
 Are banned and barred—forbidden fare.  
 But this was for my father's faith,  
 I suffered chains and courted death.  
 That father perished at the stake  
 For tenets he would not forsake;  
 And for the same his lineal race  
 In darkness found a dwelling-place.  
 We were seven,—who now are one—  
     Six in youth, and one in age,  
 Finished as they had begun,  
     Proud of Persecution's rage:  
 One in fire, and two in field,  
 Their belief with blood have sealed—  
 Dying as their father died,  
 For the God their foes denied;  
 Three were in a dungeon cast,  
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

## II

There are seven pillars, of Gothic mold,  
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;  
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,  
 Dim with a dull imprisoned ray—  
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
 And through the crevice and the cleft  
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left,  
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
 Like a marsh's meteor-lamp.

And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain:  
That iron is a cankering thing,  
For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
With marks that will not wear away  
Till I have done with this new day,  
Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun so rise  
For years—I cannot count them o'er;  
I lost their long and heavy score  
When my last brother drooped and died,  
And I lay living by his side.

## III

They chained us each to a column stone,  
And we were three—yet, each alone;  
We could not move a single pace;  
We could not see each other's face,  
But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight;  
And thus together, yet apart,  
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,  
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth  
Of the pure elements of earth,  
To hearken to each other's speech,  
And each turn comforter to each  
With some new hope or legend old,  
Or song heroically bold;  
But even these at length grew cold.  
Our voices took a dreary tone,  
An echo of the dungeon-stone,  
A grating sound—not full and free,  
As they of yore were wont to be;  
It might be fancy—but to me  
They never sounded like our own.

## IV

I was the eldest of the three,  
And to uphold and cheer the rest  
I ought to do, and did, my best—  
And each did well in his degree.

The youngest, whom my father loved,  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—

For him my soul was sorely moved;  
And truly might it be distressed  
To see such bird in such a nest;  
For he was beautiful as day

(When day was beautiful to me  
As to young eagles, being free),—  
A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone—

Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:

And thus he was as pure and bright,  
And in his natural spirit gay,  
With tears for naught but others' ills;  
And then they flowed like mountain rills,  
Unless he could assuage the woe  
Which he abhorred to view below.

## V

The other was as pure of mind,  
But formed to combat with his kind;  
Strong in his frame, and of a mood  
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood.  
And perished in the foremost rank

With joy; but not in chains to pine.  
His spirit withered with their clank;  
I saw it silently decline—

And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine:  
But yet I forced it on, to cheer  
Those relics of a home so dear.  
He was a hunter of the hills,

Had followed there the deer and wolf;  
To him this dungeon was a gulf,  
And fettered feet the worst of ills.

## VI

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls,  
A thousand feet in depth below,  
Its massy waters meet and flow;

Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,  
Which round about the wave enthralls;  
A double dungeon wall and wave  
Have made—and like a living grave,  
Below the surface of the lake  
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;  
We heard it ripple night and day;  
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked.  
And I have felt the winter's spray  
Wash through the bars when winds were high,  
And wanton in the happy sky;  
And then the very rock hath rocked,  
And I have felt it shake, unshocked;  
Because I could have smiled to see  
The death that would have set me free.

## VII

I said my nearer brother pined;  
I said his mighty heart declined.  
He loathed and put away his food; •  
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hunters' fare,  
And for the like had little care.  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for water from the moat;  
Our bread was such as captives' tears  
Have moistened many a thousand years,  
Since man first pent his fellow-men,  
Like brutes, within an iron den.  
But what were these to us or him?  
These wasted not his heart or limb;  
My brother's soul was of that mold  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the steep mountain's side.  
But why delay the truth?—he died.  
I saw, and could not hold his head,  
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—  
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,

To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
 He died—and they unlocked his chain,  
 And scooped for him a shallow grave  
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
 I begged them, as a boon, to lay  
 His corse in dust whereon the day  
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought;  
 But then within my brain it wrought,  
 That even in death his freeborn breast  
 In such a dungeon could not rest.  
 I might have spared my idle prayer—  
 They coldly laughed, and laid him there,  
 The flat and turfless earth above  
 The being we so much did love;  
 His empty chain above it leant—  
 Such murder's fitting monument!

## VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,  
 Most cherished since his natal hour,  
 His mother's image in fair face,  
 The infant love of all his race,  
 His martyred father's dearest thought,  
 My latest care, for whom I sought  
 To hoard my life, that his might be  
 Less wretched now, and one day free—  
 He too, who yet had held untired  
 A spirit natural or inspired—  
 He, too, was struck, and day by day  
 Was withered on the stalk away.  
 Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood:  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood;  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swoln, convulsive motion;  
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of Sin, delirious with its dread;  
 But these were horrors,—this was woe  
 Unmixed with such,—but sure and slow.

He faded, and so calm and meek,  
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
So tearless, yet so tender,—kind,  
And grieved for those he left behind;  
With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
Whose tints as gently sunk away  
As a departing rainbow's ray;  
An eye of most transparent light,  
That almost made the dungeon bright;  
And not a word of murmur, not  
A groan o'er his untimely lot—  
A little talk of better days,  
A little hope my own to raise;  
For I was sunk in silence, lost  
In this last loss, of all the most.  
And then the sighs he would suppress  
Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.  
I listened, but I could not hear—  
I called, for I was wild with fear;  
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread  
Would not be thus admonishèd;  
I called, and thought I heard a sound—  
I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
And rushed to him:—I found him not.  
*I* only stirred in this black spot;  
*I* only lived—*I* only drew  
The accursèd breath of dungeon-dew;  
The last, the sole, the dearest link  
Between me and the eternal brink,  
Which bound me to my failing race,  
Was broken in this fatal place.  
One on the earth, and one beneath—  
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.  
I took that hand which lay so still—  
Alas! my own was full as chill;  
I had not strength to stir, or strive,  
But felt that I was still alive—  
A frantic feeling, when we know

That what we love shall ne'er be so.  
 I know not why  
 I could not die,  
 I had no earthly hope,—but faith,  
 And that forbade a selfish death.

## IX

What next befell me then and there  
 I know not well,—I never knew.  
 First came the loss of light and air,  
 And then of darkness too.  
 I had no thought, no feeling—none:  
 Among the stones I stood a stone;  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist;  
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;  
 It was not night—it was not day;  
 It was not even the dungeon-light,  
 So hateful to my heavy sight;  
 But vacancy absorbing space,  
 And fixedness,—without a place;  
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,  
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,—  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death—  
 A sea of stagnant idleness,  
 Blind, boundless, mute and motionless!

## X

A light broke in upon my brain—  
 It was the carol of a bird;  
 It ceased, and then it came again—  
 The sweetest song ear ever heard;  
 And mine was thankful till my eyes  
 Ran over with the glad surprise,  
 And they that moment could not see  
 I was the mate of misery;  
 But then, by dull degrees, came back

My senses to their wonted track:  
I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
Close slowly round me as before;  
I saw the glimmer of the sun  
Creeping as it before had done;  
But through the crevice where it came  
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,  
And tamer than upon the tree—  
A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
And song that said a thousand things,  
And seemed to say them all for me!  
I never saw its like before—  
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.  
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,  
But was not half so desolate;  
And it was come to love me when  
None lived to love me so again,  
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
Had brought me back to feel and think.  
I know not if it late were free,  
Or broke its cage to perch on mine;  
But knowing well captivity,  
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!  
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,  
A visitant from Paradise;  
For—Heaven forgive ~~that~~ thought, the while  
Which made me both to weep and smile!—  
I sometimes deemed that it might be  
My brother's soul come down to me;  
But then at last away it flew,  
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew;  
For he would never thus have flown,  
And left me twice so doubly lone—  
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,  
Lone—as a solitary cloud,  
A single cloud on a sunny day,  
While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
That hath no business to appear  
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.



## XI

A kind of change came in my fate—  
 My keepers grew compassionate.  
 I know not what had made them so—  
 They were inured to sights of woe;  
 But so it was—my broken chain  
 With links unfastened did remain;  
 And it was liberty to stride  
 Along my cell from side to side,  
 And up and down, and then athwart,  
 And tread it over every part;  
 And round the pillars one by one,  
 Returning where my walk begun—  
 Avoiding only, as I trod,  
 My brothers' graves without a sod;  
 For if I thought with heedless tread  
 My step profaned their lowly bed,  
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

## XII

I made a footing in the wall:  
 It was not therefrom to escape,  
 For I had buried one and all  
 Who loved me in a human shape;  
 And the whole earth would henceforth be  
 A wider prison unto me;  
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,  
 No partner in my misery.  
 I thought of this, and I was glad,  
 For thought of them had made me mad;  
 But I was curious to ascend  
 To my barred windows, and to bend  
 Once more, upon the mountains high,  
 The quiet of a loving eye.

## XIII

I saw them—and they were the same;  
 They were not changed, like me, in frame;

I saw their thousand years of snow  
On high—their wide, long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush  
O'er channeled rock and broken bush;  
I saw the white-walled distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile—

    The only one in view;  
A small, green isle, it seemed no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers growing

    Of gentle breath and hue.  
The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seemed joyous, each and all;  
The eagle rode the rising blast—  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seemed to fly;  
And then new tears came in my eye,  
And I felt troubled, and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain;  
And when I did descend again,  
The darkness of my dim abode  
Fell on me as a heavy load;  
It was as is a new-dug grave,  
Closing o'er one we sought to save;  
And yet my glance, too much oppressed,  
Had almost need of such a rest.

## XIV

It might be months, or years, or days—  
    I kept no count, I took no note—  
I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
    And clear them of their dreary mote;  
At last men came to set me free,  
    I asked not why, and recked not where;

It was at length the same to me,  
 Fettered or fetterless to be;  
 I learned to love despair.  
 And thus, when they appeared at last,  
 And all my bonds aside were cast,  
 These heavy walls to me had grown  
 A hermitage—and all my own!  
 And half I felt as they were come  
 To tear me from a second home.  
 With spiders I had friendship made,  
 And watched them in their sullen trade;  
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play—  
 And why should I feel less than they?  
 We were all inmates of one place,  
 And I, the monarch of each race,  
 Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell!  
 In quiet we had learned to dwell.  
 My very chains and I grew friends,  
 So much a long communion tends  
 To make us what we are:—even I  
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

*George Gordon Byron* [1788–1824]

### THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was!  
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
 The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,  
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:  
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told  
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
 Like pious incense from a censer old,  
 Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,  
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;  
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
 And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,  
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:  
 The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,

Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails:  
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,  
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails  
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,  
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue  
Flattered to tears this agèd man and poor;  
But no—already had his death-bell rung;  
The joys of all his life were said and sung;  
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:  
Another way he went, and soon among  
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,  
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;  
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,  
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:  
The level chambers, ready with their pride,  
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:  
The carvèd angels, ever eager-eyed,  
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,  
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their  
breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily  
The brain, newstuffed in youth, with triumphs gay  
Of old romance. These let us wish away,  
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,  
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,  
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' eve,  
Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,

## 3286 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

If ceremonies due they did aright;  
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;  
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:  
 The music, yearning like a God in pain,  
 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine  
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train  
 Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain  
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
 And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,  
 But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere:  
 She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,  
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:  
 The hallowed hour was near at hand: she sighs  
 Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort  
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;  
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,  
 Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amort,  
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
 And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,  
 She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,  
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire  
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,  
 Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores  
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,  
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen;  
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things  
     have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:  
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
 Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel:  
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,

Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
Whose very dogs would execrations howl  
Against his lineage: not one breast affords  
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,  
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the agèd creature came,  
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,  
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond  
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:  
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,  
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,  
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;  
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand:  
He had a fever late, and in the fit  
He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land:  
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit  
More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!  
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip, dear,  
We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit,  
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here:  
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archèd way,  
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,  
And as she muttered "Well-a-well-a-day!"  
He found him in a little moonlight room,  
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,  
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom,  
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,  
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—  
Yet men will murder upon holy days:  
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,

## 3288 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

To venture so: it fills me with amaze  
 To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!  
 God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays  
 This very night: good angels her deceive!  
 But let me laugh awhile,—I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,  
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
 Like puzzled urchin on an agèd crone  
 Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,  
 As spectaclèd she sits in chimney nook.  
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told  
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook  
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,  
 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,  
 Flushing his brow, and in his painèd heart  
 Made purple riot: then doth he propose  
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:  
 "A cruel man and impious thou art:  
 Sweet lady! let her pray, and sleep, and dream  
 Alone with her good angels, far apart  
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem  
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"  
 Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace  
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,  
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face.  
 Good Angela, believe me, by these tears;  
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,  
 And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves  
 and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?  
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,  
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;  
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,

Were never missed."—Thus plaining, doth she bring  
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;  
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,  
That Angela gives promise she will do  
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide  
Him in a closet, of such privacy  
That he might see her beauty unespied,  
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,  
While legionèd fairies paced the coverlet,  
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.  
Never on such a night have lovers met,  
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:  
"All cates and dainties shall be storèd there  
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame  
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,  
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.  
Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer  
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,  
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.  
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;  
The dame returned and whispered in his ear  
To follow her; with agèd eyes aghast  
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,  
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain  
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;  
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.  
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,  
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,  
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:  
With silver taper's light, and pious care,



## 3290 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

She turned, and down the agèd gossip led  
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,  
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;  
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;  
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:  
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin  
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide:  
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!  
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,  
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;  
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell  
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,  
 All garlanded with carven imageries  
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;  
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and  
 kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;  
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together pressed,  
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:  
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly dressed,  
 Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:  
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,  
 Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;  
 Uncclasps her warmèd jewels one by one;  
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees  
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:

Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,  
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,  
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,  
Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed  
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;  
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;  
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;  
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;  
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,  
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced  
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;  
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless  
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept  
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,  
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo—how fast she  
slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon  
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set  
A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon  
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—  
O for some drowsy Morpheap amulet!  
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,  
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—  
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
In blanchèd linen, smooth and lavendered,  
While he forth from the closet brought a heap  
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;  
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,

## 3292 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;  
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred  
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,  
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand  
On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
Of wreathèd silver: sumptuous they stand  
In the retirèd quiet of the night,  
Filling the chilly room with perfume light—  
“And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!  
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:  
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes’ sake,  
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm  
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
By the dusk curtains:—’twas a midnight charm  
Impossible to melt as icèd stream:  
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;  
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:  
It seemed he never, never could redeem  
From such a steadfast spell his lady’s eyes;  
So mused awhile, entailed in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—  
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,  
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
In Provence called, “La belle dame sans merci”:  
Close to her ear touching the melody;—  
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:  
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly  
Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:  
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:  
There was a painful change, that nigh expelled  
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep:  
At which fair Madeline began to weep,

And moan forth witless words with many a sigh,  
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;  
Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye,  
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

“Ah, Porphyro!” said she, “but even now  
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
Made tuncable with every sweetest vow;  
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear;  
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!  
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!  
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,  
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go.”

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far  
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star  
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;  
Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—  
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows  
Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet  
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark, quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:  
“This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!”  
'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:  
“No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!  
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—  
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?  
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—  
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing.”

“My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!  
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?  
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?  
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest  
After so many hours of toil and quest,

A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.  
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest  
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou thinkest well  
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

“Hark! ’tis an elfin-storm from faery land,  
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:  
 Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—  
 The bloated wassailers will never heed:—  
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;  
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—  
 Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:  
 Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
 For o’er the southern moors I have a home for thee.”

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,  
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears.—  
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—  
 In all the house was heard no human sound.  
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;  
 The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk, and hound,  
 Fluttered in the besieging wind’s uproar;  
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;  
 Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;  
 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
 With a huge empty flagon by his side:  
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,  
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:  
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—  
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;—  
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago  
 These lovers fled away into the storm  
 That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,  
 And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form  
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,

Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old  
 Died palsy-twitched, with meager face deform;  
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
 For aye unsought-for slept amongst his ashes cold.

*John Keats [1795--1821]*

# LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early  
 morn;  
 Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle  
 horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,  
 Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over Locksley  
 Hall:

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy  
 tracts,  
 And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,  
 Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow  
 shade,  
 Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sub-  
 lime  
 With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;  
 When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed;

When I dipped into the future far as human eye could see,  
 Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;  
 In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

## 3296 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;  
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts  
of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one  
so young,  
And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance  
hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth  
to me;  
Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,  
As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned,—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm  
of sighs;  
All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes,—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me  
wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have  
loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing  
hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords  
with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music  
out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses  
ring,

And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fulness of the  
spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately  
ships,

And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!  
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have  
sung,  
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me; to decline  
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,  
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with  
clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,  
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee  
down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel  
force,  
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy,—think not they are glazed  
with wine.  
Go to him; it is thy duty,—kiss him, take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought,—  
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy  
lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand,—  
Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with  
my hand.

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's dis-  
grace,  
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of  
youth!  
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!



## 3298 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's  
rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the  
fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less  
unworthy proved,

Would to God—for I have loved thee more than ever wife  
was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter  
fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the  
root.

Never! though my mortal summers to such length of years  
should come

As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery  
home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind?

Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her,  
kind?

I remember one that perished; sweetly did she speak and  
move;

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?

No,—she never loved me truly; love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet  
sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier  
things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put  
to proof,

In the dead, unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams; and thou art staring at the  
wall,  
Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise  
and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken  
sleep,  
To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou  
wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the  
phantom years,  
And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears.

And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy  
pain.  
Turn thee. turn thee on thy pillow; get thee to thy rest  
again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will  
cry;  
'Tis a purer life than thine, a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down; my latest rival brings thee  
rest,—  
Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's  
breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due.  
Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's  
heart.

"They were dangerous guides, the feelings—she herself  
was not exempt—  
Truly, she herself had suffered"—Perish in thy self-  
contempt!

## 3300 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care?  
I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like  
these?  
Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets over-  
flow.  
I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground,  
When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid  
with sound.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor  
feels,  
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's  
heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.  
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-  
Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,  
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years  
would yield,  
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer  
drawn,  
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary  
dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,  
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of  
men;

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something  
new:

That which they have done but earnest of the things that  
they shall do.

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would  
be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly  
bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a  
ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing  
warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the  
thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags  
were furled  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm  
in awe,  
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law.

So I triumphed ere my passion sweeping through me left me  
dry,  
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the  
jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of  
joint.  
Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point  
to point:

## 3302 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher,  
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose  
runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of  
the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful  
joys,  
Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; and I linger on the  
shore,  
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden  
breast,  
Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his  
rest.

Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the bugle-  
horn,—  
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their  
scorn.

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a moldered  
string?  
I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight  
a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure,  
woman's pain—  
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower  
brain.

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with  
mine,  
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some  
retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat!

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father, evil-starred;  
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit,—there to wander far away,  
On from island unto island at the gateways of the day,—

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy  
skies,

Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of  
Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,—  
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the trailer  
from the crag,—

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-  
fruited tree,—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this  
march of mind—

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake  
mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and  
breathing-space;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall  
run,

Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the  
sun,

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the  
brooks,

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my words are  
wild,

But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian  
child.

### 3304 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious  
gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower  
pains!

Mated with a squalid savage,—what to me were sun or  
clime?

I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time,—

I, that rather held it better men should perish one by one,  
Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon  
in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let  
us range;  
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of  
change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger  
day;  
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age,—for mine I knew not,—help me as when life  
began,—  
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh  
the sun.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;  
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!  
Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree  
fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and  
holt,  
Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or  
snow;  
For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

## THE SCHOLAR-GIPSY

Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill;  
Go, Shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes:  
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,  
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,  
Nor the cropped grasses shoot another head.  
But when the fields are still,  
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,  
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen  
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green;  
Come, Shepherd, and again begin the quest.

Here, where the reaper was at work of late,  
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves:  
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,  
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,  
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use;  
Here will I sit and wait,  
While to my ear from uplands far away  
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,  
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—  
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screened is this nook o'er the high, half-reaped field,  
And here till sundown, Shepherd, will I be.  
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,  
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see  
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep:  
And air-swept lindens yield  
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers  
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,  
And bower me from the August sun with shade;  
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers:

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—  
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again:  
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,  
Of pregnant parts and quick inventive brain,



Who, tired of knocking at Preferment's door,  
 One summer morn forsook  
 His friends, and went to learn the Gipsy lore,  
 And roamed the world with that wild brotherhood,  
 And came, as most men deemed, to little good,  
 But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country lanes,  
 Two scholars, whom at college erst he knew,  
 Met him, and of his way of life inquired.  
 Whereat he answered that the Gipsy crew,  
 His mates, had arts to rule as they desired  
 The workings of men's brains;  
 And they can bind them to what thoughts they will:  
 "And I," he said, "the secret of their art,  
 When fully learned, will to the world impart:  
 But it needs Heaven-sent moments for this skill!"

This said, he left them, and returned no more,  
 But rumors hung about the country-side,  
 That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,  
 Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,  
 In hat of antique shape, and cloak of gray,  
 The same the Gipsies wore.  
 Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;  
 At some lone alchouse in the Berkshire moors,  
 On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frocked boors  
 Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly:  
 And I myself seem half to know thy looks,  
 And put the shepherds, Wanderer, on thy trace;  
 And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks  
 I ask if thou hast passed their quiet place;  
 Or in my boat I lie  
 Moored to the cool bank in the summer heats,  
 'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,  
 And watch the warm green-muffled Cumnor hills,  
 And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retirèd ground.  
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,  
Returning home on summer nights, have met  
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,  
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,  
As the slow punt swings round:  
And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,  
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers  
Plucked in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,  
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream:

And then they land, and thou art seen no more.  
Maidens who from the distant hamlets come  
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,  
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,  
Or cross a stile into the public way.  
Oft thou hast given them store  
Of flowers—the frail-leafed, white anemone—  
Dark bluebells drenched with dews of summer eves,  
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—  
But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here  
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,  
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass  
Where black-winged swallows haunt the glittering  
Thames,  
To bathe in the abandoned lasher pass,  
Have often passed thee near  
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown:  
Marked thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,  
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air;  
But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone

At some lone homestead in the Cumnor hills,  
Where at her open door the housewife darns,  
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate  
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.  
Children, who early range these slopes and late  
For cresses from the rills,

### 3308 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Have known thee watching, all an April day,  
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;  
And marked thee, when the stars come out and  
shine,  
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley Wood,  
Where most the Gipsies by the turf-edged way  
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see  
With scarlet patches tagged and shreds of gray,  
Above the forest-ground called Thessaly—  
The blackbird picking food  
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;  
So often has he known thee past him stray  
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a withered spray,  
And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill  
Where home through flooded fields foot-travelers go,  
Have I not passed thee on the wooden bridge  
Wrapped in thy cloak and battling with the snow,  
Thy face towards Hinksey and its wintry ridge?  
And thou hast climbed the hill  
And gained the white brow of the Cumnor range;  
Turned once to watch, while thick the snowflakes  
fall,  
The line of festal light in Christ Church hall—  
Then sought thy straw in some sequestered grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown  
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,  
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe  
That thou wert wandered from the studious walls  
To learn strange arts, and join a Gipsy tribe:  
And thou from earth art gone  
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid;  
Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave  
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave—  
Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours.  
For what wears out the life of mortal men?  
’Tis that from change to change their being rolls  
’Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,  
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,  
And numb the elastic powers.  
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,  
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,  
To the just-pausing Genius we remit  
Our worn-out life, and are—what we have been.

Thou hast not lived, why shouldst thou perish, so?  
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire:  
Else wert thou long since numbered with the dead—  
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire.  
The generations of thy peers are fled,  
And we ourselves shall go;  
But thou possessest an immortal lot,  
And we imagine thee exempt from age  
And living as thou liv’st on Glanvil’s page,  
Because thou hadst—what we, alas, have not!

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers  
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,  
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;  
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,  
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings  
O Life unlike to ours!  
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,  
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,  
And each half lives a hundred different lives;  
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven: and we,  
Vague half-believers of our casual creeds,  
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed,  
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,  
Whose weak resolves never have been fulfilled;  
For whom each year we see

## 3310 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;  
 Who hesitate and falter life away,  
 And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—  
 Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too?

Yes, we await it, but it still delays,  
 And then we suffer; and amongst us One,  
 Who most has suffered, takes dejectedly  
 His seat upon the intellectual throne;  
 And all his store of sad experience he  
 Lays bare of wretched days;  
 Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,  
 And how the dying spark of hope was fed,  
 And how the breast was soothed, and how the  
 head,  
 And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest: and we others pine,  
 And wish the long unhappy dream would end,  
 And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear,  
 With close-lipped Patience for our only friend,  
 Sad Patience, too near neighbor to Despair:  
 But none has hope like thine.  
 Thou through the fields and through the woods dost  
 stray,  
 Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,  
 Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,  
 And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,  
 And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;  
 Before this strange disease of modern life,  
 With its sick hurry, its divided aims,  
 Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts, was rife—  
 Fly hence, our contact fear!  
 Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!  
 Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern  
 From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,  
 Wave us away, and keep thy solitude.

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,  
Still clutching the inviolable shade,  
With a free onward impulse brushing through,  
By night, the silvered branches of the glade—  
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,  
On some mild pastoral slope  
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,  
Freshen thy flowers, as in former years,  
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,  
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales.

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!  
For strong the infection of our mental strife,  
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;  
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,  
Like us distracted, and like us unblest.  
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,  
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfixed thy powers,  
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made:  
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,  
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!  
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,  
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow  
Lifting the cool-haired creepers stealthily,  
The fringes of a southward-facing brow  
Among the Ægean isles;  
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,  
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,  
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steeped in brine;  
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted Masters of the waves;  
And snatched his rudder, and shook out more sail,  
And day and night held on indignantly  
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,  
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,  
To where the Atlantic raves

## 3312 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Outside the Western Straits, and unbent sails  
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,  
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;  
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

*Matthew Arnold* [1822-1888]

### JUGGLING JERRY

PITCH here the tent, while the old horse grazes:  
By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.  
It's nigh my last above the daisies:  
My next leaf'll be man's blank page.  
Yes, my old girl! and it's no use crying:  
Juggler, constable, king, must bow.  
One that outjuggles all's been spying  
Long to have me, and he has me now.

We've traveled times to this old common  
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.  
We've had a stirring life, old woman!  
You, and I, and the old gray horse.  
Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,  
Found us coming to their call:  
Now they'll miss us at our stations:  
There's a Juggler outjuggles all!

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!  
Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.  
Easy to think that grieving's folly,  
When the hand's firm as driven stakes!  
Ay, when we're strong, and braced, and manful,  
Life's a sweet fiddle: but we're a batch  
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful:  
Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket:  
I was a lad not wide from here:  
Couldn't I whip off the bale from the wicket?  
Like an old world those days appear!

Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatched ale-house—I know  
them!

They are old friends of my halts, and seem,  
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them:

Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual:

Nature allows us to bait for the fool.

Holding one's own makes us juggle no little;

But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.

You that are sneering at my profession,

Haven't you juggled a vast amount?

There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,

Juggles more games than my sins'll count.

I've murdered insects with mock thunder:

Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.

I've made bread from the bump of wonder:

That's my business, and there's my tale.

Fashion and rank all praised the professor:

Ay! and I've had my smile from the Queen:

Bravo, Jerry! she meant: God bless her!

Ain't this a sermon on that scene?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy

Close, and, I reckon, rather true.

Some are fine fellows: some, right scurvy:

Most, a dash between the two.

But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me

Think more kindly of the race:

And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me

When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal:

Honest we've lived since we've been one.

Lord! I could then jump like an eagle:

You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.

Birds in a May-bush we were! right merry!

All night we kissed, we juggled all day.

Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry!

Now from his old girl he's juggled away.



## 3314 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

It's past parsons to console us:  
 No, nor no doctor fetch for me:  
 I can die without my bolus;  
 Two of a trade, lass, never agree!  
 Parson and Doctor!—don't they love rarely,  
 Fighting the devil in other men's fields!  
 Stand up yourself and match him fairly:  
 Then see how the rascal yields!

I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting  
 Finery while his poor helpmate grubs:  
 Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting:  
 You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.  
 Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen  
 Many a Marquis would hail you Cook!  
 Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,  
 But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper! ripe ale winks in it;  
 Let's have comfort and be at peace.  
 Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.  
 Cheer up! the Lord must have his lease.  
 May be—for none see in that black hollow—  
 It's just a place where we're held in pawn,  
 And, when the Great Juggler makes as to swallow,  
 It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone!

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,  
 Gold-like and warm: it's the prime of May.  
 Better than mortar, brick and putty,  
 Is God's house on a blowing day.  
 Lean me more up the mound; now I feel it:  
 All the old heath-smells! Ain't it strange?  
 There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,  
 But He's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,  
 Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,  
 Which, as the moon got up, were flying  
 Down a big wave that sparked and swelled.

Crack, went a gun: one fell; the second  
Wheeled round him twice, and was off for new luck:  
There in the dark her white wing beckoned:—  
Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck!

*George Meredith* [1828-1909]

## A COURT LADY

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were  
dark,  
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in race;  
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and wife,  
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and  
life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her maidens,  
"Bring  
That silken robe made ready to wear at the Court of the  
King.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of the mote,  
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the small at  
the throat.

"Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to fasten the  
sleeves,  
Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of snow from  
the eaves."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered her up in  
a flame,  
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,  
"Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a  
friend."

### 3316 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man's  
bed:  
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

"Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou," she  
cried,  
And smiled like Italy on him: he dreamed in her face and  
died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a second:  
He was a grave hard man, whose years by dungeons were  
reckoned.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life were sorer.  
"Art thou a Romagnole?" Her eyes drove lightnings be-  
fore her.

"Austrian and priest had joined to double and tighten the  
cord  
Able to bind thee, O strong one,—free by the stroke of a  
sword.

"Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life overcast  
To ripen our wine of the present, (too new) in glooms of  
the past."

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl's,  
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black hole in the  
curls.

"Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming  
in pain,  
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the  
slain?"

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her  
hands:

"Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should  
weep as she stands."

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off by a ball:  
Kneeling,—“O more than my brother! how shall I thank  
thee for all?

“Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and  
line,  
But *thou* hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a wrong not  
thine.

“Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed:  
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to be strong  
for the rest!”

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch where  
pined  
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at the name,  
But two great crystal tears were all that faltered and came.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion and loss,  
And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she were  
kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then to an-  
other,  
Stern and strong in his death. “And dost thou suffer, my  
brother?”

Holding his hands in hers:—“Out of the Piedmont lion  
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live or to die  
on.”

Holding his cold rough hands,—“Well, oh, well have ye  
done  
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble alone.”

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet with a  
spring,—

“That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of the King.”

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning* [1806-1861]

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF  
LINCOLNSHIRE

(1571)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three;  
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;  
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.  
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
Play all your changes, all your swells,  
Play uppe, 'The Brides of Enderby'."

Men say it was a stolen tyde—  
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall:  
And there was naught of strange, beside  
The flight of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies;  
And dark against day's golden death  
She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song,  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth  
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
"For the dews will soone be falling;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;  
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
     Hollow, hollow;  
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
 From the clovers lift your head;  
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,  
 Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,  
     When I beginne to think howe long,  
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
     Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;  
 And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
     And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
 Save where full fyve good miles away  
     The steeple towered from out the greene;  
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
 Was heard in all the country side  
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are  
     Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
 The shepherde lads I heard as farre,  
     And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
 Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
 Came downe that kyndly message free,  
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
     And all along where Lindis flows  
 To where the goodly vessels lie,  
     And where the lordly steeple shows.  
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be?  
 What danger lowers by land or sea?  
 They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
 Of pyrate galleys warping down;  
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
 They have not spared to wake the towne:  
 But while the west bin red to see,  
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
 Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
 Came riding downe with might and main:  
 He raised a shout as he drew on,  
 Till all the welkin rang again,  
 "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"  
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,  
 The rising tide comes on apace,  
 And boats adrift in yonder towne  
 Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
 He shook as one that looks on death:  
 "God save you, mother!" straight he saith;  
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,  
 With her two bairns I marked her long;  
 And ere yon bells beganne to play,  
 Afar I heard her milking song."  
 He looked across the grassy lea,  
 To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"  
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;  
 For, lo! along the river's bed  
 A mighty cygre reared his crest,  
 And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
 It swept with thunderous noises loud;  
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,  
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,  
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;  
Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.  
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—  
Then beaten foam flew round about—  
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,  
The noise of bells went sweeping by;  
I marked the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower, red and high—  
A lurid mark and dread to see;  
And awsome bells they were to mee,  
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;  
And I—my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:  
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
"O come in life, or come in death!  
O lost! my love, Elizabeth!"

And didst thou visit him no more?  
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;  
The waters laid thee at his doore,  
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.



That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;  
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!  
 To manye more than myne and mee;  
 But each will mourn his own (she saith);  
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
 By the reedy Lindis shore,  
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
 Ere the early dewes be falling;  
 I shall never hear her song,  
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along  
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
     Goeth, floweth;  
 From the meads where melick groweth,  
     When the water winding down,  
     Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more  
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
     Shiver, quiver;  
 Stand beside the sobbing river,  
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling  
 To the sandy lonesome shore;  
 I shall never hear her calling,  
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
     Mellow, mellow;  
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;  
 Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;  
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
     Hollow, hollow;  
 Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow;  
     Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
 From your clovers lift the head;  
 Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,  
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

*Jean Ingelow* [1820-1897]

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armor dressed,  
     Comest to daunt me!  
 Wrapped not in Eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms  
 Stretched, as if asking alms,  
     Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
 Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
 As when the Northern skies  
     Gleam in December;  
 And, like the water's flow  
 Under December's snow,  
 Came a dull voice of woe  
     From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!  
 My deeds, though manifold,  
 No Skald in song has told,  
     No Saga taught thee!  
 Take heed, that in thy verse  
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,  
 Else dread a dead man's curse;  
     For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,  
 By the wild Baltic's strand,  
 I, with my childish hand,  
     Tamed the gerfalcon;  
 And, with my skates fast-bound,  
 Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
 That the poor whimpering hound  
     Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair  
 Tracked I the grisly bear,  
 While from my path the hare  
     Fled like a shadow;

Oft through the forest dark  
 Followed the were-wolf's bark,  
 Until the soaring lark  
     Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,  
 Joining a corsair's crew,  
 O'er the dark sea I flew  
     With the marauders.  
 Wild was the life we led;  
 Many the souls that sped,  
 Many the hearts that bled,  
     By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout  
 Wore the long Winter out;  
 Often our midnight shout  
     Set the cocks crowing,  
 As we the Berserk's tale  
 Measured in cups of ale,  
 Draining the oaken pail.  
     Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee  
 Tales of the stormy sea,  
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
     Burning yet tender;  
 And as the white stars shine  
 On the dark Norway pine,  
 On that dark heart of mine  
     Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
 Yielding, yet half afraid,  
 And in the forest's shade  
     Our vows were plighted.  
 Under its loosened vest  
 Fluttered her little breast,  
 Like birds within their nest  
     By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
 Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
 Loud sang the minstrels all,  
     Chanting his glory;  
 When of old Hildebrand  
 I asked his daughter's hand,  
 Mute did the minstrels stand  
     To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
 Loud then the champion laughed,  
 And as the wind-gusts waft  
     The sea-foam brightly,  
 So the loud laugh of scorn,  
 Out of those lips unshorn,  
 From the deep drinking-horn  
     Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
 I but a Viking wild,  
 And though she blushed and smiled,  
     I was discarded!  
 Should not the dove so white  
 Follow the sea-mew's flight,  
 Why did they leave that night  
     Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
 Bearing the maid with me,  
 Fairest of all was she  
     Among the Norsemen!  
 When on the white sea-strand,  
 Waving his armed hand,  
 Saw we old Hildebrand,  
     With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,  
 Bent like a reed each mast,  
 Yet we were gaining fast,  
     When the wind failed us;

And with a sudden flaw  
 Came round the gusty Skaw,  
 So that our foe we saw  
     Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale  
 Round veered the flapping sail,  
 ‘Death!’ was the helmsman’s hail,  
     ‘Death without quarter!’  
 Mid-ships with iron keel  
 Struck we her ribs of steel;  
 Down her black hulk did reel  
     Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,  
 Sails the fierce cormorant,  
 Seeking some rocky haunt,  
     With his prey laden,—  
 So toward the open main,  
 Beating to sea again,  
 Through the wild hurricane,  
     Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,  
 And when the storm was o’er,  
 Cloud-like we saw the shore  
     Stretching to leeward;  
 There for my lady’s bower  
 Built I the lofty tower,  
 Which, to this very hour,  
     Stands looking seaward.

‘There lived we many years;  
 Time dried the maiden’s tears;  
 She had forgot her fears,  
     She was a mother;  
 Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
 Under that tower she lies;  
 Ne’er shall the sun arise  
     On such another!

“Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!  
Hateful to me were men,  
    The sunlight hateful!  
In the vast forest here,  
Clad in my warlike gear,  
Fell I upon my spear,  
    Oh, death was grateful!

“Thus, seamed with many scars,  
Bursting these prison bars,  
Up to its native stars  
    My soul ascended!  
There from the flowing bowl  
Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,  
*Skoal !* to the Northland! *skoal !*”  
Thus the tale ended.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### DANIEL GRAY

IF I shall ever win the home in heaven  
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,  
In the great company of the forgiven  
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better;  
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,  
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter  
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted  
On ready words his freight of gratitude,  
Nor was he called upon among the gifted,  
In the prayer-meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,  
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;  
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces  
I’ve heard them all at least a thousand times.

## 3328 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,  
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—  
And hear the language of his trite devotions,  
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—  
“Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!”  
And how the “conquering-and-to-conquer” rounded  
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him,  
He never kissed his children—so they say;  
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him  
Less than a horseshoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,  
And righteous words for sin of every kind;  
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression  
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,  
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,  
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty  
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there was love and tenderness within him;  
And I am told that when his Charley died,  
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win him  
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,  
They found fresh dewdrops sprinkled in his hair,  
And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early,  
And guessed, but did not know who placed it there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,  
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,  
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,  
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

## “Curfew Must Not Ring To-night” 3329

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,  
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for way  
His mighty Friend in Heaven, the great Redeemer,  
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit  
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,  
And his Redeemer called him to inherit  
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in Heaven  
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,  
In the great company of the forgiven  
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

*Josiah Gilbert Holland* [1819-1881]

### “CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT”

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,  
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,  
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden  
fair,—

He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny floating  
hair;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all  
cold and white,

Struggling to keep back the murmur,—

“Curfew must not ring to-night.”

“Sexton,” Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison  
old,

With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp,  
and cold,

“I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,  
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh;  
Cromwell will not come till sunset,” and her lips grew  
strangely white

As she breathed the husky whisper:—

“Curfew must not ring to-night.”



### 3330 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced  
 her young heart  
 Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart,—  
 "Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy,  
 shadowed tower;  
 Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;  
 I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,  
 Now I'm old I will not falter,—  
 Curfew, it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her  
 thoughtful brow,  
 As within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.  
 She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or  
 sigh:  
 "At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."  
 And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew  
 large and bright;  
 In an undertone she murmured:—  
 "Curfew must not ring to-night."

With quick step she bounded forward, sprang within the  
 old church door,  
 Left the old man threading slowly paths he'd trod so oft  
 before;  
 Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek  
 aglow  
 Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and  
 fro:  
 As she climbed the dusty ladder, on which fell no ray of light,  
 Up and up,—her white lips saying:—  
 "Curfew must not ring to-night!"

She has reached the topmost ladder; o'er her hangs the great,  
 dark bell;  
 Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to  
 hell.  
 Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging,—'tis the hour of  
 Curfew now,  
 And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath,  
 and paled her brow.

“Curfew Must Not Ring To-night” 3331

Shall she let it ring? No, never! flash her eyes with sudden  
light,

As she springs, and grasps it firmly,—  
“Curfew shall not ring to-night!”

Out she swung—far out; the city seemed a speck of light  
below,

There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung  
to and fro,

And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard  
the bell),

Sadly thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's  
funeral knell.

Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips  
so white,

Said to hush her heart's wild throbbing:—  
“Curfew shall not ring to-night!”

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped  
once more

Firmly on the dark old ladder where for hundred years before  
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she  
had done

Should be told long ages after: as the rays of setting sun  
Crimson all the sky with beauty, aged sires, with heads of  
white,

Tell the eager, listening children,  
“Curfew did not ring that night.”

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and  
her brow,

Lately white with fear and anguish, has no anxious traces  
now.

At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised  
and torn;

And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale  
and worn,

Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty  
light:

“Go! your lover lives,” said Cromwell,  
“Curfew shall not ring to-night.”

## 3332 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Wide they flung the massive portal; led the prisoner forth to  
die,—  
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening  
English sky  
Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-  
light sweet;  
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon at his feet.  
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face up-  
turned and white,  
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me,—  
Curfew will not ring to-night!"

*Rose Hartwick Thorpe* [1850-1939]

### THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR

'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was  
there,  
Which well nigh filled Joe's bar-room on the corner of the  
square;  
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door,  
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The wind  
has blown it in."

"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey, rum,  
or gin."

"Here, Toby, sic him if your stomach's equal to the work—  
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace;  
In fact he smiled, as though he thought he'd struck the  
proper place.

"Come, boys, I know there's burly hearts among so good a  
crowd,

To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds  
you know;

When I had cash to treat the gang this hand was never slow.

What? You laugh as though you thought this pocket  
never held a sou!

I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

“There, thanks! that’s braced me nicely! God bless you  
one and all!

Next time I pass this good saloon I’ll make another call.

Give you a song? No, I can’t do that; my singing days are  
past;

My voice is cracked, my throat’s worn out, and my lungs  
are going fast.

“Say! give me another whiskey, and I tell you what I’ll do—  
I’ll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too.

That I was ever a decent man not one of you would think;  
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give me  
another drink.

“Fill her up, Joe; I want to put some life into my frame—  
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame;  
Five fingers—there, that’s the scheme—and corking  
whiskey, too.

Well, here’s luck, boys! and, landlord, my best regards to  
you!

“You’ve treated me pretty kindly, and I’d like to tell you  
how

I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.

As I told you, once I was a man, with muscles, frame and  
health,

And but for a blunder ought to have made considerable  
wealth.

“I was a painter—not one that daubs on bricks and wood,  
But an artist, and for my age was rated pretty good.

I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,  
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

“I made a picture perhaps you’ve seen; ’tis called ‘The  
Chase of Fame’.

### 3334 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my  
name.

And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—  
With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my heart.

“Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you  
see

Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;  
But 'twas so, and for a month or so her smiles were freely  
given,

And when her lovely lips touched mine it carried me to heaven.

“Did you ever see a woman for whom your soul you'd give,  
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;  
With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of  
chestnut hair?

If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

“I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,  
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the  
way;

And Madeleine admired it, and, much to my surprise,  
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy  
eyes.

“It didn't take long to know him, and before the month  
had flown

My friend had stolen my darling, and I was left alone;  
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,  
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished, and was dead!

“That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you  
smile!

I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.  
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in  
your eye!

Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should  
cry.

“Say, boys, if you give me just another whiskey I'll be glad,  
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me  
mad.

Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-  
ball score,  
You shall see the lovely Madeleine upon the bar-room  
floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand the vagabond began  
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man;  
Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,  
With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture—  
dead.

*Hugh A. D'Arcy* [1843-1925]

### 'OSTLER JOE

I STOOD at eve, as the sun went down, by a grave where a  
woman lies,  
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin with the light of  
her wanton eyes;  
Who sang the song that the siren sang on the treacherous  
Lorelei height;  
Whose face was as fair as a summer day, and whose heart  
was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden  
above her dust—  
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red  
rose of lust,  
But a sweet, white blossom of holy love that grew in the  
one green spot  
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all else was parched  
and hot.

In the summer, when the meadows were aglow with blue  
and red,  
Joe, the 'ostler of "The Magpie," and fair Annie Smith  
were wed;  
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, with a cheek as white  
as snow;  
He was anything but handsome, was "The Magpie's"  
'ostler, Joe.

### 3336 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

But he won the winsome lassie; they'd a cottage and a cow,  
And her matronhood sat lightly on the village beauty's brow.  
Sped the months, and came a baby—such a blue-eyed baby  
boy!

Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses, and he gave them, then  
and there,

All a special feed of clover, just in honor of his heir.

It had been his great ambition, and he told the horses so,  
That the Fates would send a baby who might bear the name  
of Joe.

Little Joe the child was christened, and, like babies, grew  
apace;

He'd his mother's eyes of azure, and his father's honest face.  
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless  
sky;

Love was lord of that small cottage, and the tempest passed  
them by.

Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury o'er  
their home.

Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentleman  
to roam;

Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window with her  
child,

And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed and  
smiled.

So at last it grew to know him (little Joe was nearly four);  
He would call the "pretty gemplum" as he passed the open  
door;

And one day he ran and caught him, and in child's play  
pulled him in;

And the baby Joe had prayed for brought about the mother's  
sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for ages bards have  
sung;

'Twas a woman weak and wanton, and a villain's tempting  
tongue;

'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's eyes  
Of the Babylonian wonders and the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted; she was tempted and she  
fell,  
As the angels fell from heaven to the blackest depths of hell;  
She was promised wealth and splendor, and a life of gentle  
sloth,  
Yellow gold for child and husband—and the woman left  
them both.

Home one eve came Joe, the 'ostler, with a cheery cry of  
"Wife!"  
Finding that which blurred forever all the story of his life:  
She had left a silly letter—through the cruel scrawl he spelt;  
Then he sought the lonely bedroom, joined his horny hands  
and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she ain't to blame,"  
he cried;  
"For I ought 'a' seen her trouble and 'a' gone away and died.  
Why, a girl like her, God bless her!—'twasn't likely as  
her'd rest  
With her bonny head forever on a 'ostler's ragged vest.

"It was kind 'o her to bear me all this long and happy time;  
So, for my sake, please to bless her, though you count her  
deed a crime;  
If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me, for you see  
I can talk all right to 'osses, but I'm nervous like with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage from the woman who had  
flown;  
Joe, the baby, died that winter, and the man was left alone.  
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed the rod,  
Saving what he told his horses, saving what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London rose the wanton into fame.  
For her beauty won men's homage, and she prospered in her  
shame;



### 3338 Poems of Sentiment and Reflection

Quick from lord to lord she flitted, higher still each prize  
she won,  
And her rivals paled beside her as the stars beside the sun.

Next she trod the stage half-naked, and she dragged Art's  
temple down

To the level of a market for the women of the town,  
And the kisses she had given to poor 'Ostler Joe for naught,  
With their gold and priceless jewels rich and titled lovers  
bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her star was at  
its height;

Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the gloaming turned  
to night.

Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from  
her brow;

Of the thousands who had worshipped, never one came near  
her now.

Broken down in health and fortune, men forgot her very  
name,

Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her  
fame;

And the papers in their gossip mentioned how an "actress"  
lay

Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story in a far-off country place,  
And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his  
face.

Once again the strong arms clasped her that had clasped her  
long ago,

And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of 'Ostler Joe.

All the past had he forgiven, all the sorrow and the shame;  
He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he now could  
claim;

Since the grand folks who had known her one and all had  
slunk away,

He could clasp his long-lost darling, and no man could say  
him nay.

In his arms death found her lying; from his arms her spirit  
fled,  
And his tears came down in torrents as he knelt beside his  
dead.  
Never once his love had faltered through her sad, unhallowed  
life,  
And the stone above her ashes bears the sacred name of wife.  
That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the  
garden above her dust;  
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red rose  
of lust,  
But a sweet, white blossom of holy love that grew in the one  
green spot  
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all else was parched  
and hot.

*George R. Sims* [1847-1922]

### LASCA

It's all very well to write reviews,  
And carry umbrellas, and keep dry shoes,  
And say what everyone's saying here,  
And wear what everyone else must wear;  
But to-night I'm sick of the whole affair,  
I want free life, and I want fresh air;  
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,  
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,  
The mellay of hoofs and horns and heads  
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;  
The green beneath, and the blue above,  
And dash and danger, and life and love—  
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride  
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,  
With blue *serape* and bright-belled spur;  
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!  
Little knew she of books or creeds;  
An *Ave Maria* sufficed her needs;  
Little she cared, save to be at my side,

To ride with me, and ever to ride,  
 From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.  
 She was as bold as the billows that beat,  
 She was as wild as the breezes that blow:  
 From her little head to her little feet,  
 She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro  
 By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,  
 That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,  
 And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,  
 Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.

She would hunger that I might eat,  
 Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;  
 But once, when I made her jealous for fun,  
 At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,  
 One Sunday, in San Antonio,  
 To a glorious girl on the Alamo,  
 She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,  
 And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!  
 An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,  
 And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;  
 But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound  
 Her torn *rebosa* about the wound,  
 That I quickly forgave her. Scratches don't count  
     In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;  
 Her hair was darker than her eye;  
 And something in her smile and frown,  
 Curled crimson lip and instep high,  
 Showed that there ran in each blue vein,  
 Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,  
 The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.  
 She was alive in every limb  
 With feeling, to the finger-tips;  
 And when the sun is like a fire,  
 And sky one shining, soft sapphire,  
 One does not drink in little sips.

Why did I leave the fresh and the free,  
 That suited her and suited me?

Listen awhile, and you will see;  
But this be sure—in earth or air,  
God and God's laws are everywhere,  
And Nemesis comes with a foot as fleet  
On the Texas trail as in Regent Street.

. . . . .  
The air was heavy, the night was hot,  
I sat by her side and forgot,—forgot:  
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,  
Forgot that the air was close oppressed,  
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,  
In the dead of night, or the blaze of noon;  
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,  
Nothing on earth can stop their flight;  
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,  
Who fall in front of their mad stampede!

. . . . .  
Was that thunder? No, by the Lord!  
I sprang to my saddle without a word.  
One foot on mine, and she clung behind.  
Away! on a wild chase down the wind!  
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,  
And never was steed so little spared;  
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;  
There was one chance left, and you have but one—  
Halt! jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;  
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;  
And if the steers in their frantic course  
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,  
You may thank your star; if not, goodbye  
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,  
And the open air and the open sky,  
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt  
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,  
Down came the mustang, and down came we,  
Clinging together, and,—what was the rest?

A body that spread itself on my breast,  
 Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,  
 Two lips that hard to my lips were pressed;  
 Then came thunder in my ears,  
 As over us surged the sea of steers,  
 Blows that beat blood into my eyes;  
 And when I could rise—  
 Lasca was dead!

. . . . .  
 I hollowed a grave a few feet deep,  
 And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;  
 And there she is lying, and no one knows;  
 And the summer shines, and the winter snows;  
 For many a day the flowers have spread  
 A pall of petals over her head;  
 And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,  
 And the sly coyote trots here and there,  
 And the black-snake glides and glitters and slides  
 Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;  
 And the buzzard sails on,  
 And comes and is gone,  
 Stately and still, like a ship at sea;  
 And I wonder why I do not care  
 For the things that are, like the things that were.  
 Does half my heart lie buried there

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

*Frank Desprez* [1853-1916]

### JIM BLUDSO OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,  
 Becase he don't live, you see;  
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit  
 Of livin' like you and me.  
 Whar have you been for the last three year  
 That you haven't heard folks tell  
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks  
 The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers  
 Is all pretty much alike,—

One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill  
And another one here, in Pike;  
A keerless man in his talk, was Jim,  
And an awkward hand in a row,  
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—  
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—  
To treat his engine well;  
Never be passed on the river;  
To mind the pilot's bell;  
And if ever the Prairie Bell took fire,—  
A thousand times he swore  
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississipp,  
And her day come at last,—  
The Movastar was a better boat,  
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.  
And so she come tearin' along that night—  
The oldest craft on the line—  
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,  
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,  
And burnt a hole in the night,  
And quick as a flash she turned, and made  
For that willer-bank on the right.  
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,  
Over all the infernal roar,  
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat  
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,  
And they all had trust in his cussedness,  
And knowed he would keep his word.  
And, sure's you're born, they all got off  
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—  
And Bludso's ghost went up alone  
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment  
 I'd run my chance with Jim,  
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen  
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.  
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—  
 And went for it thar and then;  
 And Christ ain't a going to be too hard  
 On a man that died for men.

*John Hay [1838-1905]*

### LITTLE BREECHES

I DON'T go much on religion,  
 I never ain't had no show;  
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
 On the handful o' things I know.  
 I don't pan out on the prophets  
 And free-will, and that sort of thing,—  
 But I b'lieve in God and the angels,  
 Ever sence one night last spring.

I came into town with some turnips,  
 And my little Gabe come along,—  
 No four-year-old in the county  
 Could beat him for pretty and strong,  
 Peart and chipper and sassy,  
 Always ready to swear and fight,—  
 And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,  
 Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket  
 As I passed by Taggart's store;  
 I went in for a jug of molasses  
 And left the team at the door.  
 They scared at something and started,—  
 I heard one little squall,  
 And hell-to-split over the prairie  
 Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!  
 I was almost froze with skeer;

But we roused up some torches,  
And sarched for 'em far and near.  
At last we struck hosses and wagon,  
Snowed under a soft white mound,  
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe  
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me  
Of my fellow-critter's aid,—  
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,  
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,  
And me and Isrul Parr  
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold  
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed  
Where they shut up the lambs at night.  
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,  
So warm and sleepy and white;  
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,  
As peart as ever you see,  
“I want a chaw of terbacker,  
And that's what the matter of me.”

How did he get thar? Angels.  
He could never have walked in that storm.  
They jest scooped down and toted him  
To whar it was safe and warm.  
And I think that saving a little child,  
And fotching him to his own,  
Is a derved sight better business  
Than loafing around the Throne.

*John Hay [1838-1905]*

### THE TREE-TOP ROAD

BEYOND the narrow window  
Of my dull House of Care  
One road is always beckoning  
When days are gray and bare.



And then I spurn the dusty street,  
The struggle and the load —  
I pin my wings upon my feet  
And take the Tree-top Road.

The joy of life is hidden  
In unsubstantial things;  
An April rain, a fragrance,  
A vision of blue wings!  
And what are memory and hope  
But dreams? and yet the bread  
On which these little lives of ours  
Are fed and comforted!

Without imagination  
Man sinks into a clod;  
Missing the trail of beauty —  
Losing the way to God,  
And I have built a temple-stair  
Out of a lilac's bloom,  
And climbed to Heaven with purple pomp,  
And censer, and perfume!

Philosophers and Sages  
Seeking to find out God,  
With puzzling chart and compass,  
And strange divining-rod,  
I think if you put on your wings  
And take the Tree-top Way  
You'll meet Him, coming down to see  
His orchards bloom in May.

I have no feud with labor,  
But at the Gates of June,  
My dusty pack forsaking  
I join in Youth's glad tune;  
And just forgetting for a while  
That I am worn and gray,  
Go sailing off with Peter Pan  
Along the Tree-top Way!

*May Riley Smith [1842-1927]*

PART VII

POEMS OF SORROW, DEATH AND  
IMMORTALITY

## “DEATH, BE NOT PROUD”

From “Holy Sonnets”

DEATH, be not proud, though some have callèd thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so:  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,  
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow;  
And soonest our best men with thee do go—  
Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!  
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

*John Donne* [1573-1631]

## IN THE SHADOW

### MELANCHOLY

From "The Nice Valor"

HENCE, all you vain delights,  
As short as are the nights,  
Wherein you spend your folly:  
There's naught in this life sweet  
If man were wise to see't,  
But only melancholy,  
O sweetest Melancholy!  
Welcome, folded arms, and fixèd eyes,  
A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
A look that's fastened to the ground,  
A tongue chained up without a sound!  
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves!  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are warmly housed save bats and owls!  
A midnight bell, a parting groan!  
These are the sounds we feed upon;  
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley;  
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.  
*John Fletcher [1579-1625]*

### ON MELANCHOLY

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist  
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;  
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed  
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;  
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,

Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be  
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl  
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;  
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
And hides the green hill in an April shroud;  
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;  
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;  
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:  
Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
Veiled Melancholy has her sovereign shrine,  
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine:  
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

*John Keats [1795-1821]*

### THE RAINY DAY

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;

“Moan, Moan, Ye Dying Gales” 3351

My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* [1807-1882]

THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE

I know you: solitary griefs,  
Desolate passions, aching hours!  
I know you: tremulous beliefs,  
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!  
The winds are sometimes sad to me;  
The starry spaces full of fear:  
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,  
And mine the sigh of places drear.  
Some players upon plaintive strings  
Publish their wistfulness abroad:  
I have not spoken of these things,  
Save to one man, and unto God.

*Lionel Johnson* [1867-1902]

“MOAN, MOAN, YE DYING GALES”

MOAN, moan, ye dying gales!  
The saddest of your tales  
Is not so sad as life;  
Nor have you e'er began  
A theme so wild as man,  
Or with such sorrow rife.

Fall, fall, thou withered leaf!  
Autumn sears not like grief,  
Nor kills such lovely flowers;  
More terrible the storm,  
More mournful the deform,  
When dark misfortune lowers.

Hush! hush! thou trembling lyre,  
 Silence, ye vocal choir,  
     And thou, mellifluous lute,  
 For man soon breathes his last,  
 And all his hope is past,  
     And all his music mute.

Then, when the gale is sighing,  
 And when the leaves are dying,  
     And when the song is o'er,  
 O, let us think of those  
 Whose lives are lost in woes,  
     Whose cup of grief runs o'er.

*Henry Neele* [1798-1828]

### SORROW

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,  
 God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou  
 With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;  
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave  
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;  
     Then lay before him all thou hast; allow  
     No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,  
 Or mar thy hospitality; no wave  
     Of mortal tumult to obliterate  
     The soul's marmoreal calmness. Grief should be,  
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;  
     Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;  
 Strong to consume small troubles; to commend  
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

*Aubrey Thomas De Vere* [1814-1902]

### TIME AND GRIEF

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay  
 Softest on Sorrow's wound, and slowly thence  
 (Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)  
 The faint pang stealest unperceived away;

On thee I rest my only hope at last,  
 And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear  
 That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,  
 I may look back on every sorrow past,  
 And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile:  
 As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,  
 Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower  
 Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—  
 Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,  
 Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

*William Lisle Bowles* [1762-1850]

### GRIEF

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;  
 That only men incredulous of despair,  
 Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air  
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
 Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness,  
 In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare  
 Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare  
 Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express  
 Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death—  
 Most like a monumental statue set  
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe  
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
 Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:  
 If it could weep, it could arise and go.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning* [1806-1861]

### PAIN

DISMAL and purposeless and gray  
 The world and all its woe, we say,  
 Poor slaves! who in hot hours of pain  
 Yearn for the night to come again.  
  
 Like tortured men at length set free,  
 We stagger from our misery,  
 And watch with foolish, pain-dimmed eyes  
 Vague lands and unremembered skies.



When lo! what sudden splendor spreads  
 Its heaven of rose above our heads!  
 What soft winds visit our despair;  
 What lights, what voices everywhere!

Ere sorrow taught us, knew we these  
 Stupendous hills, amazing seas?  
 Shone there such moonlight on the lawn;  
 So deep a secret in the dawn?

What wandering hue from Paradise  
 Has found a home in children's eyes?  
 What women these, whose faces bless  
 Life with such tranquil tenderness?

When earth and sky and man seem fair,  
 Be this my watchword, this my prayer:  
 Grant me, O Gods, to prize aright  
 Sorrow, since sorrow gives me sight.

*St. John Lucas* [1879-

#### A FAREWELL

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
 Thy tribute wave deliver  
 No more by thee my steps shall be,  
 For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
 A rivulet, then a river:  
 No where by thee my steps shall be,  
 For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree,  
 And here thine aspen shiver;  
 And here by thee will hum the bee,  
 For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
 A thousand moons will quiver;  
 But not by thee my steps shall be,  
 For ever and for ever.

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

“THE DAY IS DONE”

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

#### THE BRIDGE

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away,

As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,  
 As long as the river flows,  
 As long as the heart has passions,  
 As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection  
 And its shadow shall appear,  
 As the symbol of love in heaven,  
 And its wavering image here.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### "MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE"

My life is like the summer rose  
 That opens to the morning sky,  
 But, ere the shades of evening close,  
 Is scattered on the ground—to die!  
 Yet on the rose's humble bed  
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,  
 As if she wept the waste to see,—  
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf  
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray;  
 Its hold is frail,—its date is brief,  
 Restless,—and soon to pass away!  
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,  
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,  
 The winds bewail the leafless tree,—  
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet  
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;  
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,  
 All trace will vanish from the sand;  
 Yet, as if grieving to efface  
 All vestige of the human race,  
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea,—  
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

*Richard Henry Wilde [1789-1847]*

“AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE”

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;

There came a noble Knyghte,  
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,  
And his gallant heart was lyghte,

Free and gaye;

As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!

There seemed a crimson plain,  
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,  
And a steed with broken rein

Ran free,

As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the bough;

A lovely maide came by,  
And a gentil youthe was nyghe,  
And he breathed many a syghe

And a vowe;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;

No more a youth was there,  
But a Maiden rent her haire,  
And cried in sad despaire

“That I was borne!”

As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar;

There came a lovely Childe,  
And his face was meek and mild,  
Yet joyously he smiled

On his sire;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
 And sadly sang the Birde as it perched upon a bier;  
     That joyous smile was gone,  
     And the face was white and wan,  
     As the downe upon the Swan

    Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng—oh! bitter flowed the tear!

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,  
 O merrie sang that Birde as it glittered on her breast  
     With a thousand glorious dyes,  
     While, soaring to the skies,  
     'Mid the stars she seemed to rise,  
     As to her nest;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
 As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was expressed:—

    "Follow, follow me away,

    It boots not to delay,"—

    'Twas so she seemed to saye,

    "HERE IS REST!"

*Richard Harris Barham [1788-1845]*

### THE HARP OF SORROW

SORROW has a harp of seven strings  
 And plays on it unceasing all the day;  
 The first string sings of love that is long dead,  
 The second sings of lost hopes buried;  
 The third of happiness forgot and fled.  
 Of vigil kept in vain the fourth cord sings,  
 And the fifth string of roses dropped away.  
 The sixth string calls and is unanswered,  
 The seventh with your name for ever rings—  
 I listen for its singing all the day!

*Ethel Clifford [18 -*

### THE JOURNEY ONWARDS

As slow our ship her foamy track  
 Against the wind was cleaving,  
 Her trembling pennant still looked back

To that dear Isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanished years  
We talk with joyous seeming,  
With smiles, that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming;  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then  
To those we've left behind us!

And when, in other climes, we meet  
Some isle, or vale enchanting,  
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,  
And naught but love is wanting;  
We think how great had been our bliss  
If Heaven had but assigned us  
To live and die in scenes like this,  
With some we've left behind us!

As travelers oft look back at eve  
When eastward darkly going,  
To gaze upon that light they leave  
Still faint behind them glowing.—  
So, when the close of pleasure's day  
To gloom hath near consigned us,  
We turn to catch one fading ray  
Of joy that's left behind us.

*Thomas Moore* [1779-1852]

## SONG

### IN LEINSTER

I TRY to knead and spin, but my life is low the while.  
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile;  
Yet if I walk alone, and think of naught at all,  
Why from me that's young should the wild tears fall?



The shower-sodden earth, the earth-colored streams,  
 They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams,  
 And yonder ivy fondling the broke castle-wall,  
 It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,  
 And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and still;  
 But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,  
 The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall!

*Louise Imogen Guiney* [1861-1920]

### MY SORROW

My sorrow that I am not by the little dun,  
 By the lake of the starlings at Rosses under the hill—  
 And the larks there, singing over the fields of dew,  
 Or evening there, and the sedges still!  
 For plain I see now the length of the yellow sand,  
 And Lissadell far off and its leafy ways,  
 And the holy mountain whose mighty heart  
 Gathers into it all the colored days.  
 My sorrow that I am not by the little dun,  
 By the lake of the starlings at evening when all is still—  
 And still in whispering sedges the herons stand.  
 'Tis there I would nestle at rest tili the quivering moon  
 Uprose in the golden quiet over the hill.

*Seumas O'Sullivan* [1879-

### SPIRIT OF SADNESS

SHE loved the Autumn, I the Spring,  
 Sad all the songs she loved to sing;  
 And in her face was strangely set  
 Some great inherited regret.

Some look in all things made her sigh,  
 Yea! sad to her the morning sky:  
 "So sad! so sad its beauty seems"—  
 I hear her say it still in dreams.

But when the day grew gray and old,  
And rising stars shone strange and cold,  
Then only in her face I saw  
A mystic glee, a joyous awe.

Spirit of Sadness, in the spheres  
Is there an end of mortal tears?  
Or is there still in those great eyes  
That look of lonely hills and skies?

*Richard Le Gallienne* [1866-

'TIS BUT A LITTLE FADED FLOWER"

'Tis but a little faded flower,  
But oh, how fondly dear!  
'Twill bring me back one golden hour,  
Through many a weary year.  
I may not to the world impart  
The secret of its power,  
But treasured in my inmost heart,  
I keep my faded flower.

Where is the heart that doth not keep,  
Within its inmost core,  
Some fond remembrance, hidden deep,  
Of days that are no more?  
Who hath not saved some trifling thing  
More prized than jewels rare—  
A faded flower, a broken ring,  
A tress of golden hair?

*Ellen Clementine Howarth* [1827-1899]

TO EACH HIS OWN

EACH hath his drug for Sorrow  
(Or else the pain would slay!)  
For one, it is "To-morrow";  
For one, 'tis "Yesterday."

“And hast thou lost, my Brother?”

“Yea, but in dreams I find.”

“And I” (so saith another)

“Leave buried dead behind!”

For each, when gyves are fretting,

A different balm must be.

Some find it in forgetting,

And some in memory.

*Margaret Root Garvin* [18

### SONG

RARELY, rarely comest thou,

Spirit of Delight!

Wherefore hast thou left me now

Many a day and night?

Many a weary night and day

'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me

Win thee back again?

With the joyous and the free

Thou wilt scoff at pain.

Spirit false! thou hast forgot

All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade

Of a trembling leaf,

Thou with sorrow art dismayed;

Even the sighs of grief

Reproach thee, that thou art not near,

And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty

To a merry measure:

Thou wilt never come for pity,

Thou wilt come for pleasure;

Pity then will cut away

Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,  
    Spirit of Delight!  
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,  
    And the starry night,  
Autumn evening, and the morn  
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms  
    Of the radiant frost;  
I love waves, and winds, and storms—  
    Everything almost  
Which is Nature's, and may be  
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
    And such society  
As is quiet, wise, and good;  
    Between thee and me  
What difference? But thou dost possess  
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
    And like light can flee;  
But above all other things,  
    Spirit, I love thee!—  
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,  
Make once more my heart thy home!  
*Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792-1822]*

### THE NAMELESS ONE

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,  
    That sweeps along to the mighty sea;  
God will inspire me while I deliver  
    My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening  
    Amid the last homes of youth and eld,  
That once there was one whose veins ran lightning  
    No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,  
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,  
No star of all heaven sends to light our  
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages  
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,  
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,  
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,  
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,  
He fled for shelter to God, who mated  
His soul with song.

—With song which alway, sublime or vapid,  
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,  
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid:  
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long  
To herd with demons from hell beneath,  
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long  
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,  
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,  
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,  
He still, still strove;

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others  
(And some whose hands should have wrought for him,  
If children live not for sires and mothers),  
His mind grew dim;

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,  
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,  
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal  
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,  
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,

When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,  
    Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,  
    And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,  
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,  
    That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary  
    At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,  
He lives, enduring what future story  
    Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,  
    Deep in your bosoms: there let him dwell!  
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,  
    Here and in hell.

*James Clarence Mangan [1803-1849]*

"DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM"

(WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF HIS SUICIDE)

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" When

For me this end has come and I am dead,  
And the little voluble, chattering daws of men

Peck at me curiously, let it then be said  
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:

Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.  
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth

To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,  
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,

He wrought for liberty, till his own wound  
(He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art

Through wasting years, mastered him, and he swooned,  
And sank there where you see him lying now  
With the word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed

World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage  
Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed

Daily by those high angels who assuage

The thirstings of the poets—for he was  
 Born unto singing—and a burthen lay  
 Mightily on him, and he moaned because  
 He could not rightly utter to the day  
 What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,  
 Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,  
 And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;  
 And benedictions from black pits of shame,  
 And little children's love, and old men's prayers,  
 And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred  
 With big films—silence! he is in his grave.  
 Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;  
 Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.  
 Nor did he wait till Freedom had become  
 The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;  
 He smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb  
 And all His arching skies were in eclipse.  
 He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,  
 And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed  
 To see the august broadening of the light  
 And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.  
 He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—  
 Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

*Richard Realf* [1834-1878]

### HOPE AND DESPAIR

SAID God, "You sisters, ere ye go  
 Down among men, my work to do,  
 I will on each a badge bestow:  
 Hope I love best, and gold for her,  
 Yet a silver glory for Despair,  
 For she is my angel too."

Then like a queen, Despair  
 Put on the stars to wear.  
 But Hope took ears of corn, and round  
 Her temples in a wreath them bound.—  
 Which think ye looked the more fair?

*Lascelles Abercrombie* [1881-1938]

## DEJECTION: AN ODE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon,  
With the old Moon in her arms;  
And I fear, I fear, my Master dear!  
We shall have a deadly storm.  
Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

## I

WELL! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made  
The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence,  
This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence  
Unroused by winds, that ply a busier trade  
Than those which mould yon cloud in lazy flakes,  
Or the dull sobbing draft, that moans and rakes  
Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,  
Which better far were mute.  
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright!  
And overspread with phantom light,  
(With swimming phantom light o'erspread  
But rimmed and circled by a silver thread)  
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling  
The coming-on of rain and squally blast.  
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,  
And the slant night-shower driving loud and fast!  
Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,  
And sent my soul abroad,  
Might now perhaps their wonted impulse give,  
Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

## II

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,  
A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,  
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,  
In word, or sigh, or tear—  
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,  
To other thoughts by yonder throstle wooed,  
All this long eve, so balmy and serene,  
Have I been gazing on the western sky,  
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:  
And still I gaze—and with how blank an eye!



And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bars,  
That give away their motion to the stars;  
Those stars, that glide behind them or between,  
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:  
Yon crescent Moon, as fixed as if it grew  
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
I see them all so excellently fair,  
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are!

## III

My genial spirits fail;  
And what can these avail  
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?  
It were a vain endeavor,  
Though I should gaze for ever  
On that green light that lingers in the west:  
I may not hope from outward forms to win  
The passion and the life, whose fountains are within.

## IV

O Lady! we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live:  
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!  
And would we aught behold, of higher worth,  
Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,  
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud  
Enveloping the Earth—  
And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me  
What this strong music in the soul may be!  
What, and wherein it doth exist,  
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,  
This beautiful and beauty-making power.

Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given,  
Save to the pure, and in their purest hour,  
Life, and Life's effluence, cloud at once and shower,  
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,  
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower

A new Earth and new Heaven,  
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud—  
Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!  
And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,  
All melodies the echoes of that voice,  
All colors a suffusion from that light.

## VI

There was a time when, though my path was rough,  
This joy within me dallied with distress,  
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff

Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness:  
For hope grew round me, like the twining vine,  
And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seemed mine.  
But now afflictions bow me down to earth:  
Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth;

But oh! each visitation  
Suspends what nature gave me at my birth,  
My shaping spirit of Imagination.  
For not to think of what I needs must feel,  
But to be still and patient, all I can;  
And haply by abstruse research to steal  
From my own nature all the natural man—  
This was my sole resource, my only plan:  
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,  
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.

## VII

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my mind,  
Reality's dark dream!

I turn from you, and listen to the wind,  
Which long has raved unnoticed. What a scream  
Of agony by torture lengthened out  
That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,  
Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree,

Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb,  
 Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,  
     Methinks were fitter instruments for thee,  
 Mad Lutanist! who in this month of showers,  
 Of dark-brown gardens, and of peeping flowers,  
 Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wintry song,  
 The blossoms, buds, and timorous leaves among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!  
 Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!

What tell'st thou now about?

'Tis of the rushing of an host in rout,  
 With groans, of trampled men, with smarting wounds—  
 At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold!  
 But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence!

And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd,  
 With groans, and tremulous shudderings—all is over—  
 It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!

A tale of less affright,  
 And tempered with delight,  
 As Otway's self had framed the tender lay,—

'Tis of a little child  
 Upon a lonesome wild,  
 Not far from home, but she hath lost her way:  
 And now moans low in bitter grief and fear,  
 And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

#### VIII

'Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep:  
 Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep!  
 Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,  
 And may this storm be but a mountain-birth,  
 May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,  
 Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!

With light heart may she rise,  
 Gay fancy, cheerful eyes,  
 Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice;  
 To her may all things live, from pole to pole,  
 Their life the eddying of her living soul!

O simple spirit, guided from above,  
 Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice,  
 Thus mayest thou ever, evermore rejoice.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge [1772-1834]*

## WORK WITHOUT HOPE

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—  
 The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—  
 And Winter slumbering in the open air,  
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!  
 And I the while, the sole unbusy thing,  
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,  
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.  
 Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,  
 For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!  
 With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:  
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?  
 Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
 And Hope without an object cannot live.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge* [1772-1834]

## CARE

ALL in the leafy darkness, when sleep had passed me by,  
 I knew the surging of the sea—  
 Though never wave were nigh.  
 All in the leafy darkness, unbroken by a star,  
 There came the clamorous call of day,  
 While yet the day was far.  
 All in the leafy darkness, woven with hushes deep,  
 I heard the vulture wings of Fear  
 Above me tireless sweep;  
 The sea of Doubt, the dread of day, upon me surged and swept  
 All in the leafy darkness,  
 And while the whole world slept.

*Virginia Woodward Cloud* [18

## AT THE SALON

BRAVE as the firstborn flame upsprings the statue,  
 A worshiper of the Sun:  
 With arms and lips and vital hair he praises  
 The Dawn begun.  
 Buoyancy, adoration of beginnings,  
 He soars tiptoe,

Nor heeds he that his plinth was wreathed with cypress  
An hour ago,

Memorial of the maker of the statue  
Who in his ultimate pain  
Set free the spirit in the block of marble,  
—Child of his brain.

The men and women pacing through the Salon  
By that grave challenge are stopped,  
Pondering on him from whose arrested fingers  
The tool has dropped.

For him black weeds are draped and just one moment  
Chatter is mute,  
While, like a skylark, sings his last glad sculpture  
Its flame salute.

*Florence Wilkinson* [18

### THE WIND'S WAY

A WHITE way is the wind's way,  
The silver side o' the leaf:  
Follow the wind, heart of mine,  
Heart of grief!

Wind of the dawn, wind of the dusk,  
Wingèd wind of the day,  
Who would follow the wind must go  
The wind's way.

*Grace Hazard Conkling* [1878—

### TROPICAL TOWN

BLUE, pink and yellow houses, and, afar,  
The cemetery, where the green trees are.

Sometimes you see a hungry dog pass by,  
And there are always buzzards in the sky,  
Sometimes you hear the big cathedral bell;  
A blind man rings it; and sometimes you hear  
A rumbling ox-cart that brings wood to sell.  
Else nothing ever breaks the ancient spell

That holds the town asleep, save, once a year,  
The Easter Festival. . .

I come from there,  
And when I tire of hoping, and despair  
Is heavy over me, my thoughts go far,  
Beyond that length of lazy street, to where  
The lonely green trees and the white graves are.

*Salomón de la Selva* [1893-

### SUNSET WINGS

TO-NIGHT this sunset spreads two golden wings  
Cleaving the western sky;  
Winged too with wind it is, and winnowings  
Of birds; as if the day's last hour in rings  
Of strenuous flight must die.

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinions sway  
Above the dovecote-tops;  
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,  
Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play,  
By turns in every copse:

Each tree heart-deep the wrangling rout receives,—  
Save for the whirr within,  
You could not tell the starlings from the leaves;  
Then one great puff of wings, and the swarm heaves  
Away with all its din.

Even thus Hope's hours, in ever-eddy flight,  
To many a refuge tend;  
With the first light she laughed, and the last light  
Glow round her still; who nathless in the night  
At length must make an end.

And now the mustering rooks innumerable  
Together sail and soar,  
While for the day's death, like a tolling knell,  
Unto the heart they seem to cry, Farewell,  
No more, farewell, no more!

Is Hope not plumed, as 'twere a fiery dart?  
 And oh! thou dying day,  
 Even as thou goest must she too depart,  
 And Sorrow fold such pinions on the heart  
 As will not fly away?

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti* [1828-1882]

### MORALITY

WE cannot kindle when we will  
 The fire which in the heart resides.  
 The spirit bloweth and is still,  
 In mystery our soul abides.  
 But tasks in hours of insight willed  
 Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;  
 We bear the burden and the heat  
 Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.  
 Not till the hours of light return  
 All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,  
 When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,  
 Ask, how *she* viewed thy self-control,  
 Thy struggling, tasked morality—  
 Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,  
 Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose answer thou dost dread  
 Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,  
 See, on her face a glow is spread,  
 A strong emotion on her cheek!  
 "Ah, child," she cries, "that strife divine,  
 Whence was it, for it is not mine?"

"There is no effort on *my* brow—  
 I do not strive, I do not weep;  
 I rush with the swift spheres and glow  
 In joy, and when I will, I sleep.  
 Yet that severe, that earnest air,  
 I saw, I felt it once—but where?"

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,  
Nor wore the manacles of space;  
I felt it in some other clime,  
I saw it in some other place.  
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,  
And lay upon the breast of God.

*Matthew Arnold* [1822-1888]

### CUI BONO

WHAT is Hope? A smiling rainbow  
Children follow through the wet;  
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder:  
Never urchin found it yet.

What is Life? A thawing iceboard  
On a sea with sunny shore;  
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;  
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is Man? A foolish baby,  
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;  
Demanding all, deserving nothing;  
One small grave is what he gets.

*Thomas Carlyle* [1795-1881]

### MUTABILITY

THE flower that smiles to-day  
To-morrow dies;  
All that we wish to stay  
Tempt, and then flies.  
What is this world's delight?  
Lightning that mocks the night,  
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!  
Friendship how rare!  
Love, how it sells poor bliss  
For proud despair!  
But we, though soon they fall,  
Survive their joy, and all  
Which ours we call.



Whilst skies are blue and bright,  
 Whilst flowers are gay,  
 Whilst eyes that change ere night  
 Make glad the day,  
 Whilst yet the calm hours creep,  
 Dream thou—and from thy sleep  
 Then wake to weep.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792-1822]*

### A FANCY FROM FONTENELLE

*De mémoires de Roses on n'a point vu mourir le Jardinier*

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,  
 And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,  
 As she thought of the Gardener standing by—  
 "He is old—so old! And he soon must die!"

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,  
 And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare;  
 And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—  
 'He is older now! He will soon be dead!'

But the breeze of the morning blew, and found  
 That the leaves of the blown Rose strewed the ground;  
 And he came at noon, that Gardener old,  
 And he raked them gently under the mold.

*And I wove the thing to a random rhyme:  
 For the Rose is Beauty; the Gardener, Time.*

*Austin Dobson [1840-1921]*

### "OH, EARLIER SHALL THE ROSEBUDS BLOW"

Oh, earlier shall the rosebuds blow,  
 In after years, those happier years,  
 And children weep, when we lie low,  
 Far fewer tears, far softer tears.

Oh, true shall boyish laughter ring,  
 Like tinkling chimes, in kinder times!  
 And merrier shall the maiden sing:  
 And I not there, and I not there.

Like lightning in the summer night  
Their mirth shall be, so quick and free;  
And oh! the flash of their delight  
I shall not see, I may not see.

In deeper dream, with wider range,  
Those eyes shall shine, but not on mine:  
Unmoved, unblest, by worldly change,  
The dead must rest, the dead shall rest.

*William Johnson Cory* [1823-1892]

### THE DOVE

I HAD a dove, and the sweet dove died;  
And I have thought it died of grieving:  
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied  
With a silken thread of my own hand's weaving;  
Sweet little red feet! why should you die—  
Why would you leave me, sweet bird! why?  
You lived alone in the forest tree,  
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?  
I kissed you oft and gave you white peas;  
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

*John Keats* [1795-1821]

### THE WHISPERERS

As beneath the moon I walked,  
Dog-at-heel my shadow stalked,  
Keeping ghostly company:  
And as we went gallantly  
Down the fell-road, dusty-white,  
Round us in the windy night  
Bracken, rushes, bent and heather  
Whispered ceaselessly together:  
"Would he ever journey more,  
Ever stride so carelessly,  
If he knew what lies before,  
And could see what we can see?"

As I listened, cold with dread,  
Every hair upon my head

Strained to hear them talk of me,  
 Whispering, whispering ceaselessly:  
 "Folly's fool the man must be,  
 Surely, since, though where he goes  
 He knows not, his shadow knows:  
 And his secret shadow never  
 Utters warning words, or ever  
 Seeks to save him from his fate,  
 Reckless, blindfold, and unknown,  
 Till death tells him all, too late,  
 And his shadow walks alone."

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson* [1878-

### ON A TEAR

O THAT the chemist's magic art  
 Could crystallize this sacred treasure!  
 Long should it glitter near my heart,  
 A secret source of pensive pleasure.  
 The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
 Its luster caught from Chloe's eye;  
 Then, trembling, left its coral cell,—  
 The spring of Sensibility!  
 Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!  
 In thee the rays of Virtue shine,  
 More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
 Than any gem that gilds the mine.  
 Benign restorer of the soul!  
 Who ever fliest to bring relief,  
 When first we feel the rude control  
 Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.  
 The sage's and the poet's theme,  
 In every clime, in every age,  
 Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,  
 In Reason's philosophic page.  
 That very law which molds a tear,  
 And bids it trickle from its source,—  
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
 And guides the planets in their course.

*Samuel Rogers* [1763-1855]

## THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS

SOME reckon their age by years,  
Some measure their life by art;  
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,  
And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show  
The length, not the depth, of years—  
Few or many they come, few or many they go,  
But time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray  
That creeps through the sunny hair,  
And not by the scenes that we pass on our way,  
And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On forehead and face have made,—  
Not so do we count our years;  
Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade  
Of our souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft-times old,  
Though their brows be bright and fair;  
While their blood beats warm, their hearts are cold—  
O'er them the spring—but winter is there;

And the old are oft-times young  
When their hair is thin and white;  
And they sing in age, as in youth they sung,  
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But, bead by bead, I tell  
The rosary of my years;  
From a cross to a cross they lead; 'tis well,  
And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife  
Than a century of sleep;  
Give me instead of a long stream of life  
The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam  
On the billows of all the years;  
But never the foam brings the lone back home,—  
He reaches the haven through tears.

*Abram J. Ryan* [1839-1888]

### ENDURANCE

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!  
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!  
I question much if any pain or ache  
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:  
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn,  
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,  
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel  
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;  
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,  
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,  
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,  
And try to flee from the approaching ill;  
We seek some small escape: we weep and pray;  
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;  
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,  
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;  
We hold it closer, dearer than our own:  
Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,  
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;  
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,—  
This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things,—famine, thirst,  
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,  
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst  
On soul and body,—but we can not die.  
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,—  
Lo, all things can be borne!

*Elizabeth Akers* [1832-1911]

## LANGLEY LANE

IN all the land, range up, range down,  
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet,  
As Langley Lane in London town,  
Just out of the bustle of square and street?  
Little white cottages all in a row,  
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,  
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,  
And up above the still blue sky,  
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—  
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,  
And sit outside in the sun, and hear  
The distant murmur of street and square,  
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;  
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,  
Comes running many a time each day,  
With her little hand's-touch so warm and kind,  
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,  
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—  
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she  
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,  
And I am older by summers three,—  
Why should we hold one another so dear?  
Because she cannot utter a word,  
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,  
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call.  
Because I have never seen the sky,  
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—  
Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,  
The bees and the blueflies murmur low,  
And I hear the water-cart go by,  
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;  
And the little one, close at my side, perceives  
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,

Where birds are chirping in summer shine,  
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,  
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—  
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,  
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?  
Do I not know she is pretty and young?

Hath not my soul an eye to see?  
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,  
To wonder how things appear to her,  
That I only hear as they pass around;  
And as long as we sit in the music and light,  
She is happy to keep God's sight,  
And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—

I made it of music long ago:  
Strange large eyes and dark hair twined  
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;  
And when I sit by my little one,  
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,  
And hear the music that haunts the place,  
I know she is raising her eyes to me,  
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,  
And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer  
(I know the fancy is only vain),

I should pray: Just once, when the weather is fair,  
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;

Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear  
The voice of the friend she holds so dear,

The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—  
It is better to be as we have been,—

Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,  
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet!

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!

There is always something sweet to hear!  
Chirping of birds or patter of rain;  
And Fanny, my little one, always near;

And though I am weakly and can't live long,  
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,  
And though we can never married be,—  
What then?—since we hold one another so dear,  
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,  
And the pleasure that only one can see?

*Robert Buchanan* [1841-1901]

## THE WEAKEST THING

WHICH is the weakest thing of all  
Mine heart can ponder?  
The sun, a little cloud can pall  
With darkness yonder?  
The cloud, a little wind can move  
Where'er it listeth?  
The wind, a little leaf above,  
Though sere, resisteth?

What time that yellow leaf was green,  
My days were gladder;  
But now, whatever Spring may mean,  
I must grow sadder.  
Ah me! a *leaf* with sighs can wring  
My lips asunder?  
Then is mine heart the weakest thing  
Itself can ponder.

Yet, Heart, when sun and cloud are pined  
And drop together,  
And at a blast which is not wind  
The forests wither,  
Thou, from the darkening deathly curse  
To glory breakest,—  
The Strongest of the universe  
Guarding the weakest!

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning* [1806-1861]



## SONG

WE only ask for sunshine,  
We did not want the rain;  
But see the flowers that spring from showers  
All up and down the plain.

We beg the gods for laughter,  
We shrink, we dread the tears;  
But grief's redress is happiness,  
Alternate through the years.

*Helen Hay Whitney* [18 -

## THE HOUSE OF PAIN

UNTO the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair—  
The bravest who an entrance gain  
Reluctant linger there—  
For Pleasure, passing by that door, stays not to cheer the  
sight,  
And Sympathy but muffles sound and banishes the light.

Yet in the Prison House of Pain things full of beauty blow—  
Like Christmas roses, which attain  
Perfection 'mid the snow—  
Love entering, in his mild warmth the darkest shadows  
melt,  
And often, where the hush is deep, the waft of wings is felt.

Ah, me! the Prison House of Pain!—what lessons there are  
bought!

Lessons of a sublimer strain  
Than any elsewhere taught;  
Amid its loneliness and gloom, grave meanings grow more  
clear,  
For to no earthly dwelling-place seems God so strangely  
near!

*Florence Earle Coates* [1850-1927]

WISE

AN apple orchard smells like wine;  
A succory flower is blue;  
Until Grief touched these eyes of mine,  
Such things I never knew.

And now indeed I know so plain  
Why one would like to cry  
When spouts are full of April rain—  
Such lonely folk go by!

So wise, so wise—that my tears fall  
Each breaking of the dawn;  
That I do long to tell you all—  
But you are dead and gone.

*Lizette Woodworth Reese* [1856-1935]

“MULTUM DILEXIT”

SHE sat and wept beside His feet; the weight  
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame,  
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,  
To her was past, extinct, and out of date:  
Only the sin remained,—the leprous state;  
She would be melted by the heat of love,  
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove  
And purge the silver ore adulterate.

She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair  
Still wiped the feet she was so blessed to touch;  
And He wiped off the soiling of despair  
From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.  
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears:  
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

*Hartley Coleridge* [1796-1849]

## PIERRETTE IN MEMORY

PIERRETTE has gone, but it was not  
Exactly that she died,  
So much as vanished and forgot  
To say where she would hide.

To keep a sudden rendezvous,  
It came into her mind  
That she was late. What could she do  
But leave distress behind?

Afraid of being in disgrace,  
And hurrying to dress,  
She heard there was another place  
In need of loveliness.

She went so softly and so soon,  
She hardly made a stir;  
But going, took the stars and moon  
And sun away with her.

*William Griffith* [1876-1936]

## "WIND ME A SUMMER CROWN"

"WIND me a summer crown," she said,  
"And set it on my brows;  
For I must go, while I am young,  
Home to my Father's house.

"And make me ready for the day,  
And let me not be stayed;  
I would not linger on the way  
As if I was afraid.

"O, will the golden courts of heaven,  
When I have paced them o'er,  
Be lovely as the lily walks  
Which I must see no more?

“And will the seraph hymns and harps,  
When they have filled my ear,  
Be tender as my mother’s voice,  
Which I must never hear?

“And shall I lie where sunsets drift,  
Or where the stars are born,  
Or where the living tints are mixed  
To paint the clouds of morn?”

Your mother’s tones shall reach you still,  
Even sweeter than they were;  
And the false love that broke your heart  
Shall be forgotten there:

And not a star or flower is born  
The beauty of that shore;  
There is a face which you shall see  
And wish for nothing more.

*Mencella Bute Smedley [1820-1877]*

### TO THE HARPIES

You who with birch or laurel  
Are swift to scourge or bless—  
Silence your foolish quarrel  
Before her loveliness.

What though she went a-travel  
Down paths you do not know?  
Your words shall not unravel  
Webs that allured her so.

Hush now your foolish babble  
Around her golden head.  
Shut out the prying rabble.  
Be happy. She is dead.

Now give one final kindness  
That late you dreamed not of—  
Silence, to cloak your blindness—  
Peace, since you know not love.

*Arthur Davison Ficke [1883-]*

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

ONE more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements:  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her;  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful;  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
 Who was her mother?  
 Had she a sister?  
 Had she a brother?  
 Or was there a dearer one  
 Still, and a nearer one  
 Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
 Of Christian charity  
 Under the sun!  
 O, it was pitiful!  
 Near a whole city full,  
 Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
 Fatherly, motherly  
 Feelings had changed:  
 Love, by harsh evidence,  
 Thrown from its eminence;  
 Even God's providence  
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
 So far in the river,  
 With many a light  
 From window and casement,  
 From garret to basement,  
 She stood, with amazement,  
 Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
 Made her tremble and shiver;  
 But not the dark arch  
 Or the black flowing river:  
 Mad from life's history,  
 Glad to death's mystery,  
 Swift to be hurled—  
 Anywhere, anywhere  
 Out of the world!

## In the Shadow

In she plunged boldly—  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it,—think of it,  
Dissolute Man!  
Lave in it,—drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, kindly,  
Smooth and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing,  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest.—  
Cross her hands humbly  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!

*Thomas Hood [1799-1845]*

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

WITH fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread,—  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the “Song of the Shirt!”

“Work—work—work  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work—work—work  
Till the stars shine through the roof!  
It’s oh! to be a slave  
Along with the barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a sou’ to save,  
If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work  
Till the brain begins to swim!  
Work—work—work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,—  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

“O men with sisters dear!  
O men with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you’re wearing out,  
But human creatures’ lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,—  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt!

“But why do I talk of death,—  
That phantom of grisly bone?  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own,—



It seems so like my own  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags.  
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work  
From weary chime to chime!  
Work—work—work  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,—  
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work  
In the dull December light!  
And work—work—work  
When the weather is warm and bright!  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs,  
And twit me with the Spring.

“Oh but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,—  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet!  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

“ Oh but for one short hour,—  
A respite, however brief!  
No blessèd leisure for love or hope,  
But only time for grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart;  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread,—  
Stitch—stitch—stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—  
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

*Thomas Hood [1799-1845]*

## STANZAS

IN a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy tree,  
Thy branches ne’er remember  
Their green felicity:  
The north cannot undo them,  
With a sleety whistle through them;  
Nor frozen thawings glue them  
From budding at the prime.

IN a drear-nighted December,  
Too happy, happy brook,  
Thy bubblings ne’er remember  
Apollo’s summer look;  
But with a sweet forgetting,  
They stay their crystal fretting,  
Never, never petting  
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many  
 A gentle girl and boy!  
 But were there ever any  
 Writhed not at passèd joy?  
 To know the change and feel it,  
 When there is none to heal it,  
 Nor numbèd sense to steal it,  
 Was never said in rhyme.

*John Keats [1795-1821]*

### THE DEAD FAITH

SHE made a little shadow-hidden grave  
 The day Faith died;  
 Therein she laid it, heard the clod's sick fall,  
 And smiled aside—  
 "If less I ask," tear-blind, she mocked, "I may  
 Be less denied."

She set a rose to blossom in her hair,  
 The day Faith died—  
 "Now glad," she said, "and free at last, I go,  
 And life is wide."  
 But through long nights she stared into the dark,  
 And knew she lied.

*Fannie Heaslip Lea [1884-*

### THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT

THE stream was smooth as glass, we said, "Arise and let's  
 away":

The Siren sang beside the boat that in the rushes lay;  
 And spread the sail, and strong the oar, we gaily took our  
 way.

When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find  
 the bay?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o'er cattle-dotted  
 plains,

The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with heavy  
 rains;

The laborer looks up to see our shallop speed away.  
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find  
the bay?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds; the sun, superbly  
large,  
Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks flaming at their  
marge.  
The waves are bright with mirrored light as jacinths on our  
way.  
When shall the sandy bar be crossed? When shall we find  
the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more we see  
The spreading river's either bank, and surging distantly  
There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far away.  
Now shall the sandy bar be crossed, now shall we find the  
bay!

The sea-gull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to our sight  
The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering through  
the night.  
We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her from her  
lay,  
When once the sandy bar is crossed, and we are in the bay.

What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded ghost?  
What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangor on the coast?  
Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps every oar  
away.  
O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat, is this the bay?

*Richard Garnett* [1835-1906]

### ELDORADO

GAILY bedight,  
A gallant knight  
In sunshine and in shadow  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

## In the Shadow

But he grew old—  
This knight so bold—  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell, as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow:  
"Shadow," said he,  
"Where can it be—  
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the mountains  
Of the moon,  
Down the valley of the Shadow  
Ride, boldly ride,"  
The shade replied,  
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

*Edgar Allan Poe [1809-1849]*

## A LOST CHORD

SEATED one day at the Organ,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,  
Or what I was dreaming then;  
But I struck one chord of music,  
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,  
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,  
And it lay on my fevered spirit  
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,  
Like love overcoming strife;  
It seemed the harmonious echo  
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings  
Into one perfect peace,  
And trembled away into silence  
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,  
That one lost chord divine,  
Which came from the soul of the Organ,  
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel  
Will speak in that chord again,—  
It may be that only in Heaven  
I shall hear that grand Amen.

*Adelaide Anne Procter* [1825-1864]

## LITTLE GRAY SONGS FROM ST. JOSEPH'S

### XXX

With cassock black, baret and book,  
Father Saran goes by;  
I think he goes to say a prayer  
For one who has to die.

Even so, some day, Father Saran  
May say a prayer for me;  
Myself meanwhile, the Sister tells,  
Should pray unceasingly.

They kneel who pray: how may I kneel  
Who face to ceiling lie,  
Shut out by all that man has made  
From God who made the sky?

They lift who pray—the low earth-born—  
A humble heart to God:  
But O, my heart of clay is proud—  
True sister to the sod.

I look into the face of God,  
'They say bends over me;  
I search the dark, dark face of God—  
O what is it I see?

I see—who lie fast bound, who may  
Not kneel, who can but seek—  
I see mine own face over me,  
With tears upon its cheek.

## XLVII

My little soul I never saw,  
Nor can I count its days;  
I do not know its wondrous law  
And yet I know its ways.

Oh, it is young as morning-hours,  
And old as is the night;  
Oh, it has growth of budding flowers,  
Yet tastes my body's blight.

And it is silent and apart,  
And far and fair and still,  
Yet ever beats within my heart,  
And cries within my will.

And it is light and bright and strange,  
And sees life far away,  
Yet far with near can interchange  
And dwell within the day.

My soul has died a thousand deaths,  
And yet it does not die;  
My soul has broke a thousand faiths,  
And yet it cannot lie;

My soul—there's naught can make it less;  
My soul—there's naught can mar;  
Yet here it weeps with loneliness  
Within its lonely star.

My soul—not any dark can bind,  
Nor hinder any hand,  
Yet here it weeps—long blind, long blind—  
And cannot understand.

*Grace Fallow Norton* [18

## BIRTHRIGHT

LORD Rameses of Egypt sighed  
Because a summer evening passed;  
And little Ariadne cried  
That summer fancy fell at last  
To dust; and young Verona died  
When beauty's hour was overcast.

Theirs was the bitterness we know  
Because the clouds of hawthorn keep  
So short a state, and kisses go  
To tombs unfathomably deep,  
While Rameses and Romeo  
And little Ariadne sleep.

*John Drinkwater* [1882-1937]

## IMMORTALIS

ALL loved and lovely women dear to rhyme:  
Thais, Cassandra, Helen and their fames,  
Burn like tall candles through forgotten time,  
Lighting the Past's dim arras with their names.  
Around their faces wars the eager dark  
Wherein all other lights are sunken now,  
Yet, casting back, the seeker still may mark  
A flame of hair, a bright immortal brow.

Surely, where they have passed, one after one,  
Wearing their radiance to the darkened room,—  
Surely, newcomers to Oblivion  
May still descry in that all-quenching gloom,  
Rare faces lovely, lifted and alight,  
Like tapers burning through the windy night.

*David Morton* [18

## SONNETS

LONG, long ago, when all the glittering earth  
Was heaven itself, when drunkards in the street  
Were like mazed kings shaking at giving birth  
To acts of war that sickle men like wheat,  
When the white clover opened Paradise  
And God lived in a cottage up the brook,  
Beauty, you lifted up my sleeping eyes



And filled my heart with longing with a look;  
And all the day I searched but could not find  
The beautiful dark-eyed who touched me there,  
Delight in her made trouble in my mind,  
She was within all Nature, everywhere,  
The breath I breathed, the brook, the flower, the grass,  
Were her, her word, her beauty, all she was.

If I could come again to that dear place  
Where once I came, where Beauty lived and moved,  
Where, by the sea, I saw her face to face,  
That soul alive by which the world has loved;  
If, as I stood at gaze among the leaves,  
She would appear again, as once before,  
While the red herdsman gathered up his sheaves  
And brimming waters trembled up the shore;  
If, as I gazed, her Beauty that was dumb,  
In that old time, before I learned to speak,  
Would lean to me and revelation come,  
Words to the lips and color to the cheek,  
Joy with its searing-iron would burn me wise,  
I should know all; all powers, all mysteries.

Roses are beauty, but I never see  
Those blood drops from the burning heart of June  
Glowing like thought upon the living tree,  
Without a pity that they die so soon,  
Die into petals, like those roses old,  
Those women, who were summer in men's hearts  
Before the smile upon the Sphinx was cold,  
Or sand had hid the Syrian and his arts.  
O myriad dust of beauty that lies thick  
Under our feet that not a single grain  
But stirred and moved in beauty and was quick  
For one brief moon and died nor lived again;  
But when the moon rose lay upon the grass  
Pasture to living beauty, life that was.

O little self, within whose smallness lies  
All that man was, and is, and will become,  
Atom unseen that comprehends the skies  
And tells the tracks by which the planets roam.

That, without moving, knows the joys of wings,  
The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,  
And in the hovel can consort with kings,  
Or clothe a god with his own mystery.  
O with what darkness do we cloak thy light,  
What dusty folly gather thee for food,  
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,  
The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good.  
O living self, O god, O morning star,  
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are.

There is no God, as I was taught in youth,  
Though each, according to his stature, builds  
Some covered shrine for what he thinks the truth,  
Which day by day his reddest heart-blood gilds.  
There is no God; but death, the clasping sea,  
In which we move like fish, deep over deep  
Made of men's souls that bodies have set free,  
Floods to a Justice though it seems asleep.  
There is no God, but still, behind the veil,  
The hurt thing works, out of its agony.  
Still, like a touching of a brimming Grail,  
Return the pennies given to passers by.  
There is no God, but we, who breathe the air,  
Are God ourselves and touch God everywhere.

Let that which is to come be as it may,  
Darkness, extinction, justice, life intense,  
The flies are happy in the summer day,  
Flies will be happy many summers hence.  
Time with his antique breeds that built the Sphinx  
Time with her men to come whose wings will tower,  
Poured and will pour, not as the wise man thinks,  
But with blind force, to each his little hour.  
And when the hour has struck, comes death or change,  
Which, whether good or ill, we cannot tell,  
But the blind planet will wander through her range  
Bearing men like us who will serve as well.  
The sun will rise, the winds that ever move  
Will blow our dust that once were men in love.

*John Masefield* [1878-

## “THE DESPOT’S DESPOT”

VITÆ SUMMA BREVIS SPEM NOS VETAT IN-  
COHARE LONGAM

THEY are not long, the weeping and the laughter,  
Love and desire and hate;  
I think they have no portion in us after  
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:  
Out of a misty dream  
Our path emerges for a while, then closes  
Within a dream.

*Ernest Dowson [1867-1900]*

## DEATH’S FINAL CONQUEST

From “The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses”

THE glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armor against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Scepter and Crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still:  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
 Upon Death's purple altar now  
 See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
 Your heads must come  
 To the cold tomb;  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

*James Shirley [1596-1666]*

# DEATH'S SUBTLE WAYS

From "Cupid and Death"

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more  
 Proclaim how wide your empires are:  
 Though you bind in every shore,  
 And your triumphs reach as far  
 As night or day,  
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,  
 And mingle with forgotten ashes when  
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,  
 Each able to undo mankind,  
 Death's servile emissaries are;  
 Nor to these alone confined,  
 He hath at will  
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill:  
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

*James Shirley [1596-1666]*

# MAN'S MORTALITY

From "Microbiblion"

LIKE as the damask rose you see,  
 Or like the blossom on the tree,  
 Or like the dainty flower of May,  
 Or like the morning of the day,

Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;  
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.  
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes, and man—he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like a bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,  
Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan;  
Even such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there: so life, and death.  
The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,  
The hour is short, the span not long,  
The swan near death,—man's life is done!

Like to a bubble in the brook,  
Or in a glass much like a look,  
Or like a shuttle in weaver's hand,  
Or like a writing on the sand,  
Or like a thought, or like a dream,  
Or like the gliding of a stream;  
Even such is man, who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there: so life, and death.  
The bubble's cut, the look's forgot,  
The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,  
The thought is past, the dream is gone,  
The water glides,—man's life is done!

Like to a blaze of fond delight,  
Or like a morning clear and bright,  
Or like a frost, or like a shower,  
Or like the pride of Babel's tower,  
Or like the hour that guides the time,  
Or like to Beauty in her prime;

Even such is man, whose glory lends  
That life a blaze or two, and ends.  
The morn's o'ercast, joy turned to pain,  
The frost is thawed, dried up the rain,  
The tower falls, the hour is run,  
The beauty lost,—man's life is done!

Like to an arrow from the bow,  
Or like swift course of water-flow,  
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,  
Or like the spider's tender web,  
Or like a race, or like a goal,  
Or like the dealing of a dole;  
Even such is man, whose brittle state  
Is always subject unto Fate.  
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,  
The time no time, the web soon rent,  
The race soon run, the goal soon won,  
The dole soon dealt,—man's life is done!

Like to the lightning from the sky,  
Or like a post that quick doth hie,  
Or like a quaver in short song,  
Or like a journey three days long,  
Or like the snow when summer's come,  
Or like the pear, or like the plum;  
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,  
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.  
The lightning's past, the post must go,  
The song is short, the journey's so,  
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,  
The snow dissolves,—and so must all!

? *Simon Wastell* [ ? -1632]

TO DEATH

O KING of Terrors! whose unbounded sway  
All that have life must certainly obey;  
The king, the priest, the prophet, all are thine,  
Nor would even God (in flesh) thy stroke decline.

My name is on thy roll, and sure I must  
 Increase thy gloomy kingdom in the dust.  
 My soul at this no apprehension feels,  
 But trembles at thy swords, thy racks, thy wheels,  
 Thy scorching fevers, which distract the sense,  
 And snatch us raving, unprepared, from hence;  
 At thy contagious darts, that wound the heads  
 Of weeping friends who wait at dying beds.—  
 Spare these, and let thy time be when it will;  
 My office is to die, and thine to kill.  
 Gently thy fatal scepter on me lay,  
 And take to thy cold arms, insensibly, thy prey.

*Anne Finch* [ ? -1720]

### THE GENIUS OF DEATH

WHAT is death? 'Tis to be free,  
 No more to love or hope or fear,  
 To join the great equality;  
 All, all alike are humbled there.  
 The mighty grave  
 Wraps lord and slave;  
 Nor pride nor poverty dares come  
 Within that refuge-house,—the tomb.

Spirit with the drooping wing  
 And the ever-weeping eye,  
 Thou of all earth's kings art king;  
 Empires at thy footstool lie;  
 Beneath thee strewed,  
 Their multitude  
 Sink like waves upon the shore;  
 Storms shall never raise them more.

What's the grandeur of the earth  
 To the grandeur round thy throne?  
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
 To thy kingdom all have gone.  
 Before thee stand  
 The wondrous band,—

“Oh, Why Should the Spirit be Proud?” 3409

Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,  
Who darkened nations when they died.

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show  
Many a million for her one;  
Through thy gates the mortal flow  
Hath for countless years rolled on.  
Back from the tomb  
No step has come,  
There fixed till the last thunder's sound  
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

*George Croly [1780-1860]*

“OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE  
PROUD?”

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,  
Be scattered around, and together be laid;  
As the young and the old, the low and the high,  
Shall crumble to dust and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection who proved,  
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—  
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;  
And alike from the minds of the living erased  
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The hand of the king, that the scepter hath borne;  
The brow of the priest, that the mitre hath worn;  
The eyes of the sage, and the heart of the brave,—  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.



The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;  
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;  
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,—  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,  
That withers away to let others succeed;  
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same things our fathers have been;  
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;  
We drink the same stream, we feel the same sun,  
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;  
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,  
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved,—but the story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned,—but the heart of the haughty is cold;  
They grieved,—but no wail from their slumbers will come;  
They joyed,—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died,—ah! they died;—we, things that are now,  
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:  
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye; 'tis the draught of a breath  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;  
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

*William Knox* [1789-1825]

## THE HOUR OF DEATH

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set,—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care:  
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth;  
Night, for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,  
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour—  
Its feverish hour—of mirth and song and wine;  
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,  
A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose  
May look like things too glorious for decay,  
And smile at thee,—but thou art not of those  
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
And stars to set,—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,  
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain,—  
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?  
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?  
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam;  
 Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home;  
 And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;  
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend  
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,  
 And stars to set,—but all,  
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans* [1793-1835]

### THE SLEEP

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—*Psalm cxxvii. 2*

Of all the thoughts of God that are  
 Borne inward into souls afar,  
 Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
 Now tell me if that any is,  
 For gift or grace, surpassing this:  
 "He giveth his beloved—sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?  
 The hero's heart to be unmoved,  
 The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,  
 The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,  
 The monarch's crown, to light the brows?  
 He giveth *his* beloved—sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?  
 A little faith all undisproved,  
 A little dust to overweep,  
 And bitter memories to make  
 The whole earth blasted for our sake:  
 He giveth *his* beloved—sleep.

"Sleep soft," beloved! we sometimes say,  
Who have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
He giveth *his* beloved—sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God strikes a silence through you all,  
And giveth his beloved—sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men sow and reap:  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
He giveth his beloved—sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man  
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;  
But Angels say, and through the word  
I think their happy smile is *heard*—  
"He giveth his beloved—sleep."

For me, my heart, that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the mummers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on his love repose  
Who giveth his beloved—sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let One, most loving of you all,  
Say "Not a tear must o'er her fall!  
He giveth his beloved sleep."

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning [1806-1861]*

## AZRAEL

THE angels in high places  
 Who minister to us,  
 Reflect God's smile,—their faces  
 Are luminous;  
 Save one, whose face is hidden,  
 (The Prophet saith),  
 The unwelcome, the unbidden,  
 Azrael, Angel of Death.  
 And yet that veiled face, I know  
 Is lit with pitying eyes,  
 Like those faint stars, the first to glow,  
 Through cloudy winter skies.

That they may never tire,  
 Angels, by God's decree,  
 Bear wings of snow and fire,—  
 Passion and purity;  
 Save one, all unavailing,  
 (The Prophet saith),  
 His wings are gray and trailing,  
 Azrael, Angel of Death.  
 And yet the souls that Azrael brings  
 Across the dark and cold,  
 Look up beneath those folded wings,  
 And find them lined with gold.

*Robert Gilbert Welsh* [1869-1924]

## "WHERE LIES THE LAND"

From "Songs in Absence"

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?  
 Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
 And where the land she travels from? Away,  
 Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,  
 Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;  
 Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
 The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild north-westerns rave,  
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!  
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

*Arthur Hugh Clough* [1819-1861]

### UP-HILL

DOES the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?  
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before.  
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
They will not keep you waiting at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
Of labor you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?  
Yea, beds for all who come.

*Christina Georgina Rossetti* [1830-1894]

### THE BOURNE

UNDERNEATH the growing grass,  
Underneath the living flowers,  
Deeper than the sound of showers:  
There we shall not count the hours  
By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain,  
 Beauty reckoned of no worth:  
 There a very little girth  
 Can hold round what once the earth  
 Seemed too narrow to contain.

*Christina Georgina Rossetti [1830-1894]*

### THE CONQUEROR WORM

Lo! 'tis a gala night  
 Within the lonesome latter years.  
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
 In veils, and drowned in tears,  
 Sit in a theater to see  
 A play of hopes and fears,  
 While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
 The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
 Mutter and mumble low,  
 And hither and thither fly;  
 Mere puppets they, who come and go  
 At bidding of vast formless things  
 That shift the scenery to and fro,  
 Flapping from out their condor wings  
 Invisible Woe.

That motley drama—oh, be sure  
 It shall not be forgot!  
 With its Phantom chased for evermore  
 By a crowd that seize it not,  
 Through a circle that ever returneth in  
 To the self-same spot;  
 And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
 And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout  
 A crawling shape intrude:  
 A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
 The scenic solitude!

It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs!  
The mimes become its food,  
And seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!  
And, over each quivering form,  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm,  
While the angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy, “Man,”  
And its hero, the Conqueror Worm.

*Edgar Allan Poe [1809–1849]*

### THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
Have gone to their eternal rest.  
There shrines and palaces and towers  
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)  
Resemble nothing that is ours.  
Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently,  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free:  
Up domes, up spires, up kingly halls,  
Up fanes, up Babylon-like walls,  
Up shadowy, long-forgotten bowers  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers,  
Up many and many a marvelous shrine,  
Whose wreathèd friezes interwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.



Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.  
So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air,  
While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves;  
But not the riches there that lie  
In each idol's diamond eye,—  
Not the gaily-jeweled dead  
Tempt the waters from their bed;  
For no ripples curl, alas,  
Along that wilderness of glass;  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea;  
No heavings hint that winds have been  
On seas less hideously serene!

But lo, a stir is in the air!  
The wave—there is a movement there!  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide;  
As if their tops had feebly given  
A void within the filmy Heaven!  
The waves have now a redder glow,  
The hours are breathing faint and low;  
And when, amid no earthly moans,  
Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
Shall do it reverence.

*Edgar Allan Poe* [1809-1849]

#### THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,  
And, with his sickle keen,  
HE reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;  
"Have naught but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,  
He kissed their drooping leaves;  
It was for the Lord of Paradise  
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"  
The Reaper said, and smiled;  
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,  
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,  
Transplanted by my care,  
And saints, upon their garments white,  
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

## THE CLOSING SCENE

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees,  
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;  
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,  
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills  
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,  
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,  
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,  
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low;  
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed  
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,  
Their banners bright with every martial hue,  
Now stood, like some sad, beaten host of old,  
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight;  
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,  
And like a star slow drowning in the light,  
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew,—  
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—  
Silent till some replying warder blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,  
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,  
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,  
By every light wind like a censor swung—

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,  
The busy swallows, circling ever near,  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
An early harvest and a plenteous year;—

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,  
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,  
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—  
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,  
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy gloom;  
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,  
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;  
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;  
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,  
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,  
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch  
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there  
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the center of the scene,  
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,  
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,  
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,  
Oft supped, and broke the bitter ashen crust;  
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir  
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,  
Her country summoned and she gave her all;  
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume,—  
Re-gave the swords to rust upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords,—but not the hand that drew  
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,  
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,  
Feil 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,  
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;  
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone  
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped,—her head was bowed;  
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene;—  
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,  
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

*Thomas Buchanan Read [1822-1872]*

## MORS ET VITA

WE know not yet what life shall be,  
 What shore beyond earth's shore be set;  
 What grief awaits us, or what glee,  
 We know not yet.

Still, somewhere in sweet converse met,  
 Old friends, we say, beyond death's sea  
 Shall meet and greet us, nor forget

Those days of yore, those years when we  
 Were loved and true,—but will death let  
 Our eyes the longed-for vision see?  
 We know not yet.

*Samuel Waddington* [1844-1923]

## "WHAT IS TO COME"

WHAT is to come we know not. But we know  
 That what has been was good—was good to show,  
 Better to hide, and best of all to bear.  
 We are the masters of the days that were:  
 We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered . .  
 even so.

Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?  
 Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe—  
 Dear, though it spoil and break us!—need we care  
 What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,  
 Or the gold weather round us mellow slow:  
 We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare,  
 And we can conquer, though we may not share  
 In the rich quiet of the after-glow  
 What is to come.

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

A ROUNDEL OF REST

IF rest is sweet at shut of day  
For tired hands and tired feet,  
How sweet at last to rest for aye,  
If rest is sweet!

We work or work not through the heat:  
Death bids us soon our labors lay  
In lands where night and twilight meet.

When the last dawns are fallen gray  
And all life's toil and ease complete,  
They know who work, not they who play,  
If rest is sweet.

*Arthur Symons* [1865-

“WHEN THE MOST IS SAID”

WHAT'S love, when the most is said? The flash of the  
lightning fleet,  
Then, darkness that shrouds the soul,—but the earth is  
firm to my feet;  
The rocks and the tides endure, the grasses and herbs re-  
turn,  
The path to my foot is sure, and the sods to my bosom yearn.

What's fame, when the truth is told? A shout to a distant  
hill,  
The crags may echo a while, but fainter, and fainter still;  
Yet forever the wind blows wide the sweetness of all the  
skies,  
The rain cries and the snow flies, and the storm in its bosom  
lies.

What's life, what's life, little heart? A dream when the  
nights are long,  
Toil in the waking days,—tears, and a kiss, a song.

What's life, what's life, little heart? To beat and be glad  
of breath

While death waits on either side,—before and behind us,  
Death!

*Mary Ainge De Vere* [1844-1920]

### THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

HERE, where the world is quiet,  
Here, where all trouble seems  
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot  
In doubtful dreams of dreams,  
I watch the green field growing  
For reaping folk and sowing,  
For harvest-time and mowing,  
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,  
And men that laugh and weep;  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow to reap:  
I am weary of days and hours,  
Blown buds of barren flowers,  
Desires and dreams and powers,  
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,  
And far from eye or ear  
Wan waves and wet winds labor,  
Weak ships and spirits steer;  
They drive adrift, and whither  
They wot not who make thither;  
But no such winds blow hither,  
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,  
No heather-flower or vine,  
But bloomless buds of poppies,  
Green grapes of Proserpine,

Pale beds of blowing rushes,  
Where no leaf blooms or blushes  
Save this whereout she crushes  
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,  
In fruitless fields of corn,  
They bow themselves and slumber  
All night till light is born;  
And like a soul belated,  
In hell and heaven unmated,  
By cloud and mist abated  
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,  
He too with death shall dwell,  
Nor wake with wings in heaven,  
Nor weep for pains in hell;  
Though one were fair as roses,  
His beauty clouds and closes;  
And well though love reposes,  
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,  
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands  
Who gathers all things mortal  
With cold immortal hands;  
Her languid lips are sweeter  
Than Love's, who fears to greet her,  
To men that mix and meet her  
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,  
She waits for all men born;  
Forgets the earth her mother,  
'The life of fruits and corn;  
And spring and seed and swallow  
Take wing for her and follow  
Where summer song rings hollow  
And flowers are put to scorn.



## "The Despot's Despot"

There go the loves that wither,  
The old loves with wearier wings;  
And all dead years draw thither,  
And all disastrous things;  
Dead dreams of days forsaken,  
Blind buds that snows have shaken,  
Wild leaves that winds have taken,  
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,  
And joy was never sure;  
To-day will die to-morrow;  
Time stoops to no man's lure;  
And Love, grown faint and fretful,  
With lips but half regretful  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be,  
That no life lives forever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,  
Nor any change of light:  
Nor sound of waters shaken,  
Nor any sound or sight:  
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,  
Nor days nor things diurnal;  
Only the sleep eternal  
In an eternal night.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne* [1837-1909]

THE CHANGING ROAD

BENEATH the softly falling snow,  
 The wood whose shy anemones  
 We plucked such little while ago  
 Becomes a wood of Christmas trees.

Our paths of rustling silken grass  
 Will soon be ermine bands of white  
 Spotted with tiny steps that pass  
 On silent errands in the night.

The river will be locked in hush,  
 But frosted like a fairy lawn  
 With knots of crystal flowers that flush  
 By moonlight, blanching in the dawn.

Flown are our minstrels, golden-wing  
 And rosy-breast and ruby-throat,  
 But all the pines are murmuring  
 A sweet, orchestral under-note.

So trustfully our hands we lay  
 Within the old, kind hands of Time,  
 Who holds on his mysterious way  
 From rime to bloom, from bloom to rime,

And lets us run beside his knee  
 O'er rough and smooth, and touch his load,  
 And play we bear the burden, we,  
 And revel in the changing road,

Till ivory dawn and purple noon  
 And dove-gray eve have one by one  
 Traced on the skies their ancient rune,  
 And all our little strength is done.

Then Time shall lift a starry torch  
 In signal to his gentle Twin,  
 Who, stooping from a shining porch,  
 Gathers the drowsy children in.

I wonder if, through that strange sleep,  
Unstirred by clock or silver chime,  
Our dreams will not the cadence keep  
Of those unresting feet of Time,

And follow on his beauteous path  
From snow to flowers, from flowers to snow,  
And marvel what high charge he hath,  
Whither the fearless footsteps go.

*Katharine Lee Bates [1859-1929]*

### THE GREAT MISGIVING

"Not ours," say some, "the thought of death to dread;  
Asking no heaven, we fear no fabled hell:  
Life is a feast, and we have banqueted—  
Shall not the worms as well?

"The after-silence, when the feast is o'er,  
And void the places where the minstrels stood,  
Differs in naught from what hath been before,  
And is nor ill nor good."

Ah, but the Apparition—the dumb sign—  
The beckoning finger bidding me forgo  
The fellowship, the converse, and the wine,  
The songs, the festal glow!

And ah, to know not, while with friends I sit,  
And while the purple joy is passed about,  
Whether 'tis ampler day divinelier lit  
Or homeless night without;

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see  
New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!  
There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,  
And there, O death, thy sting.

*William Watson [1858-1935]*

## THE DEAD COACH

At night when sick folk wakeful lie,  
I heard the dead coach passing by,  
And heard it passing wild and fleet,  
And knew my time was come not yet.

Click-clack, click-clack, the hoofs went past,  
Who takes the dead coach travels fast,  
On and away through the wild night,  
The dead must rest ere morning light.

If one might follow on its track  
The coach and horses, midnight black,  
Within should sit a shape of doom  
That beckons one and all to come.

God pity them to-night who wait  
To hear the dead coach at their gate,  
And him who hears, though sense be dim,  
The mournful dead coach stop for him.

He shall go down with a still face,  
And mount the steps and take his place,  
The door be shut, the order said!  
How fast the pace is with the dead!

Click-clack, click-clack, the hour is chill,  
The dead coach climbs the distant hill.  
Now, God, the Father of all us,  
Wipe Thou the widow's tears that fall!

*Katherine Tynan Hinkson [1861-1931]*

## L'ENVOI

WHERE are the loves that we loved before,  
When once we are alone, and shut the door?  
No matter whose the arms that held me fast,  
The arms of Darkness hold me at the last.

No matter down what primrose path I tend,  
 I kiss the lips of Silence in the end.  
 No matter on what heart I found delight,  
 I come again unto the breast of Night.  
 No matter when or how Love did befall,  
 'Tis loneliness that loves me best of all.  
 And in the end she claims me, and I know  
 That she will stay, though all the rest may go.  
 No matter whose the eyes that I would keep  
 Near in the dark, 'tis in the eyes of Sleep  
 That I must look and look forevermore,  
 When once I am alone and shut the door.

*Willa Sibert Cather* [1875-

## DEATH

I AM the key that parts the gates of Fame;  
 I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;  
 I am the final goal of every race;  
 I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place:

The messenger of sure and swift relief,  
 Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief;  
 The friend of those that have no friend but me,  
 I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,  
 An instant veils an unextinguished sun;  
 I am the brooding hush that follows strife,  
 The waking from a dream that Man calls—Life!

*Florence Earle Coates* [1850-1927]

## A DIRGE

From "The White Devil"

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Call unto his funeral dole  
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,  
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;  
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

*John Webster* [1580?-1625?]

### DIRGE

From "Cymbeline"

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun  
 Nor the furious winter's rages;  
 Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
 Care no more to clothe and eat;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak:  
 The scepter, learning, physic, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash  
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
 Fear not slander, censure rash;  
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
 All lovers young, all lovers must  
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*William Shakespeare* [1564-1616]

### DIRGE IN CYMBELINE

*Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead*

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
 Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
 Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,  
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,  
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
 But shepherd lads assemble here,  
 And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,  
 No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
 The female fays shall haunt the green,  
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours  
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
 With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,  
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,  
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell,  
 Or midst the chase on every plain,  
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell,

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
 For thee the tear be duly shed:  
 Beloved, till life could charm no more;  
 And mourned, till Pity's self be dead.

*William Collins* [1721-1759]

### HALLOWED GROUND

WHAT's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod  
 Its Maker meant not should be trod  
 By man, the image of his God,  
 Erect and free,  
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod  
 To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,  
 The lips repose our love has kissed;—  
 But where's their memory's mansion? Is't  
 Yon churchyard's bowers?  
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,  
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground  
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:  
The spot where love's first links were wound,  
    That ne'er are riven,  
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,  
    And up to Heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;  
The burning thoughts that then were told  
Run molten still in memory's mold;  
    And will not cool  
Until the heart itself be cold  
    In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?  
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!  
In dews that heavens far distant weep  
    Their turf may bloom;  
Or Genii twine beneath the deep  
    Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind  
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,—  
And is he dead, whose glorious mind  
    Lifts thine on high?—  
To live in hearts we leave behind  
    Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?  
He's dead alone that lacks her light!  
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight  
    The sword he draws:—  
What can alone ennoble fight?  
    A noble cause!

Give that!—and welcome War to brace  
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!  
The colors planted face to face,  
    The charging cheer,  
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase  
    Shall still be dear.



And place our trophies where men kneel  
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal  
The cause of Truth and human weal,  
O God above!  
Transfer it from the sword's appeal  
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join  
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,  
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,  
Where they are not,—  
The heart alone can make divine  
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,  
And pompous rites in domes august?  
See moldering stones and metal's rust  
Belie the vaunt,  
That man can bless one pile of dust  
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!  
Thy temples,—creeds themselves grow wan!  
But there's a dome of nobler span,  
A temple given  
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban,—  
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof, star-pictured Nature's ceiling,  
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,  
And God himself to man revealing,  
The harmonious spheres  
Make music, though unheard their pealing  
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?  
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?  
Else why so swell the thoughts at your  
Aspect above?  
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure  
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime  
I read the doom of distant time:  
That man's regenerate soul from crime  
    Shall yet be drawn,  
And reason on his mortal clime  
    Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth  
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—  
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth  
    Earth's compass round;  
And your high-priesthood shall make earth  
    *All hallowed ground.*

*Thomas Campbell* [1777-1844]

### THE CHURCHYARD

How slowly creeps the hand of Time  
    On the old clock's green-mantled face!  
Yea, slowly as those ivies climb,  
    The hours roll round with patient pace;  
The drowsy rooks caw on the tower,  
    The tame doves hover round and round;  
Below, the slow grass hour by hour  
    Makes green God's sleeping-ground.  
  
All moves, but nothing here is swift;  
    The grass grows deep, the green boughs shoot;  
From east to west the shadows drift;  
    The earth feels heavenward underfoot;  
The slow stream through the bridge doth stray  
    With water-lilies on its marge,  
And slowly, piled with scented hay,  
    Creeps by the silent barge.

All stirs, but nothing here is loud:  
    The cushat broods, the cuckoo cries;  
Faint, far up, under a white cloud,  
    The lark trills soft to earth and skies;

And underneath the green graves rest;  
And through the place, with slow footfalls,  
With snowy cambric on his breast,  
The old gray Vicar crawls.

And close at hand, to see him come,  
Clustering at the playground gate,  
The urchins of the school-house, dumb  
And bashful, hang the head and wait;  
The little maidens curtsy deep,  
The boys their forelocks touch meanwhile,  
The Vicar sees them, half asleep,  
And smiles a sleepy smile.

Slow as the hand on the clock's face,  
Slow as the white cloud in the sky,  
He cometh now with tottering pace  
To the old vicarage hard by;  
Smothered it stands in ivy leaves,  
Laurels and yews make dark the ground;  
The swifts that build beneath the eaves  
Wheel in still circles round.

And from the portal, green and dark,  
He glances at the church-clock old—  
Gray soul! why seek his eyes to mark  
The creeping of that finger cold?  
He cannot see, but still as stone  
He pauses, listening for the chime,  
And hears from that green tower intone  
The eternal voice of Time.

*Robert Buchanan* [1841-1901]

## THE OLD CHURCHYARD OF BONCHURCH

THE churchyard leans to the sea with its dead,—  
It leans to the sea with its dead so long.  
Do they hear, I wonder, the first bird's song,  
When the winter's anger is all but fled;

The high, sweet voice of the west wind,  
The fall of the warm, soft rain,  
When the second month of the year  
Puts heart in the earth again?

Do they hear, through the glad April weather,  
The green grasses waving above them?  
Do they think there are none left to love them,  
They have lain for so long there together?  
Do they hear the note of the cuckoo,  
The cry of gulls on the wing,  
The laughter of winds and waters,  
The feet of the dancing Spring?

Do they feel the old land slipping seaward,—  
The old land, with its hills and its graves,—  
As they gradually slide to the waves,  
With the wind blowing on them from leaward?  
Do they know of the change that awaits them,—  
The sepulcher vast and strange?  
Do they long for the days to go over,  
And bring that miraculous change?

Or love they their night with no moonlight,  
With no starlight, no dawn to its gloom?  
Do they sigh: "'Neath the snow, or the bloom  
Of the wild things that wave from our night,  
We are warm, through winter and summer;  
We hear the winds rave, and we say:  
'The storm-wind blows over our heads,  
But we, here, are out of its way'?"

Do they mumble low, one to another  
With a sense that the waters that thunder  
Shall ingather them all, draw them under:  
"Ah, how long to our moving, my brother?  
How long shall we quietly rest here,  
In graves of darkness and ease?  
The waves even now, may be on us  
To draw us down under the seas!"

Do they think 'twill be cold when the waters  
That they love not, that neither can love them,  
Shall eternally thunder above them?  
Have they dread of the sea's shining daughters,  
That people the bright sea-regions  
And play with the young sea-kings?  
Have they dread of their cold embraces,  
And dread of all strange sea-things?

But their dread or their joy,—it is bootless:  
They shall pass from the breast of their mother;  
They shall lie low, dead brother by brother,  
In a place that is radiant and fruitless;  
And the folk that sail over their heads  
In violent weather  
Shall come down to them, haply, and all  
They shall lie there, together.

*Philip Bourke Marston* [1850-1887]

### THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND

In spite of all the learned have said,  
I still my old opinion keep;  
The posture that we give the dead  
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands;—  
The Indian, when from life released,  
Again is seated with his friends,  
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,  
And venison, for a journey dressed,  
Bespeak the nature of the soul,  
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,  
And arrows with a head of stone,  
Can only mean that life is spent,  
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,  
 No fraud upon the dead commit,—  
 Observe the swelling turf, and say,  
 They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,  
 On which the curious eye may trace  
 (Now wasted half by wearing rains)  
 The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,  
 Beneath whose far projecting shade  
 (And which the shepherd still admires)  
 The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen  
 (Pale Shebah with her braided hair),  
 And many a barbarous form is seen  
 To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,  
 In habit for the chase arrayed,  
 The hunter still the deer pursues,  
 The hunter and the deer—a shade!

And long shall timorous Fancy see  
 The painted chief, and pointed spear,  
 And Reason's self shall bow the knee  
 To shadows and delusions here.

*Philip Freneau [1752-1832]*

## GOD'S-ACRE

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls  
 The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;  
 It consecrates each grave within its walls,  
 And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
 Comfort to those who in the grave have sown  
 The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,  
 Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.  
Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
In the fair garden of that second birth;  
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume  
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.  
With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human harvests grow.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### THE CITY OF THE DEAD

THEY do neither plight nor wed  
In the city of the dead,  
In the city where they sleep away the hours;  
But they lie, while o'er them range  
Winter blight and Summer change,  
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.  
No, they neither wed nor plight,  
And the day is like the night,  
For their vision is of other kind than ours.  
They do neither sing nor sigh  
In that burg of by and by,  
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long;  
But they rest within their bed,  
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,  
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.  
No, they neither sigh nor sing,  
Though the robin be a-wing,  
Though the leaves of Autumn march a million strong.  
There is only rest and peace  
In the City of Surcease  
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun,  
And the wings of the swift years  
Beat but gently o'er the biers,

Making music to the sleepers every one.  
There is only peace and rest;  
But to them it seemeth best,  
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

*Richard Burton* [1861-1940]

### THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE

THE Garden that I love is full of Light;  
It lies upon the sloping of a hill,  
Where Dawn first stirs the curtains of the Night,  
And the breeze whispers when the Noon is still.

The garden that I love is full of Peace;  
The voices of the vale are faint and far,  
The busy murmurs of the highway cease,  
And silently, at evening, comes the Star.

The garden that I love is full of Dreams;  
Visions of joy gone by, and bliss that waits,  
Beyond the furthest verge of sunset gleams,  
With the wide opening of the Golden Gates.

The garden that I love is full of Rest;  
God's own fair Acre, where His dear ones lie,  
In the safe shelter of the kind earth's breast,  
Waiting His Easter dawning up the sky.

There may I rest, asleep with them awhile,  
There may I wake, with them, that glorious Day,  
When, in the sunshine of the Master's smile,  
Sorrow and sighing shall be swept away!

*Florence L. Henderson* [18 -

### THE OLD SEXTON

NIGH to a grave that was newly made,  
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;  
His work was done, and he paused to wait  
The funeral-train at the open gate.



A relic of by-gone days was he,  
And his locks were gray as the foamy sea;  
And these words came from his lips so thin:  
"I gather them in—I gather them in—  
Gather—gather—gather them in.

"I gather them in; for man and boy,  
Year after year of grief and joy,  
I've builded the houses that lie around  
In every nook of this burial-ground,  
Mother and daughter, father and son,  
Come to my solitude, one by one;  
But come they stranger, or come they kin,  
I gather them in—I gather them in.

"Many are with me, yet I'm alone;  
I'm King of the Dead, and I make my throne  
On a monument slab of marble cold—  
My scepter of rule is the spade I hold.  
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall  
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!  
May they loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,  
I gather them in—I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest  
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!"  
And the sexton ceased as the funeral-train  
Wound mutely over that solemn plain;  
And I said to myself: When time is told,  
A mightier voice than that sexton's old,  
Will sound o'er the last trump's dreadful din:  
"I gather them in—I gather them in—  
Gather—gather—gather them in."

*Park Benjamin [1809-1864]*

### THE TWO VILLAGES

OVER the river, on the hill,  
Lieth a village white and still;  
All around it the forest-trees  
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;  
Over it sailing shadows go  
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,

And mountain grasses, low and sweet,  
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,  
Another village lieth still;  
There I see in the cloudy night  
Twinkling stars of household light,  
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,  
Mists that curl on the river-shore;  
And in the roads no grasses grow,  
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill  
Never is sound of smithy or mill;  
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;  
Never a clock to toll the hours;  
The marble doors are always shut,  
You cannot enter in hall or hut;  
All the villagers lie asleep;  
Never a grain to sow or reap;  
Never in dreams to moan or sigh;  
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,  
When the night is starry and still,  
Many a weary soul in prayer  
Looks to the other village there,  
And weeping and sighing, longs to go  
Up to that home from this below;  
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,  
Whither have vanished wife and child,  
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:  
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

*Rose Terry Cooke [1827-1892]*

#### DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,  
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,  
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,  
Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!  
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,  
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,  
Your clarion blow, the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,  
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,  
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,  
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

### THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language; for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts  
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
Over thy spirit, and sad images  
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart;—  
Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
Comes a still voice:—

Yet a few days, and thee  
The all-beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,  
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,  
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist  
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim  
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,  
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up  
Thine individual being, shalt thou go  
To mix forever with the elements,  
To be a brother to the insensible rock  
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak  
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,  
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills  
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales  
Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
The venerable woods—rivers that move  
In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—  
Are but the solemn decorations all  
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,  
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,  
Are shining on the sad abodes of death  
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes  
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings  
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,  
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:  
And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down  
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.  
 So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw  
 In silence from the living, and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care  
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase  
 His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glides away, the sons of men—  
 The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron and maid,  
 The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side.  
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan, which moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*William Cullen Bryant [1794-1878]*

## THE DANCE OF DEATH

(AFTER HOLBEIN)

*"Contra vim Mortis  
 Non est medicamen in hortis."*

HE is the despots' Despot. All must bide,  
 Later or soon, the message of his might;  
 Princes and potentates their heads must hide,  
 Touched by the awful sigil of his right;  
 Beside the Kaiser he at eve doth wait

And pours a potion in his cup of state;  
The stately Queen his bidding must obey;  
No keen-eyed Cardinal shall him affray;  
And to the Dame that wantoneth he saith—  
“Let be, Sweet-heart, to junket and to play.”  
There is no King more terrible than Death.

The lusty Lord, rejoicing in his pride,  
He draweth down; before the armèd Knight  
With jingling bridle-rein he still doth ride;  
He crosseth the strong Captain in the fight;  
The Burgher grave he beckons from debate;  
He hales the Abbot by his shaven pate,  
Nor for the Abbess' wailing will delay;  
No bawling Mendicant shall say him nay;  
E'en to the pyx the Priest he followeth,  
Nor can the Leech his chilling finger stay . . .  
There is no King more terrible than Death.

All things must bow to him. And woe betide  
The Wine-bibber,—the Roisterer by night;  
Him the feast-master, many bouts defied,  
Him 'twixt the pledging and the cup shall smite;  
Woe to the Lender at usurious rate,  
The hard Rich Man, the hireling Advocate;  
Woe to the Judge that selleth Law for pay;  
Woe to the Thief that like a beast of prey  
With creeping tread the traveller harryeth:—  
These, in their sin, the sudden sword shall slay . . .  
There is no King more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity,—nor will be denied.  
When the low hearth is garnishèd and bright,  
Grimly he slingeth the dim portal wide,  
And steals the Infant in the Mother's sight;  
He hath no pity for the scorned of fate:—  
He spares not Lazarus lying at the gate,  
Nay, nor the Blind that stumbleth as he may;  
Nay, the tired Ploughman,—at the sinking ray,—  
In the last furrow,—feels an icy breath,  
And knows a hand hath turned the team astray . . .  
There is no King more terrible than Death.

He hath no pity. For the new-made Bride,  
Blithe with the promise of her life's delight,  
That wanders gladly by her Husband's side,  
He with the clatter of his drum doth fright;  
He scares the Virgin at the convent grate;  
The Maid half-won, the Lover passionate;  
He hath no grace for weakness and decay:  
The tender Wife, the Widow bent and gray,  
The feeble Sire whose footstep faltereth,—  
All these he leadeth by the lonely way . . .  
There is no King more terrible than Death.

## ENVOY

YOUTH, for whose ear and monishing of late,  
I sang of Prodigals and lost estate,  
Have thou thy joy of living and be gay;  
But know not less that there must come a day,—  
Aye, and perchance e'en now it hasteneth,—  
When thine own heart shall speak to thee and say,—  
There is no King more terrible than Death.

*Austin Dobson* [1840-1921]

## FACING THE SUNSET

### THE LIE

Go, Soul, the Body's guest,  
    Upon a thankless arrant;  
Fear not to touch the best;  
    The truth shall be thy warrant:  
Go, since I needs must die,  
And give the World the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows  
    And shines like rotten wood·  
Say to the Church, it shows  
    What's good, and doth no good:  
If Court and Church reply  
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates, they live  
    Acting by others' action,  
Not loved unless they give,  
    Not strong but by a faction:  
If Potentates reply,  
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition  
    That manage the Estate,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
    Their practice, only hate:  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
    They beg for more by spending,  
Who, in their greatest cost,  
    Seek nothing but commending:  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.



Tell Zeal it wants devotion;  
Tell Love it is but lust;  
Tell Time it is but motion;  
Tell Flesh it is but dust:  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth;  
Tell Honor how it alters;  
Tell Beauty how she blasteth;  
Tell Favor how it falters:  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle points of niceness;  
Tell Wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness:  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;  
Tell Skill it is pretension;  
Tell Charity of coldness;  
Tell Law it is contention:  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness;  
Tell Nature of decay;  
Tell Friendship of unkindness;  
Tell Justice of delay:  
And if they will reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,  
But vary by esteeming;  
Tell Schools they want profoundness,  
And stand too much on seeming:  
If Arts and Schools reply,  
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the City;  
Tell how the Country erreth,  
Tell Manhood shakes off pity;  
Tell Virtue least preferreth:  
And if they do reply,  
Spare not to give the lie.  
So when thou hast, as I  
Commanded thee, done blabbing,—  
Although to give the lie  
Deserves no less than stabbing,—  
Yet, stab at thee that will,  
No stab the soul can kill!

*Walter Raleigh [1552?–1618]*

### HIS PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
My staff of faith to walk upon,  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
My bottle of salvation,  
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;  
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.  
Blood must be my body's balmer,  
No other balm will there be given;  
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,  
Traveleth towards the land of Heaven;  
Over the silver mountains  
Where spring the nectar fountains:  
There will I kiss  
The bowl of bliss,  
And drink mine everlasting fill  
Upon every milken hill.  
My soul will be a-dry before;  
But after, it will thirst no more.  
Then by that happy, blissful day,  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk appareled fresh like me.  
I'll take them first  
To quench their thirst,

And taste of nectar's suckets  
At those clear wells  
Where sweetness dwells  
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we  
Are filled with immortality,  
Then the blessed paths we'll travel,  
Strowed with rubies thick as gravel;—  
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.  
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,  
Where no corrupted voices brawl;  
No conscience molten into gold,  
No forged accuser bought or sold,  
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,  
For there Christ is the King's Attorney,  
Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And He hath angels, but no fees.  
And when the grand twelve-million jury  
Of our sins, with direful fury,  
Against our souls black verdicts give,  
Christ pleads His death, and then we live.

Be Thou my speaker, taintless pleader,  
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!  
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms;  
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.  
And this is mine eternal plea  
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,  
That, since my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon,  
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head!  
Then am I ready, like a palmer, fit  
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

O death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

*Walter Raleigh [1552?–1618]*

## THE CONCLUSION

EVEN such is Time, that takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days;  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

*Walter Raleigh* [1552?-1618]

## DEATH'S SUMMONS

ADIEU, farewell, earth's bliss!  
This world uncertain is:  
Fond are life's lustful joys,  
Death proves them all but toys.  
None from his darts can fly:  
I am sick, I must die.  
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,  
Gold cannot buy you health;  
Physic himself must fade;  
All things to end are made;  
The plague full swift goes by:  
I am sick, I must die.  
Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,  
Which wrinkles will devour:  
Brightness falls from the air;  
Queens have died young and fair;  
Dust hath closed Helen's eye:  
I am sick, I must die.  
Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave;  
Worms feed on Hector brave;

## Facing the Sunset

Swords may not fight with fate;  
 Earth still holds ope her gate;  
 Come, come, the bells do cry.  
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness,  
 Tasteth death's bitterness;  
 Hell's executioner  
 Hath no ears for to hear  
 What vain art can reply;  
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree  
 To welcome destiny!  
 Heaven is our heritage,  
 Earth but a player's stage;  
 Mount we unto the sky:  
 I am sick, I must die.

Lord, have mercy on us!

*Thomas Nashe [1567-1601]*

## HIS WINDING-SHEET

COME thou, who art the wine and wit  
 Of all I've writ:  
 The grace, the glory, and the best  
 Piece of the rest.  
 Thou art of what I did intend  
 The all and end;  
 And what was made, was made to meet  
 Thee, thee, my sheet.  
 Come then, and be to my chaste side  
 Both bed and bride:  
 We two, as reliques left, will have  
 One rest, one grave:  
 And, hugging close, we will not fear  
 Lust entering here:  
 Where all desires are dead and cold  
 As is the mold;

And all affections are forgot,  
 Or trouble not.  
 Here, here, the slaves and prisoners be  
 From shackles free:  
 And weeping widows, long oppressed,  
 Do here find rest.  
 The wrongèd client ends his laws  
 Here, and his cause.  
 Here those long suits of Chancery lie  
 Quiet, or die:  
 And all Star-Chamber bills do cease  
 Or hold their peace.  
 Here needs no Court for our Request  
 Where all are best,  
 All wise, all equal, and all just  
 Alike i' th' dust.  
 Nor need we here to fear the frown  
 Of court or crown:  
 Where Fortune bears no sway o'er things,  
 There all are kings.  
 In this securer place we'll keep  
 As lulled asleep;  
 Or for a little time we'll lie  
 As robes laid by;  
 To be another day re-worn,  
 Turned, but not torn:  
 Or like old testaments engrossed,  
 Locked up, not lost.  
 And for a while lie here concealed,  
 To be revealed  
 Next at that great Platonic Year,  
 And then meet here.

*Robert Herrick* [1591-1674]

# A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause  
 Of all my hope and fear!  
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,  
 Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wandered in those paths  
Of life I ought to shun,  
As something, loudly, in my breast,  
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast formèd me  
With passions wild and strong;  
And listening to their witching voice  
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,  
Or frailty stepped aside,  
Do Thou, All-Good!—for such Thou art,—  
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,  
No other plea I have,  
But, Thou art good; and Goodness still  
Delighteth to forgive.

*Robert Burns [1759-1796]*

#### SONG OF THE SILENT LAND \*

INTO the Silent Land!  
Ah! who shall lead us thither?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, oh, thither,  
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions  
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

\* For the original of this poem see page 3832.

O Land! O Land!  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
To the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

*After von Salis-Seewis, by*

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

## JUNE

I GAZED upon the glorious sky  
And the green mountains round,  
And thought that when I came to lie  
At rest within the ground,  
'Twere pleasant that, in flowery June,  
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,  
And groves a joyous sound,  
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,  
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,  
A coffin borne through sleet,  
And icy clods above it rolled,  
While fierce the tempests beat—  
Away!—I will not think of these—  
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,  
Earth green beneath the feet,  
And be the damp mould gently pressed  
Into my narrow place of rest.

There through the long, long summer hours,  
The golden light should lie,  
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
Stand in their beauty by.  
The oriole should build and tell  
His love-tale close beside my cell;  
The idle butterfly  
Should rest him there, and there be heard  
The housewife bee and humming-bird.



And what if cheerful shouts at noon  
Come, from the village sent,  
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon  
With fairy laughter blent?  
And what if, in the evening light,  
Betrothèd lovers walk in sight  
Of my low monument?  
I would the lovely scene around  
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see  
The season's glorious show,  
Nor would its brightness shine for me,  
Nor its wild music flow;  
But if, around my place of sleep,  
The friends I love should come to weep,  
They might not haste to go.  
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom  
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear  
The thought of what has been,  
And speak of one who cannot share  
The gladness of the scene;  
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is that his grave is green;  
And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
To hear again his living voice.

*William Cullen Bryant* [1794-1878]

### LOVE, TIME AND DEATH

AH me, dread friends of mine,—Love, Time, and Death:  
Sweet Love, who came to me on shining wing,  
And gave her to my arms,—her lips, her breath,  
And all her golden ringlets clustering:  
And Time, who gathers in the flying years,  
He gave me all, but where is all he gave?  
He took my love and left me barren tears;  
Weary and lone I follow to the grave.

There Death will end this vision half-divine.  
Wan Death, who waits in shadow evermore,  
And silent, ere he give the sudden sign;  
Oh, gently lead me through thy narrow door,  
Thou gentle Death, thou trustieth friend of mine—  
Ah me, for Love—will Death my Love restore?

*Frederick Locker-Lampson* [1821-1895]

## A WISH

I ASK not that my bed of death  
From bands of greedy heirs be free;  
For these besiege the latest breath  
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep  
Tearless, when of my death he hears.  
Let those who will, if any, weep!  
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find  
The freedom to my life denied;  
Ask but the folly of mankind  
Then, then at last, to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,  
The friends who come, and gape, and go;  
The ceremonious air of gloom—  
All, which makes death a hideous show!

Nor bring, to see me cease to live,  
Some doctor full of phrase and fame,  
To shake his sapient head, and give  
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch, to take the accustomed toll,  
Of the poor sinner bound for death,  
His brother-doctor of the soul,  
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—  
That undiscovered mystery  
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings  
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he!

Bring none of these; but let me be,  
While all around in silence lies,  
Moved to the window near, and see  
Once more, before my dying eyes,  
Bathed in the sacred dew of morn  
The wide aërial landscape spread—  
The world which was ere I was born,  
The world which lasts when I am dead;

Which never was the friend of *one*,  
Nor promised love it could not give,  
But lit for all its generous sun,  
And lived itself, and made us live.

There let me gaze, till I become  
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!  
To feel the universe my home;  
To have before my mind—instead  
Of the sick room, the mortal strife,  
The turmoil for a little breath—  
The pure eternal course of life,  
Not human combatings with death!

Thus feeling, gazing, might I grow  
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear;  
Then willing let my spirit go  
To work or wait elsewhere or here!

*Matthew Arnold* [1822-1888]

### NEXT OF KIN

THE shadows gather round me, while you are in the sun:  
My day is almost ended, but yours is just begun:  
The winds are singing to us both and the streams are sing-  
ing still,  
And they fill your heart with music, but mine they cannot  
fill.

Your home is built in sunlight, mine in another day:  
Your home is close at hand, sweet friend, but mine is far  
away:

Your bark is in the haven where you fain would be:  
I must launch out into the deep, across the unknown sea.

You, white as dove or lily or spirit of the light:  
I, stained and cold and glad to hide in the cold dark night:  
You, joy to many a loving heart and light to many eyes:  
I, lonely in the knowledge earth is full of vanities.

Yet when your day is over, as mine is nearly done,  
And when your race is finished, as mine is almost run,  
You, like me, shall cross your hands and bow your graceful  
head:

Yea, we twain shall sleep together in an equal bed.

*Christina Georgina Rossetti* [1830-1894]

### A BETTER RESURRECTION

I HAVE no wit, no words, no tears;  
My heart within me like a stone  
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;  
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;  
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief  
No everlasting hills I see;  
My life is in the falling leaf:  
O Jesu, quicken me!

My life is like a faded leaf,  
My harvest dwindled to a husk;  
Truly my life is void and brief  
And tedious in the barren dusk;  
My life is like a frozen thing,  
No bud nor greenness can I see:  
Yet rise it shall,—the sap of Spring;  
O Jesu, rise in me!

My life is like a broken bowl,  
A broken bowl that cannot hold  
One drop of water for my soul  
Or cordial in the searching cold;

Cast in the fire the perished thing,  
 Melt and remold it, till it be  
 A royal cup for Him my King:  
 O Jesu, drink of me!

*Christina Georgina Rossetti* [1830-1894]

### THE SUMMER IS ENDED

WREATH no more lilies in my hair,  
 For I am dying, Sister sweet:  
 Or, if you will for the last time  
     Indeed, why make me fair  
     Once for my winding-sheet.

Pluck no more roses for my breast,  
 For I like them fade in my prime:  
 Or, if you will, why pluck them still,  
     That they may share my rest  
     Once more for the last time.

Weep not for me when I am gone,  
 Dear tender one, but hope and smile:  
 Or, if you cannot choose but weep,  
     A little while weep on,  
     Only a little while.

*Christina Georgina Rossetti* [1830-1894]

### A LITTLE PARABLE

I MADE the cross myself whose weight  
 Was later laid on me.  
 This thought is torture as I toil  
 Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!  
 I sang a merry song,  
 And chose the heaviest wood I had  
 To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed  
Its weight was meant for me,  
I should have made a lighter cross  
To bear up Calvary!

*Anne Reeve Aldrich [1866-1892]*

### MY CROSS

My Lord would make a cross for me  
But I would none of His,—  
I thought I better knew than He  
To bear my pain or bliss.

My Lord would make a cross for me  
But I would make my own,—  
In fashion light as cross could be  
But now it weighs like stone.

If I had only bowed me low  
To take the cross He laid,  
It never would have galled me so  
As this, the one I made.

For aye, His cross is true and sure  
In all its breadth and length,  
Just what His children can endure  
And measured to their strength.

But I had fainted 'neath the load  
I on myself did lay,  
Had He not met me on the road  
And helped me on the way!

*Zitella Cocke [1847-1929]*

### IN THE HOSPITAL

I LAY me down to sleep,  
With little thought or care  
Whether my waking find  
Me here, or there.

## Facing the Sunset

A bowing, burdened head,  
That only asks to rest,  
Unquestioning, upon  
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets  
Its cunning now;  
To march the weary march  
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,  
Nor strong—all that is past;  
I am ready not to do  
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,  
And this is all my part—  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart,

And grasp His banner still,  
Though all the blue be dim;  
These stripes as well as stars  
Lead after Him.

*Mary Woolsey Howland* [1832-1864]

## WHEN

IF I were told that I must die to-morrow,  
That the next sun  
Which sinks would bear me past all fear and sorrow  
For any one,  
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,  
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,  
But just go on,  
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter  
Aught that is gone;  
But rise and move and love and smile and pray  
For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,  
    Say in that ear  
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within Thy keeping  
    How should I fear?  
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,  
    Do thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,  
    My soul would lie  
All the night long; and when the morning splendor  
    Flushed o'er the sky,  
I think that I could smile—could calmly say,  
    "It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder  
    Held out a scroll  
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder  
    Beheld unroll  
To a long century's end its mystic clue,  
    What should I do?

What *could* I do, O blessed Guide and Master,  
    Other than this:  
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,  
    Nor fear to miss  
The road, although so very long it be,  
    While led by Thee?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,  
    Although unseen,  
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide  
    Thee,  
    Or heavens serene,  
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,  
    Thy love decay.

I may not know; my God, no hand revealeth  
    Thy counsels wise;  
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,  
    No voice replies  
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell;  
    And it is well.



Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing  
Thy will always,  
Through a long century's ripening fruition  
Or a short day's;  
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait  
If Thou come late.

*Sarah Chauncey Woolsey [1835-1905]*

“EX LIBRIS”

IN an old book at even as I read  
Fast fading words adown my shadowy page,  
I crossed a tale of how, in other age,  
At Arqua, with his books around him, sped  
The word to Petrarch; and with noble head  
Bowed gently o'er his volume that sweet sage  
To Silence paid his willing seigniorage.  
And they who found him whispered, “He is dead!”  
Thus timely from old comradeships would I  
To Silence also rise. Let there be night,  
Stillness, and only these staid watchers by,  
And no light shine save my low study light—  
Lest of his kind intent some human cry  
Interpret not the Messenger aright.

*Arthur Upson [1877-1908]*

IN EXTREMIS

TILL dawn the Winds' insuperable throng  
Passed over like archangels in their might,  
With roar of chariots from their stormy height,  
And broken thunder of mysterious song—  
By mariner or sentry heard along  
The star-usurping battlements of night—  
And wafture of immeasurable flight,  
And high-blown trumpets mutinous and strong.  
Till louder on the dreadful dark I heard  
The shrieking of the tempest-tortured tree,  
And deeper on immensity the call  
And tumult of the empire-forging sea;

But near the eternal Peace I lay, nor stirred,  
Knowing the happy dead hear not at all.

*George Sterling [1869-1926]*

## SPINNING

LIKE a blind spinner in the sun,  
I tread my days;  
I know that all the threads will run  
Appointed ways;  
I know each day will bring its task,  
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name  
Of that I spin:  
I only know that some one came,  
And laid within  
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you  
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast  
And tangled fly,  
I know wild storms are sweeping past,  
And fear that I  
Shall fall; but dare not try to find  
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure  
That tint and place,  
In some great fabric to endure  
Past time and race,  
My threads will have; so from the first,  
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung  
From one short word  
Said over me when I was young,—  
So young, I heard  
It, knowing not that God's name signed  
My brow, and sealed me His, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign  
    Within, without,  
It matters not. The bond divine  
    I never doubt.  
I know He set me here, and still,  
And glad, and blind, I wait His will;

But listen, listen, day by day,  
    To hear their tread  
Who bear the finished web away,  
    And cut the thread,  
And bring God's message in the sun,  
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."  
                                *Helen Hunt Jackson* [1831-1885]

"SOME TIME AT EVE"

SOME time at eve when the tide is low,  
    I shall slip my mooring and sail away,  
With no response to the friendly hail  
    Of kindred craft in the busy bay.  
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,  
    When the night stoops down to embrace the day,  
And the voices call in the waters' flow—  
Some time at eve when the tide is low,  
    I shall slip my mooring and sail away.

Through the purpling shadows that darkly trail  
    O'er the ebbing tide of the Unknown Sea,  
I shall fare me away, with a dip of sail  
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale  
    Of a lonely voyager, sailing away  
    To the Mystic Isles where at anchor lay  
The crafts of those who have sailed before  
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

A few who have watched me sail away  
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;  
    Some friendly barks that were anchored near,  
    Some loving souls that my heart held dear,  
In silent sorrow will drop a tear—

But I shall have peacefully furled my sail  
In moorings sheltered from storm or gale,  
And greeted the friends who have sailed before  
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

*Elizabeth Clark Hardy* [18 -

## NIGHT

WHEN the time comes for me to die,  
To-morrow, or some other day,  
If God should bid me make reply,  
"What would'st thou?" I shall say,  
O God, Thy world was great and fair;  
Yet give me to forget it clean!  
Vex me no more with things that were,  
And things that might have been.  
I loved, I toiled, throve ill or well,  
—Lived certain years and murmured not.  
Now grant me in that land to dwell  
Where all things are forgot.

For others, Lord, Thy purging fires,  
The loves reknit, the crown, the palm.  
For me, the death of all desires  
In deep, eternal calm.

*Thomas William Rolleston* [1857-1920]

## AFTERWARDS

I KNOW that these poor rags of womanhood,—  
This oaten pipe, whereon the wild winds played  
Making sad music,—tattered and outfrayed,  
Cast off, played out,—can hold no more of good,  
Of love, or song, or sense of sun and shade.  
What homely neighbors elbow me (hard by  
'Neath the black yews) I know I shall not know,  
Nor take account of changing winds that blow,  
Shifting the golden arrow, set on high  
On the gray spire, nor mark who come and go.

Yet would I lie in some familiar place,  
Nor share my rest with uncongenial dead,—  
Somewhere, may be, where friendly feet will tread,—  
As if from out some little chink of space  
Mine eyes might see them tripping overhead.

And though too sweet to deck a sepulcher  
Seem twinkling daisy-buds and meadow-grass;  
And so would more than serve me, lest they pass  
Who fain would know what woman rested there,  
What her demeanor, or her story was,—

For these I would that on a sculptured stone  
(Fenced round with ironwork to keep secure)  
Should sleep a form with folded palms demure,  
In aspect like the dreamer that was gone,  
With these words carved, "*I hoped, but was not sure.*"  
Violet Fane [1843-1905]

#### A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME

Oh, where will be the birds that sing,  
A hundred years to come?  
The flowers that now in beauty spring,  
A hundred years to come?  
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,  
The heart that beats so gaily now,—  
Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,  
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,  
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,  
A hundred years to come?  
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,  
A hundred years to come?  
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,  
And childhood with its brow of truth,  
The rich and poor, on land and sea,—  
Where will the mighty millions be,  
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,  
A hundred years to come;  
No living soul for us will weep  
A hundred years to come;  
But other men our lands shall till,  
And others then our streets shall fill,  
While other birds shall sing as gay,  
As bright the sunshine as to-day,  
A hundred years to come!

*William Goldsmith Brown [1812-1906] or  
Hiram Ladd Spencer [1829-1915]. Said to have  
been published anonymously in a paper Brown  
edited, and erroneously attributed to him.*

## THE LAST CAMP-FIRE

SCAR not earth's breast that I may have  
Somewhere above her heart a grave;  
Mine was a life whose swift desire  
Bent ever less to dust than fire;  
Then through the swift white path of flame  
Send back my soul to whence it came;  
From some great peak, storm challenging,  
My death-fire to the heavens fling;  
The rocks my altar, and above  
The still eyes of the stars I love;  
No hymn, save as the midnight wind  
Comes whispering to seek his kind.

Heap high the logs of spruce and pine,  
Balsam for spices and for wine;  
Brown cones, and knots a golden blur  
Of hoarded pitch, more sweet than myrrh;  
Cedar, to stream across the dark  
Its scented embers spark on spark;  
Long, shaggy boughs of juniper,  
And silvery, odorous sheaves of fir;  
Spice-wood, to die in incense smoke  
Against the stubborn roots of oak,  
Red to the last for hate or love  
As that red stubborn heart above.

Watch till the last pale ember dies,  
Till wan and low the dead pyre lies,  
Then let the thin white ashes blow  
To all earth's winds a finer snow;  
There is no wind of hers but I  
Have loved it as it whistled by;  
No leaf whose life I would not share,  
No weed that is not some way fair;  
Hedge not my dust in one close urn,  
It is to these I would return,—  
The wild, free winds, the things that know  
No master's rule, no ordered row,—

To be, if Nature will, at length  
Part of some great tree's noble strength;  
Growth of the grass; to live anew  
In many a wild-flower's richer hue;  
Find immortality, indeed,  
In ripened heart of fruit and seed.  
Time grants not any man redress  
Of his broad law, forgetfulness;  
I parley not with shaft and stone,  
Content that in the perfume blown  
From next year's hillsides something sweet  
And mine, shall make earth more complete.

*Sharlot M. Hall* [1870—

#### INTERLUDE

THE days grow shorter, the nights grow longer,  
The headstones thicken along the way;  
And life grows sadder, but love grows stronger  
For those who walk with us, day by day.

The tear comes quicker, the laugh comes slower,  
The courage is lesser to do and dare;  
And the tide of joy in the heart runs lower  
And seldom covers the reefs of care.

But all true things in the world seem truer,  
And the better things of the earth seem best;

And friends are dearer as friends are fewer,  
And love is all as our sun dips west.

Then let us clasp hands as we walk together,  
And let us speak softly, in love's sweet tone,  
For no man knows, on the morrow, whether  
We two pass by, or but one alone.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox* [1850-1919]

### THE ONE HOPE

WHEN vain desire at last and vain regret  
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,  
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain  
And teach the unforgetful to forget?  
Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet,—  
Or may the soul at once in a green plain  
Stoop through the spray of some sweet life-fountain  
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet?  
Ah! when the wan soul in that golden air  
Between the scripted petals softly blown  
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,—  
Ah! let none other alien spell soe'er  
But only the one Hope's one name be there,—  
Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti* [1828-1882]

### THE LAMP IN THE WEST

VENUS has lit her silver lamp  
Low in the purple West,  
Casting a soft and mellow light  
Upon the sea's full breast;  
In one clear path—as if to guide  
Some pale, wayfaring guest.

Far out, far out the restless bar  
Starts from a troubled sleep,  
Where, roaring through the narrow straits,  
The meeting waters leap;  
But still that shining pathway leads  
Across the lonely deep.



When I sail out the narrow straits  
Where unknown dangers be,  
And cross the troubled, moaning bar  
To the mysterious sea,  
Dear God, wilt thou not set a lamp  
Low in the West for me?

*Ella Higginson* [1862—

### THE DYING RESERVIST

I SHALL not see the faces of my friends,  
Nor hear the songs the rested reapers sing  
After the labors of the harvesting,  
In those dark nights before the summer ends;  
Nor see the floods of spring, the melting snow,  
Nor in the autumn twilight hear the stir  
Of reedy marshes, when the wild ducks whirl  
And circle black against the afterglow.  
My mother died; she shall not have to weep;  
My wife will find another home; my child,  
Too young, will never grieve or know; but I  
Have found my brother, and contentedly  
I'll lay my head upon his knees and sleep.  
O brother Death,—I knew you when you smiled.

*Maurice Baring* [1874—

### “IF LOVE WERE JESTER AT THE COURT OF DEATH”

IF Love were jester at the court of Death,  
And Death the king of all, still would I pray,  
“For me the motley and the bauble, yea,  
Though all be vanity, as the Preacher saith,  
The mirth of love be mine for one brief breath!”  
Then would I kneel the monarch to obey,  
And kiss that pale hand, should it spare or slay;  
Since I have tasted love, what mattereth!  
But if, dear God, this heart be dry as sand,  
And cold as Charon's palm holding Hell's toll,

How worse! how worse! Scorch it with sorrow's brand!  
 Haply, though dead to joy, 'twould feel *that* coal;  
 Better a cross, and nails through either hand,  
 Than Pilate's palace and a frozen soul!

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles* [1869-1905]

### CONSTANCY

"DEAR as remembered kisses after death"—  
 We read and pause, toying the pliant page  
 With absent fingers while we question slow,  
 By whom remembered? Not by those that live,  
 And love again, and wed, and know fresh joys,  
 Forgetting the pale past. Ah, no! for them,  
 The sudden stirring of such long-whelmed thought  
 Means shock and pain, and swift reburial.  
 But it may be, that with the dreaming dead,  
 Who sank away quick piercèd by despair,  
 It may be that their stillness is aglow  
 Through soft recalling of each loved caress;  
 Perchance it is of them the poet saith  
 "Dear as remembered kisses after death."

*Minor Watson* [18 -

### THE WILD RIDE

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses  
 All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,  
 All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neigh-  
 ing.*

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to the saddle  
 Weatherworn and abreast, go men of our galloping legion,  
 With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and mo-  
 rasses;

There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or  
 entice us:

What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to  
 the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,  
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam:  
Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,  
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty:  
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

*I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses  
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,  
All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neigh-  
ing.*

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind;  
We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil.  
Thou ledest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that  
follow.

*Louise Imogen Guiney [1861-1920]*

### " I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY "

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below!  
Oh no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:  
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer:  
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of God,  
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?  
Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam,  
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;  
Where seeking for rest we but hover around,  
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;  
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,  
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,  
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,  
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within;  
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,  
Scarce the victory's mine, ere I'm captive again;  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:  
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,  
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb,  
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;  
Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my head,  
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.  
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,  
The orient gleam of the angels of light,  
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise  
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who, who would live alway? away from his God,  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;  
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?  
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear!  
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,  
The King ali arrayed in His beauty behold!  
Oh give me, oh give me, the wings of a dove,  
To adore Him—be near Him—enwrapped with his love;  
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word—  
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord!

*William Augustus Muhlenberg [1796-1877]*

## TRAVELLER'S HOPE

LAY me to rest in some fair spot  
Where sound of waters near,  
And songs of sailors in their ships  
Shall reach my waiting ear:

Where I shall catch the Captain's call:  
"All hands again to sea!"  
When swift embarking, I may fare  
To founts of life to be;

Fare to the dreamed-of lands that lie  
Beyond the Port of Death;  
Fare to the Dawn of whose glad realms  
God sometimes whispereth;

With hope of flowers that lift their heads  
After the night is past,  
And joy of sailors in their ships  
When home's in sight at last.

*Charles Granville* [18

## SEALED ORDERS

WE bear sealed orders o'er Life's weltered sea,  
Our haven dim and far;  
We can but man the helm right cheerily,  
Steer by the brightest star,

And hope that when at last the Great Command  
Is read, we then may hear  
Our anchor song, and see the longed-for land  
Lie, known and very near.

*Richard Burton* [1861-1940]

## SONG

I MAKE my shroud but no one knows,  
So shimmering fine it is and fair,  
With stitches set in even rows.  
I make my shroud but no one knows.

In door-way where the lilac blows,  
Humming a little wandering air,  
I make my shroud and no one knows,  
So shimmering fine it is and fair.

*Adelaide Crapsey* [1878-1914]

### A SONG OF LIVING

BECAUSE I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.  
I have sent up my gladness on wings, to be lost in the blue  
of the sky.  
I have run and leaped with the rain, I have taken the wind  
to my breast.  
My cheek like a drowsy child to the face of the earth I have  
pressed.  
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.  
I have kissed young Love on the lips, I have heard his song  
to the end.  
I have struck my hand like a seal in the loyal hand of a  
friend.  
I have known the peace of heaven, the comfort of work  
done well.  
I have longed for death in the darkness and risen alive out of  
hell.  
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.  
I give a share of my soul to the world where my course is  
run.  
I know that another shall finish the task I must leave undone.  
I know that no flower, no flint was in vain on the path I trod.  
As one looks on a face through a window, through life I have  
looked on God.  
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die.

*Amelia Josephine Burr* [1878-

### COMPENSATION

BECAUSE I had loved so deeply,  
Because I had loved so long,  
God in His great compassion  
Gave me the gift of song.

Because I have loved so vainly,  
And sung with such faltering breath,  
The Master, in infinite mercy,  
Offers the boon of Death.

*Paul Laurence Dunbar* [1872-1906]

### THE RECESSIONAL

Now along the solemn heights  
Fade the Autumn's altar-lights;  
Down the great earth's glimmering chancel  
Glide the days and nights.

Little kindred of the grass,  
Like a shadow in a glass  
Falls the dark and falls the stillness;  
We must rise and pass.

We must rise and follow, wending  
Where the nights and days have ending,—  
Pass in order pale and slow  
Unto sleep extending.

Little brothers of the clod,  
Soul of fire and seed of sod,  
We must fare into the silence  
At the knees of God.

Little comrades of the sky,  
Wing to wing we wander by,  
Going, going, going, going,  
Softly as a sigh.

Hark, the moving shapes confer,  
Globe of dew and gossamer,  
Fading and ephemeral spirits  
In the dusk astir.

Moth and blossom, blade and bee,  
Worlds must go as well as we,  
In the long procession joining  
Mount and star and sea.

Toward the shadowy brink we climb  
Where the round year rolls sublime,  
Rolls, and drops, and falls forever  
In the vast of time.

Like a plummet plunging deep  
Past the utmost reach of sleep,  
Till remembrance has no longer  
Care to laugh or weep.

*Charles G. D. Roberts* [1860—

## MOUNTAIN SONG

I HAVE not where to lay my head:  
Upon my breast no child shall lie;  
For me no marriage feast is spread:  
I walk alone under the sky.

My staff and scrip I cast away—  
Light-burdened to the mountain height!  
Climbing the rocky steep by day,  
Kindling my fire against the night.

The bitter hail shall flower the peak,  
The icy wind shall dry my tears.  
Strong shall I be, who am but weak,  
When bright Orion spears my fears.

Under the horned moon I shall rise  
Up-swinging on the scarf of dawn.  
The sun, searching with level eyes,  
Shall take my hand and lead me on.

Wide flaming pinions veil the West—  
Ah, shall I find? and shall I know?  
My feet are bound upon the Quest—  
Over the Great Divide I go.

*Harriet Monroe* [1860—1936]



## TO M. E. W.

WORDS, for alas my trade is words, a barren burst of rhyme,  
    Rubbed by a hundred rhymesters, battered a thousand  
    times,

Take them, you, that smile on strings, those nobler sounds  
    than mine,

    The words that never lie, or brag, or flatter, or malign.

I give a hand to my lady, another to my friend,  
    To whom you too have given a hand; and so before the  
    end

We four may pray, for all the years, whatever suns be set,  
    The sole two prayers worth praying—to live and not  
    forget.

The pale leaf falls in pallor, but the green leaf turns to gold;  
    We that have found it good to be young shall find it good  
    to be old;

Life that bringeth the marriage bell, the cradle and the  
    grave,

    Life that is mean to the mean of heart, and only brave  
    to the brave.

In the calm of the last white winter, when all the past is  
    ours,

    Old tears are frozen as jewels, old storms frosted as  
    flowers,

Dear Lady, may we meet again, stand up again, we four,  
    Beneath the burden of the years, and praise the earth  
    once more.

*Gilbert Keith Chesterton* [1874-1936]

## RETURNING

NEVER sings a city-robin on the gray-stone window-ledges  
    But I dream the long; cool meadows where the yellow  
    cowslips be;

To his call I guess an answer from the grass and tangled  
    hedges—

    There's a thrill of other springtimes in the country soul  
    of me!

“O World, Be Not So Fair” 3483

Never falls light rain above me but I hear its gentle patter  
On a lonely roof at even, as I heard it years ago;  
Through the music, warmth, and fragrance, past the sound  
of careless chatter,  
Throbs the silence of far places where the pines and  
birches grow.

I shall see a few more springtimes, then shall heed no answer  
lilted  
To that first full-throated robin, hear no rain above my  
head . . .  
Give me, God, the meadow-blossoms when my formal  
wreaths have wilted—  
Let me lie till Thine Own Springtime with the pines be-  
side my bed!

*Ruth Guthrie Harding* [1882-

“O WORLD, BE NOT SO FAIR”

O MOON, O hide thy golden light,  
O night, be not so fair;  
O ye dear stars, shine not so bright:  
I would for sleep prepare.  
Mine eyes are closing wearily  
That watched the slow day's flight,  
And yet there is no rest for me  
In this enchanted night.

O fellow-men, be not too good!  
O world, be not too fair!  
Wake no new life-glow in my blood—  
I would for sleep prepare.  
My day is dim; there beckons clear  
A star of other air;  
And yet, and yet, my heart is here!  
O world, be not so fair.

*From the German of Maria Jäger by  
Grace Fallow Norton* [18

## “ONE FIGHT MORE”

### PROSPICE

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!

*Robert Browning* [1812–1889]

REQUIEM

UNDER the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie.  
Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
*Here he lies where he longed to be;*  
*Home is the sailor, home from sea,*  
*And the hunter home from the hill.*

Robert Louis Stevenson [1850-1894]

“ OH MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE ”

*Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.—*  
*Cicero, ad Att., xii. 18.*

OH MAY I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence: live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:

To make undying music in the world,  
Breathing as beauteous order that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man.  
So we inherit that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized,  
With widening retrospect that bred despair.  
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,  
A vicious parent shaming still its child,  
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;  
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,  
Die in the large and charitable air.  
And all our rarer, better, truer self,

That sobbed religiously in yearning song,  
 That watched to ease the burden of the world,  
 Laboriously tracing what must be,  
 And what may yet be better,—saw within  
 A worthier image for the sanctuary,  
 And shaped it forth before the multitude,  
 Divinely human, raising worship so  
 To higher reverence more mixed with love,—  
 That better self shall live till human Time  
 Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
 Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb  
 Unread forever.

This is life to come,  
 Which martyred men have made more glorious  
 For us who strive to follow. May I reach  
 That purest heaven, be to other souls  
 The cup of strength in some great agony,  
 Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
 Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,  
 Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
 And in diffusion ever more intense.  
 So shall I join the choir invisible  
 Whose music is the gladness of the world.

*George Eliot* [1819-1880]

### LAST LINES

No coward soul is mine,  
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere.  
 I see Heaven's glories shine,  
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
 Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
 Life—that in me has rest,  
 As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
 That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;  
 Worthless as withered weeds,  
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main.

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by Thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above,  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes cease to be,  
And Thou were left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void:  
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

*Emily Brontë [1818-1848]*

LAUS MORTIS

NAY, why should I fear Death,  
Who gives us life, and in exchange takes breath?

He is like cordial Spring  
That lifts above the soil each buried thing;—

Like Autumn, kind and brief—  
The frost that chills the branches frees the leaf;—

Like Winter's stormy hours  
That spread their fleece of snow to save the flowers.

The lordliest of all things,—  
Life lends us only feet, Death gives us wings!

Fearing no covert thrust,  
Let me walk onward, armed with valiant trust,

Dreading no unseen knife,  
Across Death's threshold step from life to life!

O all ye frightened folk,  
Whether ye wear a crown or bear a yoke,

Laid in one equal bed,  
When once your coverlet of grass is spread,

What daybreak need you fear?  
The Love will rule you there which guides you here!

Where Life, the Sower, stands,  
Scattering the ages from his swinging hand

Thou waitest, Reaper lone,  
Until the multitudinous grain hath grown

Scythe-bearer, when thy blade  
Harvests my flesh, let me be unafraid!

God's husbandman thou art!—  
In His unwithering sheaves, O bind my heart!  
*Frederic Lawrence Knowles [1869-1905]*

### "WHEN I HAVE FEARS"

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be  
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,  
Before high-pilèd books, in charact'ry  
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the fairy power  
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

*John Keats [1795-1821]*

LAST SONNET

BRIGHT Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—  
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

John Keats [1795-1821]

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

*Animula, vagula, blandula,  
Hospes Comesque Corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?  
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.*

ADRIANI MORIENTIS, AD ANIMAM SUAM

VITAL spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
O the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,  
Sister Spirit, come away!  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!  
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears



With sounds seraphic ring!  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O Grave! where is thy victory?  
O Death! where is thy sting?

*Alexander Pope* [1688-1744]

"BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING"

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,  
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,  
I shall be soon.  
Love, rest, and home!  
Sweet hope!  
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the shining and the shading,  
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,  
I shall be soon.

Beyond the rising and the setting  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the calming and the fretting,  
Beyond remembering and forgetting,  
I shall be soon.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,  
Beyond the coming and the going,  
I shall be soon.

Beyond the parting and the meeting  
I shall be soon;  
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,  
Beyond this pulse's fever beating,  
I shall be soon.

Beyond the frost chain and the fever

I shall be soon;

Beyond the rock waste and the river,

Beyond the ever and the never,

I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home!

Sweet hope!

Lord, tarry not, but come.

*Horatius Bonar* [1808-1889]

### "I STROVE WITH NONE"

I STROVE with none; for none was worth my strife.

Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art;

I warmed both hands before the fire of life;

It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

*Walter Savage Landor* [1775-1864]

### DEATH

DEATH stands above me, whispering low

I know not what into my ear;

Of his strange language all I know

Is, there is not a word of fear.

*Walter Savage Landor* [1775-1864]

### LIFE

LIFE! I know not what thou art,

But know that thou and I must part;

And when, or how, or where we met,

I own to me's a secret yet.

But this I know, when thou art fled,

Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,

No clod so valueless shall be

As all that then remains of me.

O whither, whither dost thou fly?  
 Where bend unseen thy trackless course?  
     And in this strange divorce,  
 Ah, tell where I must seek this compound I?  
 To the vast ocean of empyreal flame  
     From whence thy essence came  
 Dost thou thy flight pursue, when freed  
 From matter's base encumbering weed?  
     Or dost thou, hid from sight,  
     Wait, like some spell-bound knight,  
 Through blank oblivious years the appointed hour  
 To break thy trance and reassume thy power?  
 Yet canst thou without thought or feeling be?  
 O say, what art thou, when no more thou'rt thee?

Life! we have been long together,  
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
     'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
     Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—  
     Then steal away, give little warning,  
     Choose thine own time;  
 Say not Good-night, but in some brighter clime  
     Bid me Good-morning!

*Anna Letitia Barbauld* [1743-1825]

### DYING HYMN

EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,  
     Recedes, and fades away;  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills;  
     Ye gates of death, give way!

My soul is full of whispered song,  
     My blindness is my sight;  
 The shadows that I feared so long  
     Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,  
     My faith doth so abound,  
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet  
     The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives  
Low as the grave, to go:  
I know that my Redeemer lives:  
That I shall live, I know.

The palace walls I almost see,  
Where dwells my Lord and King;  
O grave, where is thy victory!  
O death, where is thy sting!

*Alice Cary [1820-1871]*

### IN HARBOR

I THINK it is over, over,  
I think it is over at last;  
Voices of foeman and lover,  
The sweet and the bitter, have passed:  
Life, like a tempest of ocean,  
Hath outblown its ultimate blast:  
There's but a faint sobbing seaward  
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,  
And behold! like the welcoming quiver  
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,  
Those lights in the harbor at last,  
The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over! over!  
For the winds and the waters surcease;  
Ah, few were the days of the rover  
That smiled in the beauty of peace!  
And distant and dim was the omen  
That hinted redress or release:—  
From the ravage of life, and its riot,  
What marvel I yearn for the quiet  
Which bides in the harbor at last,—  
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver,  
That throb through the sanctified river,  
Which girdle the harbor at last,  
This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,  
 I know it is over at last!  
 Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,  
 For the stress of the voyage has passed:  
 Life, like a tempest of ocean,  
 Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:  
 There's but a faint sobbing to seaward,  
 While the calm of the tide deepens leeward;  
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver  
 Of heart-pulses throbb'd through the river,  
 Those lights in the harbor at last,  
 The heavenly harbor at last!

*Paul Hamilton Hayne* [1830-1886]

#### THE LAST INVOCATION

At the last, tenderly,  
 From the walls of the powerful, fortified house,  
 From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the  
     well-closed doors,  
 Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
 With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper  
 Set open the doors, O soul!

Tenderly—be not impatient!  
 (Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!  
 Strong is your hold, O love!)

*Walt Whitman* [1819-1892]

#### "DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL"

DAREST thou now, O soul,  
 Walk out with me toward the unknown region,  
 Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,  
 Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,  
 Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that  
     land.

I know it not, O soul,  
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,—  
All waits undreamed of in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,  
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,  
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding

Then we burst forth, we float,  
In Time and Space, O soul! prepared for them,  
Equal, equipped at last (O joy! O fruit of all!), them to fulfill,  
O soul!

*Wall Whitman* [1819-1892]

### WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,  
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;  
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,  
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,  
For what avails this eager pace?  
I stand amid the eternal ways,  
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,  
The friends I seek are seeking me;  
No wind can drive my bark astray,  
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?  
I wait with joy the coming years;  
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,  
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own and draw  
The brook that springs in yonder heights;  
So flows the good with equal law  
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;  
The tidal wave unto the sea;  
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me.

*John Burroughs [1837-1921]*

### IN THE DARK

ALL moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees  
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;  
And from the dark west comes a wandering breeze,  
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,  
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone,  
And the eye vainly seeks, by sea and land,  
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;  
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;  
And the dark river, like a serpent, creeps  
To where its black piers lie.

Strange salty odors through the darkness steal,  
And through the dark, the ocean-thunders roll;  
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel  
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out in the empty air;  
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;  
Blackness of darkness!—Father, hear my prayer!  
Grant me to see the light!

*George Arnold [1834-1865]*

### LAST VERSES

WHEN I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,  
Life's fever o'er,  
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping  
That I'm no more?  
Will there be any heart still memory keeping  
Of heretofore?

When the great winds through leafless forests rushing  
    Sad music make;  
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,  
    Like full hearts break,—  
Will there then one, whose heart despair is crushing,  
    Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining,  
    With purest ray,  
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,  
    Burst through that clay,—  
Will there be one still on that spot repining  
    Lost hopes all day?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory  
    On that low mound,  
And wintry storms have, with their ruins hoary,  
    Its loneliness crowned,—  
Will there be then one, versed in misery's story,  
    Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow  
    To ask such meed,—  
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,  
    From hearts that bleed,  
The wailings of to-day for what to-morrow  
    Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,  
    Thou gentle heart;  
And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,  
    Let no tear start:  
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling,—  
    “Sad one, depart!”

*William Motherwell* [1797-1835]

### THE RUBICON

ONE other bitter drop to drink,  
    And then—no more!  
One little pause upon the brink,  
    And then—go o'er!



# “One Fight More”

One sigh—and then the lib’rant morn  
Of perfect day,  
When my free spirit, newly born,  
Will soar away!

One pang—and I shall rend the thrall  
Where grief abides,  
And generous Death will show me all  
That now he hides;  
And, lucid in that second birth,  
I shall discern  
What all the sages of the earth  
Have died to learn.

One motion—and the stream is crossed,  
So dark, so deep!  
And I shall triumph, or be lost  
In endless sleep.  
Then, onward! Whatsoe’er my fate,  
I shall not care!  
Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate  
Can touch me there.

*William Winter* [1836-

## WHEN I HAVE GONE WEIRD WAYS

WHEN I have finished with this episode,  
Left the hard, uphill road,  
And gone weird ways to seek another load,  
O Friend, regret me not, nor weep for me—  
Child of Infinity!

Nor dig a grave, nor rear for me a tomb  
To say with lying writ: “Here in the gloom  
He who loved bigness takes a narrow room,  
Content to pillow here his weary head—  
For he is dead.”

But give my body to the funeral pyre,  
And bid the laughing fire,  
Eager and strong and swift as my desire,  
Scatter my subtle essence into Space—  
Free me of Time and Place.

Sweep up the bitter ashes from the hearth!  
Fling back the dust I borrowed from the Earth  
Unto the chemic broil of Death and Birth—  
The vast Alembic of the cryptic Scheme,  
Warm with the Master-Dream.

And thus, O little House that sheltered me,  
Dissolve again in wind and rain, to be  
Part of the cosmic weird Economy:  
And Oh, how oft with new life shalt thou lift  
Out of the atom-drift!

*John G. Neihardt* [1881-

### A RHYME OF LIFE

If life be as a flame that death doth kill,  
Burn, little candle, lit for me,  
With a pure flame, that I may rightly see  
To word my song, and utterly  
God's plan fulfil.

If life be as a flower that blooms and dies,  
Forbid the cunning frost that slays  
With Judas kiss, and trusting love betrays;  
Forever may my song of praise  
Untainted rise.

If life be as a voyage, foul or fair,  
Oh, bid me not my banners furl  
For adverse gale, or wave in angry whirl,  
Till I have found the gates of pearl,  
And anchored there.

*Charles Warren Stoddard* [1843-1909]

### "THALATTA! THALATTA!"

#### CRY OF THE TEN THOUSAND

I STAND upon the summit of my years;  
Behind, the toil, the camp, the march, the strife,  
The wandering and the desert; vast, afar,  
Beyond this weary way, behold! the Sea!

The sea o'erswept by clouds and winds and wings,  
By thoughts and wishes manifold, whose breath  
Is freshness and whose mighty pulse is peace.  
Palter no question of the dim Beyond;  
Cut loose the bark; such voyage itself is rest,  
Majestic motion, unimpeded scope,  
A widening heaven, a current without care.  
Eternity!—Deliverance, Promise, Course!  
Time-tired souls salute thee from the shore.

*Joseph Brownlee Brown* [1824-188

### REQUIEM

HUSH your prayers, 'tis no saintly soul  
Comes fainting back from the foughten field;  
Carry me forth on my broken shield;  
Trumpet and drum shall my requiem yield—  
Silence the bells that toll.

Dig no hole in the ground for me:  
Though my body be made of mold and must,  
Ne'er in the earth shall my dead bones rust;  
Give my corse to the flame's white lust,  
And sink my ashes at sea.

Reeking still with the sweat of the strife,  
Never a prayer have I to say  
(My lips long since have forgotten the way)  
Save this: "I have sorrowed sore in my day—  
But I thank Thee, God, for my life!"

*F. Norreys Connell* [18 -

### INVICTUS

OUT of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

*William Ernest Henley [1849-1903]*

“A LATE LARK TWITTERS FROM THE  
QUIET SKIES”

A LATE lark twitters from the quiet skies;  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old, gray city  
An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends  
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,  
Closing his benediction,  
Sinks, and the darkening air  
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
Night with her train of stars  
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
My task accomplished and the long day done,

## "One Fight More"

My wages taken, and in my heart  
Some late lark singing,  
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,  
The sundown splendid and serene,  
Death.

*William Ernest Henley* [1849-1903]

## "IN AFTER DAYS"

IN after days when grasses high  
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,  
    Though ill or well the world adjust  
    My slender claim to honored dust,  
I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;  
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh;  
    I shall be mute, as all men must  
    In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I  
That some one then should testify,  
    Saying—"He held his pen in trust  
    To Art, not serving shame or lust."  
Will none?—Then let my memory die  
    In after days!

*Austin Dobson* [1840-1921]

## "CALL ME NOT DEAD"

CALL me not dead when I, indeed, have gone  
Into the company of the everliving  
High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving  
Rather be made. Say: "He at last hath won  
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,  
Music and song and light of immortal faces;  
To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,  
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.

To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,  
And our lost friend just catch one syllable  
Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well;  
Or Milton; or Dante, looking on the grass  
Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still  
To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

*Richard Watson Gilder* [1844-1909]

## EPILOGUE

From "Asolando"

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,  
When you set your fancies free,  
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—  
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,  
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!  
What had I on earth to do  
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?  
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel  
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time  
Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever  
There as here!"

*Robert Browning* [1812-1889]

## CROSSING THE BAR

SUNSET and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

## L'ENVOI

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are  
twisted and dried,  
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic  
has died,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an  
eon or two,  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work  
anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a  
golden chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of  
comets' hair;

They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter,  
and Paul;

They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at  
all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master  
shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work  
for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his sepa-  
rate star

Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as  
They Are!

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-1936]

### ENVOI

OH seek me not within a tomb;  
Thou shalt not find me in the clay!  
I pierce a little wall of gloom  
To mingle with the Day!

I brothered with the things that pass,  
Poor giddy Joy and puckered Grief;  
I go to brother with the Grass  
And with the sunning Leaf.

Not Death can sheathe me in a shroud;  
A joy-sword whetted keen with pain,  
I join the armies of the Cloud,  
The Lightning and the Rain.

Oh subtle in the sap athrill,  
Athletic in the glad uplift,  
A portion of the Cosmic Will,  
I pierce the planet-drift.

My God and I shall interknit  
As rain and Ocean, breath and Air;  
And Oh, the luring thought of it  
Is prayer!

*John G. Neihardt* [1881-



## A CYPRIAN WOMAN

UNDER dusky laurel leaf,  
 Scarlet leaf of rose,  
 I lie prone, who have known  
 All a woman knows.

Love and grief and motherhood,  
 Fame and mirth and scorn—  
 These are all shall befall  
 Any woman born.

Jewel-laden are my hands,  
 Tall my stone above—  
 Do not weep that I sleep,  
 Who was wise in love.

Where I walk, a shadow gray  
 Through gray asphodel,  
 I am glad, who have had  
 All that Life could tell.

*Margaret Widdemer* [1

## "WHEN I AM DEAD AND SISTER TO THE DUST"

WHEN I am dead and sister to the dust;  
 When no more avidly I drink the wine  
 Of human love; when the pale Proserpine  
 Has covered me with poppies, and cold rust  
 Has cut my lyre-strings, and the sun has thrust  
 Me underground to nourish the world-vine,  
 Men shall discover these old songs of mine,  
 And say: This woman lived—as poets must!  
 This woman lived and wore life as a sword  
 To conquer wisdom; this dead woman read  
 In the sealed Book of Love and underscored  
 The meanings. Then the sails of faith she spread,  
 And faring out for regions unexplored,  
 Went singing down the River of the Dead.

*Elsa Barker* [18

A PARTING GUEST

WHAT delightful hosts are they—  
 Life and Love!  
 Lingeringly I turn away,  
 This late hour, yet glad enough  
 They have not withheld from me  
 Their high hospitality.  
 So, with face lit with delight  
 And all gratitude, I stay  
 Yet to press their hands and say,  
 "Thanks.—So fine a time! Good night."

*James Whitcomb Riley* [1849-1916]

THE STIRRUP CUP

MY short and happy day is done,  
 The long and dreary night comes on;  
 And at my door the Pale Horse stands,  
 To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,  
 Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;  
 And I must leave this sheltering roof,  
 And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life,—  
 Good friends, the faithful and the true;  
 My rosy children and my wife,  
 So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view,—  
 The night comes down, the lights burn blue;  
 And at my door the Pale Horse stands,  
 To bear me forth to unknown lands.

*John Hay* [1838-1905]

# “THEY ARE ALL GONE”

## FRIENDS DEPARTED

THEY are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days:  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility,  
High as the heavens above!  
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the Just!  
Shining nowhere, but in the dark;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,  
At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,  
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,  
 Her captive flames must needs burn there;  
 But when the hand that locked her up gives room,  
 She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all  
 Created glories under Thee!  
 Resume Thy spirit from this world of thrall  
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill  
 My perspective still as they pass:  
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,  
 Where I shall need no glass.

*Henry Vaughan* [1622-1695]

“OVER THE RIVER”

OVER the river they beckon to me,—  
 Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;  
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.  
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,  
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
 We saw not the angels who met him there,  
 The gates of the city we could not see:  
 Over the river, over the river,  
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
 Carried another, the household pet;  
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—  
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be:  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,  
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The angel of death shall carry me.

*Nancy Woodbury Priest [1836-1870]*

## RESIGNATION

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there!  
THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead;  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian  
Whose portal we call Death

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
 For when with raptures wild  
 In our embraces we again enfold her,  
 She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace;  
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
 And anguish long suppressed,  
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
 That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
 We may not wholly stay;  
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
 The grief that must have way.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

#### AFTERWARD

THERE *is* no vacant chair. The loving meet,  
 A group unbroken—smitten, who knows how?  
 One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat;  
 We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;  
 He needed it so often, nor could we  
 Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best.  
 Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take  
 The mood to listen mutely, be it done.  
 By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart must  
 ache,  
 Plead not nor question! Let him have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim  
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.  
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to Him,  
The hushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still  
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye.  
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort, will  
We hold by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not, thus he cannot. Try!  
Who can put out the motion or the smile?  
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?  
Because we love, he is. Then trust awhile.  
*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward [1844-1911]*

### SOMETIME

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see.  
And e'en as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out the potion for our lips to drink;



And if some friend you love is lying low,  
 Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
 Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
 But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
 And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
 If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
 And stand within and all God's workings see,  
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife  
 And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;  
 God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;  
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,—  
 Time will reveal the chalices of gold.  
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
 When we shall clearly see and understand,  
 I think that we will say, “God knew the best!”

*May Riley Smith* [1842-1927]

### “THE MOURNERS CAME AT BREAK OF DAY”

THE mourners came at break of day  
 Unto the garden-sepulcher;  
 With darkened hearts to weep and pray,  
 For Him, the loved one buried there.  
 What radiant light dispels the gloom?  
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,  
 All sepulchered beneath the snow;  
 When wintry winds, and chilling frost  
 Have laid her summer glories low;  
 The spring returns, the flowerets bloom—  
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not belovèd dead,  
 E'en while we come to weep and pray;  
 The happy spirit far hath fled  
 To brighter realms of endless day:  
 Immortal Hope dispels the gloom!  
 An angel sits beside the tomb.

*Sarah Flower Adams [1805-1848]*

## WHAT OF THE DARKNESS?

### TO THE HAPPY DEAD PEOPLE

WHAT of the darkness? Is it very fair?  
 Are there great calms? and find we silence there?  
 Like soft-shut lilies, all your faces glow  
 With some strange peace our faces never know,  
 With some strange faith our faces never dare,—  
 Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?  
 Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?  
 Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?  
 Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?  
 Day shows us not such comfort anywhere—  
 Dwells it in Darkness? Do you find it there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we call—  
 Day that shows man so great, and God so small,  
 That hides the stars, and magnifies the grass—  
 O is the Darkness too a lying glass!  
 Or undistracted, do you find truth there?  
 What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

*Richard Le Gallienne [1866-*

## A SEA DIRGE

From "The Tempest"

FULL fathom five thy father lies:  
 Of his bones are coral made;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
 Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
 Hark! now I hear them,—  
 Ding, dong, Bell.

*William Shakespeare* [1564-1616]

### EPITAPHS

#### I—ON ELIZABETH L. H.

WOULDST thou hear what Man can say  
 In a little? Reader, stay.  
 Underneath this stone doth lie  
 As much Beauty as could die:  
 Which in life did harbor give  
 To more Virtue than doth live.  
 If at all she had a fault,  
 Leave it buried in this vault.  
 One name was *Elizabeth*,  
 The other, let it sleep with death:  
 Fitter, where it died, to tell  
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

#### II—ON SALATHIEL PAVY, A CHILD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL

WEEP with me, all you that read  
 This little story;  
 And know, for whom a tear you shed  
 Death's self is sorry.  
 'Twas a child that so did thrive  
 In grace and feature,  
 As Heaven and Nature seemed to strive  
 Which owned the creature.  
 Years he numbered scarce thirteen  
 When Fates turned cruel,  
 Yet three filled zodiacs had he been  
 The stage's jewel;  
 And did act (what now we moan)  
 Old men so duly,  
 As sooth the Parcæ thought him one,  
 He played so truly.

So, by error, to his fate  
 They all consented;  
 But, viewing him since, alas, too late!  
 They have repented;  
 And have sought, to give new birth,  
 In baths to steep him;  
 But, being so much too good for earth,  
 Heaven vows to keep him.

*Ben Jonson [1573?-1637]*

### SONG

From "The Devil's Law Case"

ALL the flowers of the spring  
 Meet to perfume our burying;  
 These have but their growing prime,  
 And man does flourish but his time:  
 Survey our progress from our birth—  
 We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.  
 Courts adieu, and all delights,  
 All bewitching appetites!  
 Sweetest breath and clearest eye  
 Like perfumes go out and die;  
 And consequently this is done  
 As shadows wait upon the sun.  
 Vain the ambition of kings  
 Who seek by trophies and dead things  
 To leave a living name behind,  
 And weave but nets to catch the wind.

*John Webster [1580?-1625?]*

### ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER

MORTALITY, behold and fear!  
 What a change of flesh is here!  
 Think how many royal bones  
 Sleep within this heap of stones;  
 Here they lie had realms and lands,  
 Who now want strength to stir their hands;  
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust  
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust."

Here's an acre sown indeed  
 With the richest royal'st seed  
 That the earth did e'er suck in,  
 Since the first man died for sin;  
 Here the bones of birth have cried,  
 "Though gods they were, as men they died."  
 Here are sands, ignoble things,  
 Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.  
 Here's a world of pomp and state,  
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

*Francis Beaumont* [1584-1616]

#### EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse  
 Lies the subject of all verse:  
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:  
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,  
 Fair, and learned, and good as she,  
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Marble piles let no man raise  
 To her name: in after days,  
 Some kind woman born as she,  
 Reading this, like Niobe  
 Shall turn marble, and become  
 Both her mourner and her tomb.

*William Browne* [1591-1643?]

#### AN EPITAPH INTENDED FOR HIMSELF

LIKE thee I once have stemmed the sea of life,  
 Like thee have languished after empty joys,  
 Like thee have labored in the stormy strife,  
 Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

Forget my frailties; thou art also frail:  
 Forgive my lapses; for thyself may'st fall:  
 Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale—  
 I was a friend, O man, to thee, to all.

*James Beattie* [1735-1803]

## LYCIDAS

A LAMENT FOR A FRIEND DROWNED IN HIS PASSAGE  
FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH SEAS, 1637

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not float upon his watery bier  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favor *my* destined Urn,  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.  
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;  
Together both, ere the high Lawns appeared  
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the Star that rose, at Evening, bright  
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
Meanwhile the Rural ditties were not mute,  
Tempered to the Oaten Flute;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel,

From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
Thee, Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,  
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes mourn.

The Willows, and the Hazel Copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen,  
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft lays.  
As killing as the Canker to the Rose,  
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,  
Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
When first the White-thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
Aye me, I fondly dream!  
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?  
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son  
Whom Universal nature did lament,  
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care  
To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,  
Were it not better done, as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,  
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;  
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistening foil  
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
But now my Oat proceeds,  
And listens to the Herald of the Sea  
That came in Neptune's plea.  
He asked the Waves, and asked the Felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?  
And questioned every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beakèd Promontory.  
They knew not of his story,  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,  
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.  
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,  
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.  
"Ah, who hath reft," (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"  
Last come, and last did go,  
The Pilot of the Galilean Lake.  
Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,  
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain).  
He shook his Mitered locks, and stern bespake,  
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,



Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
Of other care they little reckoning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.  
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A Sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least  
That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!  
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,  
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:  
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.  
But that two-handed engine at the door,  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,  
That shrunk thy streams; return Sicilian Muse,  
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their Bells, and Flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,  
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,  
The white Pink, and the Pansy freckled with jet,  
The glowing Violet,  
The Musk-rose, and the well-attired Woodbine,  
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the Laureate Hearse where Lycid lies.  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas

Wash far away, where e'er thy bones are hurled,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore,  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With Nectar pure his oozy Locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,  
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the Shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to the Oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,  
He touched the tender stops of various Quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
And now the Sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the Western bay;  
At last he rose, and twitched his Mantle blue:  
To-morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

*John Milton* [1608-1674]

TO THE PIOUS MEMORY OF THE ACCOMPLISHED  
YOUNG LADY, MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW, EX-  
CELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF  
POESIE AND PAINTING

THOU youngest Virgin-Daughter of the skies,  
Made in the last promotion of the blest;  
Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,  
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,  
Rich with immortal green above the rest:  
Whether, adopted to some neighboring star,  
Thou roll'st above us in thy wandering race,  
Or, in procession fixed and regular,  
Moved with the heavens' majestic pace;  
Or, called to more superior bliss,  
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:  
Whatever happy region is thy place,  
Cease thy celestial song a little space;  
(Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,  
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.)  
Hear then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse  
In no ignoble verse;  
But such as thy own voice did practice here,  
When thy first fruits of poesie were given,  
To make thyself a welcome inmate there;  
While yet a young probationer,  
And candidate of Heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,  
Our wonder is the less to find  
A soul so charming from a stock so good;  
Thy father was transfused into thy blood:  
So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,  
(An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.)  
But if thy pre-existing soul  
Was formed, at first, with myriads more,  
It did through all the mighty poets roll

## To the Memory of Mrs. Killigrew 3525

Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,  
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.  
If so, then cease thy flight, O Heaven-born mind!  
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:  
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find  
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:  
Return, to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

May we presume to say, that at thy birth  
New joy was sprung in Heaven as well as here on earth?  
For sure the milder planets did combine  
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,  
And even the most malicious were in trine.  
Thy brother-angels at thy birth  
Strung each his lyre, and tuned it high,  
That all the people of the sky  
Might know a poetess was born on earth.  
And then if ever, mortal ears  
Had heard the music of the spheres!  
And if no clustering swarm of bees  
On thy sweet mouth distilled their golden dew,  
'Twas that, such vulgar miracles  
Heaven had not leisure to renew:  
For all the blest fraternity of love  
Solemnized there thy birth, and kept thy holyday above

### IV

O gracious God! How far have we  
Profaned thy Heavenly gift of poesy!  
Made prostitute and profligate the muse,  
Debased to each obscene and impious use,  
Whose harmony was first ordained above,  
For tongues of angels and for hymns of love!  
Oh wretched we! why were we hurried down  
This lubrique and adulterate age,  
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)  
To increase the steaming ordures of the stage?  
What can we say to excuse our second fall?  
Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all:

Her Arethusian stream remains unsoiled,  
Unmixed with foreign filth and undefiled,  
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

## . V

Art she had none, yet wanted none,  
For nature did that want supply:  
So rich in treasures of her own,  
She might our boasted stores defy:  
Such noble vigor did her verse adorn,  
That it seemed borrowed, where 'twas only born.  
Her morals too were in her bosom bred  
By great examples daily fed,  
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.  
And to be read her self she need not fear;  
Each test, and every light, her muse will bear,  
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.  
Even love (for love sometimes her muse expressed),  
Was but a lambent-flame which played about her breast:  
Light as the vapors of a morning dream,  
So cold herself, whilst she such warmth expressed,  
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

## VI

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,  
One would have thought, she should have been content  
To manage well that mighty government;  
But what can young ambitious souls confine?  
To the next realm she stretched her sway,  
For painting near adjoining lay,  
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.  
A chamber of dependences was framed,  
(As conquerors will never want pretence,  
When armed, to justify the offence),  
And the whole fief, in right of poetry she claimed.  
The country open lay without defence;  
For poets frequent inroads there had made,  
And perfectly could represent  
The shape, the face, with every lincament;

And all the large domains which the dumb-sister swayed;  
 All bowed beneath her government,  
 Received in triumph wheresoe'er she went.  
 Her pencil drew whate'er her soul designed  
 And oft the happy draught surpassed the image in her mind.  
 The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks  
 And fruitful plains and barren rocks,  
 Of shallow brooks that flowed so clear,  
 The bottom did the top appear;  
 Of deeper too and ampler floods  
 Which as in mirrors, showed the woods;  
 Of lofty trees, with sacred shades  
 And perspectives of pleasant glades,  
 Where nymphs of brightest form appear,  
 And shaggy satyrs standing near,  
 Which them at once admire and fear.  
 The ruins too of some majestic piece,  
 Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,  
 Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,  
 And, though defaced, the wonder of the eye;  
 What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,  
 Her forming hand gave feature to the name.  
 So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,  
 But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII

The scene then changed; with bold erected look  
 Our martial King the sight with reverence strook:  
 For, not content to express his outward part,  
 Her hand called out the image of his heart,  
 His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,  
 His high-designing thoughts were figured there,  
 As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.  
 Our phoenix Queen was portrayed too so bright,  
 Beauty alone could beauty take so right:  
 Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,  
 Were all observed, as well as heavenly face.  
 With such a peerless majesty she stands,  
 As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands:

Before a train of heroines was seen,  
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the Queen!  
Thus nothing to her genius was denied,  
But like a ball of fire, the farther thrown,  
Still with a greater blaze she shone,  
And her bright soul broke out on every side.  
What next she had designed, Heaven only knows:  
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose  
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

## VIII

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,  
The well-proportioned shape and beauteous face,  
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;  
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies!  
Not wit nor piety could Fate prevent;  
Nor was the cruel destiny content  
To finish all the murder at a blow,  
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;  
But, like a hardened felon, took a pride  
To work more mischievously slow,  
And plundered first, and then destroyed.  
O double sacrilege on things divine,  
To rob the relique, and deface the shrine!  
But thus Orinda died:  
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate,  
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

## IX

Mean time, her warlike brother on the seas  
His waving streamers to the winds displays,  
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.  
Ah, generous youth! that wish forbear,  
The winds too soon will waft thee here!  
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,  
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wrecked at home!  
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,  
Thou hast already had her last embrace.  
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far,

Among the Pleiades, a new-kindled star,  
 If any sparkles, than the rest, more bright,  
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

## X

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,  
 To raise the nations under ground;  
 When in the valley of Jehosaphat  
 The judging God shall close the book of Fate;  
 And there the last assizes keep  
 For those who wake and those who sleep;  
 When rattling bones together fly  
 From the four corners of the sky,  
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,  
 Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead;  
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,  
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound:  
 For they are covered with the lightest ground;  
 And straight, with in-born vigor, on the wing,  
 Like mounting larks to the New Morning sing.  
 There thou, sweet Saint, before the choir shalt go,  
 As harbinger of Heaven, the way to show,  
 The way which thou so well hast learned below.

*John Dryden* [1631-1700]

## HERACLITUS

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,  
 They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed  
 I wept as I remembered how often you and I  
 Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest  
 A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,  
 Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;  
 For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

*After Callimachus by William Johnson-Cory* [1823-1892]



## ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

WHAT beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade  
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?  
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?  
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?  
O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,  
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well,  
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,  
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?  
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,  
For those who greatly think or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire  
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?  
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,  
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;  
Thence to their images on earth it flows,  
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.  
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:  
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,  
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;  
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,  
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die),  
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.  
As into air the purer spirits flow,  
And separate from their kindred dregs below,  
So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good!  
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!  
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death.  
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,  
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,  
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.  
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say  
(While the long funerals blacken all the way),  
"Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steeled,  
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield."  
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!  
So perish all whose breast ne'er learned to glow  
For others' good, or melt at others' woe!

What can atone (O ever-injured shade!)  
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?  
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.  
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,  
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned!  
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,  
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances, and the public show?  
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,  
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?  
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,  
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?  
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,  
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,  
There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,  
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.  
How loved, how honored once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,  
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.

Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays  
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;  
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart:  
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
 The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

*Alexander Pope* [1688-1744]

### ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

## Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard 3533

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault  
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,  
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply:  
And many a holy text around she strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,  
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,  
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;  
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn:"

#### THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth  
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown.  
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:  
 He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,  
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

Thomas Gray [1716-1771]

### THE SETTLERS

How green the earth, how blue the sky,  
 How pleasant all the days that pass,  
 Here where the British settlers lie  
 Beneath their cloaks of grass!

Here ancient peace resumes her round,  
 And rich from toil stand hill and plain;  
 Men reap and store; but they sleep sound,  
 The men who sowed the grain.

Hard to the plough their hands they put,  
 And wheresoe'er the soil had need  
 The furrow drave, and underfoot  
 They sowed themselves for seed.

Ah! not like him whose hand made yield  
 The brazen kine with fiery breath,  
 And over all the Colchian field  
 Strewed far the seeds of death;

Till, as day sank, awoke to war  
 The seedlings of the dragon's teeth,  
 And death ran multiplied once more  
 Across the hideous heath.

But rich in flocks be all these farms,  
 And fruitful be the fields which hide  
 Brave eyes that loved the light, and arms  
 That never clasped a bride!

“He Bringeth Them to Their Haven” 3537

O willing hearts turned quick to clay,  
Glad lovers holding death in scorn,  
Out of the lives ye cast away  
The coming race is born.

*Laurence Housman [1867-*

“HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THEIR DESIRED  
HAVEN”

I KNEW a much-loved mariner,  
Who lies a fathom underground;  
Above him now the grasses stir,  
Two rose-trees set a bound.

From a high hill his grave looks out  
Through sighing larches to the sea;  
Now for the ocean's raucous rout  
All June the humblebee

Drones round him on the lonely steeps,  
And shy wood-creatures come and go  
Above the green mound where he keeps  
His silent watch below.

An elemental man was he—  
Loved God, his wife, his children dear,  
And fared through dangers of the sea  
Without a sense of fear.

And, loving nature, he was wise  
In all the moods of wave and cloud;  
Before the pageant of the skies  
Nightly his spirit bowed;

Yet reckoned shrewdly with the gale,  
And felt the viking's fierce delight  
To face the north wind's icy hail,  
Unmoved to thought of flight.

But wheresoe'er his prow was turned,  
His thoughts, like homing pigeons, came  
Back where his casement candle burned  
Through many a league its flame.



Exiled from all he loved, at last  
The summer gale has brought him home,  
Where on the hillsides thickly massed  
The elders break in foam.

The lonely highways that he knew  
No longer hold him, nor the gale,  
Sweeping the desolated blue,  
Roars in his slanting sail.

For he has grown a part of all  
The winter silence of the hills;  
For him the stately twilights fall,  
The hemlock softly shrills

In mimicry of gales that woke  
His vigilance off many a shore  
Whereon the vibrant billows broke.  
Now he awakes no more.

He wakes no more! Ah, me! his grief  
Was ever that the sea had power  
To hold from him the budding leaf,  
The opening of the flower.

And so he hungered for the spring—  
The hissing, furrow-turning plow,  
The first thin notes the bluebirds sing,  
The reddening of the bough.

Wave-deafened, many a night he stood  
Upon his watery deck, and dreamed  
Of thrushes singing in the wood,  
And murmurous brooks that streamed

Through silver shallows, and of bees  
Lulling the summer afternoon  
With mellow trumpetings of ease,  
Of drowsiness the boon.

And dreamed of growing old at home,  
The wise Ulysses of his crew

Of children's children, who would roam  
With him the lands he knew;

And, wide-eyed, face with him the gale,  
And hear the slanting billows roar  
Their diapason round his rail—  
All safe beside his door.

Now he has come into his own,—  
Sunshine and bird-song round the spot,  
And scents from spicy woodlands blown,—  
Yet haply knows it not.

But round the grave where he doth keep,  
Unsolaced by regret or woe,  
His narrowed heritage in sleep,  
The little children go.

They shyly go without a sound,  
And read in reverent awe his name,  
Until for them the very ground  
Doth blossom with his fame.

*L. Frank Tooker [1855-1925]*

### IN THE LILAC-RAIN

ALL in the lilac-rain,  
Tender and sweet,  
Brushing the window-pane  
Sudden—and fleet!  
Came the dear wraith of her  
Out of lost Mays—  
(Ah, but the faith of her,  
True to old ways!)

Scarcely her face I knew  
Dim in the wet;  
Only her eyes of blue  
Who could forget!  
Hands full of lilacs too—  
Lilac crowned, yet!

These were the flowers she loved  
In the far years;  
These were the showers she loved—  
Light as her tears!  
These were the hours she loved—  
Hope chasing fears!

Veiled in the lilac-rain  
Comes she—and goes. . . .  
Sun through the clouds again,  
Fresh the wind blows.  
Mine, a swift pleasure-pain  
None other knows.

*Edith M. Thomas [1854-1925]*

#### A DEAD MARCH

PLAY me a march, low-toned and slow—a march for a silent  
tread,  
Fit for the wandering feet of one who dreams of the silent  
dead,  
Lonely, between the bones below and the souls that are over-  
head.

Here for a while they smiled and sang, alive in the interspace,  
Here with the grass beneath the foot, and the stars above  
the face,  
Now are their feet beneath the grass, and whither has flown  
their grace?

Who shall assure us whence they come, or tell us the way  
they go?  
Verily, life with them was joy, and, now they have left us,  
woe.  
Once they were not, and now they are not, and this is the  
sum we know.

Orderly range the seasons due, and orderly roll the stars.  
How shall we deem the soldier brave who frets of his wounds  
and scars?  
Are we as senseless brutes that we should dash at the well-  
seen bars?

No, we are here, with feet unfixed, but ever as if with lead,  
Drawn from the orbs which shine above to the orb on which  
we tread,  
Down to the dust from which we came and with which we  
shall mingle dead.

No, we are here to wait, and work, and strain our banished  
eyes,  
Weary and sick of soil and toil, and hungry and fain for  
skies,  
Far from the reach of wingless men, and not to be scaled  
with cries.

No, we are here to bend our necks to the yoke of tyrant  
Time,  
Welcoming all the gifts he gives us—glories of youth and  
prime,  
Patiently watching them all depart as our heads grow white  
as rime.

Why do we mourn the days that go—for the same sun shines  
each day,  
Ever a spring her primrose hath, and ever a May her may;  
Sweet as the rose that died last year is the rose that is born  
to-day.

Do we not too return, we men, as ever the round earth  
whirls?  
Never a head is dimmed with gray but another is sunned with  
curls;  
She was a girl and he was a boy, but yet there are boys and  
girls.

Ah, but alas for the smile of smiles that never but one face  
wore;  
Ah, for the voice that has flown away like a bird to an un-  
seen shore;  
Ah, for the face—the flower of flowers—that blossoms on  
earth no more.

## TOMMY'S DEAD

You may give over plow, boys,  
You may take the gear to the stead,  
All the sweat o' your brow, boys,  
Will never get beer and bread.  
The seed's waste, I know, boys,  
There's not a blade will grow, boys,  
'Tis cropped out, I trow, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Send the colt to fair, boys,  
He's going blind, as I said,  
My old eyes can't bear, boys,  
To see him in the shed;  
The cow's dry and spare, boys,  
She's neither here nor there, boys,  
I doubt she's badly bred;  
Stop the mill to-morn, boys,  
There'll be no more corn, boys,  
Neither white nor red;  
There's no sign of grass, boys,  
You may sell the goat and the ass, boys,  
The land's not what it was, boys,  
And the beasts must be fed:  
You may turn Peg away, boys,  
You may pay off old Ned,  
We've had a dull day, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

Move my chair on the floor, boys,  
Let me turn my head:  
She's standing there in the door, boys,  
Your sister Winifred!  
Take her away from me, boys,  
Your sister Winifred!  
Move me round in my place, boys,  
Let me turn my head,

Take her away from me, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed,  
The bones of her thin face, boys,  
As she lay on her death-bed!  
I don't know how it be, boys,  
When all's done and said,  
But I see her looking at me, boys,  
Wherever I turn my head;  
Out of the big oak-tree, boys,  
Out of the garden-bed,  
And the lily as pale as she, boys,  
And the rose that used to be red.

There's something not right, boys,  
But I think it's not in my head,  
I've kept my precious sight, boys—  
The Lord be hallowèd!  
Outside and in  
The ground is cold to my tread,  
The hills are wizen and thin,  
The sky is shriveled and shred,  
The hedges down by the loan  
I can count them bone by bone,  
The leaves are open and spread,  
But I see the teeth of the land,  
And hands like a dead man's hand,  
And the eyes of a dead man's head.  
There's nothing but cinders and sand,  
The rat and the mouse have fed,  
And the summer's empty and cold;  
Over valley and wold  
Wherever I turn my head  
There's a mildew and a mold,  
The sun's going out overhead,  
And I'm very old,  
And Tommy's dead.

What am I staying for, boys?  
You're all born and bred,  
'Tis fifty years and more, boys,  
Since wife and I were wed,

## "They Are All Gone"

And she's gone before, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

She was always sweet, boys,  
Upon his curly head,  
She knew she'd never see't, boys,  
And she stole off to bed;  
I've been sitting up alone, boys,  
For he'd come home, he said,  
But it's time I was gone, boys,  
For Tommy's dead.

Put the shutters up, boys,  
Bring out the beer and bread,  
Make haste and sup, boys,  
For my eyes are heavy as lead;  
There's something wrong i' the cup, boys,  
There's something ill wi' the bread,  
I don't care to sup, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not right, I doubt, boys,  
I've such a sleepy head,  
I shall never more be stout, boys,  
You may carry me to bed.  
What are you about, boys?  
The prayers are all said,  
The fire's raked out, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

The stairs are too steep, boys,  
You may carry me to the head,  
The night's dark and deep, boys,  
Your mother's long in bed,  
'Tis time to go to sleep, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

I'm not used to kiss, boys,  
You may shake my hand instead.  
All things go amiss, boys,  
You may lay me where she is, boys,

And I'll rest my old head:  
'Tis a poor world, this, boys,  
And Tommy's dead.

*Sydney Dobell* [1824-1874]

## IN MEMORIAM

'Tis right for her to sleep between  
Some of those old Cathedral walls,  
And right too that her grave is green  
With all the dew and rain that falls.

'Tis well the organ's solemn sighs  
Should soar and sink around her rest,  
And almost in her ear should rise  
The prayers of those she loved the best.

'Tis also well this air is stirred  
By Nature's voices loud and low,  
By thunder and the chirping bird,  
And grasses whispering as they grow.

For all her spirit's earthly course  
Was as a lesson and a sign  
How to o'errule the hard divorce  
That parts things natural and divine.

Undaunted by the clouds of fear,  
Undazzled by a happy day,  
She made a Heaven about her here,  
And took how much! with her away.

*Richard Monckton Milnes* [1809-1885]

## HER EPITAPH

THE handful here, that once was Mary's earth,  
Held, while it breathed, so beautiful a soul,  
That, when she died, all recognized her birth,  
And had their sorrow in serene control.



"Not here! not here!" to every mourner's heart  
 The wintry wind seemed whispering round her bier;  
 And when the tomb-door opened, with a start  
 We heard it echoed from within,—*"Not here!"*

Shouldst thou, sad pilgrim, who mayst hither pass,  
 Note in these flowers a delicater hue,  
 Should spring come earlier to this hallowed grass,  
 Or the bee later linger on the dew,—

Know that her spirit to her body lent  
 Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can;  
 That even her dust, and this her monument,  
 Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man,—

Lonely through life, but looking for the day  
 When what is mortal of himself shall sleep,  
 When human passion shall have passed away,  
 And Love no longer be a thing to weep.

*Thomas William Parsons* [1819-1892]

### THE DEATH-BED

WE watched her breathing through the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
 So slowly moved about,  
 As we had lent her half our powers  
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied—  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,  
 And chill with early showers,  
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
 Another morn than ours.

*Thomas Hood* [1799-1845]

## HESTER

WHEN maidens such as Hester die,  
Their place ye may not well supply,  
Though ye among a thousand try,  
    With vain endeavor.  
A month or more hath she been dead,  
Yet cannot I by force be led  
To think upon the wormy bed,  
    And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,  
A rising step, did indicate  
Of pride and joy no common rate,  
    That flushed her spirit:  
I know not by what name beside  
I shall it call;—if 'twas not pride,  
It was a joy to that allied,  
    She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,  
Which doth the human feeling cool;  
But she was trained in Nature's school,  
    Nature had blessed her.  
A waking eye, a prying mind,  
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;  
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,—  
    Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbor, gone before  
To that unknown and silent shore,  
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,  
    Some summer morning,  
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray  
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,—  
A bliss that would not go away,—  
    A sweet forewarning?

*Charles Lamb* [1775-1834]

## "SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH"

SOFTLY woo away her breath,  
Gentle Death!  
Let her leave thee with no strife,  
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!  
She hath seen her happy day:—  
She hath had her bud and blossom:  
Now she pales and shrinks away,  
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!  
  
She hath done her bidding here,  
Angels dear!  
Bear her perfect soul above,  
Seraph of the skies,—sweet Love!  
Good she was, and fair in youth,  
And her mind was seen to soar,  
And her heart was wed to truth:  
Take her, then, for evermore,—  
For ever—evermore.

*Bryan Waller Procter* [1787–1874]

## A DEATH-BED

HER suffering ended with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away  
In statue-like repose.  
  
But when the sun in all his state  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's morning gate  
And walked in Paradise.

*James Aldrich* [1810–1856]

## "SHE DIED IN BEAUTY"

SHE died in beauty,—like a rose  
Blown from its parent stem;  
She died in beauty,—like a pearl  
Dropped from some diadem.

She died in beauty,—like a lay  
Along a moonlit lake;  
She died in beauty,—like the song  
Of birds amid the brake.

She died in beauty,—like the snow  
On flowers dissolved away;  
She died in beauty,—like a star  
Lost on the brow of day.

She lives in glory,—like night's gems  
Set round the silver moon;  
She lives in glory,—like the sun  
Amid the blue of June.

*Charles Doyne Sillery [1807-1837]*

### THE WHITE JESSAMINE

I KNEW she lay above me,  
Where the casement all the night  
Shone, softened with a phosphor glow  
Of sympathetic light,  
And that her fledgling spirit pure  
Was pluming fast for flight.

Each tendril throbb'd and quicken'd  
As I nightly climbed apace,  
And could scarce restrain the blossoms  
When, anear the destined place,  
Her gentle whisper thrilled me  
Ere I gazed upon her face.

I waited, darkling, till the dawn  
Should touch me into bloom,  
While all my being panted  
To outpour its first perfume,  
When, lo! a paler flower than mine  
Had blossomed in the gloom!

*John Banister Tabb [1845-1909]*

## EARLY DEATH

SHE passed away like morning dew  
Before the sun was high;  
So brief her time, she scarcely knew  
The meaning of a sigh.

As round the rose its soft perfume,  
Sweet love around her floated;  
Admired she grew—while mortal doom  
Crept on, unfeared, unnoted.

Love was her guardian Angel here,  
But Love to Death resigned her;  
Though Love was kind, why should we fear  
But holy Death is kinder?

*Hartley Coleridge* [1796-1849]

## THE MOSS-ROSE

WALKING to-day in your garden, O gracious lady,  
Little you thought, as you turned in that alley remote and  
shady  
And gave me a rose, and asked if I knew its savor—  
The old-world scent of the moss-rose, flower of a bygone  
favor—

Little you thought, as you waited the word of appraisement,  
Laughing at first, and then amazed at my amazement,  
That the rose you gave was a gift already cherished,  
And the garden whence you plucked it a garden long  
perished.

But I—I saw that garden, with its one treasure  
The tiny moss-rose, tiny even by childhood's measure.  
And the long morning shadow of the rusty laurel,  
And a boy and a girl beneath it, flushed with a childish  
quarrel.

She wept for her one little bud; but he, outreaching  
The hand of brotherly right, would take it for all her be-  
seeching;

And she flung her arms about him, and gave like a sister,  
And laughed at her own tears, and wept again when he  
kissed her.

So the rose is mine since, and whenever I find it  
And drink again the sharp sweet scent of the moss behind it,  
I remember the tears of a child, and her love and her laugh-  
ter,  
And the morning shadows of youth, and the night that fell  
thereafter.

*Henry Newbolt* [1862-1938]

### A REQUIEM

THOU hast lived in pain and woe,  
Thou hast lived in grief and fear;  
Now thine heart can dread no blow,  
Now thine eyes can shed no tear:  
    Storms round us shall beat and rave;  
    Thou art sheltered in the grave.

Thou for long, long years hast borne,  
Bleeding through Life's wilderness,  
Heavy loss and wounding scorn;  
Now thine heart is burdenless:  
    Vainly rest for ours we crave;  
    Thine is quiet in the grave.

We must toil with pain and care,  
We must front tremendous Fate,  
We must fight with dark Despair:  
Thou dost dwell in solemn state,  
    Couched triumphant, calm and brave,  
    In the ever-holy grave.

*James Thomson* [1834-1882]

### DIRGE

CALM on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit, rest thee now!  
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!  
Soul, to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,  
Whence thy meek smile is gone;  
But oh! a brighter home than ours  
In heaven, is now thine own.

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans* [1793-1835]

#### THE LAMP OF POOR SOULS

ABOVE my head the shields are stained with rust,  
The wind has taken his spoil, the moth his part;  
Dust of dead men beneath my knees, and dust,  
Lord, in my heart.

Lay Thou the hand of faith upon my fears;  
The priest has prayed, the silver bell has rung,  
But not for him. O unforgotten tears,  
He was so young!

Shine, little lamp, nor let thy light grow dim.  
Into what vast, dread dreams, what lonely lands,  
Into what griefs hath death delivered him,  
Far from my hands?

Cradled is he, with half his prayers forgot.  
I cannot learn the level way he goes.  
He whom the harvest hath remembered not  
Sleeps with the rose.

Shine, little lamp, fed with sweet oil of prayers.  
Shine, little lamp, as God's own eyes may shine,  
When He treads softly down His starry stairs  
And whispers, "Thou art Mine."

Shine, little lamp, for love hath fed thy gleam.  
Sleep, little soul, by God's own hands set free.  
Cling to His arms and sleep, and sleeping, dream,  
And dreaming, look for me.

*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall* [1883-1922]

## SENTENCE

SHALL I say that what heaven gave  
Earth has taken?—  
Or that sleepers in the grave  
Reawaken?

One sole sentence can I know,  
Can I say:  
You, my comrade, had to go,  
I to stay.

*Witter Bynner* [1881—

## RESURRECTION

I HOPE there is a resurrection day  
For bodies, as the ancient prophets say,  
When Helen's naked limbs again will gleam  
Regathered from the dust of death's long dream,—  
When those who thrilled the ages, being fair,  
Will take the singing angels unaware  
And make God's perfect meadows doubly sweet  
With rosy vagrancy of little feet.

*Harry Kemp* [1883—

## THE SLEEPER

ABOVE the cloistral valley,  
Above the druid rill,  
There lies a quiet sleeper  
Upon a lonely hill.

All the long days of summer  
The low winds whisper by,  
And the soft voices of the leaves  
Make murmurous reply.

All the long eves of autumn  
The loving shadows mass  
Round this sequestered slumbering-place  
Beneath the cool hill grass.



# “ They Are All Gone ”

All the long nights of winter  
 The white drifts heap and heap  
 To form a fleecy coverlet  
 Above the dreamer's sleep.

All the long morns of springtime  
 The tear-drops of the dew  
 Gleam in the violets' tender eyes  
 As if the blossoms knew.

Ah, who would break the rapture  
 Brooding and sweet and still,  
 The great peace of the sleeper  
 Upon the lonely hill!

*Clinton Scollard* [1860-1932]

## THE WIDOW'S MITE

A widow—she had only one!  
 A puny and decrepit son;  
 But, day and night,  
 Though fretful oft, and weak and small,  
 A loving child, he was her all—  
 The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite! ay, so sustained,  
 She battled onward, nor complained,  
 Though friends were fewer:  
 And while she toiled for daily fare,  
 A little crutch upon the stair  
 Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see  
 That, though resigned and cheerful, she  
 Has sorrowed much:  
 She has, He gave it tenderly,  
 Much faith; and, carefully laid by,  
 A little crutch.

*Frederick Locker-Lampson* [1821-1895]

## MOTHER AND POET

TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861

DEAD! One of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.  
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at *me* !

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;  
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,  
—The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
For ever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!  
What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast  
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?  
Ah boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,  
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman! To hold on her knees  
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat  
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees  
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat;  
To dream and to dote.

To teach them. . . It stings there ! *I* made them indeed  
Speak plain the word "country." *I* taught them, no  
doubt,  
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.  
*I* prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes! . . .  
*I* exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise  
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one  
kneels!  
God! how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moiled  
 With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory, and how  
 They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,  
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
 With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"  
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street,  
 With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.  
 My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,  
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime  
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time  
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained  
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,  
 Writ now but in one hand, "I was not to faint,—  
 One loved me for two . . . would be with me erelong:  
 And *Viva l'Italia!*—he died for, our saint,  
 Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add, "he was safe, and aware  
 Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was impressed  
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,  
 And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,  
 To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line  
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—*Shot.*  
*Tell his mother.* Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother;—not  
 "mine,"

No voice says "*My mother*" again to me. What!  
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,  
 They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?  
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven  
 Through THAT Love and Sorrow which reconciled so  
 The Above and Below.

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through the dark  
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,  
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,  
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,  
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all  
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.  
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;  
And when Italy's made, for what end is it done  
If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?  
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport  
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?  
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort  
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,  
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green and  
red,  
When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,  
(And *I* have my Dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,  
And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is *there*,  
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:  
My Italy's *THERE*, with my brave civic Pair,  
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,  
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;  
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length  
Into wail such as this—and we sit on forlorn  
When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.  
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast  
You want a great song for your Italy free,  
Let none look at *me*!

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning* [1806–1861]

## A MOTHER IN EGYPT

“About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: and all the first-born in the land of Egypt shall die, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the first-born of the maid-servant that is behind the mill.”

Is the noise of grief in the palace over the river  
For this silent one at my side?  
There came a hush in the night, and he rose with his hands  
a-quiver

Like lotus petals adrift on the swing of the tide.  
O small cold hands, the day groweth old for sleeping!  
O small still feet, rise up, for the hour is late!  
Rise up, my son, for I hear them mourning and weeping  
In the temple down by the gate!

Hushed is the face that was wont to brighten with laughter  
When I sang at the mill;  
And silence unbroken shall greet the sorrowful dawns here-  
after,—

The house shall be still.  
Voice after voice takes up the burden of wailing—  
Do you heed, do you hear?—in the high priest's house by the  
wall.

But mine is the grief, and their sorrow is all unavailing.  
Will he wake at their call?

Something I saw of the broad dim wings half folding  
The passionless brow.  
Something I saw of the sword that the shadowy hands were  
holding,—

What matters it now?  
I held you close, dear face, as I knelt and harkened  
To the wind that cried last night like a soul in sin,  
When the broad bright stars dropped down and the soft sky  
darkened  
And the Presence moved therein.

I have heard men speak in the market-place of the city,  
Low-voiced, in a breath,  
Of a God who is stronger than ours, and who knows not  
changing nor pity,  
Whose anger is death.

Nothing I know of the lords of the outland races,  
But Amun is gentle and Hathor the mother is mild,  
And who would descend from the light of the Peaceful Places  
To war on a child?

Yet here he lies, with a scarlet pomegranate petal  
Blown down on his cheek.  
The slow sun sinks to the sand like a shield of some burnished  
metal,  
But he does not speak.  
I have called, I have sung, but he neither will hear nor waken;  
So lightly, so whitely, he lies in the curve of my arm,  
Like a feather let fall from the bird that the arrow hath  
taken,—  
Who could see him, and harm?

“The swallow flies home to her sleep in the eaves of the altar,  
And the crane to her nest.”—  
So do we sing o’er the mill, and why, ah, why should I falter,  
Since he goes to his rest?  
Does he play in their flowers as he played among these with  
his mother?  
Do the gods smile downward and love him and give him  
their care?  
Guard him well, O ye gods, till I come; lest the wrath of that  
Other  
Should reach to him there.

*Marjorie L. C. Pickthail* [1883-1922]

### THE DARK ROAD

THERE is no light in any path of Heaven,  
Every star is folded in dark sleep;  
The clouds hang heavily, the moon is hidden,  
How will she know the road her soul must keep?

She did not ask for heavenly palaces,  
A little human home was her desire;  
The intimate, close touch of human hands—  
To love and watch beside a human fire.

As tears will be remembrance in her heart  
 If she recall her lamp's familiar light,  
 And as a sword vain pity in her heart  
 If she should hear her children's cry to-night.

Ah Mary, Mother, stand by Heaven's gate  
 And watch the road for one who comes to find  
 In loneliness and fear what Heaven holds  
 To comfort her who leaves the earth behind.

*Ethel Clifford* [18 -

### OUT OF HEARING

No need to hush the children for her sake,  
 Or fear their play:  
 She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.  
 'Tis the long sleep, the deep long sleep she'll take,  
 Betide what may.

No need to hush the children for her sake;  
 Even if their glee could yet again outbreak  
 So loud and gay,

She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.  
 But sorrow a thought have they of merry-make

This many a day:

No need to hush the children. For her sake  
 So still they bide and sad, her heart would ache  
 At their dismay.

She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake  
 To bid them laugh, and if some angel spake

Small heed they'd pay.

No need to hush the children for her sake:  
 She will not wake, mavrone, she will not wake.

*Jane Barlow* [18 -1917]

### "JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO"

"JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,"  
 How cold you are, and still;  
 You hear me not, nor see me,  
 Ah, no, and never will.

## The Graves of a Household 3561

Your hands are resting now, John;  
The heart that loved me so  
Against my breast shall beat no more,  
"John Anderson, my jo."

"John Anderson, my jo, John,"  
I'll tarry but a while;  
I've still some work to do, John,  
To go a weary mile;  
And then I'll take your path, John,  
And win you soon, I know,  
For you will wait for your old wife,  
"John Anderson, my jo."

*Charles G. Blanden* [1857-

### THE SPRING OF THE YEAR

GONE were but the winter cold,  
And gone were but the snow,  
I could sleep in the wild woods  
Where primroses blow.

Cold's the snow at my head,  
And cold at my feet;  
And the finger of death's at my e'en,  
Closing them to sleep.

Let none tell my father  
Or my mother so dear,—  
I'll meet them both in heaven  
At the spring of the year.

*Allan Cunningham* [1784-1842

### THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,  
They filled one home with glee;  
Their graves are severed far and wide  
By mount, and stream, and sea.



# “They Are All Gone”

The same fond mother bent at night  
 O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
 She had each folded flower in sight—  
 Where are those dreamers now?

One 'mid the forests of the West,  
 By a dark stream is laid;  
 The Indian knows his place of rest,  
 Far in the cedar shade.  
 The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
 He lies where pearls lie deep;  
 He was the loved of all, yet none  
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed  
 Above the noble slain;  
 He wrapped his colors round his breast  
 On a blood-red field of Spain.  
 And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
 She faded 'mid Italian flowers,  
 The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest who played  
 Beneath the same green tree,  
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
 Around one parent-knee!  
 They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheered with song the hearth;  
 Alas for love, if thou wert all,  
 And naught beyond, O Earth!

*Felicia Dorothea Hemans* [1793-1835]

## THE FAMILY MEETING

WE are all here,  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 All who hold each other dear.  
 Each chair is filled, we are all at home!  
 To-night let no cold stranger come:

It is not often thus around  
 Our old familiar hearth we're found.  
 Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,  
 For once be every care forgot;  
 Let gentle peace assert her power,  
 And kind affection rule the hour.

We're all—all here.

We're not all here!  
 Some are away,—the dead ones dear,  
 Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,  
 And gave the hour to guileless mirth.  
 Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,  
 Looked in and thinned our little band;  
 Some like a night-flash passed away,  
 And some sank lingering day by day;  
 The quiet grave-yard—some lie there,—  
 And cruel ocean has his share.

We're not all here!

We are all here.  
 Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,  
 Fond memory, to her duty true,  
 Brings back their faded forms to view.  
 How life-like, through the mist of years,  
 Each well-remembered face appears!  
 We see them, as in times long past;  
 From each to each kind looks are cast;  
 We hear their words, their smiles behold,  
 They're 'round us as they were of old.

We are all here!

We are all here:  
 Father, mother,  
 Sister, brother,  
 You that I love with love so dear.  
 This may not long of us be said;  
 Soon must we join the gathered dead,  
 And by the hearth we now sit 'round  
 Some other circle will be found.

## "They Are All Gone"

Oh, then, that wisdom may we know  
Which yields a life of peace below;  
So, in the world to follow this,  
May each repeat, in words of bliss,  
We're all—all here.

*Charles Sprague [1791-1875]*

## THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

We walked along, while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun;  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,  
"The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,  
With hair of glittering gray;  
As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the steaming rills,  
We traveled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;  
Then, from thy breast what thought,  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply:

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into my mind  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

"And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colors, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

"With rod and line I sued the sport  
Which that sweet season gave,  
And, to the church-yard come, stopped short  
Beside my daughter's grave.

"Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale;  
And then she sang;—she would have been  
A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay;  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e'er had loved before.

"And, turning from her grave, I met,  
Beside the church-yard yew,  
A blooming girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew.

"A basket on her head she bare;  
Her brow was smooth and white:  
To see a child so very fair  
It was a pure delight!

"No fountain from its rocky cave  
E'er tripped with foot so free;  
She seemed as happy as a wave  
That dances on the sea.

"There came from me a sigh of pain  
Which I could ill confine;  
I looked at her, and looked again,  
And did not wish her mine!"

# “They Are All Gone”

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
 Methinks, I see him stand,  
 As at that moment, with a bough  
 Of wilding in his hand.

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

## “SURPRISED BY JOY”

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the Wind—  
 I turned to share the transport—O! with whom  
 But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,  
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?  
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—  
 But how could I forget thee? Through what power,  
 Even for the least division of an hour,  
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
 To my most grievous loss?—That thought's return  
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;  
 That neither present time, nor years unborn  
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

## THE REVEL

### EAST INDIA

WE meet 'neath the sounding rafter,  
 And the walls around are bare;  
 As they shout back our peals of laughter  
 It seems that the dead are there.  
 Then stand to your glasses, steady!  
 We drink in our comrades' eyes:  
 One cup to the dead already—  
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,  
 Not here is the vintage sweet;  
 'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,  
 And dark as the doom we meet.

But stand to your glasses, steady!  
And soon shall our pulses rise:  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking.  
And many a cheek that's sunk;  
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,  
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.  
Then stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis here the revival lies:  
Quaff a cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;  
We thought we were wiser then;  
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,  
Who hope to see them again.  
No! stand to your glasses, steady!  
The thoughtless is here the wise:  
One cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,  
Not a tear for the friends that sink;  
We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,  
As mute as the wine we drink.  
Come, stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis this that the respite buys:  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing.  
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;  
And thus does the warmth of feeling  
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.  
But stand to your glasses, steady!  
For a moment the vapor flies:  
Quaff a cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?  
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,  
 Where the high and haughty yearning  
 Of the soul can sting no more?  
 No, stand to your glasses, steady!  
 The world is a world of lies:  
 A cup to the dead already—  
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,  
 Betrayed by the land we find,  
 When the brightest have gone before us,  
 And the dullest are most behind—  
 Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!  
 'Tis all we have left to prize:  
 One cup to the dead already—  
 Hurrah for the next that dies!  
*Bartholomew Dowling [1823-1863]*

## THE CHOICE

From "The House of Life"

EAT thou and drink; to-morrow thou shalt die.  
 Surely the earth, that's wise being very old,  
 Needs not our help. Then loose me, love, and hold  
 Thy sultry nair up from my face; that I  
 May pour for thee this golden wine, brim-high,  
 Till round the glass thy fingers glow like gold.  
 We'll drown all hours: thy song, while hours are tolled,  
 Shall leap, as fountains veil the changing sky.  
 Now kiss, and think that there are really those,  
 My own high-bosomed beauty, who increase  
 Vain gold, vain lore, and yet might choose our way!  
 Through many years they toil; then on a day  
 They die not,—for their life was death,—but cease;  
 And round their narrow lips the mold falls close.

## II

Watch thou and fear; to-morrow thou shalt die.  
Or art thou sure thou shalt have time for death?  
Is not the day which God's word promiseth  
To come man knows not when? In yonder sky,  
Now while we speak, the sun speeds forth: can I  
Or thou assure him of his goal? God's breath  
Even at this moment haply quickeneth  
The air to a flame; till spirits, always nigh  
Though screened and hid, shall walk the daylight here.  
And dost thou prate of all that man shall do?  
Canst thou, who hast but plagues, presume to be  
Glad in his gladness that comes after thee?  
Will *his* strength slay *thy* worm in Hell? Go to:  
Cover thy countenance, and watch, and fear.

## III

Think thou and act; to-morrow thou shalt die.  
Outstretched in the sun's warmth upon the shore,  
Thou say'st: "Man's measured path is all gone o'er;  
Up all his years, steeply, with strain and sigh,  
Man clomb until he touched the truth; and I,  
Even I, am he whom it was destined for."  
How should this be? Art thou then so much more  
Than they who sowed, that thou shouldst reap thereby?  
Nay, come up hither. From this wave-washed mound  
Unto the furthest flood-brim look with me;  
Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned.  
Miles and miles distant though the last line be,  
And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,—  
Still, leagues beyond those leagues, there is more sea.

*Dante Gabriel Rossetti* [1828-1882]

## READÈN OV A HEAD-STWONE

As I wer readèn ov a stwone  
In Grenley church-yard all alwone,  
A little maïd ran up, wi' pride  
To zee me there, an' pushed a-zide



A bunch o' bennets that did hide  
 A verse her father, as she zaid,  
 Put up above her mother's head,  
 To tell how much he loved her.

The verse wer short, but very good,  
 I stood an' larned en where I stood:—  
 "Mid God, dear Meäry, gi'e me greäce,  
 To vind, lik' thee, a better pleäce,  
 Where I woonce mwore mid zee thy feäce;  
 An' bring thy children up to know  
 His word, that they mid come an' show  
 Thy soul how much I loved thee."

"Where's father, then," I zaid, "my chile?"  
 "Dead too," she answered wi' a smile;  
 "An' I an' brother Jim do bide  
 At Betty White's, o' t'ö'ner side  
 O' road." "Mid He, my chile," I cried,  
 "That's father to the fatherless,  
 Become thy father now, an' bless,  
 An' keep, an' leäd, an' love thee."

Though she've a-lost, I thought, so much,  
 Still He don't let the thoughts o't touch  
 Her litsome heart by day or night;  
 An' zoo, if we could teäke it right,  
 Do show He'll mcäke His burdens light  
 To weaker souls, an' that His smile  
 Is sweet upon a harmless chile,  
 When they be dead that loved it.

*William Barnes* [1801-1886]

## THE TWO MYSTERIES

WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;  
 The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and  
 chill;  
 The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;  
 The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;  
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;  
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us  
go,  
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come  
this day—  
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could  
say.  
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;  
Yet, oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed  
is the thought,  
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you  
naught;  
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—  
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,  
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.  
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;  
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

*Mary Mapes Dodge* [1831-1905]

## FOREVER

THOSE we love truly never die,  
Though year by year the sad memorial wreath,  
A ring and flowers, types of life and death,  
Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves,  
And life all pure is love; and love can reach  
From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach  
Than those by mortals read.

Well blest is he who has a dear one dead:  
 A friend he has whose face will never change—  
 A dear communion that will not grow strange;  
 The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath  
 Will reach our cheek all fresh through weary years.  
 For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears,  
 She's thine unto the end.

Thank God for one dear friend,  
 With face still radiant with the light of truth,  
 Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth,  
 Through twenty years of death.

*John Boyle O'Reilly [1844-1890]*

#### NOW AND AFTERWARDS

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past"—RUSSIAN PROVERB

Two hands upon the breast,  
 And labor's done;  
 Two pale feet crossed in rest,—  
 The race is won;  
 Two eyes with coin-weights shut,  
 And all tears cease,  
 Two lips where grief is mute,  
 Anger at peace;—  
 So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;  
 God in His kindness answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed  
 Aye for His praise;  
 Two feet that never rest  
 Walking His ways;  
 Two eyes that look above  
 Through all their tears;  
 Two lips still breathing love,  
 Not wrath, nor fears;—  
 So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;  
 Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

*Dinah Maria Mulock Craik [1826-1887]*

‘NOW THE LABORER’S TASK IS O’ER”

Now the laborer’s task is o’er;  
Now the battle day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;  
There its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the penitents, that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Jesus learn  
At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust,”  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
For the resurrection day.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*John Lodge Ellerton [1801-1873]*

## LOVE AND DEATH

ALAS! that men must see  
Love, before Death!  
Else they content might be  
With their short breath;  
Aye, glad, when the pale sun  
Showed restless day was done,  
And endless Rest begun.  
  
Glad, when with strong, cool hand  
Death clasped their own,  
And with a strange command  
Hushed every moan;  
Glad to have finished pain,  
And labor wrought in vain,  
Blurred by Sin's deepening stain.  
  
But Love's insistent voice  
Bids self to flee—  
"Live that I may rejoice,  
Live on, for me!"  
So, for Love's cruel mind,  
Men fear this Rest to find,  
Nor know great Death is kind!

*Margaret Deland* [1857-

## VAN ELSSEN

God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul;  
He spake by sickness first and made him whole;  
Van Elsen heard him not,  
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth, the world outpoured  
Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord;  
Van Elsen's heart grew fat  
And proud thereat.

God spake the third time when the great World smiled,  
And in the sunshine slew his little child;  
Van Elsen like a tree  
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said,  
"As thy heart bleedeth, so my heart hath bled,  
As I have need of thee,  
Thou needest me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,  
And, kneeling by the narrow winding-sheet,  
Praised Him with fervent breath  
Who conquered death.

*Frederick George Scott* [1861—

### THE FLIGHT

UPON a cloud among the stars we stood:  
The angel raised his hand, and looked, and said,  
"Which world, of all yon starry myriad  
Shall we make wing to?" The still solitude  
Became a harp whereon his voice and mood  
Made spherulic music round his haloed head.  
I spake—for then I had not long been dead—  
"Let me look round upon the vasts, and brood  
A moment on these orbs ere I decide. . . .  
What is yon lower star that beauteous shines  
And with soft splendor now incarnadines  
Our wings?—*There* would I go and there abide."  
Then he, as one who some child's thought divines:  
"That is the world where yesternight you died."

*Lloyd Mifflin* [1846–1921]

### RIPE GRAIN

O STILL, white face of perfect peace,  
Untouched by passion, freed from pain,—  
He who ordained that work should cease  
Took to Himself the ripened grain.

O noble face! your beauty bears  
The glory that is wrung from pain,—  
The high, celestial beauty wears  
Of finished work, of ripened grain.

Of human care you left no trace,  
No lightest trace of grief or pain,—  
On earth an empty form and face—  
In Heaven stands the ripened grain.

*Dora Reed Goodale* [1866—

“THE LAND WHICH NO ONE KNOWS”

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows  
Unto the sea where no wind blows,  
Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes  
The mingled wail of friends and foes,  
Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes  
With millions, from a world of woes,  
Unto the land which no one knows?

Though myriads go with him who goes,  
Alone he goes where no wind blows,  
Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,  
And none can go for him who goes;  
None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes  
With millions, from a world of woes,  
Reunion seek with it or those?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,  
And Death, his shadow—doomed, he goes:  
That God is there the shadow shows.

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows!  
And thou, O Land, which no one knows!  
That God is all, His shadow shows.

*Ebenezer Elliott* [1781-1849]

## THE HILLS OF REST

BEYOND the last horizon's rim,  
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,  
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,  
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift  
The castles we have built in Spain—  
While fair amid the summer drift  
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by  
To soothing note, on scented wing;  
In golden-lettered volumes lie  
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there: the days of dream  
That build the inner lives of men;  
The silent, sacred years we deem  
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold  
I'll follow day into the west;  
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold  
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

*Albert Bigelow Paine [1861-1937]*

## AT THE TOP OF THE ROAD

"BUT, Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong—  
I have been used to bear the load so long;

"And see, the hill is passed, and smooth the road . . ."  
"Yet," said the Stranger, "yield me now thy load."

Gently he took it from her, and she stood  
Straight-limbed and lithe, in new-found maidenhood,



Amid long, sunlit fields; around them sprang  
A tender breeze, and birds and rivers sang.

"My Lord," she said, "the land is very fair!"  
Smiling, he answered: "Was it not so there?"

"There?" In her voice a wondering question lay:  
"Was I not always here, then, as to-day?"

He turned to her with strange, deep eyes aflame:  
"Knowest thou not this kingdom, nor my name?"

"Nay," she replied: "but this I understand—  
That thou art Lord of Life in this dear land!"

"Yea, child," he murmured, scarce above his breath:  
"Lord of the Land! but men have named me Death."

*Charles Buxton Going* [1863—

### SHEMUEL

SHEMUEL, the Bethlehemite,  
Watched a fevered guest at night;  
All his fellows fared afield  
Saw the angel host revealed;  
He nor caught the mystic story,  
Heard the song, nor saw the glory.

Through the night they gazing stood,  
Heard the holy multitude;  
Back they came in wonder home,  
Knew the Christmas kingdom come,  
Eyes aflame and hearts elated;  
Shemuel sat alone, and waited.

Works of mercy now, as then,  
Hide the angel host from men;  
Hearts attuned to earthly love  
Miss the angel notes above;  
Deeds at which the world rejoices,  
Quench the sound of angel voices.

So they thought, nor deemed from whence  
His celestial recompense.  
Shemuel, by the fever bed,  
Touched by beckoning hands that led,  
Died, and saw the Uncreated;  
All his fellows lived, and waited.

*Edward Ernest Bowen [1836-1901]*

### SHE AND HE

"SHE is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;  
Kiss her and leave her!—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;  
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, that gazed too much,  
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well  
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell:

About her brows, and her dear, pale face,  
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace.

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;—  
Which were the whiter no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;  
"Come away," they said,—"God understands!"

And then there was Silence;—and nothing there  
But the Silence—and scents of egланtere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;  
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!"

And they held their breath till they left the room,  
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he—who loved her too well to dread  
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—

He lit his lamp, and took the key,  
And turned it!—Alone again—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,  
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek;

He and she; yet she would not smile,  
Though he called her the name that was fondest erewhile.

He and she; and she did not move  
To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, “Cold lips! and breast without breath!  
Is there no voice?—no language of death

“Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,  
But to heart and to soul distinct,—intense?

“See, now,—I listen with soul, not ear,—  
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

“Was it the infinite wonder of all  
That you ever could let life’s flower fall?

“Or was it a greater marvel to feel  
The perfect calm o’er the agony steal?

“Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,  
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

“Did life roll backward its record, Dear,  
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

“And was it the innermost heart of the bliss  
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

“Oh, perfect Dead! Oh, Dead most dear,  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

"I listen—as deep as to horrible hell,  
As high as to heaven!—and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,  
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were dead,  
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my* brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid  
His sword on *my* lips to keep it unsaid.

"*You* should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,  
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing  
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!  
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,  
With the soft rich voice, in the dear old way:—

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you. Dear;

"I can speak, now you listen with soul alone;  
If your soul could see, it would all be shown

"What a strange delicious amazement is Death,  
To be without body and breathe without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did not cry;  
Oh, listen! Love lasts!—Love never will die.

"I am only your Angel, who was your Bride;  
And I know, that though dead, I have never died."

*Edwin Arnold* [1832-1904]

## AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA

HE who died at Azan sends  
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow:  
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"  
Weeping at the feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this:  
"*I* am not the thing you kiss;  
Cease your tears, and let it lie;  
It *was* mine—it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave  
For its last bed of the grave,  
Is a tent which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.  
Love the inmate, not the room,—  
The wearer, not the garb;—the plume  
Of the falcon, not the bars  
That kept him from these splendid stars!

Loving friends! be wise, and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye.  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a wistful tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one  
Out of which the pearl is gone.  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him: let it lie!  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!  
Now Thy world is understood;  
Now the long, long wonder ends!  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead,  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,  
By such light as shines for you;  
But in light ye cannot see  
Of unfulfilled felicity,—  
In enlarging paradise,  
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! yet not farewell;—  
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face,  
A moment's time, a little space.  
When ye come where I have stepped,  
Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
Ye will know, by wise love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—  
Sunshine still must follow rain;  
Only not at death,—for death,  
Now I know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,  
Viewed from Allah's throne above;  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home!  
*La Allah illa Allah!* yea!  
Thou love divine! Thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave  
This to those who made his grave.

*Edwin Arnold* [1832-1904]

## SENTINEL SONGS

### TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON

[1672-1719]

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,  
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,  
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,  
And judge, O, judge my bosom by your own.  
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?  
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:  
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave  
My soul's best part forever to the grave?  
How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!  
What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire;  
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;  
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;  
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!  
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
Accept these tears, thou dear, departed friend.  
O, gone forever! take this long adieu;  
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.  
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,  
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;  
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,  
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.  
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,  
May shame afflict this alienated heart;  
Of thee forgetful, if I form a song,  
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,  
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,  
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!  
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone.

Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown;  
Along the walls where speaking marbles show  
What worthies form the hallowed mold below;  
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;  
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;  
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;  
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;  
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;  
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven;  
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;  
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed  
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assigned,  
What new employments please the unbodied mind?  
A wingèd Virtue, through the ethereal sky,  
From world to world unwearied does he fly?  
Or curious trace the long laborious maze  
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?  
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell  
How Michael battled and the dragon fell;  
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow  
In hymns of love, not ill-essay'd below?  
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,—  
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?  
O, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,  
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!  
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,  
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,  
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,  
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;  
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form which, so the heavens decree,  
Must still be loved and still deplored by me,  
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.  
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,  
The unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;  
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,  
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;



If pensive to the rural shades I rove,  
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;  
'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,  
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song:  
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,  
A candid censor and a friend severe;  
There taught us how to live, and (O, too high  
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,  
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,  
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,  
O'er my dim eyeballs' glance the sudden tears?  
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,  
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!  
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,  
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!  
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;  
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;  
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,  
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

From other hills, however fortune frowned,  
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;  
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,  
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;  
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,  
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.  
O, must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,  
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)  
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,  
And weep a second in the unfinished song!

These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,  
To thee, O Craggs! the expiring sage conveyed,  
Great, but ill-omened, monument of fame,  
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.  
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,  
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.  
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell  
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell!  
Farewell! whom, joined in fame, in friendship tried,  
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

*Thomas Tickell* [1686-1740]

## THE EAGLE THAT IS FORGOTTEN

[JOHN P. ALTGELD, 1847-1902]

SLEEP softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.  
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.  
"We have buried him now," thought your foes, and in  
secret rejoiced.  
They made a brave show of their mourning, their hatred  
unvoiced.  
They had snarled at you, barked at you, foamed at you,  
day after day,  
Now you were ended. They praised you . . . and laid  
you away.  
The others, that mourned you in silence and terror and truth,  
The widow bereft of her crust, and the boy without youth,  
The mocked and the scorned and the wounded, the lame and  
the poor,  
That should have remembered forever, . . . remember no  
more.  
Where are those lovers of yours, on what name do they call,  
The lost, that in armies wept over your funeral pall?  
They call on the names of a hundred high-valiant ones,  
A hundred white eagles have risen, the sons of your sons.  
The zeal in their wings is a zeal that your dreaming began,  
The valor that wore out your soul in the service of man.  
Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.  
Time has its way with you there, and the clay has its own.  
Sleep on, O brave-hearted, O wise man that kindled the  
flame—  
To live in mankind is far more than to live in a name,  
To live in mankind, far, far more than to live in a name!—  
*Vachel Lindsay* [1879-1931]

## ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM,  
PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT

[1753-1827]

I WAS thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!  
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:  
I saw thee every day; and all the while  
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!  
So like, so very like, was day to day!  
Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there;  
It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm! It seemed no sleep,  
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:  
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! THEN—if mine had been the Painter's hand  
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,  
The light that never was, on sea or land,  
The consecration, and the Poet's dream,—

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,  
Amid a world how different from this!  
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine  
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—  
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;  
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
Such Picture would I at that time have made;  
And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;  
I have submitted to a new control:  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;  
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:  
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;  
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the friend  
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;  
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work!—yet wise and well,  
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;  
That Hulk which labors in the deadly swell,  
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
I love to see the look with which it braves,  
—Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time—  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

—Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

*William Wordsworth* [1770-1850]

## WILLIAM BLAKE

[1757-1827]

He came to the desert of London town,  
Gray miles long;  
He wandered up and he wandered down,  
Singing a quiet song.

He came to the desert of London town,  
Mirk miles broad;  
He wandered up and he wandered down,  
Ever alone with God.

There were thousands and thousands of human kind  
In this desert of brick and stone:  
But some were deaf and some were blind,  
And he was there alone.

At length the good hour came; he died  
As he had lived, alone:  
He was not missed from the desert wide,  
Perhaps he was found at the Throne.

*James Thomson* [1834-1882]

### EDWIN BOOTH

[1833-1893]

*"Ay, every inch a king"*

Now is the night, foreshadowed of our fears;  
The curtain falls, the lights fade, one by one.  
Darkness and silence from the widowed stage  
Proclaim the great and final act is done.  
Vain are the thundered plaudits of the house,  
The laurel wreath, the players' loud acclaim;  
Thou art grown dumb to clamoring for response,  
Deaf to the ringing of thy jewelled name.  
Thy crystal soul hath traversed back the pathway whence  
it came.

They who the virtues of the mighty dead  
Enwrap in majesty of brodered verse,  
Call upon Nature, in her solitude,  
His beauties and her sorrow to rehearse.  
The forest and the field, the fitful wind  
They challenge, and the ever-sounding wave,  
To seek his spirit in the vast afar,  
And drop their dew on his enrichèd grave,  
Crowning the poet's lyric woe with some forlorn stave.

Greater than all the universe of space  
The mimic world thou didst thyself create:  
The subtile sphere, compact of passion's breath,  
Where Nature bade thee hold imperial state.  
There shall the mourning garments be outworn;  
There shall the desolate their dirges sing;  
No princeling may ascend the vacant throne,  
Laying new triumph's gall to sorrow's sting.  
"The King is dead!" we cry, but nevermore, "Long live  
the King!"

Of all the stops of mortal harmony  
Master thou art forever, though in death.  
The melancholy of the Dane is thine,  
The poisonous blighting of Iago's breath.  
Thou didst take on foul Richard's humpbacked soul,  
And clasp it close, yet do thine own no wrong:  
As 'twere the mantle of Sir Caradoc,  
Unerring witness sung in ancient song,  
Destined to prove the pure of heart more pure, the strong  
more strong.

Slave of self-conjured evil, Cawdor's thane!  
The jester, bitter-hearted, striking home!  
The fox-robed cardinal, creating France,  
And launching forth the curse of sovereign Rome!  
Gallant Don César, lord of ragged lace!  
These wert thou in their turn, and sorrow-blind,  
Alas! thou wert the doited father, too,  
Pelted by heaven, and stabbed by human kind:  
Heartbreakingly confessed, "I am not in my perfect mind!"

Such was thy Protean form, but what wert thou?  
A changing cloud, content to borrow hue  
From lordly sun-rays that o'errule it quite,  
And thus with color and with form endue?  
Nay, rather let the time's remembrancing,  
When it doth con anew thy mortal span,  
Ignore thine art, if such despite may be,  
But bow in awe before thy nature's plan,  
Crying with trumpet tone, to alien ears, "This was a man!"

Thine was the guilt of filching heavenly fire;  
Wherefore Jove's eagle fed upon thy heart.  
Yet never word nor strangled cry betrayed  
Responsive agony beneath the smart.  
A thousand hovering spectres menaced thee  
Bound, by eternal fiat, on the rock  
Of mortal languishment: yet unappalled  
As gallant bird beneath the tempest shock;  
For still thy soul soared free, thy silence met each hideous  
mock.

And can such glory pass? Nay, thus thou art,  
Where'er in world diviner thou dost walk,  
Mated with love celestial, that doth spring,  
Fragrant and fair, from life's divided stalk.  
But we who knew thee may not cease to mourn  
The moment's grief, the time's perpetual loss.  
Not ours to pluck from thine engravèd name  
Oblivion's cold and memory-choking moss:  
Blest are we for so noble sake to bear affliction's cross.

Henceforward nevermore may Denmark's Prince  
Pace through his tragic hour in sabled pride,  
But thou, the sceptre's rightful heir, wilt walk,  
Eclipsing all his grandeur, by his side.  
And dally as we may with pageantry  
Wherein some newer actor plays a part,  
The scene will fade, while thine enshadowed form  
Doth from the slumbrous aisles of memory start,—  
Again the lost but ever-reigning monarch of the heart.

Farewell! farewell indeed! But take with thee  
Our true allegiance to that orient land,—  
The laurels and the rosemary of life  
Lying unnoted in thy nerveless hand.  
Take with thee, too, our bond of gratitude,  
That in a cynic and a tattling age  
Thou didst consent to write, in missal script,  
Thy name on the poor players' slandered page,  
And teach the lords of empty birth a king may walk the  
stage.

*Alice Brown* [1857—

# GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN

(1829-1912)

(To be sung to the tune of "The Blood of the Lamb" with indicated instrument)

## I

(*Bass drum beaten loudly*)

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
The Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,  
Lurching bravos from the ditches dank,  
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—  
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail:—  
Vermin-eaten saints with moldy breath,  
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

(*Banjos*)

Every slum had sent its half-a-score  
The round world over. (Booth had groaned for more.)  
Every banner that the wide world flies  
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.  
Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang,  
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang:—  
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"  
Hallelujah! It was queer to see  
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free.  
Loons with trumpets blowed a blare, blare, blare  
On, on upward through the golden air!  
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

## II

(*Bass drum slower and softer*)

Booth died blind and still by faith he trod,  
Eyes still dazzled by the ways of God.  
Booth led boldly, and he looked the chief,  
Eagle countenance in sharp relief,  
Beard a-flying, air of high command  
Unabated in that holy land.



*(Sweet flute music)*

Jesus came from out the court-house door,  
 Stretched his hands above the passing poor.  
 Booth saw not, but led his qucer ones there  
 Round and round the mighty court-house square.  
 Yet in an instant all that blear review  
 Marched on spotless, clad in raiment new.  
 The lame were straightened, withered limbs uncurled  
 And blind eyes opened on a new, sweet world.

*(Bass drum louder)*

Drabs and vixens in a flash made whole!  
 Gone was the weasel-head, the snout, the jowl!  
 Sages and sibyls now, and athletes clean,  
 Rulers of empires, and of forests green!

*(Chorus of all instruments. Tambourines to foreground)*

The hosts were sandalled, and their wings were fire!  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
 But their noise played havoc with the angel-choir.  
 (Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)  
 Oh, shout Salvation! It was good to see  
 Kings and Princes by the Lamb set free.  
 The banjos rattled and the tambourines  
 Jing-jing-jingled in the hands of Queens.

*(Reverently sung, no instruments)*

And when Booth halted by the curb for prayer  
 He saw his Master through the flag-filled air.  
 Christ came gently with a robe and crown  
 For Booth the soldier, while the throng knelt down.  
 He saw King Jesus. They were face to face,  
 And he knelt a-weeping in that holy place.  
 Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

*Vachel Lindsay [1879-1931]*

E. B. B.

[1806-1861]

THE white-rose garland at her feet,  
 The crown of laurel at her head,  
 Her noble life on earth complete,  
 Lay her in the last low bed

For the slumber calm and deep:  
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

Soldiers find their fittest grave  
In the field whereon they died;  
So her spirit pure and brave  
Leaves the clay it glorified  
To the land for which she fought  
With such grand impassioned thought.

Keats and Shelley sleep at Rome,  
She in well-loved Tuscan earth;  
Finding all their death's long home  
Far from their old home of birth.  
Italy, you hold in trust  
Very sacred English dust.

Therefore this one prayer I breathe,—  
That you yet may worthy prove  
Of the heirlooms they bequeath  
Who have loved you with such love:  
Fairest land while land of slaves  
Yields their free souls no fit graves.

*James Thomson [1834-1882]*

## ROBERT BURNS

[1759-1796]

ALL Scottish legends did his fancy fashion,  
All airs that richly flow,  
Laughing with frolic, tremulous with passion,  
Broken with love-lorn woe;

Ballads whose beauties years have long been stealing  
And left few links of gold,  
Under his quaint and subtle touch of healing  
Grew fairer, not less old.

Gray Cluden, and the vestal's choral cadence,  
His spell awoke therewith;  
Till boatmen hung their oars to hear the maidens  
Upon the banks of Nith.

His, too, the strains of battle nobly coming  
 From Bruce, or Wallace wight,  
 Such as the Highlander shall oft be humming  
 Before some famous fight.

Nor only these—for him the hawthorn hoary  
 Was with new wreaths enwrought,  
 The "crimson-tippèd daisy" wore fresh glory,  
 Born of poetic thought.

From the "wee cowering beastie" he could borrow  
 A moral strain sublime,  
 A noble tenderness of human sorrow,  
 In wondrous wealth of rhyme.

Oh, but the mountain breeze must have been pleasant  
 Upon the sunburnt brow  
 Of that poetic and triumphant peasant  
 Driving his laureled plow!

*William Alexander [1824-1911]*

#### ON A FLY-LEAF OF BURNS'S SONGS

THESE are the best of him,  
 Pathos and jest of him;  
 Earth holds the rest of him.

Passions were strong in him,—  
 Pardon the wrong in him;  
 Hark to the song in him!—

Each little lyrical  
 Grave or satirical  
 Musical miracle!

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles [1869-1905]*

#### ON THE DEATHS OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT

Two souls diverse out of our human sight  
 Pass, followed one with love and each with wonder:  
 The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder,  
 Clothed with loud words and mantled in the might

## Opening of the Tomb of Charlemagne 3597

Of darkness and magnificence of night;  
And one whose eye could smite the night in sunder,  
Searching if light or no light were thereunder,  
And found in love of loving-kindness light.  
Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire  
Still following Righteousness with deep desire  
Shone sole and stern before her and above,  
Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more sweet  
Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet,  
The light of little children, and their love.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne* [1837-1909]

### AT THE GRAVE OF CHAMPERNOWNE

[1614-1687]

HERE poise, like flowers on flowers, the butterflies;  
The grasshopper on crookèd crutch leaps up,  
The wild bees hum above the clover cup,  
The fox-grape wreathes the fence in green disguise  
Of ruin; and antique plants set out in tears,  
Pink, guelder-rose, and myrtle's purple bells  
Struggle 'mid grass and their own wasting years  
To show the grave that no inscription tells.  
Here rest the bones of Francis Champernowne;  
The blazonry of Norman kings he bore;  
His fathers builded many a tower and town,  
And after Senlac England's lords. Now o'er  
His island cairn the lonesome forests frown,  
And sailless seas beat the untrodden shore.

*John Albee* [1833-1915]

### THE OPENING OF THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE

[742-814]

AMID the cloistered gloom of Aachen's aisle  
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord,  
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,  
A simple stone, where, fitly to record

A world of action by a single word,  
Was graven "Carlo-Magno." Regal style  
Was needed none; that name such thoughts restored  
As sadden, yet make nobler, men the while.  
They rolled the marble back. With sudden gasp,  
A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser bent,  
Where still a mortal monarch seemed to reign.  
Crowned on his throne, a scepter in his grasp,  
Perfect in each gigantic lineament,  
Otho looked face to face on Charlemagne.

*Aubrey De Vere* [1788-1846]

BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT  
CHARING CROSS

[1600-1649]

SOMBRE and rich, the skies;  
Great glooms, and starry plains.  
Gently the night wind sighs;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me: and around  
The saddest of all kings  
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall:  
Only the night wind glides:  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are:  
Stars in their stations set;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal king:  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate:  
The stars; or those sad eyes?  
Which are more still and great:  
Those brows; or the dark skies?

Although his whole heart yearn  
In passionate tragedy:  
Never was face so stern  
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death  
By beauty made amends:  
The passing of his breath  
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless? Nay:  
Through death, life grew sublime.  
*Speak after sentence?* Yea:  
And to the end of time.

Armored he rides, his head  
Bare to the stars of doom:  
He triumphs now, the dead,  
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
Vexed in the world's employ:  
His soul was of the saints;  
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe!  
Men hunger for thy grace:  
And through the night I go,  
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps;  
When all the cries are still:  
The stars and heavenly deeps  
Work out a perfect will.

*Lionel Johnson [1867-1902]*

## CHAVEZ

(Georges Chavez, after crossing the Alps in his aeroplane, fell and was killed  
Sept. 23, 1910.)

So hath he fallen, the Endymion of the air,  
And so lies down in slumber lapped for aye.  
Diana, passing, found his youth too fair,  
His soul too fleet and willing to obey.  
She swung her golden moon before his eyes—  
Dreaming, he rose to follow—and ran—and was away.

His foot was wingèd as the mounting sun.  
Earth he disdained—the dusty ways of men  
Not yet had learned. His spirit longed to run  
With the bright clouds, his brothers, to answer when  
The airs were fleetest and could give him hand  
Into the starry fields beyond our plodding ken.

All wittingly that glorious way he chose,  
And loved the peril when it was most bright.  
He tried anew the long-forbidden snows  
And like an eagle topped the dropping height  
Of Nagenhorn, and still toward Italy  
Past peak and cliff pressed on, in glad, unerring flight.

Oh when the bird lies low with golden wing  
Bruisèd past healing by some bitter chance,  
Still must its tireless spirit mount and sing  
Of meadows green with morning, of the dance  
On windy trees, the darting flight away,  
And of that last, most blue, triumphant downward glance.

So murmuring of the snow: "*The snow, and more,  
O God, more snow!*" on that last field he lay.  
Despair and wonder spent their passionate store  
In his great heart, through heaven gone astray,  
And early lost. Too far the golden moon  
Had swung upon that bright, that long, untraversed way.

Now to lie ended on the murmuring plain—

Ah, this for his bold heart was not the loss,  
But that those windy fields he ne'er again

Might try, nor fleet and shimmering mountains cross,  
Unfollowed, by a path none other knew:

His bitter woe had here its deep and piteous cause.

Dear toils of youth unfinished! And songs unwritten left

By young and passionate hearts! O melodies  
Unheard, whereof we ever stand bereft!

Clear-singing Schubert, boyish Keats—with these  
He roams henceforth, one with the starry band,

Still paying to fairy call and far command  
His spirit heed, still winged with golden prophecies.

*Mildred McNeal Sweeney* [1871-

### COLERIDGE

[1772-1834]

I SEE thee pine like her in golden story  
Who, in her prison, woke and saw, one day,  
The gates thrown open—saw the sunbeams play,  
With only a web 'tween her and summer's glory;  
Who, when that web—so frail, so transitory  
It broke before her breath—had fallen away,  
Saw other webs and others rise for aye  
Which kept her prisoned till her hair was hoary.  
Those songs half-sung that yet were all divine—  
That woke Romance, the queen, to reign afresh—  
Had been but preludes from that lyre of thine,  
Could thy rare spirit's wings have pierced the mesh  
Spun by the wizard who compels the flesh,  
But lets the poet see how heaven can shine.

*Theodore Watts-Dunton* [1836-1914]

### COWPER'S GRAVE

[1731-1800]

**It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's de-  
caying;**

**It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their pray-  
ing;**



Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish:  
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her  
anguish.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless  
singing!  
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was  
clinging!  
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguil-  
ing,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye  
were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears  
his story,  
How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,  
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering  
lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,  
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;  
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,  
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath  
taken.

With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn to think upon him,  
With meekness that is gratefulness to God whose heaven  
hath won him,  
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to his own love to  
blind him,  
But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could  
find him;

And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic  
senses  
As hills have language for, and stars, harmonious influences;  
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his within its number,  
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed him like a slum-  
ber.

Wild timid hares were drawn from woods to share his home-  
caresses,  
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses:  
The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways  
removing,  
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and lov-  
ing.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that  
guiding,  
And things provided came without the sweet sense of pro-  
viding,  
He testified this solemn truth, while frenzy desolated,  
—Nor man nor nature satisfies, whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she  
blesses  
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her  
kisses,—  
That turns his fevered eyes around,—“My mother! where's  
my mother?”—  
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any  
other!—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o'er  
him,  
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unwearied love she  
bore him!  
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave  
him,  
Beneath those deep, pathetic Eyes which closed in death to  
save him!

Thus? oh, not *thus!* no type of earth can image that awak-  
ing,  
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him  
breaking,  
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,  
But felt those eyes alone, and knew—“My Saviour! *not* de-  
serted!”

Deserted! Who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness  
 rested,  
 Upon the Victim's hidden face no love was manifested?  
 What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops  
 averted?  
 What tears have washed them from the soul, that *one* should  
 be deserted?

Deserted! God could separate from His own essence rather;  
 And Adam's sins *have* swept between the righteous Son and  
 Father:

Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath  
 shaken—  
 It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,  
 That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desola-  
 tion!

That Earth's worst frenzies, marring hope, should mar not  
 hope's fruition,  
 And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture in a vision.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning* [1806-1861]

## ON A BUST OF DANTE

[1265-1321]

SEE, from this counterfeit of him  
 Whom Arno shall remember long,  
 How stern of lineament, how grim,  
 The father was of Tuscan song:  
 There but the burning sense of wrong,  
 Perpetual care, and scorn, abide—  
 Small friendship for the lordly throng;  
 Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,  
 No dream his life was—but a fight;  
 Could any Beatrice see  
 A lover in that anchorite?

To that cold Ghibelline's gloomy sight  
Who could have guessed the visions came  
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,  
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,  
The rigid front, almost morose,  
But for the patient hope within,  
Declare a life whose course hath been  
Unsullied still, though still severe,  
Which, through the wavering days of sin,  
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look  
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,  
With no companion save his book,  
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;  
Where, as the Benedictine laid  
His palm upon the convent's guest,  
The single boon for which he prayed  
Was peace, that pilgrim's one request.

Peace dwells not here—this rugged face  
Betrays no spirit of repose;  
The sullen warrior sole we trace,  
The marble man of many woes.  
Such was his mien when first arose  
The thought of that strange tale divine—  
When hell he peopled with his foes,  
Dread scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all  
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;  
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,  
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;  
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;  
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;  
But valiant souls of knightly worth  
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,  
The only righteous judge art thou;  
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,  
Is Latium's other Virgil now.  
Before his name the nations bow;  
His words are parcel of mankind,  
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,  
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

*Thomas William Parsons* [1819-1892]

### DICKENS IN CAMP

[1812-1870]

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,  
The river sang below;  
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting  
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted  
The ruddy tints of health  
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted  
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure  
A hoarded volume drew,  
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,  
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,  
And as the firelight fell,  
He read aloud the book wherein the Master  
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader  
Was youngest of them all,—  
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English meadows  
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken  
As by some spell divine—  
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:  
And he who wrought that spell?—  
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,  
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story  
Blend with the breath that thrills  
With hop-vine's incense all the pensive glory  
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly  
And laurel wreaths entwine,  
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—  
This spray of Western pine!

*Bret Harte* [1839-1902]

### DRAKE'S DRUM

[SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, 1540?-1596]

DRAKE he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),  
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,  
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,  
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',  
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),  
Rovin' though his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,  
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;  
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,  
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them  
long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,  
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?),  
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,  
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.  
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,  
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;  
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',  
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him  
long ago!

*Henry Newbolt* [1862-1938]

## ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

[1795-1820]

GREEN be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days!  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,  
From eyes unused to weep,  
And long where thou art lying,  
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,  
Like thine, are laid in earth,  
There should a wreath be woven  
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow  
To clasp thy hand in mine,  
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,  
Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it  
Around thy faded brow,  
But I've in vain essayed it,  
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,  
Nor thoughts nor words are free,  
The grief is fixed too deeply  
That mourns a man like thee.

*Fitz-Greene Halleck* [1790-1867]

"OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME!"

[ROBERT EMMET, 1778-1803]

OH, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;  
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,  
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

*Thomas Moore* [1779-1852]

## VANQUISHED

[ULYSSES S. GRANT, 1822-1885]

Not by the ball or brand  
Sped by a mortal hand,  
Not by the lightning stroke  
When fiery tempests broke,—  
Not mid the ranks of war  
Fell the great Conqueror.

Unmoved, undismayed,  
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade,—  
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,



Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not,  
Steel nerve, iron form,—  
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm.

While the Hero peaceful slept  
A foeman to his chamber crept,  
Lightly to the slumberer came,  
Touched his brow and breathed his name:  
O'er the stricken form there passed  
Suddenly an icy blast.

The Hero woke: rose undismayed:  
Saluted Death, and sheathed his blade.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields  
To a mightier Conqueror yields;  
No mortal foeman's blow  
Laid the great Soldier low;  
Victor in his latest breath—  
Vanquished but by Death.

*Francis Fisher Browne* [1843-1913]

### THE KNIGHT IN DISGUISE

[WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER (O. HENRY), 1862-1910]

*"He could not forget that he was a Sidney."*

Is this Sir Philip Sidney, this loud clown,  
The darling of the glad and gaping town?

This is that dubious hero of the press  
Whose slangy tongue and insolent address  
Were spiced to rouse on Sunday afternoon  
The man with yellow journals round him strewn.  
We laughed and dozed, then roused and read again  
And vowed O. Henry funniest of men.  
He always worked a triple-hinged surprise  
To end the scene and make one rub his eyes

He comes with vaudeville, with stare and leer.  
He comes with megaphone and specious cheer.  
His troupe, too fat or short or long or lean,  
Step from the pages of the magazine  
With slapstick or sombrero or with cane,  
The rube, the cowboy or the masher vain.  
They overact each part. But at the height  
Of banter and of canter and delight  
The masks fall off for one queer instant there  
And show real faces: faces full of care  
And desperate longing; love that's hot or cold;  
And subtle thoughts, and countenances bold.  
The masks go back. 'Tis one joke more. Laugh on!  
The goodly grown-up company is gone.

No doubt, had he occasion to address  
The brilliant court of purple-clad Queen Bess,  
He would have wrought for them the best he knew  
And led more loftily his actor-crew.  
How coolly he misquoted. 'Twas his art:  
Slave-scholar, who misquoted—from the heart!  
So when he slapped his back with friendly roar  
Æsop awaited him, without the door,—  
Æsop the Greek, who made dull masters laugh  
With little tales of fox and dog and calf.

And, be it said, 'mid these his pranks so odd,  
With something nigh to chivalry he trod,  
And oft the drear and driven would defend—  
The little shop-girl's knight, unto the end.  
Yea, he had passed, ere we could understand  
The blade of Sidney glimmered in his hand.  
Yea, ere we knew, Sir Philip's sword was drawn  
With valiant cut and thrust, and he was gone.

*Vachel Lindsay* [1879-1931]

## ADONAIIS

[JOHN KEATS, 1795-1821]

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!  
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears  
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!  
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years  
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,  
And teach them thine own sorrow. Say: “With me  
Died Adonais; till the Future dares  
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be  
An echo and a light unto eternity!”

Where wert thou, mighty Mother, when he lay,  
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies  
In darkness? where was lorn Urania  
When Adonais died? With veiled eyes,  
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise  
She sate, while one, with soft enamored breath,  
Rekindled all the fading melodies,  
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,  
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

Oh, weep for Adonais—he is dead!  
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!  
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed  
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep  
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;  
For he is gone where all things wise and fair  
Descend. Oh, dream not that the amorous Deep  
Will yet restore him to the vital air;  
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!  
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,  
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,  
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride

The priest, the slave, and the liberticide  
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite  
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,  
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite  
Yet reigns o'er earth, the third among the sons of light.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;  
And happier they their happiness who knew,  
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time  
In which suns perished; others more sublime,  
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,  
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;  
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,  
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,  
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,  
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,  
And fed with true-love tears, instead of dew;  
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!  
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,  
The bloom, whose petals, nipped before they blew,  
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;  
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death  
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,  
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,  
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!  
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day  
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still  
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;  
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill  
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!  
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace  
The shadow of white Death, and at the door  
Invisible Corruption waits to trace

His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;  
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe  
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface  
So fair a prey, till darkness and the law  
Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

Oh, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,  
The passion-wingèd ministers of thought,  
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams  
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught  
The love which was its music, wander not,—  
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,  
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their  
lot  
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,  
They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,  
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,  
“Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;  
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,  
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies  
A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain.”  
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!  
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain  
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew  
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;  
Another clipped her profuse locks, and threw  
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,  
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;  
Another in her wilful grief would break  
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem  
A greater loss with one which was more weak;  
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

Another Splendor on his mouth alit,  
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath  
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,  
And pass into the panting heart beneath

With lightning and with music: the damp death  
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;  
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath  
Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,  
It flushed through his pale limbs, and passed to its eclipse.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,  
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,  
Splendors, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations  
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Fantasies;  
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,  
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam  
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,  
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem  
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

All he had loved, and molded into thought,  
From shape, and hue, and odor, and sweet sound,  
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought  
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,  
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,  
Dimmed the ærial eyes that kindle day;  
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,  
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,  
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,  
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,  
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,  
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,  
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;  
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear  
Than those for whose disdain she pined away  
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear  
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down  
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,  
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,  
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?

To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,  
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both  
Thou, Adonais; wan they stand and sere  
Amid the faint companions of their youth,  
With dew all turned to tears; odor, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale,  
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;  
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale  
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain  
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,  
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,  
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain  
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,  
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,  
But grief returns with the revolving year;  
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;  
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;  
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;  
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,  
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;  
And the green lizard and the golden snake,  
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean  
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,  
As it has ever done, with change and motion,  
From the great morning of the world when first  
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed  
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;  
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,  
Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight,  
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

The leprous corpse, touched by this spirit tender,  
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;  
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendor  
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death

And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath.  
Naught we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows  
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath  
By sightless lightning?—the intense atom glows  
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,  
But for our grief, as if it had not been,  
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!  
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene  
The actors or spectators? Great and mean  
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.  
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,  
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,  
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sor-  
row.

*He* will awake no more, oh, never more!  
“Wake thou,” cried Misery, “childless Mother, rise  
Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart’s core,  
A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs.”  
And all the Dreams that watched Urania’s eyes,  
And all the Echoes whom their sister’s song  
Had held in holy silence, cried, “Arise!”  
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,  
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendor sprung.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs  
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear  
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,  
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,  
Had left the Earth a corpse.—Sorrow and fear  
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;  
So saddened round her like an atmosphere  
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way  
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,  
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,  
And human hearts which, to her airy tread



Yielding not, wounded the invisible  
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell;  
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they,  
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,  
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,  
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

In the death-chamber for a moment Death,  
Shamed by the presence of that living Might,  
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath  
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light  
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.  
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,  
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!  
Leave me not!" cried Urania; her distress  
Roused Death; Death rose and smiled, and met her vain  
caress.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;  
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;  
And in my heartless breast and burning brain  
That word, that kiss, shall all thoughts else survive,  
With food of saddest memory kept alive,  
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part  
Of thee, my Adonais! I would give  
All that I am to be as thou now art!  
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

"O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,  
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men  
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart  
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?  
Defenseless as thou wert, oh, where was then  
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?  
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when  
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,  
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;  
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;  
The vultures, to the conqueror's banner true,

Who feed where Desolation first has fed,  
And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,  
When, like Apollo, from his golden bow  
The Pythian of the age one arrow sped  
And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,  
They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.

“The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;  
He sets, and each ephemeral insect then  
Is gathered into death without a dawn,  
And the immortal stars awake again;  
So is it in the world of living men:  
A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight  
Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when  
It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light  
Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit’s awful night.”

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,  
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;  
The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame  
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,  
An early but enduring monument,  
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song  
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent  
The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,  
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,  
A phantom among men; companionless  
As the last cloud of an expiring storm  
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,  
Had gazed on Nature’s naked loveliness,  
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray  
With feeble steps o’er the world’s wilderness,  
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,  
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—  
A Love in desolation masked;—a Power  
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift

The weight of the superincumbent hour;  
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak  
Is it not broken? On the withering flower  
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek  
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,  
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;  
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,  
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew  
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,  
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart  
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew  
He came the last, neglected and apart;  
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan  
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band  
Who in another's fate now wept his own,  
As in the accents of an unknown land  
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned  
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: "Who art thou?"  
He answered not, but with a sudden hand  
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,  
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh! that it should be so!

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?  
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?  
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,  
In mockery of monumental stone,  
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?  
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,  
Taught, soothed, loved, honored the departed one;  
Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs  
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh,  
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown  
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?

The nameless worm would now itself disown;  
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone  
Whose prelude held all envy, hate and wrong,  
But what was howling in one breast alone,  
Silent with expectation of the song,  
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!  
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,  
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!  
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!  
And ever at thy season be thou free  
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow;  
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;  
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,  
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled  
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;  
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;  
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.  
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow  
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,  
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow  
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,  
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—  
He hath awakened from the dream of life—  
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep  
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,  
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife  
Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay  
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief  
Convulse us and consume us day by day,  
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,

Can touch him not and torture not again;  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;  
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,  
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee  
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;  
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!  
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,  
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown  
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare  
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard  
His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;  
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness  
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear  
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,  
All new successions to the forms they wear;  
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight  
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,  
And bursting in its beauty and its might  
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The splendors of the firmament of time  
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;  
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,

And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
And love and life contend in it, for what  
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there  
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown  
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,  
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton  
Rose pale,—his solemn agony had not  
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought  
And as he fell and as he lived and loved,  
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,  
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;  
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark,  
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die  
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,  
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.  
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry;  
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long  
Swung blind in unascended majesty,  
Silent alone amid an Heaven of song.  
Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? oh, come forth,  
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.  
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;  
As from a center, dart thy spirit's light  
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might  
Sate the void circumference; then shrink  
Even to a point within our day and night;  
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink  
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre  
Oh, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis naught  
That ages, empires, and religions there  
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;  
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not

Glory from those who made the world their prey;  
And he is gathered to the kings of thought  
Who waged contention with their time's decay,  
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,  
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;  
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,  
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress  
The bones of Desolation's nakedness,  
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead  
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,  
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead  
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And gray walls molder round, on which dull Time  
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;  
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,  
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned  
This refuge for his memory, doth stand  
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath  
A field is spread, on which a newer band  
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death.  
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet  
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned  
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,  
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,  
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find  
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,  
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind  
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.  
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

The One remains, the many change and pass;  
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;  
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,  
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,  
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!  
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,

Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak  
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?  
Thy hopes are gone before; from all things here  
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!  
A light is passed from the revolving year,  
And man, and woman; and what still is dear  
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.  
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near;  
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,  
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,  
That Beauty in which all things work and move,  
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love  
Which through the web of being blindly wove  
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of  
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,  
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song  
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven  
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng  
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;  
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!  
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;  
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,  
The soul of Adonais, like a star,  
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley [1792-1822]*

## TO THE SISTER OF ELIA

[CHARLES LAMB, 1775-1834]

COMFORT thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!  
Again shall Elia's smile  
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.  
What is it we deplore?



He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,  
Far worthier things than tears.  
The love of friends without a single foe:  
Unequaled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;  
For these dost thou repine?  
He may have left the lowly walks of men;  
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes  
Of all the good and wise?  
Though the warm day is over, yet they seek  
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows  
O'er death's perennial snows.  
Behold him! from the region of the blest  
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

*Walter Savage Landor* [1775-1864]

## IN MEMORY OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

[1775-1864]

BACK to the flower-town, side by side,  
The bright months bring,  
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,  
Freedom and spring.

The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,  
Filled full of sun;  
All things come back to her, being free;  
All things but one.

In many a tender wheaten plot  
Flowers that were dead  
Live, and old suns revive; but not  
That holier head.

By this white wandering waste of sea,  
Far north, I hear  
One face shall never turn to me  
As once this year:

Shall never smile and turn and rest  
On mine as there,  
Nor one most sacred hand be pressed  
Upon my hair.

I came as one whose thoughts half linger,  
Half run before;  
The youngest to the eldest singer  
That England bore.

I found him whom I shall not find  
Till all grief end,  
In holiest age our mightiest mind,  
Father and friend.

But thou, if anything endure,  
If hope there be,  
O spirit that man's life left pure,  
Man's death set free,

Not with disdain of days that were  
Look earthward now;  
Let dreams revive the reverend hair,  
The imperial brow;

Come back in sleep, for in the life  
Where thou art not  
We find none like thee. Time and strife  
And the world's lot

Move thee no more; but love at least  
And reverent heart  
May move thee, royal and released  
Soul. as thou art.

And thou, his Florence, to thy trust  
Receive and keep,  
Keep safe his dedicated dust,  
His sacred sleep.

So shall thy lovers, come from far  
Mix with thy name  
As morning-star with evening-star  
His faultless fame.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne [1837-1909]*

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET, A  
PRACTISER IN PHYSIC

[1701-1782]

CONDEMNED to Hope's delusive mine,  
As on we toil from day to day,  
By sudden blasts or slow decline  
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,  
See Levet to the grave descend,  
Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,  
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;  
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny  
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,  
And hovering death prepared the blow,  
His vigorous remedy displayed  
The power of art without the show.

“O Captain! My Captain!” 3629

In Misery's darkest cavern known,  
His useful care was ever nigh,  
Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,  
And lonely Want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,  
No petty gain disdained by pride;  
The modest wants of every day  
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,  
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;  
And sure the Eternal Master found  
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,  
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;  
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,  
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,  
No cold gradations of decay  
Death broke at once the vital chain,  
And freed his soul the nearest way.

*Samuel Johnson [1709-1784]*

“O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!”

[ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1809-1865]

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies.  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores  
a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turn-  
ing;  
Here Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and  
done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman [1819-1892]

‘WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD  
BLOOMED’

WHEN lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed,  
And the great star early drooped in the western sky in the  
night,  
I mourned, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,  
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,  
And thought of him I love.

II

O powerful western fallen star!  
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!  
O great star disappeared—O the black murk that hides the  
star!

O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!  
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul!

III

In the dooryard fronting an old farmhouse, near the white-  
washed palings,  
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves  
of rich green,  
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the per-  
fume strong I love,  
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the  
dooryard,  
With delicate-colored blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of  
rich green,  
A sprig with its flower I break.

IV

In the swamp in secluded recesses,  
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,  
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,  
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,  
Death's outlet song of life—(for well, dear brother, I know  
If thou wast not gifted to sing thou wouldst surely die).

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,  
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets  
peeped from the ground, spotting the gray debris,  
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the  
endless grass,  
Passing the yellow-speared wheat, every grain from its  
shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,  
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the or-  
chards,

Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,  
Night and day journeys a coffin.

## VI

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,  
Through day and night, with the great cloud darkening the  
land,  
With the pomp of the inlooped flags, with the cities draped  
in black,  
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veiled  
women standing,  
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the  
night,  
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and  
the unbared heads,  
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the somber  
faces,  
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices  
rising strong and solemn,  
With all the mournful voices of the dirges poured around  
the coffin,  
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—where amid  
these you journey,  
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,  
Here, coffin that slowly passes,  
I give you my sprig of lilac.

## VII

Nor for you, for one alone,  
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,  
For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you,  
O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,  
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,  
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,  
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,  
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you.  
For you and the coffins all of you, O death.)

VIII

O western orb sailing the heaven,  
 Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I  
     walked,  
 As I walked in silence the transparent shadowy night,  
 As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night  
     after night,  
 As you drooped from the sky low down as if to my side,  
     (while the other stars all looked on,)  
 As we wandered together the solemn night, (for something,  
     I know not what, kept me from sleep.)  
 As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how  
     full you were of woe,  
 As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool  
     transparent night,  
 As I watched where you passed, and was lost in the nether-  
     ward black of the night,  
 As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where yon sad  
     orb,  
 Concluded, dropped in the night, and was gone.

IX

Sing on there in the swamp,  
 O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your  
     call,  
 I hear, I come presently, I understand you,  
 But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detained me,  
 The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

X

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?  
 And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that  
     has gone?  
 And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?  
  
 Sea-winds blown from east and west,  
 Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western  
     sea, till there on the prairies meeting,  
 These and with these and the breath of my chant,  
 I'll perfume the grave of him I love.



## XI

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?  
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,  
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,  
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke  
    lucid and bright,  
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent,  
    sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,  
With the fresh spring herbage under foot, and the pale  
    green leaves of the trees prolific,  
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river,  
    with a wind-dapple here and there,  
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against  
    the sky, and shadows,  
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of  
    chimneys,  
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the work-  
    men homeward returning.

## XII

Lo, body and soul—this land,  
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and  
    hurrying tides, and the ships,  
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the  
    light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,  
And ever the far-spreading prairies covered with grass and  
    corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,  
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,  
The gentle soft-born measureless light,  
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfilled noon,  
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,  
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

## XIII

Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird,  
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from  
    the bushes,  
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy song,  
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!

O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!

You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart,)

Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

XIV

Now while I sat in the day and looked forth,

In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring,  
and the farmers preparing their crops,

In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes  
and forests,

In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturbed winds  
and the storms.)

Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing,  
and the voices of children and women,

The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they  
sailed,

And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields  
all busy with labor,

And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each  
with its meals and minutia of daily usages,

And the streets how their throbbings throbbed, and the  
cities pent—lo, then and there,

Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me  
with the rest,

Appeared the cloud, appeared the long black trail,

And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of  
death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,  
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,  
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the  
hands of companions,

I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,

Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in  
the dimness,

To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest received me,  
The gray-brown bird I know received us comrades three,  
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,  
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,  
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,  
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,  
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

*Come, lovely and soothing death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later delicate death.*

*Praised be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?  
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come un-  
falteringly.*

*Approach, strong deliveress,  
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the  
dead,  
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,  
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee, adornments and feast-  
ings for thee,  
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky  
are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night in silence under many a star,  
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I  
know,  
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled death,  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,  
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the  
prairies wide,  
Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and  
ways,  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.*

XV

To the tally of my soul,  
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,  
With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,  
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,  
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,  
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,  
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,  
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierced with  
missiles I saw them,  
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn  
and bloody,  
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all in  
silence.)  
And the staffs all splintered and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,  
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,  
I saw the debris and debris of all the slain soldiers of the  
war.

But I saw they were not as was thought,  
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffered not,  
The living remained and suffered, the mother suffered,  
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffered,  
And the armies that remained suffered.

## XVI

Passing the visions, passing the night,  
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,  
Passing the song of the hermit bird, and the tallying song of  
my soul,  
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-  
altering song,  
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling,  
flooding the night,  
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet  
again bursting with joy,  
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,  
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,  
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,  
I leave thee there in the dooryard, blooming, returning with  
spring.

I cease from my song for thee,  
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, com-  
muning with thee,  
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.  
Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the night,  
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,  
And the tallying chant, the echo aroused in my soul,  
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance  
full of woe,  
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of the  
bird,  
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever  
to keep, for the dead I loved so well,  
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands—and  
this for his dear sake,  
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul,  
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

*Walt Whitman* [1819-1892]

# LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour  
 Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,  
 She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down  
 To make a man to meet the mortal need.  
 She took the tried clay of the common road—  
 Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,  
 Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;  
 Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;  
 Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.  
 Into the shape she breathed a flame to light  
 That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.  
 Here was a man to hold against the world,  
 A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;  
 The smack and tang of elemental things:  
 The rectitude and patience of the cliff;  
 The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;  
 The friendly welcome of the wayside well;  
 The courage of the bird that dares the sea;  
 The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;  
 The pity of the snow that hides all scars;  
 The secrecy of streams that make their way  
 Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;  
 The tolerance and equity of light  
 That gives as freely to the shrinking flower  
 As to the great oak flaring to the wind—  
 To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn  
 That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,  
 The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,  
 The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.  
 Up from log cabin to the Capitol,  
 One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—  
 To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,  
 Clearing a free way for the feet of God.  
 And evermore he burned to do his deed

With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:  
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,  
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,  
The conscience of him testing every stroke,  
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;  
And when the judgment thunders split the house,  
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,  
He held the ridgepole up, and spiked again  
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—  
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—  
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.  
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down  
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

*Edwin Markham [1852-1940]*

### THE MASTER

Supposed to have been written not long after the Civil War

A FLYING word from here and there  
Had sown the name at which we sneered,  
But soon the name was everywhere,  
To be reviled and then revered:  
A presence to be loved and feared,  
We cannot hide it, or deny  
That we, the gentlemen who jeered,  
May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous  
And hearts of men were sore beguiled;  
And having made his note of us,  
He pondered and was reconciled.  
Was ever master yet so mild  
As he, and so untamable?  
We doubted, even when he smiled,  
Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate  
Would shame us whom he served unsought;  
He knew that he must wince and wait—  
The jest of those for whom he fought;  
He knew devoutly what he thought  
Of us and of our ridicule;  
He knew that we must all be taught  
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamor to the task  
That he encountered and saw through,  
But little of us did he ask,  
And little did we ever do.  
And what appears if we review  
The season when we railed and chaffed?  
It is the face of one who knew  
That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels  
Again the venom that we flung,  
Transfigured to the world reveals  
The vigilance to which we clung.  
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among  
The mysteries that are untold,  
The face we see was never young  
Nor could it wholly have been old.

For he, to whom we had applied  
Our shopman's test of age and worth,  
Was elemental when he died,  
As he was ancient at his birth:  
The saddest among kings of earth,  
Bowed with a galling crown, this man  
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,  
Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame,  
Are bounded by the world alone;  
The calm, the smoldering, and the flame  
Of awful patience were his own:



With him they are forever flown  
 Past all our fond self-shadowings,  
 Wherewith we cumber the Unknown  
 As with inept, Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men:  
 'Twas ours to soar and his to see:  
 But we are coming down again,  
 And we shall come down pleasantly;  
 Nor shall we longer disagree  
 On what it is to be sublime,  
 But flourish in our perigee  
 And have one Titan at a time.

*Edwin Arlington Robinson* [1869-1935]

#### ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mold  
 Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:  
 That brow all wisdom, all benignity;  
 That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold  
 Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;  
 That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea  
 For storms to beat on; the lone agony  
 Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.  
 Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men  
 As might some prophet of the elder day,—  
 Brooding above the tempest and the fray  
 With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.  
 A power was his beyond the touch of art  
 Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

*Richard Watson Gilder* [1844-1909]

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[Written by the editor of London *Punch*, as that journal's apology and atonement]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,  
 You, who, with mocking pencil, wont to trace,  
 Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,  
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,  
His lack of all we prize as debonair,  
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

*You*, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,  
Judging each step as though the way were plain;  
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph  
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,—

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet  
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,  
Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,  
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;  
To make me own this hind of Princes peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,  
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,  
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;  
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—  
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,  
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,  
That God makes instruments to work His will,  
If but that will we can arrive to know,  
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side  
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,  
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied  
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might,—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's ax,  
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—  
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:  
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,  
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,  
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'  
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took both with the same unwavering mood;  
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,  
Reached from behind his back, a trigger pressed—  
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,  
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.  
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high!  
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 3645

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before  
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;  
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,  
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,  
And with the martyr's crown, crownest a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

*Tom Taylor* [1817-1880]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[1807-1882]

*Nec turpem senectam  
Degere, nec cithara carentem.*—*Hor. i. 31*

“NOT to be tuneless in old age!”  
Ah! surely blest his pilgrimage,  
Who, in his Winter's snow,  
Still sings with note as sweet and clear  
As in the morning of the year  
When the first violets blow.

Blest!—but more blest, whom Summer's heat,  
Whom Spring's impulsive stir and beat,  
Have taught no feverish lure;  
Whose Muse, benignant and serene,  
Still keeps his Autumn chaplet green  
Because his verse is pure!

Lie calm, O white and laureate head!  
Lie calm, O Dead, that art not dead,  
Since from the voiceless grave,  
Thy voice shall speak to old and young  
While song yet speaks an English tongue  
By Charles' or Thamís' wave!

*Austin Dobson* [1840-1921]

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

[1542-1587]

WHEN the young hand of Darnley locked in hers  
Had knit her to her northern doom—amid  
The spousal pomp of flags and trumpeters,  
Her fate looked forth and was no longer hid;  
A jealous brain beneath a southern crown  
Wrought spells upon her; from afar she felt  
The waxen image of her fortunes melt  
Beneath the Tudor's eye, while the grim frown  
Of her own lords o'ermastered her sweet smiles,  
And nipped her growing gladness, till she mourned,  
And sank, at last, beneath their cruel wiles;  
But, ever since, all generous hearts have burned  
To clear her fame, yea, very babes have yearned  
Over this saddest story of the isles.

*Charles Tennyson Turner* [1808-1879]

## THE ANGELUS

[JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, 1814-1875]

NOT far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau,  
A lovely memory-haunted hamlet lies,  
Whose tender spell makes captive, and defies  
Forgetfulness. The peasants come and go—  
Their backs too used to stoop, and patient sow  
The harvest which a narrow want supplies—  
Even as when, Earth's pathos in his eyes,  
Millet dwelt here, companion of their woe.

Ah, Barbizon! With thorns, not laurels, crowned,  
He looked thy sorrows in the face, and found—  
Vital as seed warm-nestled in the sod—  
The hidden sweetness at the heart of pain;  
Trusting thy sun and dew, thy wind and rain—  
At home with Nature, and at one with God!

*Florence Earle Coates* [1850-1927]

## In Memory of "Barry Cornwall" 3647

### UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF MILTON

IN TONSON'S FOLIO EDITION OF PARADISE LOST, 1688

[1608-1674]

THREE Poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;  
The next in majesty; in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go:  
To make a third she joined the former two.

*John Dryden* [1631-1700]

### IN MEMORY OF "BARRY CORNWALL"

[BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, 1787-1874]

IN the garden of death, where the singers whose names are  
deathless,

One with another make music unheard of men,  
Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips long breathless,  
And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not or change  
again,

Who comes now crowned with the blossom of snow-white  
years?

What music is this that the world of the dead men hears?

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,

Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,  
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,  
To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts  
meet,

Child, father, bridegroom and bride, and anguish and rest,  
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled and bright-  
ened,

As a forest with birds, with the fruit and the flower of his  
song;

For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their cares were  
lightened,

For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered his name so  
long;

By the living and dead lips blest that have loved his name,  
And clothed with their praise and crowned with their love  
for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,  
That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by night,  
As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's  
self knows not,

Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;  
Shall wax with the years that wane and the seasons' chime,  
As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with another,  
And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake;  
The same year beckons, and elder with younger brother  
Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all shall take.  
They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come;  
And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,  
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death;  
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame  
us,

Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack breath.  
For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell.  
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell

*Algernon Charles Swinburne* [1837-1900]

### GREAT-HEART

[Theodore Roosevelt, 1858-1919]

"The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his, one Great-Heart."

*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.*

CONCERNING brave Captains  
Our age hath made known  
For all men to honor,  
One standeth alone,  
Of whom, o'er both oceans  
Both Peoples may say:  
"Our realm is diminished,  
With Great-Heart away."

In purpose unsparing,  
In action no less,  
The labors he praised  
He would seek and profess  
Through travail and battle,  
At hazard and pain. . . .  
And our world is none the braver  
Since Great-Heart was ta'en.  
Plain speech with plain folk,  
And plain words for false things,  
Plain faith in plain dealing  
'Twixt neighbors or kings  
He used and he followed,  
However it sped. . . .  
Oh, our world is none more honest  
Now Great-Heart is dead!  
The heat of his spirit  
Struck warm through all lands;  
For he loved such as showed  
'Emselves men of their hands;  
In love, as in hate,  
Paying home to the last. . . .  
But our world is none the kinder  
Now Great-Heart has passed!  
Hard-schooled by long power,  
Yet most humble of mind  
Where aught that he was  
Might advantage mankind.  
Leal servant, loved master,  
Rare comrade, sure guide. . . .  
Oh, our world is none the safer  
Now Great-Heart hath died!  
Let those who would handle  
Make sure they can wield  
His far-reaching sword  
And his close-guarding shield;  
For those who must journey  
Henceforward alone  
Have need of stout convoy  
Now Great-Heart is gone.



TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE  
HATH LEFT US

[1564-1616]

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.  
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;  
For silliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.  
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore  
Should praise a matron. What could hurt her more?  
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,  
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still while thy book doth live  
And we have wits to read and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,  
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;  
For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,  
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.  
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek  
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek  
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles to us;

Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
 To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
 And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,  
 Leave thee alone for the comparison  
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show  
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
 He was not of an age, but for all time!  
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!  
 Nature herself was proud of his designs  
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!  
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;  
 But antiquated and deserted lie,  
 As they were not of Nature's family.  
 Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.  
 For though the poet's matter nature be,  
 His art doth give the fashion; and, that he  
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,  
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
 Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same  
 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,  
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;  
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.  
 And such wert thou! Look how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue, even so the race  
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
 In his well-turnèd, and true-filèd lines;  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.  
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!

But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!  
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage  
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,  
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,  
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

*Ben Jonson* [1573?-1637]

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE PREFIXED  
 TO THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION, 1623

THIS figure, that thou here seest put,  
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
 Wherein the Graver had a strife  
 With Nature to outdo the life:  
 O, could he but have drawn his wit  
 As well in brass, as he hath hit  
 His face; the Print would then surpass  
 All that was ever writ in brass.  
 But since he cannot, Reader, look  
 Not at his picture, but his book.

*Ben Jonson* [1573?-1637]

SHAKESPEARE

O LET me leave the plains behind,  
 And let me leave the vales below!  
 Into the highlands of the mind,  
 Into the mountains let me go.

My Keats, my Spenser, loved I well;  
 Gardens and statued lawns were these;  
 Yet not for ever could I dwell  
 In arbors and in pleasancess.

Here are the heights, crest beyond crest,  
 With Himalayan dew's impearled;  
 And I will watch from Everest  
 The long heave of the surging world.

*William Watson* [1858-1935]

SHAKESPEARE

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,  
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,  
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
To the foiled searching of mortality;  
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,  
Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so!  
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

*Matthew Arnold* [1822-1888]

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC  
POET, W. SHAKESPEARE

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones  
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?  
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.  
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving;  
And so sepulchered in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

*John Milton* [1608-1674]

## TO WILLIAM SHARP

FIONA MACLEOD

[1856-1905]

THE waves about Iona dirge,  
The wild winds trumpet over Skye;  
Shrill around Arran's cliff-bound verge  
The gray gulls cry.

Spring wraps its transient scarf of green,  
Its heathery robe, round slope and scar;  
And night, the scudding wrack between,  
Lights its lone star.

But you who loved these outland isles,  
Their gleams, their glooms, their mysteries,  
Their eldritch lures, their druid wiles,  
Their tragic seas,

Will heed no more, in mortal guise,  
The potent witchery of their call,  
If dawn be regnant in the skies,  
Or evenfall.

Yet, though where suns Sicilian beam  
The loving earth enfolds your form,  
I can but deem these coasts of dream  
And hovering storm

Still thrall your spirit—that it bides  
By far Iona's kelp-strewn shore,  
There lingering till time and tides  
Shall surge no more.

*Clinton Scollard* [1860-1932]

## AN ODE

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE SHAW MEMORIAL ON BOSTON

COMMON, MAY THIRTY-FIRST, 1897

[ROBERT GOULD SHAW, 1837-1863]

## I

Not with slow, funereal sound  
Come we to this sacred ground;  
Not with wailing fife and solemn muffled drum,  
Bringing a cypress wreath  
To lay, with bended knee,  
On the cold brows of Death—  
Not so, dear God, we come,  
But with the trumpets' blare  
And shot-torn battle-banners flung to air,  
As for a victory!

Hark to the measured tread of martial feet,  
The music and the murmurs of the street!  
No bugle breathes this day  
Disaster and retreat!—  
Hark, how the iron lips  
Of the great battle-ships  
Salute the City from her azure Bay!

## II

Time was—time was, ah, unforgotten years!—  
We paid our hero tribute of our tears.  
But now let go  
All sounds and signs and formulas of woe:  
'Tis Life, not Death, we celebrate;  
To Life, not Death, we dedicate  
This storied bronze, whereon is wrought  
The lithe immortal figure of our thought,  
To show forever to men's eyes,  
Our children's children's children's eyes,  
How once he stood  
In that heroic mood,

He and his dusky braves  
So fain of glorious graves!—  
One instant stood, and then  
Drave through that cloud of purple steel and flame,  
Which wrapped him, held him, gave him not again,  
But in its trampled ashes left to Fame  
An everlasting name!

## III

That was indeed to live—  
At one bold swoop to wrest  
From darkling death the best  
That death to life can give.  
He fell as Roland fell  
That day at Roncevaux,  
With foot upon the ramparts of the foe!  
A pæan, not a knell,  
For heroes dying so!  
No need for sorrow here,  
No room for sigh or tear,  
Save such rich tears as happy eyelids know.  
See where he rides, our Knight!  
Within his eyes the light  
Of battle, and youth's gold about his brow;  
Our Paladin, our Soldier of the Cross,  
Not weighing gain with loss—  
World-loser, that won all  
Obeying duty's call!  
Not his, at peril's frown,  
A pulse of quicker beat;  
Not his to hesitate  
And parley hold with Fate,  
But proudly to fling down  
His gauntlet at her feet.  
O soul of loyal valor and white truth,  
Here, by this iron gate,  
Thy serried ranks about thee as of yore,  
Stand thou for evermore  
In thy undying youth!

The tender heart, the eagle eye!  
Oh, unto him belong  
The homages of Song;  
Our praises and the praise  
Of coming days  
To him belong—  
To him, to him, the dead that shall not die!  
*Thomas Bailey Aldrich* [1837-1907]

## MEMORABILIA

[1792-1822]

AH, did you once see Shelley plain,  
And did he stop and speak to you,  
And did you speak to him again?  
How strange it seems and new!

But you were living before that,  
And also you were living after;  
And the memory I started at—  
My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own  
And a certain use in the world no doubt,  
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone  
'Mid the blank miles round about:

For there I picked up on the heather  
And there I put inside my breast  
A molted feather, an eagle-feather!  
Well, I forget the rest.

*Robert Browning* [1816-1889]

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

[1850-1894]

IN his old gusty garden of the North,  
He heard lark-time the uplifting Voices call;  
Smitten through with Voices was the evenfall - -  
At last they drove him forth.



Now there were two rang silverly and long;  
 And of Romance, that spirit of the sun,  
 And of Romance, Spirit of Youth, was one;  
 And one was that of Song.

Gold-belted sailors, bristling buccaneers,  
 The flashing soldier, and the high, slim dame,  
 These were the Shapes that all around him came,—  
 That we let go with tears.

His was the unstinted English of the Scot,  
 Clear, nimble, with the scriptural tang of Knox  
 Thrust through it like the far, sweet scent of box,  
 To keep it unforgot.

No frugal Realist, but quick to laugh,  
 To see appealing things in all he knew,  
 He plucked the sun-sweet corn his fathers grew,  
 And would have naught of chaff.

David and Keats, and all good singing men,  
 Take to your heart this Covenanters' son,  
 Gone in mid-years, leaving our years undone,  
 Where you do sing again!

*Lizette Woodworth Reese [1856-1935]*

### BAYARD TAYLOR

[1825-1878]

"AND where now, Bayard, will thy footsteps tend?"

My sister asked our guest one winter's day.

Smiling he answered in the Friends' sweet way

Common to both: "Wherever thou shalt send!

What wouldst thou have me see for thee?" She laughed,

Her dark eyes dancing in the wood-fire's glow:

"Loffoden isles, the Kilpis, and the low

Unsetting sun on Finmark's fishing-craft."

"All these and more I soon shall see for thee!"

He answered cheerily: and he kept his pledge

On Lapland snows, the North Cape's windy wedge,

And Tromsö freezing in its winter sea.

He went and came. But no man knows the track

Of his last journey, and he comes not back!

He brought us wonders of the new and old;  
 We shared all climes with him. The Arab's tent  
 To him its story-telling secret lent,  
 And, pleased, we listened to the tales he told.  
 His task, beguiled with songs that shall endure,  
 In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought;  
 From humble home-lays to the heights of thought  
 Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.  
 How, with the generous pride that friendship hath,  
 We, who so loved him, saw at last the crown  
 Of civic honor on his brows pressed down,  
 Rejoiced, and knew not that the gift was death.  
 And now for him, whose praise in deafened ears  
 Two nations speak, we answer but with tears!

O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,  
 Green as thy June turf keep his memory. Let  
 Nor wood, nor dell, nor storied stream forget,  
 Nor winds that blow round lonely Cedarcroft;  
 Let the home voices greet him in the far,  
 Strange lands that hold him; let the messages  
 Of love pursue him o'er the chartless seas  
 And unmapped vastness of his unknown star!  
 Love's language, heard beyond the loud discourse  
 Of perishable fame, in every sphere  
 Itself interprets; and its utterance here  
 Somewhere in God's unfolding universe  
 Shall reach our traveler, softening the surprise  
 Of his rapt gaze on unfamiliar skies!

*John Greenleaf Whittier* [1807-1892]

## LACRIMÆ MUSARUM

[ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809-1892]

Low, like another's, lies the laureled head:  
 The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er:  
 Carry the last great bard to his last bed.  
 Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.  
 Land that he loved, that loved him! nevermore  
 Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,  
 Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,

Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,  
The master's feet shall tread.  
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute:  
The singer of undying songs is dead.

Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,  
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf  
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,  
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave  
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief  
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.  
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers  
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,  
And soon the winter silence shall be ours:  
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame  
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,  
To save from visitation of decay?  
Not in this temporal light alone, that bay  
Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears  
Sings he with lips of transitory clay.  
Rapt though he be from us,  
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus;  
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each  
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach;  
Proudly a gaunt right hand doth Dante reach;  
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home;  
Keats, on his lips the eternal rose of youth,  
Doth in the name of Beauty that is Truth  
A kinsman's love beseech;  
Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,  
Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,  
His equal friendship crave:  
And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech  
Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

Nay, he returns to regions whence he came.  
Him doth the spirit divine

Of universal loveliness reclaim.  
All nature is his shrine.  
Seek him henceforward in the wind and sea,  
In earth's and air's emotion or repose,  
In every star's august serenity,  
And in the rapture of the flaming rose.  
There seek him if ye would not seek in vain,  
There, in the rhythm and music of the Whole;  
Yea, and for ever in the human soul  
Made stronger and more beauteous by his strain.

For lo! creation's self is one great choir,  
And what is nature's order but the rhyme  
Whereto in holiest unanimity  
All things with all things move unfalteringly,  
Infolded and communal from their prime?  
Who shall expound the mystery of the lyre?  
In far retreats of elemental mind  
Obscurely comes and goes  
The imperative breath of song, that as the wind  
Is trackless, and oblivious whence it blows.  
Demand of lilies wherefore they are white,  
Extort her crimson secret from the rose,  
But ask not of the Muse that she disclose  
The meaning of the riddle of her might:  
Somewhat of all things sealed and recondite,  
Save the enigma of herself, she knows.  
The master could not tell, with all his lore,  
Wherefore he sang, or whence the mandate sped:  
Even as the linnet sings, so I, he said:  
Ah, rather as the imperial nightingale,  
That held in trance the ancient Attic shore,  
And charms the ages with the notes that o'er  
All woodland chants immortally prevail!  
And now, from our vain plaudits greatly fled,  
He with diviner silence dwells instead,  
And on no earthly sea with transient roar,  
Unto no earthly airs, he sets his sail,  
But far beyond our vision and our hail  
Is heard for ever and is seen no more.

No more, O never now,  
Lord of the lofty and the tranquil brow,  
Shall men behold those wizard locks where Time  
Let fall no wintry rime.  
Once, in his youth obscure,  
The weaver of this verse, that shall endure  
By splendor of its theme which cannot die,  
Beheld thee eye to eye,  
And touched through thee the hand  
Of every hero of thy race divine,  
Even to the sire of all the laureled line,  
The sightless wanderer on the Ionian strand.  
Yea, I beheld thee, and behold thee yet:  
Thou hast forgotten, but can I forget?  
Are not thy words all goldenly impressed  
On memory's palimpsest?  
I hear the utterance of thy sovereign tongue,  
I tread the floor thy hallowing feet have trod;  
I see the hands a nation's lyre that strung,  
The eyes that looked through life and gazed on God.

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer;  
The grass of yesteryear  
Is dead; the birds depart, the groves decay:  
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear:  
Song passes not away.  
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,  
And kings a dubious legend of their reign;  
The swords of Cæsars, they are less than rust:  
The poet doth remain.  
Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive;  
And thou, the Mantuan of this age and soil,  
With Virgil shalt survive.  
Enriching Time with no less honeyed spoil,  
The yielded sweet of every Muse's hive;  
Heeding no more the sound of idle praise  
In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,—  
Master who crown'st our immelodious days  
With flower of perfect speech.

*William Watson* [1858-1935]

## TENNYSON

WESTMINSTER ABBEY: OCTOBER TWELFTH, 1892]

GIB DIESEN TODTEN MIR HERAUS!

*(The Minster speaks)*

BRING me my dead!  
To me that have grown,  
Stone laid upon stone,  
As the stormy brood  
Of English blood  
Has waxed and spread  
And filled the world,  
With sails unfurled;  
With men that may not lie;  
With thoughts that cannot die.

Bring me my dead!  
Into the storied hall,  
Where I have garnered all  
My harvest without weed;  
My chosen fruits of goodly seed,  
And lay him gently down among  
The men of state, the men of song:  
The men that would not suffer wrong:  
The thought-worn chieftains of the mind:  
Head-servants of the human kind.

Bring me my dead!  
The autumn sun shall shed  
Its beams athwart the bier's  
Heaped blooms: a many tears  
Shall flow; his words, in cadence sweet and strong,  
Shall voice the full hearts of the silent throng.  
Bring me my dead!  
And oh! sad wedded mourner, seeking still  
For vanished hand-clasp: drinking in thy fill  
Of holy grief; forgive, that pious theft  
Robs thee of all, save memories, left:

Not thine to kneel beside the grassy mound  
 While dies the western glow; and all around  
 Is silence; and the shadows closer creep  
 And whisper softly: All must fall asleep.

*Thomas Henry Huxley* [1825-1895]

## FOR A COPY OF THEOCRITUS

[c. 270 B. C.]

O SINGER of the field and fold,  
 Theocritus! Pan's pipe was thine,—  
 Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

For thee the scent of new-turned mold,  
 The bee-hives, and the murmuring pine,  
 O Singer of the field and fold

Thou sang'st the simple feasts of old,—  
 The beechen bowl made glad with wine  
 Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Thou bad'st the rustic loves be told,—  
 Thou bad'st the tuneful reeds combine,  
 O Singer of the field and fold!

And round thee, ever-laughing, rolled  
 The blithe and blue Sicilian brine . . .  
 Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Alas for us! Our songs are cold;  
 Our Northern suns too sadly shine:—  
 O Singer of the field and fold,  
 Thine was the happier Age of Gold!

*Austin Dobson* [1840]

## THEOCRITUS

O SINGER of Persephone!  
 In the dim meadows desolate,  
 Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still through the ivy flits the bee

Where Amaryllis lies in state;

O Singer of Persephone!

Simætha calls on Hecate

And hears the wild dogs at the gate:

Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea

Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate:

O Singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry

Young Daphnis challenges his mate:

Dost thou remember Sicily?

Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee,

For thee the jocund shepherds wait,

O singer of Persephone!

Dost thou remember Sicily?

*Oscar Wilde* [1856-1900]

## THE QUIET SINGER

[AVE! FRANCIS THOMPSON,—1859-1907]

HE had been singing—but I had not heard his voice;

He had been weaving lovely dreams of song,

O many a morning long.

But I, remote and far,

Under an alien star,

Listened to other singers, other birds,

And other silver words.

But does the skylark, singing sweet and clear,

Beg the cold world to hear?

Rather he sings for very rapture of singing,

At dawn, or in the blue, mild Summer noon,

Knowing that, late or soon,

His wealth of beauty, and his high notes, ringing

Above the earth, will make some heart rejoice.



He sings, albeit alone,  
Spendthrift of each pure tone,  
Hoarding no single song,  
No cadence wild and strong.  
But one day, from a friend far overseas,  
As if upon the breeze,  
There came the teeming wonder of his words—  
A golden troop of birds,  
Caged in a little volume made to love;  
Singing, singing,  
Flinging, flinging  
Their breaking hearts on mine, and swiftly bringing  
Tears, and the peace thereof.

How the world woke anew!  
How the days broke anew!  
Before my tear-blind eyes a tapestry  
I seemed to see,  
Woven of all the dreams dead or to be.  
Hills, hills of song, Springs of eternal bloom,  
Autumns of golden pomp and purple gloom  
Were hung upon his loom.  
Winters of pain, roses with awful thorns,  
Yet wondrous faith in God's dew-drenchèd morns—  
These, all these I saw,  
With that ecstatic awe  
Wherewith one looks into Eternity.

And then I knew that, though I had not heard  
His voice before,  
His quiet singing, like some quiet bird  
At some one's distant doer,  
Had made my own more sweet; and made it more  
Lovely, in one of God's miraculous ways.  
I knew then why the days  
Had seemed more perfect to me when the Spring  
Came with old burgeoning;  
For somewhere in the world his voice was raised,  
And somewhere in the world his heart was breaking;  
And never a flower but knew it, sweetly taking

Beauty more high and noble for his sake,  
As a whole wood grows lovelier for the wail  
Of one sad nightingale.

Yet, if the Springs long past  
Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice,  
I tremble at the beauty I shall see  
In seasons still to be,  
Now that his songs are mine while Life shall last.  
O now for me  
New floods of visions open suddenly. . . .  
Rejoice, my heart! Rejoice  
That you have heard the Quiet Singer's voice!

*Charles Hanson Towne* [1877-

### THOREAU'S FLUTE

[HENRY DAVID THOREAU, 1817-1862]

WE, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;  
His pipe hangs mute beside the river;  
Around it wistful sunbeams quiver,  
But Music's airy voice is fled.  
Spring mourns as for untimely frost;  
The bluebird chants a requiem;  
The willow-blossom waits for him:—  
The Genius of the wood is lost."

Then from the flute, untouched by hands,  
There came a low, harmonious breath:  
"For such as he there is no death;  
His life the eternal life commands;  
Above man's aims his nature rose:  
The wisdom of a just content  
Made one small spot a continent,  
And turned to poetry Life's prose.

"Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,  
Swallow and aster, lake and pine,  
To him grew human or divine,—  
Fit mates for this large-hearted child.

Such homage Nature ne'er forgets,  
 And yearly on the coverlid  
 'Neath which her darling lieth hid  
 Will write his name in violets.

"To him no vain regrets belong,  
 Whose soul, that finer instrument,  
 Gave to the world no poor lament,  
 But wood-notes ever sweet and strong.  
 O lonely friend! he still will be  
 A potent presence, though unseen,—  
 Steadfast, sagacious, and serene:  
 Seek not for him,—he is with thee."

*Louisa May Alcott* [1832-1888]

## AVE ATQUE VALE

IN MEMORIAM ARTHUR UPSON

[1877-1908]

### I

You found the green before the Spring was sweet  
 And in the boughs the color of a rose,  
 The haunting fragrance that the south-wind knows  
 When May has wandered far on questing feet;  
 And in your heart—a wild note, full and fleet,  
 The first cry of a gladdened bird that goes  
 North to the fields of winter-laden snows,  
 Joyous against the blast and stinging sleet.

And now the Spring is here, the snows are gone,  
 The apple-blossoms fall from every tree  
 And all the branches throb with love and Spring;  
 But never comes one note to greet the dawn,  
 Never again a wild-glad melody—  
 God speed, great soul, your valiant wandering!

## II

Your hand that traced these lines, and now is dust!  
How strange, to-night, this thing of life and death  
Where my low candle-flame o'ershadoweth  
What once knew youth in its first joyous trust;  
So simple and so near, as if you must  
Still linger somewhere—yet no answer saith  
Its golden word, no magic-freighted breath,  
Only a heart-beat stilled in rainbow-rust.

Stilled in the music of a yester-year  
That ever echoes its sweet instrument,  
And richly sings across an unknown sea;  
But these dim lines—so vital they appear,  
So full of youth and joy and life's intent.  
Ah, this it is that seems so strange to me!

## III

How quiet are their voices on the wind  
As they toss sadly in a darkened sky,  
And yet, mayhap, to you old words imply  
That all my questing days I shall not find;  
For never more may earthly vestures bind,  
But stripped away from things that needs must die,  
Deep in that youth where death's strange secrets lie  
And whose faint whispers fall on us behind.

Therefore to you the voices harbor peace,  
Their ancient patience do you know at last,—  
Yet more, the inmost murmuring of these;  
And in that mystic lore beyond release,  
In one full instant from a treasured past,  
Mayhap, you heard the Message of the Trees!

## IV

I stood to-day upon time's border-land  
And looked far off across each rolling year,  
Yet scarcely their great thunder did I hear  
Nor marked the wreckage of the changing sand;

For one soft note persuasive did command  
All other tones that reached my quickened ear,  
And in that note a message low and clear  
That I so plainly seemed to understand.

As in the saddened passing of fair things,  
The sorrow of the sunset and the dawn,  
For death that comes when life's hour least should  
fail—  
Ever the moment's hush of lifted wings,  
A gleam of wonder ere the flood is gone. . . .  
The host uncovered from its mortal veil!

October almost holds her golden sway  
Across these hills and through the slopes between,  
As if for you some sacrament unseen  
Were now unfolded in a silent way,—  
As if for you pale memory astray  
Had touched each spot of misted summer green,  
And in the coolness where the shadows lean  
Had whispered of a cherished yesterday.

For one to whom you gave your youth's full praise  
Now takes you back into her hallowed rest  
With all the loveliness that is your due,  
Yielding the precious beauty of her days  
To your deep sleep upon her tranquil breast,—  
Giving you back her deathless love of you!

*Thomas S. Jones, Jr. [1882-1932]*

## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

[THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1769-1852]

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

## The Warden of the Cinque Ports 367

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover,  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers speeding over  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance  
The seacoast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel;  
Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,  
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field Marshal  
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In somber harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room;  
And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar;  
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow [1807-1882]*

## ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

BURY the Great Duke  
With an empire's lamentation;  
Let us bury the Great Duke  
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation;  
Mourning when their leaders fall,  
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,  
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

### II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?  
Here, in streaming London's central roar.  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore.

### III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,  
As fits an universal woe,

## 'The Death of the Duke of Wellington 3673

Let the long, long procession go,  
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,  
And let the mournful martial music blow;  
The last great Englishman is low.

### IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,  
Remembering all his greatness in the past.  
No more in soldier fashion will he greet  
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.  
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute!  
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,  
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,  
Whole in himself, a common good.  
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,  
Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.  
O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fallen at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!  
Such was he whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

All is over and done.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
England, for thy son.  
Let the bell be tolled.  
Render thanks to the Giver,  
And render him to the mould.  
Under the cross of gold



That shines over city and river,  
There he shall rest for ever  
Among the wise and the bold.  
Let the bell be tolled,  
And a reverent people behold  
The towering car, the sable steeds.  
Bright let it be with its blazoned deeds,  
Dark in its funeral fold.  
Let the bell be tolled,  
And a deeper knell in the heart be knolled;  
And the sound of the sorrowing anthem rolled  
Through the dome of the golden cross;  
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;  
He knew their voices of old.  
For many a time in many a clime  
His captain's ear has heard them boom  
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom.  
When he with those deep voices wrought,  
Guarding realms and kings from shame,  
With those deep voices our dead captain taught  
The tyrant, and asserts his claim  
In that dread sound to the great name  
Which he has worn so pure of blame,  
In praise and in dispraise the same,  
A man of well-tempered frame.  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever-echoing avenues of song!

## VI

"Who is he that cometh, like an honored guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?"—  
Mighty Seaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,  
The greatest sailor since our world began.

## The Death of the Duke of Wellington 3675

Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes;  
For this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea.  
His foes were thine; he kept us free;  
Oh, give him welcome, this is he  
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee;  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gained a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun;  
This is he that far away  
Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clashed with his fiery few and won;  
And underneath another sun,  
Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The treble works, the vast designs  
Of his labored rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,  
Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vines  
Back to France her banded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,  
Followed up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamor of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes  
Such a war had such a close.  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings;  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;  
A day of onsets of despair!  
Dashed on every rocky square,

Their surging charges foamed themselves away;  
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;  
Through the long-tormented air  
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,  
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.  
So great a soldier taught us there  
What long-enduring hearts could do  
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!  
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee there at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!  
And through the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,  
Eternal honor to his name.

## VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet.  
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,  
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers,  
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set  
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,  
We have a voice with which to pay the debt  
Of boundless love and reverence and regret  
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.  
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control!  
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul  
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,

## The Death of the Duke of Wellington 3677

And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That sober freedom out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings!  
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,  
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.  
But wink no more in slothful overtrust.  
Remember him who led your hosts;  
He bade you guard the sacred coasts.  
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;  
His voice is silent in your council-hall  
For ever; and whatever tempests lour  
For ever silent; even if they broke  
In thunder, silent; yet remember all  
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;  
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow  
Through either babbling world of high and low;  
Whose life was work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
Who never spoke against a foe;  
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
All great self-seekers trampling on the right.  
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;  
Truth-lover was our English Duke;  
Whatever record leap to light  
He never shall be shamed.

### VIII

Lo! the leader in these glorious wars  
Now to glorious burial slowly borne  
Followed by the brave of other lands,  
He, on whom from both her open hands  
Lavish Honor showered all her stars,  
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.

Yea, let all good things await  
Him who cares not to be great  
But as he saves or serves the state.  
Not once or twice in our rough island-story  
The path of duty was the way to glory.  
He that walks it, only thirsting  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outredden  
All voluptuous garden-roses.  
Not once or twice in our fair island-story  
The path of duty was the way to glory.  
He, that ever following her commands,  
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the far light has won  
His path upward, and prevailed,  
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled  
Are close upon the shining table-lands  
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.  
Such was he: his work is done.  
But while the races of mankind endure  
Let his great example stand  
Colossal, seen of every land,  
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;  
Till in all lands and through all human story  
The path of duty be the way to glory.  
And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame  
For many and many an age proclaim  
At civic revel and pomp and game,  
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,  
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,  
With honor, honor, honor, honor to him,  
Eternal honor to his name.

## IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
By some yet unmoulded tongue

## The Death of the Duke of Wellington 3679

Far on in summers that we shall not see.  
Peace, it is a day of pain  
For one about whose patriarchal knee  
Late the little children clung.  
O peace, it is a day of pain  
For one upon whose hand and heart and brain  
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.  
Ours the pain, he his the gain!  
More than is of man's degree  
Must be with us, watching here  
At this, our great solemnity.  
Whom we see not we revere;  
We revere, and we refrain  
From talk of battles loud and vain,  
And brawling memories all too free  
For such a wise humility  
As befits a solemn fane:  
We revere, and while we hear  
The tide of Music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity,  
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,  
Until we doubt not that for one so true  
There must be other nobler work to do  
Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
And Victor he must ever be.  
For though the Giant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work their will,  
Though world on world in myriad myriads roll  
Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul?  
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.  
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears;  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears;  
The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears;  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
He is gone who seemed so great.—  
Gone, but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own

Being here, and we believe him  
 Something far advanced in State,  
 And that he wears a truer crown  
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
 Speak no more of his renown,  
 Lay your earthly fancies down,  
 And in the vast cathedral leave him,  
 God accept him, Christ receive him!

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

### MEMORIAL VERSES

[WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850]

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,  
 Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.  
 But one such death remained to come;  
 The last poetic voice is dumb—  
 We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,  
 We bowed our head and held our breath.  
 He taught us little; but our soul  
 Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.  
 With shivering heart the strife we saw  
 Of passion with eternal law;  
 And yet with reverential awe  
 We watched the fount of fiery life  
 Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said  
 Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.  
 Physician of the iron age,  
 Goethe has done his pilgrimage.

He took the suffering human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness clear:  
And struck his finger on the place,  
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here !*  
He looked on Europe's dying hour  
Of fitful dream and feverish power;  
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,  
The turmoil of expiring life—  
He said: *The end is everywhere,*  
*Art still has truth, take refuge there !*  
And he was happy, if to know  
Causes of things, and far below  
His feet to see the lurid flow  
Of terror, and insane distress,  
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice!  
For never has such soothing voice  
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,  
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade  
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come  
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.  
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,  
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!  
He too upon a wintry clime  
Had fallen—on this iron time  
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.  
He found us when the age had bound  
Our souls in its benumbing round;  
He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.  
He laid us as we lay at birth  
On the cool flowery lap of earth,  
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease;  
The hills were round us, and the breeze  
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;  
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.  
Our youth returned; for there was shed  
On spirits that had long been dead.  
Spirits dried up and closely furled,  
The freshness of the early world.



Ah! since dark days still bring to light  
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,  
 Time may restore us in his course  
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;  
 But where will Europe's latter hour  
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power?  
 Others will teach us how to dare,  
 And against fear our breast to steel;  
 Others will strengthen us to bear—  
 But who, ah! who, will make us feel?  
 The cloud of mortal destiny,  
 Others will front it fearlessly—  
 But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,  
 O Rotha, with thy living wave!  
 Sing him thy best! for few or none  
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

*Matthew Arnold* [1822-1888]

### WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE

#### I

THE old rude church, with bare, bald tower, is here;  
 Beneath its shadow high-born Rotha flows;  
 Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near,  
 And with cool murmur lulling his repose.

Rotha, remembering well who slumbers near.  
 His hills, his lakes, his streams are with him yet.  
 Surely the heart that reads her own heart clear  
 Nature forgets not soon: 'tis we forget.

We that with vagrant soul his fixity  
 Have slighted; faithless, done his deep faith wrong;  
 Left him for poorer loves, and bowed the knee  
 To misbegotten strange new gods of song.

Yet, led by hollow ghost or beckoning elf  
 Far from her homestead to the desert bourn,  
 The vagrant soul returning to herself  
 Wearily wise, must needs to him return.

To him and to the powers that with him dwell:—  
Inflowings that divulged not whence they came;  
And that secluded Spirit unknowable,  
The mystery we make darker with a name;

The Somewhat which we name but cannot know,  
Even as we name a star and only see  
His quenchless flashings forth, which ever show  
And ever hide him, and which are not he.

## II

Poet who sleepest by this wandering wave!  
When thou wast born, what birth-gift hadst thou then?  
To thee what wealth was that the Immortals gave,  
The wealth thou gavest in thy turn to men?

Not Milton's keen, translunar music thine;  
Not Shakespeare's cloudless, boundless human view;  
Not Shelley's flush of rose on peaks divine;  
Nor yet the wizard twilight Coleridge knew

What hadst thou that could make so large amends  
For all thou hadst not and thy peers possessed,  
Motion and fire, swift means to radiant ends?—  
Thou hadst, for weary feet, the gift of rest.

From Shelley's dazzling glow or thunderous haze,  
From Byron's tempest-anger, tempest-mirth,  
Men turned to thee and found—not blast and blaze,  
Tumult of tottering heavens, but peace on earth.

Nor peace that grows by Lethe, scentless flower,  
There in white languors to decline and cease;  
But peace whose names are also rapture, power,  
Clear sight, and love: for these are parts of peace.

## III

I hear it vowed the Muse is with us still;—  
If less divinely frenzied than of yore,  
In lieu of feelings she has wondrous skill  
To simulate emotion felt no more.

Not such the authentic Presence pure, that made  
This valley vocal in the great days gone!—  
In *his* great days, while yet the spring-time played  
About him, and the mighty morning shone.

No word-mosaic artificer, he sang  
A lofty song of lowly weal and dole.  
Right from the heart, right to the heart it sprang,  
Or from the soul leapt instant to the soul.

He felt the charm of childhood, grace of youth,  
Grandeur of age, insisting to be sung.  
The impassioned argument was simple truth  
Half-wondering at its own melodious tongue.

Impassioned? ay, to the song's ecstatic core!  
But far removed were clangor, storm, and feud;  
For plenteous health was his, exceeding store  
Of joy, and an impassioned quietude.

## IV

A hundred years ere he to manhood came,  
Song from celestial heights had wandered down,  
Put off her robe of sunlight, dew, and flame,  
And donned a modish dress to charm the Town.

Thenceforth she but festooned the porch of things;  
Apt at life's lore, incurious what life meant.  
Dextrous of hand, she struck her lute's few strings;  
Ignobly perfect, barrenly content.

Unflushed with ardor and unblanched with awe,  
Her lips in profitless derision curled,  
She saw with dull emotion—if she saw—  
The vision of the glory of the world.

The human masque she watched, with dreamless eyes  
In whose clear shallows lurked no trembling shade:  
The stars, unkennd by her, might set and rise;  
Unmarked by her, the daisies bloom and fade.

The age grew sated with her sterile wit.

Herself waxed weary on her loveless throne.  
Men felt life's tide, the sweep and surge of it,  
And craved a living voice, a natural tone.

For none the less, though song was but half true,  
The world lay common, one abounding theme.  
Man joyed and wept, and fate was ever new,  
And love was sweet, life real, death no dream.

In sad, stern verse the rugged scholar-sage  
Bemoaned his toil unvalued, youth uncheered.  
His numbers wore the vesture of the age,  
But, 'neath it beating, the great heart was heard.

From dewy pastures, uplands sweet with thyme,  
A virgin breeze freshened the jaded day.  
It wafted Collins' lonely vesper-chime,  
It breathed abroad the frugal note of Gray.

It fluttered here and there, nor swept in vain  
The dusty haunts where futile echoes dwell,—  
Then, in a cadence soft as summer rain,  
And sad from Auburn voiceless, drooped and fell.

It drooped and fell, and one 'neath northern skies,  
With southern heart, who tilled his father's field,  
Found Poesy a-dying, bade her rise  
And touch quick Nature's hem and go forth healed.

On life's broad plain the plowman's conquering share  
Upturned the fallow lands of truth anew,  
And o'er the formal garden's trim parterre  
The peasant's team a ruthless furrow drew.

Bright was his going forth, but clouds ere long  
Whelmed him; in gloom his radiance set, and those  
Twin morning stars of the new century's song,  
Those morning stars that sang together, rose.

In elvish speech the *Dreamer* told his tale  
Of marvelous oceans swept by fateful wings.—  
The *Seër* strayed not from earth's human pale  
But the mysterious face of common things

He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere  
Is mirrored, when the breathless night hangs blue:  
Strangely remote she seems and wondrous near,  
And by some nameless difference born anew.

## V

Peace—peace—and rest! Ah, how the lyre is loth,  
Or powerless now, to give what all men seek!  
Either it deadens with ignoble sloth  
Or deafens with shrill tumult, loudly weak.

Where is the singer whose large notes and clear  
Can heal, and arm, and plenish, and sustain?  
Lo, one with empty music floods the ear,  
And one, the heart refreshing, tires the brain.

And idly tuneful, the loquacious throng  
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,  
And little masters make a toy of song,  
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.

And some go pranked in faded antique dress,  
Abhorring to be hale and glad and free;  
And some parade a conscious naturalness,  
The scholar's not the child's simplicity.

Enough;—the wisest who from words forbear  
The gentle river rails not as it glides;  
And suave and charitable, the winsome air  
Chides not at all, or only him who chides.

## VI

Nature! we storm thine ear with choric notes.  
Thou answerest through the calm great nights and days,  
“Laud me who will: not tuneless are your throats;  
Yet if ye paused I should not miss the praise.”

We falter, half-rebuked, and sing again.

We chant thy desertness and haggard gloom,  
Or with thy splendid wrath inflate the strain,  
Or touch it with thy color and perfume.

One, his melodious blood aflame for thee,  
Wooed with fierce lust, his hot heart world-defiled.  
One, with the upward eye of infancy,  
Looked in thy face, and felt himself thy child.

Thee he approached without distrust or dread—  
Beheld thee throned, an awful queen, above—  
Climbed to thy lap and merely laid his head  
Against thy warm wild heart of mother-love.

He heard that vast heart beating—thou didst press  
Thy child so close, and lov'dst him unaware.  
Thy beauty gladdened him; yet he scarce less  
Had loved thee, had he never found thee fair!

For thou wast not as legendary lands  
To which with curious eyes and ears we roam.  
Nor wast thou as a fane 'mid solemn sands,  
Where palmers halt at evening. Thou wast home.

And here, at home, still bides he; but he sleeps;  
Not to be wakened even at thy word;  
Though we, vague dreamers, dream he somewhere keeps  
An ear still open to thy voice still heard,—

Thy voice, as heretofore, about him blown,  
For ever blown about his silence now;  
Thy voice, though deeper, yet so like his own  
That almost, when he sang, we deemed 'twas thou!

## VII

Behind Helm Crag and Silver Howe the sheen  
Of the retreating day is less and less.  
Soon will the lordlier summits, here unseen,  
Gather the night about their nakedness.

The half-heard bleat of sheep comes from the hill,  
Faint sounds of childish play are in the air.  
The river murmurs past. All else is still.  
The very graves seem stiller than they were.

Afar though nation be on nation hurled,  
And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,  
Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world  
Is not at peace, and all man's heart at rest.

Rest! 'twas the gift *he* gave, and peace! the shade  
*He* spread, for spirits fevered with the sun.  
To him his bounties are come back—here laid  
In rest, in peace, his labor nobly done.

*William Watson* [1858-1935]

## JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

### JERUSALEM \*

For thee, O dear dear Country!  
    Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
For very love, beholding  
    Thy happy name, they weep:  
The mention of thy glory  
    Is unctior to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
    And love, and life, and rest.

O come, O onely Mansion!  
    O Paradise of Joy!  
Where tears are ever banished,  
    And smiles have no alloy;  
Beside thy living waters  
    All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
    The hyssop of the wall:  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;  
    Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
The sardius and the topaz  
    Unite in thee their rays:  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
    With amethyst unpriced:  
Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
    And the corner-stone is Christ.

The Cross is all thy splendor,  
    The Crucified thy praise:  
His laud and benediction  
    Thy ransomed people raise:

\* For the original of this poem see page 3824.



Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,  
True God and Man, they sing:  
The never-failing Garden,  
The ever-golden Ring:  
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
The Guardian of his Court:  
The Day-star of Salvation,  
The Porter and the Port.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower:  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower:  
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile:

Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl thine own:  
The Lamb is ever near thee,  
The Bridegroom thine alone:  
The Crown is He to guerdon,  
The Buckler to protect,  
And He Himself the Mansion,  
And He the Architect.  
The only art thou needest,  
Thanksgiving for thy lot:  
The only joy thou seekest,  
The Life where Death is not.  
And all thine endless leisure  
In sweetest accents sings,  
The ill that was thy merit,—  
The wealth that is thy King's!

*Jerusalem the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed;  
I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there!  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare!*

And when I fain would sing them  
My spirit fails and faints,  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the Saints.

*They stand, those halls of Syon,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng:  
The Prince is ever in them;  
The daylight is serene:  
The pastures of the Blessèd  
Are decked in glorious sheen.*

*There is the Throne of David,—  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast:  
And they who, with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white!*

O holy, placid harp-notes  
Of that eternal hymn!  
O sacred, sweet refection,  
And peace of Seraphim!  
O thirst, for ever ardent,  
Yet evermore content!  
O true, peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent!

Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim:  
For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter,—  
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!  
The glory of the Elect!  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect:  
Even now by faith I see thee  
Even here thy walls discern:  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive and pant and yearn:  
Jerusalem the onely,  
That look'st from heaven below,  
In thee is all my glory;  
In me is all my woe!  
And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.  
O none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise:  
O none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device:  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart:  
And none, O peace, O Syon,  
Can sing thee as thou art.  
New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite.  
Thou City of the Angels!  
Thou City of the Lord!

Whose everlasting music  
Is the glorious decachord!  
And there the band of Prophets  
United praise ascribes,  
And there the twelvefold chorus  
Of Israel's ransomed tribes:  
The lily-beds of virgins,  
The roses' martyr-glow,  
The cohort of the Fathers  
Who kept the faith below!  
And there the Sole-Begotten  
Is Lord in regal state;  
He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
He, Lamb Immaculate.

O fields that know no sorrow!  
O state that fears no strife!  
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!  
O realm and home of life!

*John Mason Neale [1818-1866]*

### THE NEW JERUSALEM \*

From " Song of Mary the Mother of Christ "

JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my sorrows have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbor of the Saints!  
O sweet and pleasant soil!  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,  
There envy bears no sway;  
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,  
But pleasure every way.

\* For the original of this poem see page 3826.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;  
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,  
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles do shine;  
Thy very streets are paved with gold,  
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks  
Continually are green;  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers  
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through thy streets, with silver sound,  
The flood of Life doth flow;  
Upon whose banks on every side  
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring;  
There evermore the angels sit,  
And evermore do sing.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*  
With tones surpassing sweet;  
And all the virgins bear their part,  
Sitting about her feet.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!

## PEACE

My soul, there is a country  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry  
All skilful in the wars:  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious Friend,  
And—O my soul, awake!—  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of Peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges;  
For none can thee secure  
But One who never changes—  
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.  
*Henry Vaughan [1622-1695]*

## PARADISE

O PARADISE, O Paradise,  
Who doth not crave for rest,  
Who would not seek the happy land  
Where they that loved are blest?  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
Wherefore doth death delay?  
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn  
Of our eternal day.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I want to sin no more,  
I want to be as pure on earth  
As on thy spotless shore.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is destining for me.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I feel 'twill not be long;  
Patience! I almost think I hear  
Faint fragments of thy song;  
Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

*Frederick William Faber [1814-1863]*

## THE WORLD

I SAW Eternity the other night,  
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,  
All calm, as it was bright;  
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,  
Driven by the spheres,  
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world  
And all her train were hurled.

The doting lover in his quaintest strain  
Did there complain;  
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,  
Wit's sour delights;  
With gloves, and knots and silly snares of pleasure,  
Yet his dear treasure  
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour  
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,  
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow,  
He did nor stay, nor go;  
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—scowl  
Upon his soul,  
And clouds of crying witnesses without  
Pursued him with one shout.  
Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,  
Worked under ground,  
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see  
That policy:  
Churches and altars fed him; perjuries  
Were gnats and flies;  
It rained about him blood and tears, but he  
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust  
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust  
His own hands with the dust,  
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives  
In fear of thieves.  
Thousands there were as frantic as himself,  
And hugged each one his pelf;  
The down-right epicure placed heaven in sense,  
And scorned pretense;  
While others, slipped into a wide excess,  
Said little less;  
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,  
Who think them brave;  
And poor, despised Truth sate counting by  
Their victory.



Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,  
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring;  
But most would use no wing.  
O fools—said I—thus to prefer dark night  
Before true light!  
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day  
Because it shows the way;  
The way, which from this dead and dark abode  
Leads up to God;  
A way where you might tread the sun, and be  
More bright than he!  
But as I did their madness so discuss,  
One whispered thus,  
“This ring the Bride-groom did for none provide,  
But for His Bride.”

*Henry Vaughan* [1622-1695]

### THE WHITE ISLAND

#### OR, PLACE OF THE BLEST

In this world, the Isle of Dreams,  
While we sit by sorrow's streams,  
Tears and terrors are our themes  
Reciting:

But when once from hence we fly,  
More and more approaching nigh  
Unto young Eternity  
Uniting:

In that whiter island, where  
Things are evermore sincere;  
Candor here, and luster there  
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall  
Out of Hell an horror call,  
To create (or cause at all)  
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep  
We our eyes shall never steep;  
But eternal watch shall keep  
    Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue  
Me immortalized, and you;  
And fresh joys, as never too  
    Have ending.

*Robert Herrick [1591-1634]*

'THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW"

THIS world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,  
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—  
    There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,  
As fading hues of even;  
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom  
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—  
    There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,  
From wave to wave we're driven,  
And fancy's flash and reason's ray  
Serve but to light the troubled way,—  
    There's nothing calm but Heaven!

*Thomas Moore [1779-1852]*

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearin' awa', John,  
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John.  
I'm wearin' awa'  
    To the land o' the leal.

## Jerusalem the Golden

There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither cauld nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,  
She was baith gude and fair, John;  
And O! we grudged her sair  
To the land o' the leal.  
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,  
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,  
The joy that's aye to last  
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,  
Sae free the battle fought, John,  
That sinfu' man e'er brought  
To the land o' the leal.  
O, dry your glistening e'e, John!  
My saul lang's to be free, John,  
And angels beckon me  
To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, John!  
Your day it's wearin' through, John,  
And I'll welcome you  
To the land o' the leal.  
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain John,  
This warld's cares are vain, John,  
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
In the land o' the leal.

*Carolina Nairne [1766-1845]*

## HEAVENWARD

Would you be young again?  
So would not I—  
One tear to memory given,  
Onward I'd hie.

Life's dark flood forded o'er,  
All but at rest on shore,  
Say, would you plunge once more,  
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now  
Retrace your way?  
Wander through thorny wilds,  
Faint and astray?  
Night's gloomy watches fled,  
Morning all beaming red,  
Hope's smiles around us shed,  
Heavenward—away.

Where are they gone, of yore  
My best delight?  
Dear and more dear, though now  
Hidden from sight.  
Where they rejoice to be,  
There is the land for me;  
Fly time—fly speedily,  
Come life and light.

*Carolina Nairne [1766-1845]*

"REST IS NOT HERE"

WHAT'S this vain world to me?  
Rest is not here;  
False are the smiles I see,  
The mirth I hear.  
Where is youth's joyful glee?  
Where all once dear to me?  
Gone as the shadows flee—  
Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine  
Blithely and fair?  
Why did those tints so fine  
Vanish in air?

## Jerusalem the Golden

Does not the vision say,  
Faint lingering heart, away,  
Why in this desert stay—  
Dark land of care!

Where souls angelic soar,  
Thither repair:  
Let this vain world no more  
Lull and ensnare.  
That heaven I love so well  
Still in my heart shall dwell;  
All things around me tell  
Rest is found there.

*Carolina Nairne [1766-1845]*

### AT HOME IN HEAVEN

#### PART I

“FOR EVER with the Lord!”  
Amen! so let it be!  
Life from the dead is in that word,  
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,  
Absent from Him I roam,  
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul! how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

Yet clouds will intervene,  
And all my prospect flies;  
Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease;  
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace!

Beneath its glowing arch,  
Along the hallowed ground,  
I see cherubic armies march,  
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,  
At noon and midnight hour,  
The choral harmonies of heaven  
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,  
(Remembered or forgot,)  
The Lord, is never far from me,  
Though I perceive Him not.

## PART II

In darkness as in light,  
Hidden alike from view,  
I sleep, I wake, as in His sight  
Who looks all nature through.

From the dim hour of birth,  
Through every changing state  
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,  
Till its appointed date;

All that I am, have been,  
All that I yet may be,  
He sees at once, as He hath seen,  
And shall forever see.

How can I meet His eyes?  
Mine on the cross I cast,  
And own my life a Saviour's prize,  
Mercy from first to last

"Forever with the Lord:"

Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
Even here to me fulfil!

So, when my latest breath  
Shall rend the veil in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat before the throne,  
"For ever with the Lord!"

Then though the soul enjoy  
Communion high and sweet,  
While worms this body must destroy,  
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom  
Will speak the self-same word,  
And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,  
"For ever with the Lord!"

The tomb shall echo deep  
That death-awakening sound;  
The saints shall hear it in their sleep  
And answer from the ground.

Then upward as they fly,  
That resurrection-word  
Shall be their shout of victory,  
"For ever with the Lord!"

That resurrection-word,  
That shout of victory,  
Once more,—“For ever with the Lord!”  
Amen, so let it be.

*James Montgomery* [1771-1854]

## PARADISE

ONCE in a dream I saw the flowers  
That bud and bloom in Paradise;  
More fair they are than waking eyes  
Have seen in all this world of ours,  
And faint the perfume-bearing rose,  
And faint the lily on its stem,  
And faint the perfect violet,  
Compared with them.

I heard the songs of Paradise;  
Each bird sat singing in its place;  
A tender song so full of grace  
It soared like incense to the skies.  
Each bird sat singing to its mate  
Soft cooing notes among the trees:  
The nightingale herself were cold  
To such as these.

I saw the fourfold River flow,  
And deep it was, with golden sand;  
It flowed between a mossy land  
With murmured music grave and low.  
It hath refreshment for all thirst,  
For fainting spirit strength and rest:  
Earth holds not such a draught as this  
From east to west.

The Tree of Life stood budding there,  
Abundant with its twelvefold fruits;  
Eternal sap sustains its roots,  
Its shadowing branches fill the air.  
Its leaves are healing for the world,  
Its fruit the hungry world can feed,  
Sweeter than honey to the taste  
And balm indeed.

I saw the Gate called Beautiful;  
And looked, but scarce could look within;  
I saw the golden streets begin,  
And outskirts of the glassy pool.



Oh harps, oh crowns of plenteous stars,  
 Oh green palm branches, many-leaved—  
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
 Nor heart conceived.

I hope to see these things again,  
 But not as once in dreams by night;  
 To see them with my very sight,  
 And touch and handle and attain:  
 To have all heaven beneath my feet  
 For narrow way that once they trod;  
 To have my part with all the saints,  
 And with my God.

*Christina Georgina Rossetti* [1830-1894]

### “HEAVEN OVERARCHES EARTH AND SEA”

HEAVEN overarches earth and sea,  
 Earth-sadness and sea-bitterness.  
 Heaven overarches you and me:  
 A little while and we shall be—  
 Please God—where there is no more sea  
 Nor barren wilderness.

Heaven overarches you and me,  
 And all earth's gardens and her graves.  
 Look up with me, until we see  
 The day break and the shadows flee.  
 What though to-night wrecks you and me,  
 If so to-morrow saves?

*Christina Georgina Rossetti* [1830-1894]

### THE SUNSET CITY

THERE'S a city that lies in the Kingdom of Clouds,  
 In the glorious country on high,  
 Which an azure and silvery curtain enshrouds,  
 To screen it from mortal eye;

A city of temples and turrets of gold,  
That gleam by a sapphire sea,  
Like jewels more splendid than earth may behold,  
Or are dreamed of by you and by me.

And about it are highlands of amber that reach  
Far away till they melt in the gloom;  
And waters that hem an immaculate beach  
With fringes of luminous foam.

Aerial bridges of pearl there are,  
And belfries of marvelous shapes,  
And lighthouses lit by the evening star,  
That sparkle on violet capes;

And hanging gardens that far away  
Enchantedly float aloof;  
Rainbow pavilions in avenues gay,  
And banners of glorious woof!

When the Summer sunset's crimsoning fires  
Are aglow in the western sky,  
The pilgrim discovers the domes and spires  
Of this wonderful city on high;

And gazing enrapt as the gathering shade  
Creeps over the twilight lea,  
Sees palace and pinnacle totter and fade,  
And sink in the sapphire sea;

Till the vision loses by slow degrees  
The magical splendor it wore;  
The silvery curtain is drawn, and he sees  
The beautiful city no more!

*Henry Sylvester Cornwell* [1831-1886]

### GRADATIM

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common clod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;  
By what we have mastered of good and gain;  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,  
When the morning calls us to life and light,  
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,  
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,  
And we think that we mount the air on wings  
Beyond the recall of sensual things,  
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!  
We may borrow the wings to find the way—  
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;  
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown  
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;  
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,  
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

*Josiah Gilbert Holland* [1819-1881]

### THE OTHER WORLD

It lies around us like a cloud—  
The world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks  
Amid our worldly cares;  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,  
Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
And palpitates the veil between  
With breathings almost heard.

The silence—awful, sweet, and calm  
They have no power to break;  
For mortal words are not for them  
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,  
So near to press they seem,  
They lull us gently to our rest,  
And melt into our dream.

And, in the hush of rest they bring,  
'Tis easy now to see  
How lovely and how sweet a pass  
The hour of death may be!

To close the eye and close the ear,  
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,  
And, gently drawn in loving arms,  
To swoon to that—from this.

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
Scarce asking where we are,  
To feel all evil sink away,  
All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us! watch us still,  
Press nearer to our side,  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
With gentle helping glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
 A dried and vanished stream;  
 Your joy be the reality,  
 Our suffering life the dream.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe* [1811-1896]

### MY AIN COUNTREE

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary often whiles  
 For the longed-for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome  
 smiles;

I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see  
 The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay,  
 The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;  
 But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,  
 When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the  
 King

To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;  
 Wi' een an' wi' heart running over we shall see  
 "The King in his beauty," an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair,  
 His bluid has made me white, his hand shall wipe mine ee,  
 When he brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
 I wud fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast;  
 For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,  
 An' he carries them himsel' to his ain countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again;  
 He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;  
 But he bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be  
 To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye an' singing o' my hame as I wait,  
 For the soun'ing o' his footsteps this side the gowden gate.  
 God gie his grace to ilka ane wha listens noo to me,  
 That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain countree.

*Mary Lee Demarest* [1838-1888]

## HOME

THERE lies a little city in the hills;  
 White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,  
 And peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,  
 Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er  
 And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,  
 Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar,  
 With quiet distance blurred, as if through tears.

O heart that prayest so for God to send  
 Some loving messenger to go before  
 And lead the way to where thy longings end,

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come  
 His kindest angel, and through that still door  
 Into the Infinite love will lead thee home.

*Edward Rowland Sill* [1841-1887]

## CHARTLESS

I NEVER saw a moor,  
 I never saw the sea;  
 Yet know I how the heather looks,  
 And what a wave must be.

I never spoke with God,  
 Nor visited in heaven;  
 Yet certain am I of the spot  
 As if the chart were given.

*Emily Dickinson* [1830-1886]

## "IT CANNOT BE"

It cannot be that He who made  
This wondrous world for our delight,  
Designed that all its charms should fade  
And pass forever from our sight;  
That all shall wither and decay,  
And know on earth no life but this,  
With only one finite survey  
Of all its beauty and its bliss.

It cannot be that all the years  
Of toil and care and grief we live  
Shall find no recompense but tears,  
No sweet return that earth can give;  
That all that leads us to aspire,  
And struggle onward to achieve,  
And every unattained desire  
Were given only to deceive.

It cannot be that, after all  
The mighty conquests of the mind,  
Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall  
And leave no record here behind;  
That all our dreams of love and fame,  
And hopes that time has swept away,—  
All that enthralled this mortal frame,—  
Shall not return some other day.

It cannot be that all the ties  
Of kindred souls and loving hearts  
Are broken when this body dies,  
And the immortal mind departs;  
That no serener light shall break  
At last upon our mortal eyes,  
To guide us as our footsteps make  
The pilgrimage to Paradise.

*David Banks Sickels* [1837-1918]

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell;  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather-proof;  
Under the spars of which I lie  
Both soft and dry;  
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,  
Hast set a guard  
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me, while I sleep.  
Low is my porch, as is my fate;  
Both void of state;  
And yet the threshold of my door  
Is worn by the poor,  
Who thither come, and freely get  
Good words, or meat.  
Like as my parlor, so my hall  
And kitchen's small;  
A little buttery, and therein  
A little bin,  
Which keeps my little loaf of bread  
Unchipped, unfleat;  
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar  
Make me a fire,  
Close by whose living coal I sit,  
And glow like it.  
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,  
The pulse is Thine,  
And all those other bits that be  
There placed by Thee:  
The worts, the purslain, and the mess  
Of water-cress;  
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;  
And my content  
Makes those, and my beloved beet,  
To be more sweet.  
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth  
With guiltless mirth,



And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,  
     Spiced to the brink.  
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand  
     That soils my land,  
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,  
     Twice ten for one;  
 Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
     Her egg each day;  
 Besides, my healthful ewes to bear  
     Me twins each year;  
 The while the conduits of my kine  
     Run cream, for wine:  
 All these, and better, Thou dost send  
     Me, to this end,—  
 That I should render, for my part,  
     A thankful heart;  
 Which, fired with incense, I resign,  
     As wholly Thine;  
 —But the acceptance, that must be,  
     My Christ, by Thee.

*Robert Herrick* [1591-1674]

## THE SHEPHERD BOY SINGS IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

From "The Pilgrim's Progress"

HE that is down needs fear no fall,  
     He that is low, no pride;  
 He that is humble ever shall  
     Have God to be his guide.  
  
 I am content with what I have,  
     Little be it or much:  
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
     Because Thou savest such.  
  
 Fullness to such a burden is  
     That go on pilgrimage:  
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
     Is best from age to age.

*John Bunyan* [1628-1688]

THE PILGRIM

From “The Pilgrim’s Progress”

WHO would true valor see,  
Let him come hither!  
One here will constant be,  
Come wind, come weather;  
There’s no discouragement  
Shall make him once relent  
His first-avowed intent  
To be a Pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round  
With dismal stories,  
Do but themselves confound;  
His strength the more is.  
No lion can him fright;  
He’ll with a giant fight;  
But he will have a right  
To be a Pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,  
Can daunt his spirit;  
He knows he at the end  
Shall Life inherit:—  
Then, fancies, fly away;  
He’ll not fear what men say;  
He’ll labor, night and day,  
To be a Pilgrim.

*John Bunyan* [1628–1688]

“THE BIRD, LET LOOSE IN EASTERN SKIES”

THE bird, let loose in eastern skies,  
When hastening fondly home,  
Ne’er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam;

But high she shoots through air and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God! from every care  
And stain of passion free,  
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,  
To hold my course to Thee!  
No sin to cloud,—no lure to stay  
My soul, as home she springs;—  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom in her wings!

*Thomas Moore* [1779-1852]

### "HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL"

He liveth long who liveth well!  
All other life is short and vain;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!  
All else is being flung away;  
He liveth longest who can tell  
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him  
Who freely gave it, freely give;  
Else is that being but a dream;  
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!  
Hold up to earth the torch divine;  
Be what thou prayest to be made;  
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;  
Buy up the moments as they go;  
The life above, when this is past,  
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap:  
 Who sows the false shall reap the vain;  
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep;  
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;  
 Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;  
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
 And find a harvest-home of light.

*Horatius Bonar* [1808-1889]

### THE MASTER'S TOUCH

In the still air the music lies unheard;  
 In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:  
 To wake the music and the beauty needs  
 The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;  
 Let not the music that is in us die!  
 Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,  
 Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!  
 Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;  
 Complete thy purpose, that we may become  
 Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!

*Horatius Bonar* [1808-1889]

### HOW WE LEARN

GREAT truths are dearly bought. The common truth,  
 Such as men give and take from day to day,  
 Comes in the common walks of easy life,  
 Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,  
 Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl,  
 It tells no tale of daring or of worth,  
 Nor pierces even the surface of a soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,  
 Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream,  
 But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,  
 Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine,  
 Not in the merchandise of gold and gems,  
 Not in the world's gay halls of midnight mirth,  
 Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems,

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,  
 When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,  
 Plows up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,  
 And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours  
 Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,  
 Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-plowed field,  
 And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

*Horatius Bonar* [1808-1889]

## LOVE

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,  
 Guilty of dust and sin.  
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
 From my first entrance in,  
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
 If I lack anything.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here:"  
 Love said, "You shall be he."

"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,  
 I cannot look on Thee."

Love took my hand and, smiling, did reply,  
 "Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them: let my shame  
 Go where it doth deserve."

"And know you not," says Love, "Who bore the blame?"  
 "My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."  
 So I did sit and eat.

*George Herbert* [1593-1633]

## THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board, and cried, "No more;  
I will abroad.  
What, shall I ever sigh and pine?  
My lines and life are free; free as the road,  
Loose as the wind, as large as store.  
Shall I be still in suit?  
Have I no harvest but a thorn  
To let me blood and not restore  
What I have lost with cordial fruit?  
Sure there was wine,  
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn  
Before my tears did drown it;  
Is the year only lost to me?  
Have I no bays to crown it,  
No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted,  
All wasted:  
Not so, my heart, but there is fruit,  
And thou hast hands.  
Recover all thy sigh-blown age  
On double pleasures; leave thy cold dispute  
Of what is fit and not; forsake thy cage,  
Thy rope of sands  
Which petty thoughts have made; and made to thee  
Good cable, to enforce and draw,  
And be thy law,  
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.  
Away! take heed;  
I will abroad.  
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears;  
He that forbears  
To suit and serve his need  
Deserves his load."  
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild  
At every word,  
Methought I heard one calling, "Child!"  
And I replied, "My Lord!"

*George Herbert* [1593-1633]

## VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright!  
The bridal of the earth and sky—  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
My music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But though the whole world turn to coal  
Then chiefly lives.

*George Herbert [1593-1633]*

## DISCIPLINE

THROW away Thy rod,  
Throw away Thy wrath;  
O my God,  
Take the gentle path!

For my heart's desire  
Unto Thine is bent:  
I aspire  
To a full consent.

Not a word or look  
I affect to own,  
But by book,  
And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;  
 Though I halt in pace,  
     Yet I creep  
 To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;  
 Love will do the deed;  
     For with love  
 Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;  
 Love's a man of war,  
     And can shoot,  
 And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?  
 That which wrought on Thee,  
     Brought Thee low,  
 Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod;  
 Though man frailties hath,  
     Thou art God:  
 Throw away Thy wrath.

*George Herbert* [1593-1633]

# HOLY BAPTISM

SINCE, Lord, to Thee  
 A narrow way and little gate  
 Is all the passage, on my infancy  
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate  
     My faith in me.

O, let me still  
 Write Thee "great God," and me "a child";  
 Let me be soft and supple to Thy will,  
 Small to myself, to others mild,  
     Behither ill.



Although by stealth  
My flesh get on; yet let her sister,  
My soul, bid nothing, but preserve her wealth:  
The growth of flesh is but a blister;  
Childhood is health.

*George Herbert* [1593-1633]

### UNKINDNESS

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend:  
In friendship first, I think, if that agree  
Which I intend  
Unto my friend's intent and end;  
I would not use a friend as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend or his good name,  
It is my honor and my love to free  
His blasted fame  
From the least spot or thought of blame;  
I could not use a friend as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor.  
Would he have gold? I lend it instantly;  
But let the poor,  
And Thee within them, starve at door;  
I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,  
I quit my interest, and leave it free;  
But when Thy grace  
Sues for my heart, I Thee displace;  
Nor would I use a friend as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what Thou hast done fulfil?  
O, write in brass, "My God upon a tree  
His blood did spill,  
Only to purchase my good-will";  
Yet use I not my foes as I use Thee.

*George Herbert* [1593-1633]

## PRAYER

AN ODE WHICH WAS PREFIXED TO A LITTLE PRAYER-BOOK  
GIVEN TO A YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN

Lo, here a little volume, but great book!  
    (Fear it not, sweet,  
    It is no hypocrite),  
Much larger in itself than in its look.  
A nest of new-born sweets,  
Whose native fires, disdaining  
To lie thus folded, and complaining  
Of these ignoble sheets,  
Affect more comely bands,  
Fair one, from thy kind hands,  
And confidently look  
To find the rest  
Of a rich binding in your breast!  
It is, in one choice handful, heaven; and all  
Heaven's royal host, encamped thus small  
To prove that true, schools use to tell,  
Ten thousand angels in one point can dwell.  
It is love's great artillery,  
Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie  
Close-couched in your white bosom; and from thence,  
As from a snowy fortress of defense,  
Against the ghostly foe to take your part.  
And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.  
    It is the armory of light;  
    Let constant use but keep it bright,  
        You'll find it yields  
To holy hands and humble hearts  
    More swords and shields  
Than sin hath snares, or hell hath darts.  
    Only be sure  
    The hands be pure  
That hold these weapons; and the eyes  
Those of turtles, chaste and true,  
    Wakeful and wise,  
Here is a friend shall fight for you;

Hold but this book before your heart,—  
Let prayer alone to play his part.  
But, O! the heart  
That studies this high art  
Must be a sure house-keeper,  
And yet no sleeper.  
Dear soul, be strong;  
Mercy will come ere long,  
And bring her bosom fraught with blessings,—  
Flowers of never-fading graces,  
To make immortal dressings  
For worthy souls, whose wise embraces  
Store up themselves for Him Who is alone  
The Spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's Son.  
But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,  
Shall find the wandering heart from home,  
Leaving her chaste abode  
To gad abroad,  
Amongst the gay mates of the god of flies  
To take her pleasure, and to play  
And keep the Devil's holiday;  
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling,  
But beguiling  
Spheres of sweet and sugared lies,  
Some slippery pair  
Of false, perhaps, as fair,  
Flattering, but forswearing, eyes;  
Doubtless some other heart  
Will get the start  
Meanwhile, and, stepping in before,  
Will take possession of that sacred store  
Of hidden sweets, and holy joys—  
Words which are not heard with ears  
(These tumultuous shops of noise),  
Effectual whispers, whose still voice  
The soul itself more feels than hears;  
Amorous languishments, luminous trances,  
Sights which are not seen with eyes,  
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,  
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies

Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,  
And melts it down in sweet desire;  
Yet doth not stay  
To ask the window's leave to pass that way;  
Delicious deaths, soft exhalations  
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations;  
A thousand unknown rites  
Of joys, and rarefied delights;  
An hundred thousand loves and graces,  
And many a mystic thing,  
Which the divine embraces  
Of the dear Spouse of spirits, with them will bring,  
For which it is no shame  
That dull mortality must not know a name.  
Of all this store  
Of blessings, and ten thousand more,  
If, when He come,  
He find the heart from home,  
Doubtless He will unload  
Himself some otherwhere,  
And pour abroad  
His precious sweets  
On the fair soul whom first He meets.  
O fair! O fortunate! O rich! O dear!  
O happy and thrice-happy she,  
Selected dove,  
Whoe'er she be,  
Whose early love  
With wingèd vows  
Makes haste to meet her morning Spouse,  
And close with His immortal kisses!  
Happy, indeed, who never misses  
To improve that precious hour,  
And every day  
Seize her sweet prey,  
All fresh and fragrant as He rises,  
Dropping, with a balmy shower,  
A delicious dew of spices.  
O, let the blissful heart hold fast  
Her heavenly armful; she shall taste

At once ten thousand paradises!  
 She shall have power  
 To rifle and deflower  
 The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets  
 Which, with a swelling bosom, there she meets,  
 Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures  
 Of pure inebriating pleasures;  
 Happy proof! she shall discover  
 What joy, what bliss,  
 How many heavens at once it is  
 To have her God become her lover.

*Richard Crashaw [1613?-1649]*

#### PROVIDENCE

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
 How their leaves instruction yield!  
 Hark to Nature's lesson given  
 By the blessed birds of heaven!  
 Every bush and tufted tree  
 Warbles sweet philosophy:  
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
 God provideth for the morrow.  
 Say, with richer crimson glows  
 The kingly mantle than the rose?  
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
 Than we citizens of air?  
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
 Yet we carol merrily.  
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
 God provideth for the morrow.  
 One there lives, whose guardian eye  
 Guides our humble destiny;  
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall.  
 Pass we blithely then the time,  
 Fearless of the snare and lime,  
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:  
 God provideth for the morrow.

*Reginald Heber [1783-1826]*

## THE BELOVED

BLOW gently over my garden,  
Wind of the Southern sea,  
In the hour that my Love cometh  
And calleth me!  
My Love shall entreat me sweetly,  
With voice like the wood-pigeon;  
"I am here at the gate of thy garden,  
Here in the dawn."

Then I shall rise up swiftly  
All in the rose and gray,  
And open the gate to my Lover  
At dawning of day.  
He hath crowns of pain on His forehead,  
And wounds in His hands and feet;  
But here mid the dews of my garden  
His rest shall be sweet.

Then blow not out of your forests,  
Wind of the icy North;  
But Wind of the South that is healing,  
Rise and come forth!  
And shed your musk and your honey,  
And spill your odors of spice,  
For one who forsook for my garden  
His Paradise!

*Katherine Tynan Hinkson* [1861-1931]

## MY LEGACY

THEY told me I was heir: I turned in haste,  
And ran to seek my treasure,  
And wondered, as I ran, how it was placed,—  
If I should find a measure  
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands  
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;  
I spoke to each wayfarer  
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits  
Me. Art not thou the bearer

*Of news? Some message sent to me whereby  
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"*

Some asked me in; naught lay beyond their door;  
Some smiled, and would not tarry,  
But said that men were just behind who bore  
More gold than I could carry;  
And so the morn, the noon, the day, were spent,  
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,  
As through the mists he hasted:  
"Poor child, what evil ones have hindered thee  
Till this whole day is wasted?  
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir  
With one named Christ, who waits the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,  
In many places vainly;  
I heard men name his name in many ways;  
I saw his temples plainly;  
But they who named him most gave me no sign  
To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before his face,  
I knew him by no token  
Save subtle air of joy which filled the place;  
Our greeting was not spoken;  
In solemn silence I received my share,  
Kneeling before my brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,  
As I had dreamed; no measure  
Heaped up with gold; my elder brother's hands  
Had never held such treasure.  
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed:  
My brother had not where to lay his head.

My share! The right like him to know all pain  
Which hearts are made for knowing;  
The right to find in loss the surest gain;  
To reap my joy from sowing

In bitter tears; the right with him to keep  
A watch by day and night with all who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;  
I see the joy and life to-morrow;  
I thank my Father with my every breath,  
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;  
And through my tears I call to each, "Joint heir  
With Christ make haste to ask him for thy share."  
*Helen Hunt Jackson* [1831-1885]

## THE STARRY HOST

From "God and the Soul"

THE countless stars, which to our human eye  
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,  
Forever bound to changeless points in space,  
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,  
And like a flock of birds still onward fly;  
Returning never whence began their race,  
They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face  
As though God bade them win Infinity.  
Ah whither, whither is their forward flight  
Through endless time and limitless expanse?  
What power with unimaginable might  
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?  
What beauty lures them on through primal night,  
So that for them to be is to advance?

*John Lancaster Spalding* [1840-1916]

## THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less  
In my great task of happiness;  
If I have moved among my race  
And shown no glorious morning face;  
If beams from happy human eyes  
Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
Books, and my food, and summer rain  
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,—



Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,  
 And stab my spirit broad awake;  
 Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,  
 Choose Thou, before that spirit die,  
 A piercing pain, a killing sin,  
 And to my dead heart run them in!

*Robert Louis Stevenson* [1850-1894]

### THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,  
 Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
 And call thy brethren forth from want and woe,—

We look to thee! thy truth is still the Light  
 Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes; thou art still the Life, thou art the Way  
 The holiest know; Light, Life, the Way of heaven!  
 And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,  
 Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which thou hast given.

*Theodore Parker* [1810-1860]

### THE INNER LIGHT

Lo, if some pen should write upon your rafter  
 MENE and MENE in the folds of flame,  
 Think you could any memories thereafter  
 Wholly retrace the couplet as it came?

Lo, if some strange, intelligible thunder  
 Sang to the earth the secret of a star,  
 Scarce could ye catch, for terror and for wonder,  
 Shreds of the story that was pealed so far.

Scarcely I catch the words of His revealing,  
 Hardly I hear Him, dimly understand,  
 Only the Power that is within me pealing  
 Lives on my lips and beckons to my hand.

Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest  
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny:  
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,  
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.

Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving  
Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod,  
Rather than he for whom the great conceiving  
Stirs in his soul to quicken into God.

Ay, though thou then shouldst strike from him his glory,  
Blind and tormented, maddened and alone,  
Even on the cross would he maintain his story,  
Yes, and in hell would whisper, I have known.

*Frederic William Henry Myers [1843-1901]*

#### HEREDITY

WHY bowest thou, O soul of mine,  
Crushed by ancestral sin?  
Thou hast a noble heritage,  
That bids thee victory win.

The tainted past may bring forth flowers,  
As blossomed Aaron's rod;  
No legacy of sin annuls  
Heredity from God.

*Lydia Avery Coonley Ward [1845-1924]*

#### BRINGING OUR SHEAVES

THE time for toil is past, and night has come,  
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;  
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,  
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,  
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, Thy feet I gain,  
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves  
That I am burdened not so much with grain  
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;  
Master, behold my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,  
 Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;  
 Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet  
 I kneel down reverently and repeat:  
 "Master, behold my sheaves!"

Few, light and worthless; yet their trifling weight  
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;  
 For long I struggled with my hapless fate,  
 And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,  
 But these are all my sheaves.

And yet I gather strength and hope anew,  
 For well I know thy patient love perceives  
 Not what I did, but what I strove to do;  
 And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,  
 Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

*Elizabeth Akers* [1832-1911]

### TAKE HEART

ALL day the stormy wind has blown  
 From off the dark and rainy sea;  
 No bird has past the window flown,  
 The only song has been the moan  
 The wind made in the willow-tree.

This is the summer's burial-time:  
 She died when dropped the earliest leaves;  
 And, cold upon her rosy prime,  
 Fell direful autumn's frosty rime;  
 Yet I am not as one that grieves,—

For well I know o'er sunny seas  
 The bluebird waits for April skies;  
 And at the roots of forest trees  
 The May-flowers sleep in fragrant ease,  
 And violets hide their azure eyes.

O thou, by winds of grief o'erblown  
 Beside some golden summer's bier,—

Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,  
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,  
To greet thee in the immortal year!

*Edna Dean Proctor* [1838-1923]

## FORWARD

DREAMER, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping  
eyes,

Linger not in the valley, bemoaning the day that is done!  
Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy skies—  
Never yet was the setting so fair as the rising sun!

Dear is the past; its treasures we hold in our hearts for aye;  
Woe to the hand that would scatter one wreath of its  
garnered flowers;

But larger blessing and honor will come with the waking  
day—

Hail, then, To-morrow, nor tarry with Yesterday's ghostly  
hours!

Mark how the summers hasten through blossoming fields  
of June

To the purple lanes of the vintage and levels of golden  
corn;

"Splendors of life I lavish," runs nature's exultant rune,  
"For myriads press to follow, and the rarest are yet un-  
born."

Think how eager the earth is, and every star that shines,  
To circle the grander spaces about God's throne that be;  
Never the least moon loiters nor the largest sun declines—

Forward they roll forever those glorious depths to see.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping  
eyes,

Summers and suns go gladly, and wherefore dost thou  
repine?

Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy skies—  
The joy of the boundless future—nay, God himself is  
thine!

*Edna Dean Proctor* [1838-1923]

### “THE HARVEST WAITS”

God hath been patient long. In eons past  
He plowed the waste of Chaos. He hath sown  
The furrows with His worlds, and from His throne  
Showered, like grain, planets upon the Vast.  
What meed of glory hath He from the past?  
Shall He not reap, who hears but prayer and groan?  
The harvest waits. . . . He cometh to His own,—  
He who shall scythe the starry host at last.  
When the accumulated swarms of Death  
Glut the rank worlds as rills are choked by leaves,  
Then shall God flail the million orbs, as sheaves  
Unfruitful gleaned; and, in His age sublime,  
Winnow the gathered stars, and with a breath  
Whirl the spurned chaff adown the void of Time!

*Lloyd Mifflin* [1846-1921]

### ONE GIFT I ASK

THROUGH weary days and sleepless nights  
I fast and pray;  
And of my listening Lord I ask  
The same alway—  
That He will to His child impart  
Pureness of heart.

The pure in heart God's face shall see.  
And does not this  
Include the whole ecstatic scale  
Of promised bliss?  
Can souls which His dear presence gain  
More joy attain?

I need not plead with Him to give  
 Me every grace  
 That makes the spirit beautiful;  
 For, if God's face  
 I am to see, He will bestow  
 All else, I know.

And so, through days of prayer and fast,  
 I only try  
 To win that purity of heart  
 Which, by and by,  
 The wondrous boon will gain for me,  
 God's face to see.

*Virginia Bioren Harrison* [1847-

### MAGDALEN

MAGDALEN at Michael's gate

Tirlèd at the pin;  
 On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,  
 "Let her in! Let her in!"

"Hast thou seen the wounds?" said Michael,  
 "Know'st thou thy sin?"  
 "It is evening, evening," sang the blackbird,  
 "Let her in! Let her in!"

"Yes, I have seen the wounds,  
 And I know my sin."  
 "She knows it well, well, well," sang the blackbird,  
 "Let her in! Let her in!"

"Thou bringest no offerings," said Michael,  
 "Naught save sin."  
 And the blackbird sang, "She is sorry, sorry, sorry,  
 Let her in! Let her in!"

When he had sung himself to sleep,  
 And night did begin,  
 One came and opened Michael's gate,  
 And Magdalen went in.

*Henry Kingsley* [1830-1876]

## GOD'S WILL

God meant me to be hungry,  
 So I should seek to find  
 Wisdom, and truth, and beauty,  
 To satisfy my mind.

God meant me to be lonely,  
 Lest I should wish to stay  
 In some green earthly Eden  
 Too long from heaven away.

God meant me to be weary,  
 That I should yearn to rest  
 This feeble, aching body  
 Deep in the earth's dark breast.

*Mildred Howells* [1872- ]

## AFTER THE MARTYRDOM

THEY threw a stone, you threw a stone,  
 I threw a stone that day.  
 Although their sharpness bruised his flesh  
 He had no word to say.

But for the moan he did not make  
 To-day I make my moan;  
 And for the stone I threw at him  
 My heart must bear a stone.

*Scharmél Iris* [18

## THE BURIAL OF MOSES

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor;  
 but no man knoweth of his sepulcher unto this day."—DEUT. xxxiv, 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
 On this side Jordan's wave,  
 In a vale in the land of Moab,  
 There lies a lonely grave;  
 But no man built that sepulcher,  
 And no man saw it e'er;  
 For the angels of God upturned the sod  
 And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
Yet no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth:  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Unfold their thousand leaves:  
So without sound of music  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain's crown  
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle  
On gray Beth-peor's height  
Out of his rocky eyrie  
Looked on the wondrous sight;  
Perchance the lion stalking  
Still shuns that hallowed spot;  
For beast and bird have seen and heard  
That which man knoweth not.

But, when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades of the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drums,  
Follow the funeral car:  
They show the banners taken;  
They tell his battles won;  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place  
With costly marble dressed.



In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen  
On the deathless page truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—  
The hillside for a pall!  
To lie in state, while angels wait,  
With stars for tapers tall!  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave!—

In that strange grave without a name,  
Whence his uncoffined clay  
Shall break again—O wondrous thought!—  
Before the judgment-day,  
And stand, with glory wrapped around,  
On the hills he never trod  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
O dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still:  
God hath His mysteries of grace,  
Ways that we cannot tell;  
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep  
Of him He loved so well.

*Cecil Frances Alexander* [1818-1895]

## THE CROOKED FOOTPATH

From "The Professor at the Breakfast Table"

AH, here it is! the sliding rail  
That marks the old remembered spot,—  
The gap that struck our schoolboy trail,—  
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,  
A penciled shadow, nothing more,  
That parted from the silver birch  
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan;  
With frequent bends to left or right,  
In aimless, wayward curves it ran  
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,—  
The broken millstone at the sill,—  
Though many a rood might stretch between  
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,—  
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,—  
And yet it winds, we know not why,  
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way  
With shaking knees and leaping heart,—  
And so it often runs astray  
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain  
From some unholy banquet reeled,—  
And since, our devious steps maintain  
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus,—no earthborn will  
 Could ever trace a faultless line;  
 Our truest steps are human still,—  
 To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath;—  
 Oh, rather, let us trust the more!  
 Through all the wanderings of the path,  
 We still can see our Father's door!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes* [1809-1894]

### ALLAH'S TENT

WITH fore-cloth smoothed by careful hands  
 The night's serene pavilion stands,  
 And many cressets hang on high  
 Against its arching canopy.

Peace to His children God hath sent,  
 We are at peace within His tent.  
 Who knows without these guarded doors  
 What wind across the desert roars?

*Arthur Colton* [1868-

### ST. JOHN BAPTIST

I THINK he had not heard of the far towns;  
 Nor of the deeds of men, nor of kings' crowns;  
 Before the thought of God took hold of him,  
 As he was sitting dreaming in the calm  
 Of one first noon, upon the desert's rim,  
 Beneath the tall fair shadows of the palm,  
 All overcome with some strange inward balm.

He numbered not the changes of the year,  
 The days, the nights, and he forgot all fear  
 Of death: each day he thought there should have been  
 A shining ladder set for him to climb  
 Athwart some opening in the heavens, e'en  
 To God's eternity, and see, sublime—  
 His face whose shadow passing fills all time.

But he walked through the ancient wilderness.  
 O, there the prints of feet were numberless  
 And holy all about him! And quite plain  
 He saw each spot an angel silvershod  
 Had lit upon; where Jacob too had lain  
 The place seemed fresh,—and, bright and lately trod,  
 A long track showed where Enoch walked with God.  
 And often, while the sacred darkness trailed  
 Along the mountains smitten and unveiled  
 By rending lightnings,—over all the noise  
 Of thunders and the earth that quaked and bowed  
 From its foundations—he could hear the voice  
 Of great Elias prophesying loud  
 To Him whose face was covered by a cloud.

*Arthur O'Shaughnessy* [1844-1881]

#### FOR THE BAPTIST

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,  
 Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,  
 Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,  
 Which he than man more harmless found and mild.  
 His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,  
 With honey that from virgin hives distilled;  
 Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing  
 Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.  
 There burst he forth: “All ye whose hopes rely  
 On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,  
 Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!”  
 —Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry?  
 Only the echoes, which he made relent,  
 Rung from their flinty caves, “Repent! Repent!”

*William Drummond* [1585-1649]

#### “THE SPRING IS LATE”

SHE stood alone amidst the April fields,—  
 Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare,—  
 “The spring is late,” she said,—“the faithless spring,  
 That should have come to make the meadows fair.

"Their sweet South left too soon, among the trees  
 The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro;  
 For them no green boughs wait,—their memories  
 Of last year's April had deceived them so.

"From 'neath a sheltering pine some tender buds  
 Looked out, and saw the hollows filled with snow;  
 On such a frozen world they closed their eyes;  
 When spring is cold, how can the blossoms blow?"

She watched the homeless birds, the slow, sad spring,  
 The barren fields, and shivering, naked trees:  
 "Thus God has dealt with me, his child," she said,—  
 "I wait my spring-time, and am cold like these.

"To them will come the fulness of their time;  
 Their spring, though late, will make the meadows fair;  
 Shall I, who wait like them, like them be blest?  
 I am His own,—doth not my Father care?"

*Louise Chandler Moulton* [1835-1908]

### THE QUESTION

I SAW the Son of God go by  
 Crowned with the crown of Thorn.  
 "Was It not finished, Lord?" I said,  
 "And all the anguish borne?"

He turned on me His awful eyes:  
 "Hast thou not understood?  
 Lo! Every soul is Calvary,  
 And every sin a Rood."

*Rachel Annand Taylor* [18

### A DIVINE RAPTURE

E'EN like two little bank-dividing brooks,  
 That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,  
 And having ranged and searched a thousand nooks,  
 Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,  
 Where in a greater current they conjoin:  
 So I my Best-belovèd's am; so He is mine.

E'en so we met; and after long pursuit,  
E'en so we joined; we both became entire;  
No need for either to renew a suit,  
For I was flax, and He was flames of fire:  
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;  
So I my Best-belovèd's am; so He is mine.

If all those glittering Monarchs, that command  
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,  
Should tender in exchange their shares of land,  
I would not change my fortunes for them all:  
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:  
The world's but theirs; but my Belovèd's mine.  
*Francis Quarles [1592-1644]*

‘IF I COULD SHUT THE GATE AGAINST  
MY THOUGHTS’

If I could shut the gate against my thoughts,  
And keep out sorrow from this room within,  
Or memory could cancel all the notes  
Of my misdeeds, and I unthink my sin:  
How free, how clear, how clean my soul should lie,  
Discharged of such a loathsome company.

Or were there other rooms within my heart:  
That did not to my conscience join so near,  
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart,  
That I might not their clamorous crying hear;  
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess,  
Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress.

But, O my Saviour, who my refuge art,  
Let Thy dear mercies stand 'twixt them and me,  
And be the wall to separate my heart  
So that I may at length repose me free;  
That peace, and joy, and rest may be within,  
And I remain divided from my sin.

*John Daniel [fl. 1625]*

## HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

IN the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,  
His, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,  
And the furies in a shoal  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,  
And I nod to what is said  
'Cause my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet, before the glass be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And half damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,  
And that opened which was sealed,  
When to Thee I have appealed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

*Robert Herrick* [1591-1674]

#### TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

Is this a fast, to keep  
The larder lean,  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,  
Or ragged to go,  
Or show  
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat  
And meat  
Unto the hungry soul.



It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate;  
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin;  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

*Robert Herrick* (1591-1634)

### THE FALLEN STAR

A STAR is gone! a star is gone!  
There is a blank in Heaven;  
One of the cherub choir has done  
His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire  
That hung for ages there,  
And lent his music to the choir  
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years are passed,  
With a cherubic sigh  
He vanished with his car at last,  
For even cherubs die!

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn—  
The minstrels of the spheres—  
Each chiming sadly in his turn  
And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary Sisters all  
Join in the fatal song.  
And weep this hapless brother's fall,  
Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band  
The Lunar Spirit sings,  
And with a bass-according hand  
Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the deep chambers of the dome  
Where sleepless Uriel lies,  
His rude harmonic thunders come  
Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-borne cherubim,  
The wandering Eleven,  
All join to chant the dirge of him  
Who fell just now from Heaven.

*George Darley* [1795-1846]

‘WE NEED NOT BID, FOR CLOISTERED  
CELL”

WE need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
Our neighbor and our work farewell,  
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these  
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,  
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—  
The secret this of Rest below

*John Keble* [1792-1866]

“A CHILD MY CHOICE”

LET folly praise that fancy loves, I praise and love that Child  
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word, whose  
hand no deed defiled.

I praise Him most, I love Him best, all praise and love is His,  
While Him I love, in Him I live, and cannot live amiss.

Love's sweetest mark, laud's highest theme, man's most desired light,

To love Him life, to leave Him death, to live in Him delight.

He mine by gift, I His by debt, thus each to other due,

First friend He was, best friend He is, all times will try Him true.

Though young, yet wise, though small, yet strong; though man, yet God He is;

As wise He knows, as strong He can, as God He loves to bliss.

His knowledge rules, His strength defends, His love doth cherish all;

His birth our joy, His life our light, His death our end of thrall.

Alas! He weeps, He sighs, He pants, yet do His angels sing;

Out of His tears, His sighs and throbs, doth bud a joyful spring.

Almighty Babe, whose tender arms can force all foes to fly,

Correct my faults, protect my life, direct me when I die!

*Robert Southwell* [1561?–1595]

### AN UPPER CHAMBER

I CAME into the City and none knew me;

None came forth, none shouted "He is here!"

Not a hand with laurel would bestrew me,

All the way by which I drew anear—

Night my banner, and my herald Fear.

But I knew where one so long had waited

In the low room at the stairway's height,

Trembling lest my foot should be belated,

Singing, sighing for the long hours' flight

Towards the moment of our dear delight.

I came into the City when you hailed me

Saviour, and again your chosen Lord:—

Not one guessing what it was that failed me,

While along the way as they adored

Thousands, thousands, shouted in accord.

But through all the joy I knew—I only—

How the hostel of my heart lay bare and cold,  
Silent of its music, and how lonely!

Never, though you crown me with your gold,  
Shall I find that little chamber as of old!

*Frances Bannerman* [18 -

### THE SECOND CRUCIFIXION

LOUD mockers in the roaring street  
Say Christ is crucified again:  
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,  
Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,  
For Christ talks with me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone  
From off His unawaking sleep,  
In vain shall Mary watch alone,  
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead  
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah! never more shall Mary hear  
That voice exceeding sweet and low  
Within the garden calling clear:  
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

Yet all the while my Lord I meet  
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,  
And Bartimæus still go blind;  
The healing hem shall ne'er again  
Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,  
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart  
With gentle knocking shall He plead,  
No more the mystic pity start,  
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say,  
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

*Richard Le Gallienne* [1866-

### THE VOICE OF CHRISTMAS

I CANNOT put the Presence by, of Him, the Crucified,  
Who moves men's spirits with His Love as doth the moon  
the tide;  
Again I see the Life He lived, the godlike Death He died.

Again I see upon the cross that great Soul-battle fought,  
Into the texture of the world the tale of which is wrought  
Until it hath become the woof of human deed and thought,—

And, joining with the cadenced bells that all the morning  
fill,  
His cry of agony doth yet my inmost being thrill,  
Like some fresh grief from yesterday that tears the heart-  
strings still.

I cannot put His Presence by, I meet Him everywhere;  
I meet Him in the country town, the busy market-square;  
The Mansion and the Tenement attest His Presence there.

Upon the funneled ships at sea He sets His shining feet;  
The Distant Ends of Empire not in vain His Name repeat,—  
And, like the presence of a rose, He makes the whole world  
sweet.

He comes to break the barriers down raised up by barren  
creeds;  
About the globe from zone to zone like sunlight He proceeds;  
He comes to give the World's starved heart the perfect love  
it needs,

## On a Sculptured Head of the Christ 3751

The Christ Whose friends have played Him false, Whom  
Dogmas have belied,  
Still speaking to the hearts of men—though shamed and  
crucified,  
The Master of the Centuries Who will not be denied!

*Harry Kemp* [1883—

### TE MARTYRUM CANDIDATUS

AH, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!  
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the Knights of  
God!

They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed  
All, save the sweetness of treading where He first trod!

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,  
Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:  
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,  
They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:  
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh fair to see!  
They ride, where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,  
White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever He!

*Lionel Johnson* [1867-1902]

### ON A SCULPTURED HEAD OF THE CHRIST

I SAW it once where myriad works adorn  
Encloistered walls as with a Cloth of Gold;  
Then did I see, still fair in every fold,  
Still jewel-strewn, the robe a king had worn.  
I glimpsed a god, of antique glory born;  
A boasted picture, and a carven gem,—  
Soul-sick, the while, to view, unvexed of them,  
That simple Christus with its crown of thorn!  
The World is old; she hath seen many wars;  
And states and kingdoms crowd her courts like grass;  
Princes in pride she watches where they pass  
Unnumbered and innumerable as the stars;

Then turns, a child with tired feet homeward set,  
Back to the Cross, and lo! her lids are wet.

*Mahlon Leonard Fisher [1874-*

### GOOD KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out,  
On the Feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about,  
Deep, and crisp, and even:  
Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Though the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,  
If thou know'st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?"  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Underneath the mountain;  
Right against the forest fence,  
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither;  
Thou and I will see him dine,  
When we bear them thither."  
Page and monarch forth they went,  
Forth they went together;  
Through the rude wind's wild lament,  
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the wind blows stronger;  
Fails my heart, I know not how,  
I can go no longer."

"Mark my footsteps, good my page!  
Tread thou in them boldly;  
Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
Heat was in the very sod  
Which the saint had printed.  
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now will bless the poor,  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

*John Mason Neale* [1818-1866]

### SIMON THE CYRENEAN

"And as they came out they found a man of Cyrene. Simon by name; him they compelled to bear his cross."

THIS is the tale from first to last;—  
Outside Jerusalem  
I saw them lead a prisoner past  
With thorns for diadem.  
Broken and weak and driven fast  
He fell at my garment's hem.

There stood no other stranger by  
On me they laid his load.  
The Cross whereon he was to die  
I bore along the road,  
I saw him nailed, I heard him cry  
Forsaken of his God.

Now I am dead as well as he,  
And, marvel strange to tell,  
But him they nailed upon the tree  
Is Lord of Heaven and Hell,  
And judgeth who doth wickedly,  
Rewardeth who doth well.

He has given to me the beacons four,  
A Cross in the southern sky,



In token that his Cross I bore  
In his extremity;  
For one I never knew before  
The day he came to die.

*Lucy Lyttleton* [1884-

### THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS

GAY, guiltless pair,  
What seek ye from the fields of Heaven?  
Ye have no need of prayer,  
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
Where mortals to their Maker bend?  
Can your pure spirits fear  
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew  
The crimes for which we come to weep.  
Penance is not for you,  
Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given  
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays,  
Beneath the arch of Heaven  
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,  
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
And join the choirs that sing  
In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere Heaven indeed  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
On nature's charms to feed,  
And Nature's own great God adore.

*Charles Sprague [1791-1875]*

## DE SHEEPFOL'

DE massa ob de sheepfol',  
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,  
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Wha'r de long night rain begin—  
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,  
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?—  
My sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh den, says de hirelin' shepa'd:  
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,  
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,  
Dat can't come home agin.  
Dey's some black sheep an' ol' we'lda's,  
But de res', dey's all brung in.—  
De res', dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',  
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,  
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Wha'r de long night rain begin—  
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',  
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."  
Callin' sof', "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,  
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',  
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',  
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,

De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.  
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',  
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

*Sarah Pratt McLean Greene* [1856-1935]

### THE LOST SHEEP

("THE NINETY AND NINE")

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
In the shelter of the fold;  
But one was out on the hills away,  
Far off from the gates of gold,—  
Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:  
Are they not enough for thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine  
Has wandered away from me;  
And although the road be rough and steep  
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed,  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through  
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert he heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way,  
That mark out the mountain-track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

*Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane* [1830-1869]

## LOST BUT FOUND

I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought his sheep;  
The Father sought his child;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love;  
They saved the wandering one.

They spoke in tender love,  
They raised my drooping head:  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul they fed.  
They washed my filth away,  
They made me clean and fair;  
They brought me to my home in peace,  
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas he that loved my soul;  
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
'Twas he that made me whole;  
'Twas he that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis he that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,  
 I would not be controlled;  
 But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
 I love, I love the fold.  
 I was a wayward child,  
 I once preferred to roam;  
 But now I love my Father's voice,  
 I love, I love his home.

*Horatius Bonar* [1808-1889]

### STAINS

THE three ghosts on the lonesome road  
 Spake each to one another,  
 "Whence came that stain about your mouth  
 No lifted hand may cover?"  
 "From eating of forbidden fruit,  
 Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the sunless road  
 Spake each to one another,  
 "Whence came that red burn on your foot  
 No dust nor ash may cover?"  
 "I stamped a neighbor's hearth-flame out,  
 Brother, my brother."

The three ghosts on the windless road  
 Spake each to one another,  
 "Whence came that blood upon your hand  
 No other hand may cover?"  
 "From breaking of a woman's heart,  
 Brother, my brother."

"Yet on the earth clean men we walked,  
 Glutton and Thief and Lover;  
 White flesh and fair it hid our stains  
 That no man might discover."  
 "Naked the soul goes up to God,  
 Brother, my brother."

*Theodosia Garrison* [1874-

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

WILT Thou forgive that sin where I begun,  
 Which was my sin, though it were done before?  
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,  
 And do run still, though still I do deplore?  
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;  
 For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won  
 Others to sin, and made my sin their door?  
 Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
 A year or two, but wallowed in a score?  
 When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done;  
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun  
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;  
 But swear by 'Thyself that at my death Thy Son  
 Shall shine as He shines now and heretofore:  
 And having done that, Thou hast done;  
 I fear no more.

*John Donne [1573-1631]*

SHEEP AND LAMBS

ALL in the April evening,  
 April airs were abroad;  
 The sheep with their little lambs  
 Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs  
 Passed me by on the road;  
 All in the April evening  
 I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying  
 With a weak human cry,  
 I thought on the Lamb of God  
 Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains

Dewy pastures are sweet:

Rest for the little bodies,

Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God

Up on the hill-top green,

Only a Cross of shame

Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,

April airs were abroad;

I saw the sheep with their lambs,

And thought on the Lamb of God.

*Katherine Tynan Hinkson [1861-1931]*

### "ALL'S WELL!"

EIGHT bells! Eight bells! their clear tone tells

The midnight hour is here,

And as they cease, these words of peace

Fall gently on my ear:

"All's well! All's well!"

Fond thoughts fly far, where loved ones are,

Though distant, ever near,

From those dear homes the echo comes,

Our longing hearts to cheer:

"All's well! All's well!"

Swift through the deep our course we keep,

To shores unseen we steer,

No thought of ill our souls shall chill,

Nor wind nor wave we fear:

"All's well! All's well!"

Thus o'er life's sea our voyage may be

A pathway lone and drear,

Through tempest loud and sorrow's cloud,

Faith still shall whisper near:

"All's well! All's well!"

And when for me, earth, sky, and sea

Shall fade and disappear,

May this sweet note still downward float,  
From some undying sphere:

“All’s weil! All’s well!”

*William Allen Butler [1825-1902]*

### LIVING WATERS

THERE are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep  
As ever Summer saw;  
And cool their water is,—yea, cool and sweet;—  
But you must come to draw.  
They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,  
And not unsought will give;  
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,  
So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst  
To follow dusty ways,  
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst  
Where the tired traveller strays;  
That never ask the meadows if they want  
What is their joy to give;—  
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,  
So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,  
Wherein all waters fall;  
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,  
Feeding and bearing all;  
That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,  
That takes, again to give;—  
Even the great and loving heart of God,  
Whereby all love doth live.

*Caroline Spencer [1848-1898]*

### ONE BY ONE

ONE by one the sands are flowing,  
One by one the moments fall;  
Some are coming, some are going;  
Do not strive to grasp them all.



## Jerusalem the Golden

One by one thy duties wait thee—  
 Let thy whole strength go to each,  
 Let no future dreams elate thee,  
 Learn thou first what these can teach

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)  
 Joys are sent thee here below;  
 Take them readily when given—  
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;  
 Do not fear an armèd band;  
 One will fade as others greet thee—  
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;  
 See how small each moment's pain;  
 God will help thee for to-morrow,  
 So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
 Has its task to do or bear;  
 Luminous the crown, and holy,  
 When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,  
 Or for passing hours despond;  
 Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,  
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,  
 Reaching heaven; but, one by one,  
 Take them, lest the chain be broken  
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

*Adelaide Anne Procter [1825-1864]*

## "THERE IS NO UNBELIEF"

THERE is no unbelief;  
 Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod  
 And waits to see it push away the clod,  
 He trusts in God.

There is no unbelief;  
Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,  
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"  
Trusts the Most High.

There is no unbelief;  
Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,  
The silent harvest of the future grow—  
God's power must know.

There is no unbelief;  
Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,  
Knows God will keep.

There is no unbelief;  
Whoever says "to-morrow," "the unknown,"  
"The Future," trusts that power alone  
He dares disown.

There is no unbelief;  
The heart that looks on when dear eyelids close,  
And dares to live when life has only woes,  
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;  
For thus by day and night unconsciously  
The heart lives by the faith the lips deny.  
God knoweth why.

*Lizzie York Case [18 -1911]*

"THERE IS NO DEATH"

THERE is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some other shore,  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
 The flowers may fade and pass away—  
 They only wait, through wintry hours,  
 The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
 He bears our best loved things away,  
 And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—  
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;  
 Transplanted into bliss, they now  
 Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones  
 Made glad this scene of sin and strife,  
 Sings now an everlasting song,  
 Amid the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,  
 Or soul too pure for taint of vice,  
 He bears it to that world of light,  
 To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,  
 They leave us but to come again;  
 With joy we welcome them—the same  
 Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
 The dear immortal spirits tread;  
 For all the boundless universe  
 Is life—there are no dead!

*John Luckey McCreery* [1835-1906]

### THE FOOL'S PRAYER

THE royal feast was done; the King  
 Sought some new sport to banish care,  
 And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,  
 Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;  
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;  
But for our blunders—oh, in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool  
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
 The King, and sought his gardens cool,  
 And walked apart, and murmured low,  
 "Be merciful to me, a fool!"

*Edward Rowland Sill* [1841-1887]

### THE ECLIPSE

WHITHER, O whither didst Thou fly?  
 When did I grieve Thine holy eye?  
 When Thou didst mourn to see me lost,  
 And all Thy care and counsels crossed.  
 O do not grieve, where'er Thou art!  
 Thy grief is an undoing smart,  
 Which doth not only pain, but break  
 My heart, and makes me blush to speak.  
 Thy anger I could kiss, and will;  
 But O Thy grief, Thy grief, doth kill!

*Henry Vaughan* [1622-1695]

### COMFORT

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet  
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,  
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!  
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go  
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete  
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,  
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,  
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,  
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,  
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

*Elizabeth Barrett Browning* [1806-1861]

## ST. AGNES' EVE

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows  
Are sparkling to the moon:  
My breath to heaven like vapor goes:  
May my soul follow soon!  
The shadows of the convent-towers  
Slant down the snowy sward,  
Still creeping with the creeping hours  
That lead me to my Lord:  
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear  
As are the frosty skies,  
Or this first snowdrop of the year  
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,  
To yonder shining ground;  
As this pale taper's earthly spark,  
To yonder argent round;  
So shows my soul before the Lamb,  
My spirit before Thee;  
So in mine earthly house I am,  
To that I hope to be.  
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,  
Through all yon starlight keen,  
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,  
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;  
The flashes come and go;  
All heaven bursts her starry floors,  
And strows her lights below,  
And deepens on and up! the gates  
Roll back, and far within  
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,  
To make me pure of sin.  
The Sabbaths of Eternity,  
One Sabbath deep and wide—  
A light upon the shining sea—  
The Bridegroom with his bride!

*Alfred Tennyson* [1809-1892]

## HIS BANNER OVER ME

SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,  
Against my soul the battle goes!  
Yet though I weary, sore distressed,  
I know that I shall reach my rest:  
I lift my tearful eyes above,—  
His banner over me is love.

Its sword my spirit will not yield,  
Though flesh may faint upon the field;  
He waves before my fading sight  
The branch of palm,—the crown of light;  
I lift my brightening eyes above,—  
His banner over me is love.

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,  
His veil of splendor curtain him!  
And in the midnight of my fear  
I may not feel him standing near;  
But, as I lift mine eyes above,  
His banner over me is love.

*Gerald Massey [1828-1907]*

## JESUS THE CARPENTER

"ISN'T this Joseph's son?"—ay, it is He;  
Joseph the carpenter—same trade as me—  
I thought as I'd find it—I knew it was here—  
But my sight's getting queer.

I don't know right where as His shed must ha' stood—  
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,  
I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He  
At the same work as me,

He warn't that set up that He couldn't stoop down  
And work in the country for folks in the town;  
And I'll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I've done,  
At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I'll not make too free,  
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,  
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,  
And has thoughts a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,  
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,  
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,  
Where He earned His own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,  
"Are ye wanting your key?"  
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the shed,  
(We've been forty years wed.)

So I comes right away by mysen, with the Book,  
And I turns the old pages and has a good look  
For the text as I've found, as tells me as He  
Were the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many says so,  
But I think I'd as lief, with your leaves, let it go:  
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden—  
Unexpected, you know!

*Catharine C. Liddell* [1848-

"I SAW THEE"

"When thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee"

I saw thee when, as twilight fell,  
And evening lit her fairest star,  
Thy footsteps sought yon quiet dell,  
The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone,  
Where drooping branches thick o'erhung,  
Thy still retreat to all unknown,  
Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.



I saw thee when, as died each sound  
Of bleating flock or woodland bird,  
Kneeling, as if on holy ground,  
Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm, uplifted eyes,  
And marked the heaving of thy breast,  
When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs  
For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face  
Stole with a soft, suffusing glow,  
As if, within, celestial grace  
Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw—what thou didst not—above  
Thy lowly head an open heaven;  
And tokens of thy Father's love  
With smiles to thy rapt spirit given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot  
With firm and peaceful soul depart,  
I, Jesus, saw thee,—doubt it not,—  
And read the secrets of thy heart!

*Ray Palmer* [1808-1887]

### THE VETERAN OF HEAVEN

O CAPTAIN of the wars, whence won Ye so great scars?  
In what fight did Ye smite, and what manner was the  
foe?

Was it on a day of rout they compassed Thee about,  
Or gat Ye these adornings when Ye wrought their over-  
throw?

“’Twas on a day of rout they girded Me about,  
They wounded all My brow, and they smote Me through  
the side:

My hand held no sword when I met their armèd horde,  
And the conqueror fell down, and the conquered bruised  
his pride.”

What is this, unheard before, that the unarmed make war,  
And the slain hath the gain, and the victor hath the rout?  
What wars, then, are these, and what the enemies,  
Strange Chief, with the scars of Thy conquest trenched  
about?

“The Prince I drave forth held the Mount of the North,  
Girt with the guards of flame that roll around the pole.  
I drave him with My wars from all his fortress-stars,  
And the sea of death divided that My march might strike  
its goal.

“In the keep of Northern Guard, many a great demonian  
sword  
Burns as it turns round the Mount occult, apart:  
There is given power and place still for some certain days,  
And his Name would turn the Sun’s blood back upon its  
heart.”

What is *Thy* Name? O show!—“My Name ye may not  
know;  
’Tis a going forth with banners, and a baring of much  
swords:  
But my titles that are high, are they not upon my thigh?  
‘King of Kings!’ are the words, ‘Lord of Lords’;  
It is written ‘King of Kings, Lord of Lords.’”

*Francis Thompson* [1859?–1907]

### LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT

ON a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.  
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend  
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,  
Where sinners hugged their specter of repose.  
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.  
And now upon his western wing he leaned,  
Now his huge bulk o’er Afric’s sands careened,  
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.  
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars

With memory of the old revolt from Awe,  
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,  
Which are the brain of Heaven, he looked, and sank.  
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,  
The army of unalterable law.

*George Meredith* [1828-1909]

### HORA CHRISTI

SWEET is the time for joyous folk  
Of gifts and minstrelsy;  
Yet I, O lowly-hearted One,  
Crave but Thy company.  
On lonesome road, beset with dread,  
My questing lies afar.  
I have no light, save in the east  
The gleaming of Thy star.

In cloistered aisles they keep to-day  
Thy feast, O living Lord!  
With pomp of banner, pride of song,  
And stately-sounding word.  
Mute stand the kings of power and place,  
While priests of holy mind  
Dispense Thy blessed heritage  
Of peace to all mankind.

I know a spot where budless twigs  
Are bare above the snow,  
And where sweet winter-loving birds  
Flit softly to and fro;  
There with the sun for altar-fire,  
The earth for kneeling-place,  
The gentle air for Chorister,  
Will I adore Thy face.

Loud, underneath the great blue sky,  
My heart shall pæan sing,  
The gold and myrrh of meekest love  
Mine only offering.

Bliss of Thy birth shall quicken me,  
And for Thy pain and dole  
Tears are but vain, so I will keep  
The silence of the soul.

*Alice Brown [1857-*

## CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR

BESIDE the dead I knelt for prayer,  
And felt a presence as I prayed.  
Lo! it was Jesus standing there.  
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, thou hast conquered death we know;  
Restore again to life," I said,  
"This one who died an hour ago."  
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep then, as thyself did say;  
Yet thou canst lift the lids that keep  
Her prisoned eyes from ours away!"  
He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Nay then, though haply she do wake,  
And look upon some fairer dawn,  
Restore her to our hearts that ache!"  
He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! too well we know our loss,  
Nor hope again our joy to touch,  
Until the stream of death we cross."  
He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our belovèd seem so far,  
The while we yearn to feel them near,  
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."  
He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they  
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,  
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"  
He smiled: "Abide with me."

*Rossiter Worthington Raymond [1840-*

## THAT HOLY THING

From "Paul Faber"

THEY all were looking for a king  
To slay their foes and lift them high:  
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing  
That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot  
Naught but Thy presence can avail;  
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,  
Nor on the sea Thy sail!

My how or when Thou wilt not heed,  
But come down Thine own secret stair,  
That Thou mayst answer all my need—  
Yea, every bygone prayer.

*George Macdonald* [1824-1905]

## WHAT CHRIST SAID

I SAID, "Let me walk in the fields;"  
He said, "Nay, walk in the town;"  
I said, "There are no flowers there;"  
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the sky is black,  
There is nothing but noise and din;"  
But He wept as He sent me back—  
"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,  
And fogs are veiling the sun;"  
He answered, "Yet hearts are sick,  
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,  
And friends will miss me, they say;"  
He answered me, "Choose to-night  
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;  
He said, "Is it hard to decide?  
It will not seem hard in heaven  
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the field,  
Then set my face to the town;  
He said, "My child, do you yield?  
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine.  
And into my heart came He.  
And I walk in a light divine  
The path I had feared to see.

*George Macdonald [1824-1905]*

### SAN LORENZO GIUSTINIANI'S MOTHER

"And we the shadows of the dream"—SHELLEY

I HAD not seen my son's dear face  
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)  
Since it had come to full flower-time.  
I hardly guessed at its perfect prime,  
That folded flower of his dear face.

Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears  
When on a day in many years  
One of his Order came. I thrilled,  
Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled.  
I doubted, for my mists of tears.

His blessing be with me forever!  
My hope and doubt were hard to sever.  
—That altered face, those holy weeds.  
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,  
And lost his echoing feet for ever.

If to my son my alms were given  
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.  
He did not plead for child of mine,  
But for another Child divine,  
And unto Him it was surely given.

There is One alone who cannot change;  
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange;  
And all I give is given to One.

I might mistake my dearest son,  
But never the Son who cannot change.

*Alice Meynell* [1850-1922]

## A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

INTO the woods my Master went,  
Clean forspent, forspent.  
Into the woods my Master came,  
Forspent with love and shame.  
But the olives they were not blind to Him;  
The little gray leaves were kind to Him;  
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him  
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,  
And He was well content.  
Out of the woods my Master came,  
Content with death and shame.  
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,  
From under the trees they drew Him last:  
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last  
When out of the woods He came.

*Sidney Lanier* [1842-1881]

## THE MYSTERY

HE came and took me by the hand  
Up to a red rose tree,  
He kept His meaning to Himself  
But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare  
The mystery to me;  
Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,  
And His own face to see.

*Ralph Hodgson* [1871-

## SONGS OF PRAISE

### DIES IRÆ \*

DAY of wrath, that day of burning,  
Seer and Sibyl speak concerning,  
All the world to ashes turning.

Oh, what fear shall it engender,  
When the Judge shall come in splendor  
Strict to mark and just to render!

Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder,  
Rending sepulchers asunder,  
Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,  
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,  
When the graves their dead deliver.

Volume, from which nothing's blotted,  
Evil done nor evil plotted,  
Shall be brought and dooms allotted.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,  
He'll unfold all here occurring,  
Vengeance then no more deferring.

What shall *I* say, that time pending?  
Ask what advocate's befriending,  
When the just man needs defending?

Dreadful King, all power possessing,  
Saving freely those confessing,  
Save thou me, O Fount of Blessing!

\* For the original of this poem see page 381c



Think, O Jesus, for what reason,  
Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason,  
Nor me lose in that dread season!

Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,  
On the cross Thy soul death tasted:  
Let such travail not be wasted!

Righteous Judge of retribution!  
Make me gift of absolution  
Ere that day of execution!

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken,  
On my cheek shame's crimson token:  
Let the pardoning word be spoken!

Thou, who Mary gav'st remission,  
Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,  
Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit,  
What is needful, Thou confer it,  
Lest I endless fire inherit.

Be there, Lord, my place decided  
With Thy sheep, from goats divided,  
Kindly to Thy right hand guided!

When the accursed away are driven,  
To eternal burnings given,  
Call me with the blessed to heaven!

I beseech Thee, prostrate lying,  
Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing,  
Care for me when I am dying!

Day of tears and late repentance,  
Man shall rise to hear his sentence:  
Him, the child of guilt and error,  
Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror!

*Translated from the Latin of Tommaso di Celano by  
Abraham Coles [1813-1891]*

## STABAT MATER DOLOROSA \*

STOOD the afflicted mother weeping,  
Near the cross her station keeping  
Whereon hung her Son and Lord;  
Through whose spirit sympathizing,  
Sorrowing and agonizing,  
Also passed the cruel sword.

Oh! how mournful and distressèd  
Was that favored and most blessèd  
Mother of the only Son,  
Trembling, grieving, bosom heaving,  
While perceiving, scarce believing,  
Pains of that Illustrious One!

Who the man, who, called a brother,  
Would not weep, saw he Christ's mother  
In such deep distress and wild?  
Who could not sad tribute render  
Witnessing that mother tender  
Agonizing with her child?

For His people's sins atoning,  
Him she saw in torments groaning,  
Given to the scourger's rod;  
Saw her darling offspring dying,  
Desolate, forsaken, crying,  
Yield His spirit up to God.

Make me feel thy sorrow's power,  
That with thee I tears may shower,  
Tender mother, fount of love!  
Make my heart with love unceasing  
Burn toward Christ the Lord, that pleasing  
I may be to Him above.

Holy mother, this be granted,  
That the slain one's wounds be planted  
Firmly in my heart to bide.

\* For the original of this poem see page 3821.

Of Him wounded, all astounded—  
 Depths unbounded for me sounded—  
 All the pangs with me divide.

Make me weep with thee in union;  
 With the Crucified, communion  
 In His grief and suffering give;  
 Near the cross, with tears unfailing,  
 I would join thee in thy wailing  
 Here as long as I shall live.

Maid of maidens, all excelling!  
 Be not bitter, me repelling;  
 Make thou me a mourner too;  
 Make me bear about Christ's dying,  
 Share His passion, shame defying;  
 All His wounds in me renew.

Wound for wound be there created;  
 With the cross intoxicated  
 For thy Son's dear sake, I pray—  
 May I, fired with pure affection,  
 Virgin, have through thee protection  
 In the solemn Judgment Day.

Let me by the cross be warded,  
 By the death of Christ be guarded,  
 Nourished by divine supplies.  
 When the body death hath riven,  
 Grant that to the soul be given  
 Glories bright of Paradise.

*Translated from the Latin of Jacopone da Todi by  
 Abraham Coles [1813-1891]*

### VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS \*

COME, Holy Ghost! thou fire divine!  
 From highest heaven on us shine!  
 Comforter, be Thy comfort mine!

\* For the original of this poem see page 3822.

Come, Father of the poor, to earth;  
Come, with Thy gifts of precious worth;  
Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

Thou rich in comfort! Ever blest  
The heart where Thou art constant guest,  
Who giv'st the heavy-laden rest.

Come, Thou in whom our toil is sweet,  
Our shadow in the noonday heat,  
Before whom mourning flieth fleet.

Bright Sun of Grace! Thy sunshine dart  
On all who cry to Thee apart,  
And fill with gladness every heart.

Whate'er without Thy aid is wrought,  
Or skilful deed, or wisest thought,  
God counts it vain and merely naught.

O cleanse us that we sin no more,  
O'er parchèd souls Thy waters pour;  
Heal the sad heart that acheth sore.

Thy will be ours in all our ways;  
O melt the frozen with Thy rays;  
Call home the lost in error's maze.

And grant us, Lord, who cry to Thee.  
And hold the Faith in unity,  
Thy precious gifts of charity;

That we may live in holiness,  
And find in death our happiness,  
And dwell with Thee in lasting bliss!

*Translated from the Latin of Robert II. of France by  
Catharine Winkworth [1827-1878]*

## VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS \*

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come visit every pious mind,  
Come pour thy joys on human-kind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee.

O source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete!  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!  
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,  
Whose power does heaven and earth command!  
Proceeding Spirit, our defense,  
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;  
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts!  
Our frailties help, our vice control,  
Submit the senses to the soul;  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then lay thy hand and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us thyself, that we may see  
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

\* For the original of this poem see page 3823.

Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

*Translated from the Latin of St. Gregory the Great(?) by  
John Dryden [1631-1700]*

#### STANZAS FROM "SONG TO DAVID"

SUBLIME—invention ever young,  
Of vast conception, towering tongue  
To God the eternal theme;  
Notes from yon exaltations caught,  
Unrival'd royalty of thought  
O'er meaner strains supreme.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,  
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,  
For all the pangs that rage;  
Blest light still gaining on the gloom,  
The more than Michal of his bloom,  
The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source  
Of all things—the stupendous force  
On which all strength depends;  
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,  
All period, power, and enterprise  
Commences, reigns, and ends.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said  
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,  
And, smitten to the heart,  
At once above, beneath, around,  
All Nature, without voice or sound,  
Replied, O LORD, THOU ART.

The world, the clustering spheres, He made;  
The glorious light, the soothing shade,  
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;  
The multitudinous abyss,  
Where Secrecy remains in bliss,  
And Wisdom hides her skill.

The pillars of the Lord are seven,  
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven;  
His Wisdom drew the plan;  
His Word accomplished the design,  
From brightest gem to deepest mine;  
From Christ enthroned, to Man.

For Adoration all the ranks  
Of Angels yield eternal thanks,  
And David in the midst;  
With God's good poor, which, last and least  
In man's esteem, Thou to Thy feast,  
O blessèd Bridegroom, bidd'st!

For Adoration, David's Psalms  
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms;  
And he, who kneels and chants,  
Prevails his passions to control,  
Finds meat and medicine to the soul,  
Which for translation pants.

For Adoration, in the dome  
Of Christ, the sparrows find a home,  
And on His olives perch:  
The swallow also dwells with thee,  
O man of God's humility,  
Within his Saviour's church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,  
And drops upon the leafy limes;  
Sweet, Hermon's fragrant air:  
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,  
And sweet the wakeful tapers' smell  
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,  
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;  
Sweet, when the lost arrive:  
Sweet the musician's ardor beats,  
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,  
The choicest flowers to hive.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;  
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,  
Which makes at once his game:  
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;  
Strong through the turbulent profound  
Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal  
His eyeball,—like a bastion's mole  
His chest against the foes:  
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;  
Strong against tide the enormous whale  
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,  
And in the sea, the man of prayer,  
And far beneath the tide:  
And in the seat to fate assigned,  
Where ask is have, where seek is find,  
Where knock is open wide.

Precious the penitential tear;  
And precious is the sigh sincere,  
Acceptable to God:  
And precious are the winning flowers,  
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers  
Bound on the hallowed sod.

Glorious the sun in mid career;  
Glorious the assembled fires appear;  
Glorious the comet's train:  
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;  
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm;  
Glorious the enraptured main;



Glorious the northern lights astream;  
 Glorious the song, when God's the theme;  
     Glorious the thunder's roar:  
 Glorious Hosanna from the den;  
 Glorious the catholic Amen;  
     Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious—is the crown  
 Of Him that brought salvation down,  
     By meekness called thy Son:  
 Thou that stupendous truth believed;—  
 And now the matchless deed's achieved,  
     Determined, dared, and done!

*Christopher Smart [1722-1771]*

#### NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

WHEN I survey the bright  
     Celestial sphere;  
 So rich with jewels hung, that night  
     Doth like an Ethiop bride appear:

My soul her wings doth spread  
     And heavenward flies,  
 The Almighty's mysteries to read  
     In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament  
     Shoots forth no flame  
 So silent, but is eloquent  
     In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star  
     Contracts its light  
 Into so small a character,  
     Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look  
     We shall discern  
 In it, as in some holy book,  
     How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

“The Spacious Firmament on High ” 3787

It tells the conqueror  
That far-stretched power,  
Which his proud dangers traffic for,  
Is but the triumph of an hour;  
  
That from the farthest North,  
Some nation may,  
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,  
And o'er his new-got conquest sway:  
  
Some nation yet shut in  
With hills of ice  
May be let out to scourge his sin,  
Till they shall equal him in vice.  
  
And then they likewise shall  
Their ruin have;  
For as yourselves your empires fall,  
And every kingdom hath a grave.  
  
Thus those celestial fires,  
Though seeming mute,  
The fallacy of our desires  
And all the pride of life confute:—  
  
For they have watched since first  
The world had birth;  
And found sin in itself accurst,  
And nothing permanent on earth.

*William Habington* [1605–1654]

“THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH”

From “The Spectator,” No. 465

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied Sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display;

And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;  
And nightly to the listening Earth  
Repeats the story of her birth:  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?  
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine."

*Joseph Addison* [1672-1719]

### UNIVERSAL PRAYER

DEO. OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confined  
To know but this, that Thou art good,  
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And, binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This, teach me more than hell to shun,  
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when man receives,  
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume Thy bolts to throw  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, O, teach my heart  
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride  
And impious discontent  
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,  
Since quickened by Thy breath;  
O, lead me, whereso'er I go,  
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;  
All else beneath the sun,  
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,  
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar earth, sea, skies,  
One chorus let all Being raise,  
All Nature's incense rise!

*Alexander Pope* [1688-1744]

**"O GOD! OUR HELP IN AGES PAST"**

O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy Throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her fame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God! our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guide when troubles last,  
And our eternal home!

*Isaac Watts* [1674-1748]

“JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL”

JESUS lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high!  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall,—  
Lo! on Thee I cast my care;  
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,  
While I of Thy strength receive!  
Hoping against hope I stand,—  
Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!  
Just and holy is Thy Name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:—

Thou of life the Fountain art,  
    Freely me let take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
    Rise to all eternity!

*Charles Wesley [1707-1788]*

“A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE”

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
    A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
    And fit it for the sky.

From youth to hoary age,  
    My calling to fulfil,  
Oh, may it all my powers engage  
    To do my Master's will!

Arm me with jealous care  
    As in Thy sight to live;  
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
    A strict account to give!

Help me to watch and pray,  
    And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
    I shall forever die.

*Charles Wesley [1707-1788]*

CORONATION

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
    Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
    To crown Him Lord of all!

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,  
    And, as they tune it, fall  
Before His face who tunes their choir,  
    And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this floating ball;  
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call,  
The God incarnate, Man divine,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every tribe and every tongue  
That bound creation's call,  
Now shout, in universal song,  
The Crownèd Lord of all!

*Edward Perronet [1721-1792]*

“HOLY, HOLY, HOLY”

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! **a**ll the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!



Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky  
and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity!  
*Reginald Heber [1783-1826]*

### "THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR"

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar!  
Who follows in His train?  
Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train!

Thy martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save:  
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong!  
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame!  
They met the tyrant's brandished steel  
The lion's gory mane:  
They bowed their necks, the death to feel!  
Who follows in their train?

“From Greenland’s Icy Mountains” 3795

A noble army—men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,—  
Around the Saviour’s throne rejoice  
In robes of light arrayed.  
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain!  
O God! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train!

*Reginald Heber* [1783–1826]

“FROM GREENLAND’S ICY MOUNTAINS”

FROM Greenland’s icy mountains,  
From India’s coral strand;  
Where Afric’s sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand:  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error’s chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o’er Ceylon’s isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile:  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high—  
Can we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim;  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah’s Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

*Reginald Heber* [1783-1826]

### LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning Providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

*William Cowper* [1731-1800]

## ROCK OF AGES

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure—  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone—  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring—  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;  
Naked come to Thee for dress—  
Helpless look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly—  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!

*Augustus Montague Toplady [1740-1778]*

## LOVE TO THE CHURCH

I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
The house of Thine abode,  
The church our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

I love Thy church, O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

If e'er to bless Thy sons  
My voice or hands deny,  
These hands let useful skill forsake,  
This voice in silence die.

For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given  
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, Thou Friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy Truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

*From the Latin of St. Ambrose by Timothy Dwight [1752-1817]*

## GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY TO ALL PEOPLE

ANGELS from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;  
Come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light;  
Come and worship;  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of Nations;  
Ye have seen His natal-star;  
Come and worship;  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear  
Suddenly, the Lord descending,  
In His temple shall appear;  
Come and worship;  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,  
Doomed, for guilt, to endless pains,  
Justice now revokes the sentence,  
Mercy calls you—break your chains;  
Come and worship;  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

*James Montgomery [1771-1854]*

## CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE IN SUFFERING

Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the tempter's power;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray!

Follow to the judgment hall,  
View the Lord of Life arraigned;  
O the wormwood and the gall!  
O the pangs His soul sustained!

Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,—  
Learn of Him to bear the cross!

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete!  
"It is finished!" hear the cry;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die!

Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid His breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom;  
Who hath taken Him away?  
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes!  
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

*James Montgomery [1771-1854]*

### "JUST AS I AM"

JUST as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

“Blest Be the Tie That Binds” 3801

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, of that free love,  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

*Charlotte Elliott* [1789-1871]

“BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS”

BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Jesus' love;  
The fellowship of Christian minds  
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne  
We pour united prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,  
Our comforts, and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,  
Our mutual burdens bear,  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

When we at death must part,  
Not like the world's our pain;  
But one in Christ, and one in heart,  
We part to meet again.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin, we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Throughout eternity.

*John Fawcett* [1740-1817]



## "IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY"

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the Cross forsake me—  
Lo! it grows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the Cross the radiance streaming  
Adds more luster to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the Cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys, that through all time abide.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

*John Bowring* [1792-1872]

## "ABIDE WITH ME"

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance, I beg, a passing word,  
But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,  
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—  
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings:  
'Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;  
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,  
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour.  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold then Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:  
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

*Henry Francis Lyte [1793-1847]*

## THE HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest  
To mourning wanderers given;  
There is a joy for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast,  
'Tis found alone in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,  
Far from these shades of even—  
A couch for weary mortals spread,  
Where they may rest the aching head,  
And find repose, in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven;  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,  
The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom:  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

*William Bingham Tappan* [1794-1849]

#### THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on!  
The night is dark, and I am far from home—  
Lead Thou me on!  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on.  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on!  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on,  
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone;  
 And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

*John Henry Newman [1801-1890]*

“NEARER TO THEE”

NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear  
 Steps unto heaven;  
 All that Thou send'st to me  
 In mercy given;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
 Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

*Sarah Flower Adams [1805-1848]*

**"A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD" \***

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our helper He amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe  
Doth seek to work us woe;  
His craft and power are great,  
And, armed with cruel hate,  
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing,—  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is He,  
Lord Sabaoth His name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,  
Should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.  
The Prince of Darkness grim,—  
We tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo! his doom is sure:  
One little word shall fell him.

\* For the original of this poem, see page 3831.

That word above all earthly powers,  
No thanks to them, abideth;  
The spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through Him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill,  
God's truth abideth still,  
His Kingdom is forever.

*From the German of Martin Luther, by*

*Frederick Henry Hedge [1805-1890]*

#### PRAYER TO THE TRINITY

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy:  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

*James Edmeston [1791-1867]*

## IN SORROW

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us,  
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
Through the trials yet decreed us,  
Till our last great change appears.  
When temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let Thy goodness never fail us,  
Lead us in Thy perfect way.

In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear;  
And, when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

*Thomas Hastings [1784-1872]*

## "JUST FOR TO-DAY"

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs,  
I do not pray:  
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,  
Just for to-day;  
Let me no wrong or idle word  
Unthinking say:  
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,  
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work,  
And duly pray;  
Let me be kind in word and deed  
Just for to-day;  
Let me in season, Lord, be grave  
In season, gay;  
Let me be faithful to Thy grace.  
Just for to-day.

In pain and sorrow's cleansing fires,  
 Brief be my stay;  
 Oh, bid me if to-day I die,  
 Come home to-day;  
 So, for to-morrow and its needs,  
 I do not pray;  
 But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,  
 Just for to-day.

*Sybil F Partridge* [18 - ]

LOVEST THOU ME?

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;  
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

"I delivered thee when bound,  
 And, when wounded, healed thy wound;  
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
 Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease, towards the child she bare?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above;  
 Deeper than the depths beneath,  
 Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done;  
 Partner of my throne shalt be;  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is weak and faint;  
 Yet I love thee and adore,  
 Oh for grace to love thee more!

*William Cowper* [1731-1800]



## THE VOICE FROM GALILEE

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad,  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold, I freely give  
The living water,—thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."  
I came to Jesus and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's Light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him, my Star, my Sun;  
And in that Light of life I'll walk  
Till traveling days be done.

*Horatius Bonar* [1808-1889]

## FAITH

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine!

## He Standeth at the Door 3811

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
    My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love for Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be.—  
    A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
    Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
    From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
    Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O bear me safe above,  
    A ransomed soul!

*Ray Palmer* [1808-1887]

## HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR

In the silent midnight watches,  
List—thy bosom door!  
How it knocketh—knocketh—knocketh  
    Knocketh evermore!  
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating:  
    'Tis thy heart of sin;  
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
    "Rise, and let Me in!"

Death comes on with reckless footsteps,  
To the hall and hut:  
Think you Death will tarry, knocking,  
    Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth,  
 But the door is fast;  
 Grieved, away my Saviour goeth;  
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating  
 Christ to let thee in:  
 At the gate of Heaven beating,  
 Wailing for thy sin.  
 Nay!—alas, thou guilty creature!  
 Hast thou, then, forgot?  
 Jesus waited long to know thee;  
 Now He knows thee not.

*Arthur Cleveland Coxe [1818-1896]*

### “THERE IS A GREEN HILL”

THERE is a green hill far away,  
 Without a city wall,  
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
 Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
 What pains He had to bear,  
 But we believe it was for us  
 He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
 He died to make us good,  
 That we might go at last to heaven,  
 Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
 To pay the price of sin;  
 He only could unlock the gate  
 Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,  
 And we must love Him too,  
 And trust in His redeeming blood,  
 And try His works to do.

*Cecil Frances Alexander [1818-1895]*

## NEARER HOME

ONE sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross!  
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the silent, unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps  
Come to the dread abysm:  
Closer Death to my lips  
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink;  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;  
Let my spirit feel in death,  
That her feet are firmly set  
On the rock of a living faith!

*Phoebe Cary* [1824-1871]

**"ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!"**

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.  
Christ the Royal Master  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go!  
Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise!

Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the Saints have trod;  
We are not divided  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song;  
Glory, laud, and honor  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, Christian soldiers!  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

*Sabine Baring-Gould* [1834-1924]

## EVENING

SOFTLY now the light of day  
Fades upon my sight away,  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with Thee:

Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

*George Washington Doane* [1799-1859]

## A DEDICATION

My new-cut ashlar takes the light  
Where crimson-blank the windows flare.  
By my own work before the night,  
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought  
Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine—  
Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought  
I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

The depth and dream of my desire,  
The bitter paths wherein I stray—  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain—  
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade  
And manlike stand with God again!

One stone the more swings into place  
In that dread Temple of Thy worth.  
It is enough that, through Thy Grace,  
I saw naught common on Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken—  
Oh whatsoever may spoil or speed.  
Help me to need no aid from men  
That I may help such men as need!

*Rudyard Kipling* [1865-1936]

## APPENDIX

CONTAINING A FEW OF THE MORE FAMOUS  
POEMS IN OTHER LANGUAGES, OF WHICH  
TRANSLATIONS OR PARAPHRASES OC-  
CUR IN THE FOREGOING PAGES





## APPENDIX

### DIES IRÆ \*

*DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA, dies tribulationis et angustiae, dies calamitatis et miseriae, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies nebulae et turbinis, dies tubae et clangoris super civitates munitas et super angulos excelsos!*—Sophonias i. 15, 16.

DIES iræ, dies illa!  
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,  
Teste David cum Sybillâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus.  
Quando Judex est venturus.  
Cuncta stricte discussurus:

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulcra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit. et natura.  
Quum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur.  
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet, apparebit:  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis!

\* For a translation of this poem see page 3777.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;  
Ne me perdas illâ die!

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti, crucem passus:  
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Juste Judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis!

Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
Culpâ rubet vultus meus;  
Supplici parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed tu bonus fac benigne  
Ne perenni cremer igne!

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextrâ

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis!

Lacrymosa dies illa,  
Qua resurget ex favillâ  
Judicandus homo reus;  
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

*Tommaso di Celano* [1185?-1255?]

## STABAT MATER DOLOROSA \*

STABAT Mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
    Dum pendebat filius;  
Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam et dolentem,  
    Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
    Mater unigeniti,  
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat,  
Pia mater, dum videbat  
    Nati pœnas inclyti!

Quis est homo qui non fleret,  
Christi matrem si videret  
    In tanto supplicio?  
Quis non posset contristari  
Piam matrem contemplari  
    Dolentem cum filio?

Pro peccatis suæ gentis,  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
    Et flagellis subditum.  
Vidit suum dulcem natum,  
Morientem, desolatum,  
    Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia mater, fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris  
    Fac, ut tecum lugeam.  
Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
    Ut illi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
Crucifixi fige plagas  
    Cordi meo valide.

\* For a translation of this poem see page 3779-

Tui nati vulnerati,  
 Tam dignati pro me pati,  
     Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,  
 Crucifixo condolere,  
     Donec ego vixero;  
 Juxta crucem tecum stare,  
 Et tibi me sociare  
     In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,  
 Mihi jam non sis amara;  
     Fac me tecum plangere;  
 Fac ut portem Christi mortem,  
 Passionis fac consortem,  
     Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,  
 Cruce hac inebriari,  
     Et cruore filii;  
 Inflammatus et accensus,  
 Per te, Virgo, sum defensus  
     In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,  
 Morte Christi præmuniri,  
     Confoveri gratia.  
 Quando corpus morietur,  
 Fac ut animæ donetur  
     Paradisi gloria.

*Jacopone da Todi [ ? -1306]*

# VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS \*

VENI, Sancte Spiritus,  
 Et emitte cœlitus  
 Lucis tuæ radium.

\* For a translation of this poem see page 3780.

Veni, pater pauperum,  
Veni, dator munerum,  
Veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,  
Dulcis hospes animæ,  
Dulce refrigerium.

In labore requies,  
In æstu temperies,  
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima!  
Reple cordis intima,  
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine,  
Nihil est in homine,  
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,  
Riga quod est aridum,  
Sana quod est saucium,  
Flecte quod est rigidum,  
Fove quod est frigidum,  
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus,  
In te confidentibus,  
Sacrum septenarium;

Da virtutis meritum,  
Da salutis exitum,  
Da perenne gaudium!

*Robert II. of France [971-1031]*

## VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS \*

VENI, Creator Spiritus,  
Mentes tuorum visita,  
Imple superna gratia,  
Quæ tu creasti pectora.

\* For a translation of this poem see page 3782.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,  
 Altissimi donum Dei,  
 Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,  
 Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,  
 Dextræ Dei tu digitus,  
 Tu rite promissum Patris,  
 Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,  
 Infunde amorem cordibus,  
 Infirma nostri corporis  
 Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,  
 Pacemque dones protinus:  
 Ductore sic te prævio  
 Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,  
 Noscamus atque Filium;  
 Te utriusque Spiritum  
 Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria  
 Et Filio qui a mortuis  
 Surrexit, ac Paraclito,  
 In sæculorum sæcula.

*St. Gregory the Great (?) [540?–604]*

### URBS SYON AUREA \*

*From " Hora Novissima "*

URBS Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,  
 Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.  
 Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,  
 Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis:  
 Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit:  
 O bona gloria, vincor; in omnia laus tua vicit.

\* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 3689.

Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,  
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena:  
Est ibi pascua, mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis,  
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.  
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus albis  
Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis;  
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine lite  
In Syon ædibus editioribus Israëlitaë.  
Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,  
Tu bona visibus interioribus intima pandis:  
Intima lumina, mentis acumina te speculantur,  
Pectora flammea spe modo, postea forte lucentur.  
Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica, condita cælo,  
Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristor, anhelō:  
Te qui corpore non quæco, pectore sæpe penetro,  
Sed caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado retro.  
Nemo retexere nemoque promere sustinet ore,  
Quo tua mœnia, quo capitalia plena decore;  
Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor, o Syon, o pax,  
Urbs sine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi mendax;  
O sine luxibus, o sine luctibus, o sine lite  
Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vitæ!

Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto,  
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto;  
Nec meritis peto, nam meritis meto morte perire,  
Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego fillius iræ:  
Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,  
Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita.  
Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque fideque,  
Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dicque.  
Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit;  
In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, a lue lavit.  
Gratia cælica sustinet unica totius orbis  
Parcere sordibus, interioribus unctio morbis;  
Diluit omnia cælica gratia, fons David undans  
Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans:  
O pia gratia, celsa palatia cernere præsta,  
Ut videam bona, festaque consona, cælica festa.  
O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,



Agmine splendida, stans duce, florida perpete lauro,  
 O bona patria, num tua guadia teque videbo?  
 O bona patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo?  
 Dic mihi, flagito, verbaque reddito, dicque, Videbis:  
 Spem solidam gero; remne tenens ero? dic, Retinebis.  
 O sacer, o pius, o ter et amplius ille beatus,  
 Cui sua pars Deus: o miser, o reus, hâc viduatus.

*Bernard of Cluny* [1122?–1156?]

### URBS BEATA HIERUSALEM \*

URBS beata Hierusalem,  
 Dicta Pacis Visio,  
 Quæ construitur in cœlis  
 Vivis ex lapidibus,  
 Et ab angelis ornata,  
 Ut sponsata comite.

Nova veniens e cœlo,  
 Nuptiali thalamo  
 Præparata, ut sponsata  
 Copuletur Domino;  
 Plateæ et muri ejus  
 Ex auro purissimo.

Portæ nitent margaritis,  
 Adytis patentibus;  
 Et virtute meritorum  
 Illuc introducitur  
 Omnis qui ob Christi Nomen  
 Hoc in mundo premitur.

Tursionibus, pressuris  
 Expoliti lapides  
 Suis coaptantur locis  
 Per Manum Artificis;  
 Disponuntur permansuri  
 Sacris ædificiis.

\* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 3693.

Gloria et honor Deo  
 Usquequo Altissimo,  
 Una Patri, Filioque,  
 Inclyto Paraclito,  
 Cui laus est et potestas  
 Per æterna sæcula.

*Unknown*

VIVAMUS, MEA LESBIA \*

VIVAMUS, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,  
 Rumoresque senum severiorum  
 Omnes unius æstimemus assis.  
 Soles occidere et redire possunt:  
 Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
 Nox est perpetua una dormienda.  
 Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,  
 Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,  
 Deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.  
 Dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,  
 Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,  
 Aut nequis malus invidere possit,  
 Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

*Gaius Valerius Catullus* [87 B. C.?–54 B. C.?]

PERSICOS ODI †

(*Odes*, Bk. i, No. 38)

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,  
 Displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ;  
 Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum  
 Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
 Sedulus, curo: neque te ministrum  
 Dedecet myrtus neque me sub arctâ  
 Vite bibentem.

*Quintus Horatius Flaccus* [65 B. C.–8 B. C.]

\* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 588.

† For a paraphrase of this poem see page 1987.

## INTEGER VITÆ \*

(Odes, Bk. i, No. 22)

INTEGER vitæ scelerisque purus  
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu  
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,  
Fusce, pharetra,

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas  
Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus  
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,  
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra  
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,  
Fugit inermem;

Quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunias latis alit æsculetis  
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum  
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,  
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque  
Juppiter urget;

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui  
Solis in terra domibus negata:  
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem.

*Quintus Horatius Flaccus* [65 B. C.–8 B. C.]

## RECTIUS VIVES \*

*(Odes, Bk. ii, No. 10)*

RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum  
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas  
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo  
Litus iniquum.

Aurcam quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius aula.

Sæpius ventis agitur ingens  
Pinus et celsæ graviore casu  
Decidunt turres feriuntque summos  
Fulgura montis.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
Alteram sortem bene præparatum  
Pectus. Informis hiemes reducit  
Juppiter, idem

Submovet; non, si male nunc, et olim  
Sic erit; quondam cithara tacentem  
Suscitat musam neque semper arcum  
Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque  
Fortis appare; sapienter idem  
Contrahes vento nimium secundo  
Turgida vela.

*Quintus Horatius Flaccus [65 B. C.—8 B. C.]*

## DE BREVI-TATE VITÆ †

*(CARMEN AMŒBÆUM)*

GAUDEAMUS igitur,  
Juvenes dum sumus;

\* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2991.

† For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2895.

Post jucundam juventutem,  
Post molestam senectutem  
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos  
In mundo fuere?  
Vadite ad superos,  
Transite ad inferos,  
Ubi jam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,  
Brevi finietur,  
Venit mors velociter,  
Rapit nos atrociter,  
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia,  
Vivant professores,  
Vivat membrum quodlibet,  
Vivant membra quaelibet,  
Semper sint in flore!

Vivant omnes virgines,  
Faciles, formosæ,  
Vivant et mulieres,  
Teneræ, amabiles,  
Bonæ, laboriosæ!

Vivat et respublica  
Et qui illam regit,  
Vivat nostra civitas,  
Mæcenatum caritas,  
Quæ nos hic protegit!

Pereat tristitia,  
Pereant osores,  
Pereat diabolus,  
Quivis antiburschius,  
Atque irrisores.

## LAURIGER HORATIUS \*

LAURIGER HORATIUS,  
Quàm dixisti verum;  
Fugit Euro citius  
Tempus edax rerum!  
Ubi sunt, o pocula  
Dulciora melle!  
Rixæ, pax et oscula  
Rubentis puellæ?

Crescit uva molliter  
Et puella crescit,  
Sed poeta turpiter  
Sitiens canescit.  
Quid juvat æternitas  
Nominis, amare  
Nisi terræ filias  
Licet, et potare.

*Unknown*

## EIN FESTE BURG †

EIN feste Burg ist unser Gott,  
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen,  
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Not,  
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.  
Der alt böse Feind  
Mit Ernst ers jetzt meint,  
Gross Macht und viel List  
Sein grausam Rüstung ist,  
Auf Erd ist nicht seins Gleichen.

Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts getan,  
Wir sind gar bald verloren;  
Es streit für uns der rechte Mann,  
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.

\* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2846.

† For a translation of this poem see page 3806.

Fragst du, wer der ist!  
 Er heisst Jesus Christ,  
 Der Herr Zebaoth,  
 Und ist kein andrer Gott,  
 Das Feld muss er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär  
 Und wollt uns gar verschlingen,  
 So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,  
 Es soll uns doch gelingen.  
 Der Fürst dieser Welt,  
 Wie saur er sich stellt,  
 Tut er uns doch nicht;  
 Das macht, er ist gericht,  
 Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stan  
 Und kein Dank dazu haben.  
 Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan  
 Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.  
 Nehmen sie den Leib,  
 Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib,  
 Lass fahren dahin,  
 Sie habens kein Gewinn:  
 Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben.

*Martin Luther [1483-1546]*

### LIED \*

Ins stille Land!  
 Wer leitet uns hinüber?  
 Schon wölkt sich uns der Abendhimmel trüber,  
 Und immer trümmervoller wird der Strand.  
 Wer leitet uns mit sanfter Hand  
 Hinüber, ach! hinüber  
 Ins stille Land?

Ins stille Land!  
 Zu euch, ihr freien Räume  
 Für die Veredlung! Zarte Morgenträume

\* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 3456.

Der schönen Seelen! künftgen Daseins Pfand.  
Wer treu des Lebens Kampf bestand,  
Trägt seiner Hoffnung Keime  
Ins stille Land.

Ach Land! ach Land!  
Für alle Sturmbedrohten  
Der mildeste von unsers Schicksals Boten  
Winkt uns, die Fackel umgewandt,  
Und leitet uns mit sanfter Hand  
Ins Land der grossen Toten,  
Ins stille Land.

*Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis [1762-1834]*

#### DIE WACHT AM RHEIN \*

Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,  
Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:  
"Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!  
Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?"

*Chorus*—Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,  
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

Durch Hunderttausend zuckt es schnell,  
Und aller Augen blitzen hell.  
Der deutsche Jüngling fromm und stark  
Beschirmt die heil'ge Landesmark.

Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsau'n,  
Wo Heldengeister niederschaun,  
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust:  
"Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!

"Und ob mein Herz im Tode bricht,  
Wirst du doch drum ein Welscher nicht.  
Reich wie an Wasser deine Flut,  
Ist Deutschland ja an Heldenblut.

\* For a translation of this poem see page 2269.



“So lang ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,  
 Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,  
 Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,  
 Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.”

Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,  
 Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:  
 Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein!  
 Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!

*Max Schneckenburger* [1819-1849]

### DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND \*

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?  
 Ist's Preussenland? ist's Schwabenland?  
 Ist's, wo am Rhein die Rebe blüht?  
 Ist's, wo am Belt die Möve zieht?  
 O nein! nein! nein!  
 Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?  
 Ist's Baierland? ist's Steierland?  
 Ist's, wo des Marsen Rind sich streckt?  
 Ist's, wo der Märker Eisen reckt?  
 O nein! nein! nein!  
 Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?  
 Ist's Pommerland, Westfalenland?  
 Ist's, wo der Sand der Dünen weht?  
 Ist's, wo die Donau brausend geht?  
 O nein! nein! nein!  
 Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?  
 So nenne mir das grosse Land!

\* For a translation of this poem see page 227c.

Ist's Land der Schweitzer? ist's Tirol?  
Das Land und Volk gefiel mir wohl;  
Doch nein! nein! nein!  
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?  
So nenne mir das grosse Land!  
Gewiss es ist das Oesterreich,  
An Ehren und an Siegen reich?  
O nein! nein! nein!  
Sein Vaterland muss grösser sein.

Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?  
So nenne mir das grosse Land!  
So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt  
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt,  
Das soll es sein!  
Das, wackrer Deutscher, nenne dein!

Das ist des Deutschen Vaterland,  
Wo Eide schwört der Druck der Hand,  
Wo Treue hell vom Auge blitzt  
Und Liebe warm im Herzen sitzt—  
Das soll es sein!  
Das, wackrer Deutscher, nenne dein!

Das ist des Deutschen Vaterland,  
Wo Zorn vertilgt den wälschen Tand,  
Wo jeder Franzmann heisset Feind,  
Wo jeder Deutsche heisset Freund—  
Das soll es sein!  
Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!

Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein!  
O Gott vom Himmel sieh' darein,  
Und gib uns rechten deutschen Muth,  
Dass wir es lieben treu und gut.  
Das soll es sein!  
Das *ganze Deutschland* soll es sein!

*Ernst Moritz Arndt* [1769–1860]

## LA MARSEILLAISE\*

ALLONS, enfants de la patrie!  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!  
Contre nous de la tyrannie  
L'étendard sanglant est levé,  
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes  
Mugir ces féroces soldats?  
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras,  
Égorger nos fils, nos compagnes! . . .  
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!  
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur abreuve  
nos sillons!

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,  
De traîtres, de rois conjurés?  
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,  
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés?  
Français! pour vous, ah quel outrage!  
Quels transports il doit exciter!  
C'est vous qu'on ose méditer  
De rendre à l'antique esclavage!

Quoi! ces cohortes étrangères  
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers!  
Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires  
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers!  
Grand Dieu! par des mains enchaînées  
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient!  
De vils despotes deviendraient  
Les moteurs de nos destinées!

Tremblez, tyrans! et vous, perfides,  
L'opprobre de tous les partis,  
Tremblez! vos projets parricides  
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!  
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.  
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,  
La terre en produit de nouveaux  
Contre vous tous prêts à se battre!

\*For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2271.

Français! en guerriers magnanimes  
 Portez ou retenez vos coups;  
 Épargnez ces tristes victimes  
 A regret s'armant contre nous.  
 Mais le despote sanguinaire,  
 Mais les complices de Bouillé,  
 Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié  
 Dechirent le sein de leur mère! . . .

Amour sacré de la patrie,  
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs:  
 Liberté, Liberté chérie,  
 Combats avx tes défenseurs.  
 Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire  
 Accoure à tes mâles accents;  
 Que tes ennemis expirants  
 Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire! . . .  
 Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!  
 Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur abreuve  
 nos sillons!

*Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle* [1760-1836]

*La strophe des enfants:*

Nous entrerons dans la carrière  
 Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;  
 Nos y trouverons leur poussière  
 Et la trace de leurs vertus!  
 Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre  
 Que de partager leur cercueil,  
 Nous aurons le sublime orgueil  
 De les venger ou de les suivre! . . .

*Louis François Dubois* [1773-1855]

# BALLADE DES DAMES DU TEMPS JADIS\*

DICTES-MOY où, n'en quel pays,  
 Est Flora, la belle Romaine;  
 Archipiada, ne Thaïs,  
 Qui fut sa cousine germaine;

\*For translations of this poem see pages 1783, 1784, 1785.

Echo, parlant quand bruyt on maine  
 Dessus riviere ou sus estan,  
 Qui beauté eut trop plus qu'humaine?  
 Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

Où est la tres sage Heloïs,  
 Pour qui fut blessé et puis moyne  
 Pierre Esbaillart à Saint-Denys  
 (Pour son amour eut cest essoyne)?  
 Semblablement, où est la royne  
 Qui commanda que Buridan  
 Fust jetté en ung sac en Seine? . . .  
 Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

La royne Blanche comme ung lys,  
 Qui chantoit à voix de sereine;  
 Berthe au grand pied, Bietris, Allys;  
 Harembourges, qui tint le Mayne,  
 Et Jehanne, la bonne Lorraine,  
 Qu'Angloys bruslerent à Rouen;  
 Où sont-ils, Vierge souveraine? . . .  
 Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

## ENVOI

Prince, n'enquerez de sepmaine  
 Où elles sont, ne de cest an,  
 Que ce refrain ne vous remaine:  
 Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?

*François Villon [1431-14 ?]*

## BALLADE DE FRÈRE LUBIN \*

POUR courir en poste à la ville  
 Vingt fois, cent fois, ne sçai combien,  
 Pour faire quelque chose vile,  
 Frère Lubin le fera bien;  
 Mais d'avoir honneste entretien,  
 Ou mener vie salutaire,  
 C'est à faire à un bon chrestien,  
 Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

\* For a translation of this poem see page 1874.

Pour mettre (comme un homme habile)  
 Le bien d'autrui avec le sien,  
 Et vous laisser sans croix ne pile,  
 Frère Lubin le fera bien.  
 On a beau dire, je le tien,  
 Et le presser de satisfaire,  
 Jamais ne vous en rendra rien;  
 Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

Pour desbaucher par un doux stile  
 Quelque fille de bon maintien,  
 Point ne faut de vieille subtile,  
 Frère Lubin le fera bien.  
 Il presche en theologien;  
 Mais pour boire de belle eau claire,  
 Faites la boire à vostre chien,  
 Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

## ENVOI

Pour faire plus tost mal que bien,  
 Frère Lubin le fera bien,  
 Et si c'est quelque bon affaire,  
 Frère Lubin ne le peut faire.

*Clément Marot [1495-1544]*

## LE GRENIER \*

JE viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse  
 De la misère a subi les leçons.  
 J'avais vingt ans, une folle maîtresse,  
 De francs amis et l'amour des chansons.  
 Bravant le monde et les sots et les sages,  
 Sans avenir, riche de mon printemps,  
 Leste et joyeux, je montais six étages.  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!  
 C'est un grenier, point ne veux qu'on l'ignore.  
 Là fut mon lit, bien chétif et bien dur;  
 Là fut ma table; et je retrouve encore  
 Trois pieds d'un vers charbonnés sur le mur.

\* For a translation of this poem see page 463.

Apparaissez, plaisirs de mon bel âge,  
 Que d'un coup d'aile a fustigés le temps,  
 Vingt fois pour vous j'ai mis ma montre en gage,  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Lisette ici doit surtout apparaître,  
 Vive, jolie, avec un frais chapeau;  
 Déjà sa main à l'étroite fenêtre  
 Suspend son schal, en guise de rideau.  
 Sa robe aussi va parer ma couchette;  
 Respecte, Amour, ses plis longs et flottans.  
 J'ai su depuis qui payait sa toilette.  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

À table un jour, jour de grande richesse,  
 De mes amis les voix brillaient en chœur,  
 Quand jusqu'ici monte un cri d'allégresse:  
 À Marengo Bonaparte est vainqueur.  
 Le canon gronde; un autre chant commence.  
 Nous célébrons tant de faits éclatans.  
 Les rois jamais n'envahiront la France.  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

Quittons ce toit où ma raison s'enivre.  
 Oh! qu'ils sont loin ces jours si regrettés!  
 J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre  
 Contre un des mois qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés,  
 Pour rêver gloire, amour, plaisir, folie,  
 Pour dépenser sa vie en peu d'instans,  
 D'un long espoir pour la voir embellie.  
 Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

*Pierre-Jean de Béranger* [1780-1857]

### LE ROI D'YVETOT \*

IL était un roi d'Yvetot  
 Peu connu dans l'histoire,  
 Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,  
 Dormant fort bien sans gloire,

\* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 1848

Et couronné par Jeanneton  
 D'un simple bonnet de coton,  
 Dit-on.  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!  
 La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas  
 Dans son palais de chaume,  
 Et sur un âne, pas à pas,  
 Parcourait son royaume.  
 Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,  
 Pour toute garde il n'avait rien  
 Qu'un chien.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux  
 Qu'une soif un peu vive;  
 Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,  
 Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.  
 Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,  
 Sur chaque muid levait un pot  
 D'impôt.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons  
 Comme il avait su plaire,  
 Ses sujets avaient cent raisons  
 De le nommer leur père.  
 D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban  
 Que pour tirer, quatre fois l'an,  
 Au blanc.

Il n'agrandit point ses états,  
 Fut un voisin commode,  
 Et, modèle des potentats,  
 Prit le plaisir pour code.  
 Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira  
 Que le peuple, qui l'enterra,  
 Pleura.

On conserve encor le portrait  
 De ce digne et bon prince:



C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret  
 Fameux dans la province.  
 Les jours de fête, bien souvent,  
 La foule s'écrie en buvant  
                                 Devant:  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 Quel bon petit roi c'était là!  
                                 La, la.

*Pierre-Jean de Béranger* [1780-1857]

### FANTAISIE \*

IL est un air pour qui je donnerais  
 Tout Rossini, tout Mozart, tout Weber,  
 Un air très vieux, languissant et funèbre,  
 Qui pour moi seul a des charmes secrets.  
 Or, chaque fois que je viens à l'entendre,  
 De deux cents ans mon âme rajeunit;  
 C'est sous Louis treize . . . et je crois voir s'étendre  
 Un coteau vert que le couchant jaunit.  
 Puis un château de brigue à coins de pierres,  
 Aux vitraux teints de rougeâtres couleurs,  
 Ceint de grands parcs, avec une rivière  
 Baignant ses pieds, qui coule entre les fleurs.  
 Puis une dame à sa haute fenêtre,  
 Blonde, aux yeux noirs, en ses habits anciens . . .  
 Que dans une autre existence, peut-être,  
 J'ai déjà vue! . . . et dont je me souviens.

*Gérard de Nerval* [1808-1855]

### L'ART †

OUI, l'œuvre sort plus belle  
 D'une forme au travail  
                                 Rebelle,  
 Vers, marbre, onyx, émail.

\* For a translation of this poem see page 920.

† For a paraphrase of this poem see page 314c

Point de contraintes fausses!  
Mais que, pour marcher droit,  
    Tu chausses,  
Muse, un cothurne étroit.

Fi du rythme commode,  
Comme un soulier trop grand,  
    Du mode  
Que tout pied quitte et prend!

Statuaire, repousse  
L'argile que pétrit  
    Le pouce  
Quand flotte ailleurs l'esprit.

Lutte avec le carrare,  
Avec le paros dur  
    Et rare,  
Gardiens du contour pur;

Emprunte à Syracuse  
Son bronze où fermement  
    S'accuse  
Le trait fier et charmant;

D'une main délicate  
Poursuis dans un filon  
    D'agate  
Le profil d'Apollon.

Peintre, fuis l'aquarelle,  
Et fixe la couleur  
    Trop frêle  
Au four de l'émailleur.

Fais les sirènes bleues,  
Tordant de cent façons  
    Leurs queues,  
Les monstres des blasons,

Dans son nimbe trilobe  
La Vierge et son Jésus,  
    Le globe  
Avec la croix dessus.

Tout passe.—L'art robuste  
Seul a l'éternité.

Le buste.  
Survit à la cité.

Et la médaille austère  
Que trouve un laboureur  
Sous terre  
Révèle un empereur.

Les dicux eux-mêmes meurent.  
Mais les vers souverains  
Demeurent  
Plus fort que les airains.

Sculpte, lime, cisèle;  
Que ton rêve flottant  
Se scelle  
Dans le bloc résistant!

*Théophile Gautier* [1811-1872]

#### CARCASSONNE \*

Je me fais vieux, j'ai soixante ans;  
J'ai travaillé toute ma vie  
Sans avoir, durant ce temps,  
Pu satisfaire mon envie.  
Je vois bien qu'il n'est ici-bas  
De bonheur complet pour personne.  
Mon voeu ne s'accomplira pas:  
Je n'ai jamais vu Carcassonne!

On voit la ville de là-haut  
Derrière les montagnes bleues,  
Mais, pour y parvenir, il faut,  
Il faut faire cinq grandes lieues,  
En faire autant pour revenir;  
Ah, si la vendange était bonne!  
Le raisin ne veut pas jaunir:  
Je ne verrai pas Carcassonne!

\* For a translation of this poem see page 438.

On dit qu'on y voit tous les jours,  
Ni plus ni moins que les dimanches,  
Des gens s'en aller sur les cours,  
En habits neufs, en robes blanches.  
On dit qu'on y voit des châteaux  
Grands comme ceux de Babylone,  
Un évêque et deux généraux!  
Je ne connais pas Carcassonne!

Le vicaire a cent fois raison:  
C'est des imprudents que nous sommes.  
Il disait dans son oraison  
Que l'ambition perd les hommes.  
Si je pouvois trouver pourtant  
Deux jours sur la fin de l'automne—  
Mon Dieu, que je mourrais content  
Après avoir vu Carcassonne!

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, pardonnez-moi  
Si ma prière vous offense;  
On voit toujours plus haut que soi,  
En vieillesse comme en enfance.  
Ma femme, avec mon fils Aignan,  
A voyagé jusqu'à Narbonne;  
Mon filleul a vu Perpignan,  
Et je n'ai pas vu Carcassonne!

Ainsi chantait près de Limoux  
Un paysan courbé par l'âge.  
Je lui dis: "Ami, levez-vous;  
Nous allons faire le voyage."  
Nous partîmes le lendemain,  
Mais, que le Bon Dieu lui pardonne,  
Il mourut à moitié chemin:  
Il n'a jamais vu Carcassonne!

*Gustave Nadaud [1820-1893]*

## HASSGESANG GEGEN ENGLAND \*

Was schiert uns Russe und Franzos?  
 Schuss wider Schuss und Stoss um Stoss,  
 Wir lieben sie nicht,  
 Wir hassen sie nicht,  
 Wir schützen Weichsel und Wasgaupass,—  
 Wir haben nur einen einzigen Hass,  
 Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,  
 Wir haben nur einen einzigen Feind:—

Den ihr alle wisst, den ihr alle wisst,  
 Er sitzt geduckt hinter der grauen Flut,  
 Voll Neid, voll Wut, voll Schläue, voll List,  
 Durch Wasser getrennt, die sind dicker als Blut.  
 Wir wollen treten in ein Gericht,  
 Einen Schwur zu schwören, Gesicht in Gesicht.  
 Einen Schwur von Erz, den verbläst kein Wind,  
 Einen Schwur für Kind und für Kindeskind.  
 Vernehmt das Wort, sagt nach das Wort,  
 Es wälze sich durch ganz Deutschland fort:  
 Wir wollen nicht lassen von unserem Hass,  
 Wir haben alle nur einen Hass,  
 Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,  
 Wir haben alle nur einen Feind:

*ENGLAND!*

In der Bordkajüte, in Feiersaal,  
 Sassen Schiffsoffiziere beim Liebesmahl,—  
 Wie ein Säbelhieb, wie ein Segelschwung,  
 Einer riss grüssend empor den Trunk;  
 Knap hinknallend wie Ruderschlag  
 Drei Worte sprach er: "Auf den Tag!"

Wem galt das Glas?  
 Sie hatten alle nur einen Hass.  
 Wer war gemeint?  
 Sie hatten alle nur einen Feind:

*ENGLAND!*

\* For a translation of this poem see page 2549.

Nimm du die Völker der Erde in Sold,  
 Baue Wälle aus Barren von Gold,  
 Bedecke die Meerflut mit Bug bei Bug,  
 Du rechnetest klug, doch nicht klug genug.  
 Was schiert uns Russe und Franzos?  
 Schuss wider Schuss, und Stoss um Stoss.  
 Wir kämpfen den Kampf mit Bronze und Stahl  
 Und schliessen Frieden irgend einmal,  
 Dich werden wir hassen mit langem Hass,  
 Wir werden nicht lassen von unserem Hass.  
 Hass zu Wasser und Hass zu Land,  
 Hass des Hauptes und Hass der Hand,  
 Hass der Hammer und Hass der Kronen,  
 Drosselnder Hass von siebzig Millionen,  
 Sie lieben vereint, sie hassen vereint,  
 Sie haben alle nur einen Feind:

*ENGLAND!*

*Ernst Lissauer [1882-1937]*

“QUAND VOUS SEREZ VIEILLE”\*

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,  
 Assise auprès du feu, devidant et filant,  
 Direz chantant mes vers, en vous émerveillant:  
 “Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'étais belle.”  
 Lors vous n'aurez servante, oyant telle nouvelle,  
 Déjà sous le labeur à demi sommeillant,  
 Qui au bruit de mon nom ne s'aille réveillant,  
 Bénissant votre nom de louange immortelle.  
 Je serai sous la terre, et fantôme sans os,  
 Par les ombres myrteux je prendrai mon repos:  
 Vous serez au foyer, une vieille accroupie,  
 Regrettant mon amour et votre fier dédain.  
 Vivez, si m'en croyez, n'attendez à demain:  
 Cueillez dès aujourd'hui les roses de la vie.

*Pierre de Ronsard [1524-1585]*

\*For a paraphrase of this sonnet see page 636.

## PEU DE CHOSE ET PRESQUE TROP \*

La vie est vaine:  
Un peu d'amour,  
Un peu de haine . . .  
Et puis—bon jour!

La vie est brève:  
Un peu d'espoir,  
Un peu de rêve . . .  
Et puis—bon soir!

La vie est telle  
Que Dieu la fit;  
Et, telle quelle,  
Elle suffit!

*Léon van Montenaeken* [1859—

\* For a paraphrase of this poem see page 2910.

# INDEX OF AUTHORS

See also *Corrigenda*, p 4011.

Selections from the later work of the poets whose names are starred will be found in *THE HOME BOOK OF MODERN VERSE*.

## A

'A. E.," see RUSSELL, GEORGE  
WILLIAM \*

ABBLY, HENRY  
*Born at Koutout, N. Y., July 11,  
1812; died at Tenally, N. J., June 7,  
1911*  
"What do we Plant" . . . 1402

ABERCROMBIE, LASCILLES  
*Born at Asala-upon-Mersey, near  
Manchester, England, January 9, 1881;  
died in London, October 27, 1938.*  
"All Last Night" . . . . . 674  
Balkis . . . . . 3215  
Epilogue . . . . . 513  
Hope and Despair . . . 3368

ADAM, JEAN  
*Born at Crawforddyke, Renfrew-  
shire, Scotland, in 1710, died in the  
Glasgow alm-house, April 3, 1765*  
The Sailor's Wife(?) . . . 1217

ADAMS, CHARLES FOLLEN  
*Born at Dorchester, Mass., April 21,  
1832; died at Boston, Mass., March 9,  
1918*  
Yaw, dot is so . . . . 2030

ADAMS, JAMES BARTON  
*Born in Jefferson County, Ohio,  
April 17, 1833; died at Vancouver,  
Wash., April 26, 1918*  
At a Cowboy Dance . . . 2187

ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER  
*Born at Great Harlow, Essex, Eng-  
land, February 22, 1805; died in Lon-  
don, August 13, 1848.*  
"Mourners Came at Break  
of Day, The" . . . . . 3514  
"Nearer to Thee" . . . 3805

ADDISON, JOSEPH  
*Born at Milton, Wilt., England,  
May 1, 1672; died at Holland House,  
London, June 17, 1719*  
"The Spacious Firmament  
on High" . . . . . 3787

AIDÉ, CHARLES HAMILTON  
*An English poet and novelist, born in  
Paris, France, November 4, 1826; died  
in London, England, December 13, 1906*  
Remember or Forget. . . 987  
"When We are Parted" . . 987

AIKEN, CONRAD POTTER\*  
*Born at Savannah, Ga., August 5,  
1889; now living at Rye, England.*  
"Music I Heard" . . . . 1129

AINSLIE, HEW  
*Born in Ayrshire, Scotland, April 5,  
1792, came to America in 1822; died at  
Louisville, Ky., March 11, 1878.*  
The Ingle-side . . . . . 3239  
Willie and Helen. . . . . 941

AKENSIDE, MARK  
*Born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England,  
November 9, 1721; died in London,  
June 23, 1770.*  
Amoret . . . . . 537  
Nightingale, The . . . . . 1549  
Song, "The shape alone let  
others prize" . . . . . 537

AKERS, ELIZABETH [MRS. ELIZA-  
BETH AKERS ALLEN]  
*Born at Strong, Me., October 9, 1832;  
died at Tuckahoe, N. Y., August 7, 1911.*  
Bringing Our Sheaves . . . 3731  
Endurance . . . . . 3382  
Left Behind . . . . . 1020  
Little Feet . . . . . 17  
Lost Light . . . . . 1010  
Rock Me to Sleep . . . . . 465  
Sea-birds . . . . . 1522  
Snow . . . . . 1309  
Until Death . . . . . 1116

AKINS, ZOE\*  
*Born at Humansville, Mo., October 30,  
1886, and now living in New York City*  
"I am the Wind" . . . . . 680  
Norah . . . . . 1054  
"This is My Hour" . . . . 1318

ALBEE, JOHN  
*Born at Bellingham, Mass., April 3,  
1833; died at Chocoma, N. H., in  
March, 1915.*  
At the Grave of Champer-  
nowne . . . . . 3597

ALCOTT, LOUISA MAY  
*Born at Germantown, Pa., Novem-  
ber 29, 1832, died at Boston, Mass.,  
March 6, 1888.*  
Thoreau's Flute . . . . . 3667

ALDEN, HENRY MILLS  
*Born at Mount Tabor, Vt., Novem-  
ber 11, 1832; died in New York City,  
October 7, 1910*  
The Magic Mirror . . . . . 2849

ALDINGTON, RICHARD\*  
*Born in Hampshire, England, July 8,  
1892; now living near Padworth,  
Berkshire.*  
After Two Years . . . . . 581



**ALDRICH, ANNE REEVE**

*Born in New York City, April 25, 1866; died there, June 22, 1892.*

Fanny. . . . .	344
Little Parable, A. . . . .	3402
Suppose. . . . .	1908

**ALDRICH, JAMES**

*Born in Suffolk county, N. Y., July 10, 1810; died in New York City, in October, 1856.*

A Death-bed. . . . .	3548
----------------------	------

**ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY**

*Born at Portsmouth, N. H., November 11, 1830; died at Boston, Mass., March 10, 1907.*

Baby Bell. . . . .	28
"Enamored Architect of Airy Rhyme". . . . .	3083
Flight of the Goddess, The. . . . .	3103
"Forever and a Day". . . . .	991
Hint from Herrick, A. . . . .	3090
L'Eau Dormante. . . . .	739
Menu, The. . . . .	1086
Nocturne. . . . .	711
Ode on the Unveiling of the Shaw Memorial. . . . .	655
On an Intaglio Head of Minerva. . . . .	1748
Palabras Carifiosas. . . . .	711
Thalia. . . . .	1750
Turkish Legend, A. . . . .	2845
When the Sultan Goes to Isfahan. . . . .	854
World's Way, The. . . . .	1860

**ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES**

*Born in County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1818; died at Londonderry, Ireland, October 12, 1805.*

The Burial of Moses. . . . .	3736
"There is a Green Hill". . . . .	3812

**ALEXANDER, WILLIAM**

*Born in Derry, Ireland, April 13, 1824; died at Torquay, Devonshire, England, September 12, 1911.*

Robert Burns. . . . .	3595
-----------------------	------

**ALFORD, HENRY**

*Born in London, England, October 7, 1810; died at Canterbury, England, January 12, 1871.*

Gipsy Girl, The. . . . .	344
--------------------------	-----

**ALLEN, ELIZABETH AKERS, see  
AKERS, ELIZABETH****ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM**

*Born at Ballyshannon, Donegal, Ireland, March 19, 1824; died at Hampstead, England, November 18, 1880.*

Abbot of Inistalen, The. . . . .	2739
Fairies, The. . . . .	241
Homeward Bound. . . . .	1633
Lovely Mary Donnelly. . . . .	554
Robin Redbreast. . . . .	1561
Sailor, The. . . . .	1625
Wishing. . . . .	138

**ALLSTON, WASHINGTON**

*Born at Waccamaw, S. C., Novem-*

*ber 5, 1770; died at Cambridge, Mass., July 9, 1843.*

America to Great Britain. . . . . 2223

**ALMA-TADMA, LAURENCE**

*An English writer, daughter of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema*

Playgrounds. . . . .	130
----------------------	-----

**ANDERSON, ALEXANDER**

*Born at Kirkcounell, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, April 30, 1845; died at Edinburgh, Scotland, July 11, 1909.*

Cuddle Doon. . . . .	95
"Jenny Wi' the Airm Teeth". . . . .	94
"Langsyne, when Life was Bonnie". . . . .	447

**ANDERSON, MARGARET STEELE**

*Born at Louisville, Ky., in 1869; died there, January 16, 1921.*

The Breaking. . . . .	351
-----------------------	-----

**ANNAN, ANNIE RANKIN [MRS.  
WILLIAM H. GLENNY]**

*Born at Mendon, Monroe County, N. Y., September 27, 1848; died at Buffalo, N. Y., September 5, 1925.*

Dandelion. . . . .	1483
--------------------	------

**APPLETON, EVERARD JOHN**

*Born at Charleston, W. Va., March 24, 1872; died at Cincinnati, Ohio, February 19, 1931.*

The Fighting Failure. . . . .	2942
-------------------------------	------

**ARENSBERG, WALTER CONRAD**

*Born at Pittsburgh, Pa., April 4, 1873; and still living there.*

To Hasekawa. . . . .	2008
----------------------	------

**ARNDT, ERNST MORITZ**

*Born at Schoritz, Sweden, December 26, 1769; died at Bonn, Germany, January 20, 1860.*

Des Deutschen Vaterland. . . . .	3834
The German Fatherland. . . . .	2270

**ARNOLD, [SIR] EDWIN**

*Born at Gravesend, England, June 10, 1832; died in London, March 24, 1904.*

After Death in Arabia. . . . .	3582
Almond Blossom. . . . .	1466
She and He. . . . .	3579
To a Pair of Egyptian Slip- pers. . . . .	1762

**ARNOLD, GEORGE**

*Born in New York City, June 24, 1834; died at Strawberry Farms, Monmouth County, N. J., November 9, 1865.*

Alone by the Hearth. . . . .	460
Golden Fish, The. . . . .	736
In the Dark. . . . .	3466
Jolly Old Pedagogue, The. . . . .	1746
September. . . . .	1371
Youth and Age. . . . .	421

**ARNOLD, MATTHEW**

*Born at Letcham, England, December 24, 1822; died at Liverpool, England, April 15, 1888.*

Dover Beach .....	2595
Forsaken Merman, The. . . . .	1021
Geist's Grave .....	1830
Growing Old .....	418
Last Word, The. ....	2944
Longing .....	967
Memorial Verses. ....	3680
Morality .....	3376
Philomela .....	1547
Quiet Work .....	1300
Requiescat .....	1008
Scholar-Gipsy, The. ....	3305
Self-Dependence .....	2843
Separation. ....	966
Shakespeare .....	3653
To Marguerite. ....	966
Urania .....	639
Wish, A. ....	3459

**ASHBURTON, ROBERT OFFLEY**

[FIRST MARQUESS OF CREWE]  
*Born in London, England, January 12, 1858.*

A Harrow Grave in Flanders	2326
----------------------------	------

**ASHBY-STERRY, JOSEPH**

*Born in London in 1838; died there in 1917.*

King of the Cradle, The. . . . .	22
Portrait, A. ....	1758

**ASHE, THOMAS**

*Born at Stockport, Cheshire, England, in 1836; died in London, December 18, 1889.*

"Meet We No Angels, Pansie". ....	567
No and Yes. ....	895

**AUSTIN, ALFRED**

*Born at Headingley, Leeds, England, May 30, 1875; died at Ashford, England, June 2, 1913. Poet Laureate, 1896-1913.*

Agatha .....	1046
Last Redoubt, The. ....	2531
Mother-Song .....	90
To America. ....	2226

**AYTON, [SIR] ROBERT**

*Born at the castle of Kinaldie, near St. Andrews, Scotland, in 1570; died in London, England, February 28, 1638. The name is sometimes spelled Aytoun. To His Forsaken Mistress . . . . . 803  
To an Inconstant. .... 809*

**AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE**

*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, June 21, 1811; died at Blackhills, near Elgin, August 4, 1865.*

The Execution of Montrose. . . . .	2394
The Lay of the Levite .. . . .	2023
The Old Scottish Cavalier. . . . .	2734

**B****BACON, FRANCIS [BARON VERULAM, VISCOUNT SAINT ALBANS]**

*Born in London, England, January 22, 1561; died there, April 9, 1626.*

The World. ....	399
-----------------	-----

**BACON, JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM**

*Born at Stamford, Conn., February 17, 1876; present address, Pleasantville, N. Y.*

Motherhood .....	303
Omar for Ladies, An. ....	1921

**BAILLIE, JOANNA**

*Born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, September 11, 1762; died at Hampstead, England, February 23, 1851.*

"Wake, Lady" . . . . .	698
------------------------	-----

**BAKER, GEORGE AUGUSTUS**

*An American writer, born in 1840, died in 1906.*

"Thoughts on the Com- mandments". ....	806
---	-----

**BAKER, KARLE WILSON ("CHARLOTTE WILSON").\***

*Born at Little Rock, Ark., October 13, 1878; now living at Nacogdoches, Texas.*

Good Company. ....	1301
--------------------	------

**BALLANTINE, JAMES**

*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1808; died there in December, 1877.*

Castles in the Air .....	257
Creep afore ye Gang. ....	256
Its Ain Drap o' Dew. ....	2992
Muckle-mou'd Meg. ....	782

**BANGS, EDWARD**

*Born in Massachusetts about 1758, graduated from Harvard in 1777; afterwards a judge in Worcester county. Given as the author of "Yankee Doodle" on the authority of Edward Everett Hale.*

Yankee Doodle. ....	2198
---------------------	------

**BANGS, JOHN KENDRICK**

*Born at Yonkers, N. Y., May 27, 1862; died at Atlantic City, N. J., January 21, 1922.*

Little Elf, The. ....	248
Philosopher, A. ....	2983

**BANNERMAN, FRANCES**

*An English writer, living in London.*

An Upper Chamber. ....	3748
------------------------	------

**BANNING, KENDALL**

*Born in New York City, September 20, 1879, and still living there.*

Once on a Time. ....	517
----------------------	-----

**BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA**

*Born in Leicestershire, England, June 20, 1743; died near London March 9, 1825.*

Life. . . . .	3491
---------------	------

- BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS**  
*Born at Canterbury, England, December 6, 1788; died in London, June 17, 1845.*  
 "As I laye a-Thynkyng" . . . 3359  
 Jackdaw of Rheims, The . . . 2140  
 Misadventures at Margate. . . 2120  
 "Not a Sou Had he Got". . . 1933
- BARING, MAURICE \***  
*Born in London, England, April 27, 1874.*  
 Ballad. . . . . 1138  
 The Dying Reservist. . . . 3474
- BARING-GOULD, SABINE**  
*Born at Exeter, England, January 28, 1834; died at Lew Trenchard, Devonshire, January 1, 1924.*  
 "Onward, Christian Soldiers". . . . . 3814
- BARKER, ELSA \***  
*Born at Leicester, Vt., and now living in New York City.*  
 "When I am Dead and Sister to the Dust" . . . . . 3506
- BARLOW, JANE**  
*Born at Clontarf, County Dublin, Ireland; died at Dublin, April 17, 1917.*  
 Out of Hearing. . . . . 3560
- BARNARD, [LADY] ANNE**  
*Born in Fifeshire, Scotland, December 8, 1750; died in London, May 6, 1825.*  
 Auld Robin Gray. . . . . 1009  
 "My Heart is a Lute" . . . . 620
- BARNES, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Rushay, Dorsetshire, England, in March, 1801; died at Came, Dorset, October 7, 1886.*  
 Blackbird, The . . . . . 1527  
 Blackwore Maidens. . . . . 336  
 "Girt Wook Tree that's in the Dell, The" . . . . . 1404  
 Mater Dolorosa . . . . . 301  
 Readen ov a Headstwone. . . 3569  
 The Spring . . . . . 1347
- BARNFIELD, RICHARD**  
*Born at Norbury, Shropshire, England, in June, 1574; died in Staffordshire, March 3, 1627.*  
 Philomel. . . . . 1546
- BARR, MATTHIAS**  
*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, December 6, 1831.*  
 "Moon, So Round and Yellow" . . . . . 49  
 "Only a Baby Small". . . . 3
- BARRETT, EATON STANNARD**  
*Born at Cork, Ireland, in 1786; died in Glamorganshire, March 20, 1820.*  
 Woman. . . . . 377
- BARTON, BERNARD**  
*Born at Carlisle, England, January 31, 1784; died at Woodbridge, February 19, 1840.*  
 "Not Ours the Vows" . . . . 865
- BASHFORD, HENRY HOWARTH**  
*An English writer, born in 1880, now living in London.*  
 Good Day, The . . . . . 2983  
 Lullaby in Bethlehem. . . . 218  
 To Petronilla. . . . . 343
- BASHFORD, HERBERT**  
*Born at Sioux City, Iowa, March 4, 1871; died at Piedmont, Cal., in 1928.*  
 Alice. . . . . 11  
 The Song of the Forest Ranger. . . . . 1696
- BASSETT, A. A.**  
*An American writer; no biographical data available.*  
 Twice Fed . . . . . 2977
- BATES, ARLO**  
*Born at East Machias, Me., December 16, 1850, died at Boston, Mass., August 25, 1918.*  
 Cyclamen, The . . . . . 668  
 Rose, A . . . . . 745  
 Shadow Boat, A . . . . . 437
- BATES, KATHARINE LEE \***  
*Born at Falmouth, Mass., August 12, 1859; died at Wellesley, Mass., March 28, 1929.*  
 Changing Road, The . . . . 3427
- BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES**  
*Born at Bath, England, October 13, 1797; died in London, April 22, 1830.*  
 "Do You Remember" . . . . 788  
 I'd be a Butterfly . . . . . 1712  
 Mistletoe Bough, The . . . 2738  
 "Oh! Where do Fairies Hide Their Heads". . . . . 235
- BEATTIE, JAMES**  
*Born at Laurencekirk, Kincardine, Scotland, October 25, 1735, died at Aberdeen, August 18, 1803.*  
 An Epitaph Intended for Himself . . . . . 3518
- BEATTY, PAKENHAM THOMAS**  
*Born at Maranhão, Brazil, June 23, 1855, and later a resident of London.*  
 When Will Love Come. . . . 504
- BEAUMONT, FRANCIS**  
*Born at Grace Dieu, Leicestershire, England in 1584; died in London, March 6, 1616.*  
 Indifferent, The . . . . . 812  
 On the Tombs in Westminster . . . . . 3517  
 True Beauty. . . . . 811
- BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL**  
*Born at Clifton, England, July 20, 1803; died at Bâle, Switzerland, January 26, 1840.*  
 Sailor's Song . . . . . 1593
- BEDINGFIELD, THOMAS**  
*An English writer, "gentleman pensioner" to Queen Elizabeth; the date of his birth is unknown; he died in 1613.*  
 The Lover's Choice. . . . . 541

# Index of Authors

3853

**BEECHING, HENRY CHARLES**  
*An English writer, born May 15, 1850; died at Norwich, February 25, 1919*

Going Down Hill on a Bicycle..... 129

**BEERS, ETHEL LYNN [ETHELINDA ELIOT]**

*Born at Goshen, N. Y., January 13, 1827; died at Orange, N. J., October 10, 1879*

The Picket-Guard ..... 2491  
Weighing the Baby ..... 15

**BEERS, HENRY AUGUSTIN**  
*Born at Buffalo, N. Y., January 2, 1847; died at New Haven, Conn., September 7, 1926*

Bifteck aux Champignons .. 1800

**BEESLY, A. H.**

*A Canadian writer, concerning whom no biographical data are available.*

André's Ride ..... 2801

**BEHN, APHRA**

*Born at W'ye, England, in July, 1640; died in London, April 16, 1689.*

Song, "Love in fantastic triumph sate"..... 824

**BELL, JOHN JOY**

*Born at Glasgow, Scotland, May 7, 1871; died there, November 14, 1934.*

On the Quay. .... 1605

**BELLOC, HILAIRE \***

*Born near Versailles, France, July 27, 1870, and now living at King's Land, Shipley, Horsham, England.*

The Frog ..... 2081  
The Night ..... 3223  
The South Country ..... 2601

**BENEDICT, HESTER A.**

*No biographical data available.*

Good-night . . . . . 1121

**BENJAMIN, PARK**

*Born at Demerara, British Guiana, August 13, 1809; died in New York City, September 12, 1864.*

The Old Sexton. .... 3441

**BENNETT, HENRY**

*Born at Cork, Ireland, in 1785; date of death unknown*

Saint Patrick.. . . . 1966

**BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB**

*Born at Chillicothe, Ohio, December 5, 1863; died there April 30, 1924.*

The Flag Goes By..... 2208

**BENNETT, JOHN \***

*Born at Chillicothe, Ohio, May 17, 1865; present address, Charleston, S. C.*

"God Bless You, Dear, To-day"..... 662  
In a Rose Garden. . . . 661  
The Song of the Spanish Main... .. 2381

**BENNETT, WILLIAM COX**

*Born at Greenwich, England, October 14, 1820; died at Blackheath, England, March 4, 1895.*

Baby May..... 10  
"Lullaby, O Lullaby"..... 83  
Summer Invocation..... 1443  
To a Cricket ..... 1512  
Wife's Song, A..... 1217

**BENSON, ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER**

*Born at Canterbury, England, April 24, 1862; died at Cambridge, England, June 16, 1925.*

Knapweed..... 1491

**BENSON, MARGARET**

*An English writer, now living at Hertford.*

Once on a Time..... 1507

**BÉRANGER, PIERRE JEAN DE**

*Born in Paris, France, in 1780; died there, July 16, 1857.*

Le Grenier... .. 3839  
Le Roi d'Yvetot..... 3840

**BERKELEY, GEORGE [BISHOP OF CLOYNE]**

*Born March 12, 1685, at Dysert Castle, County of Kilkenny, Ireland; died at Oxford, England, January 14, 1753.*

On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America ..... 2565

**BERNARD OF CLUNY**

*Born of English parentage at Morlaix, Brittany, about 1122; died about 1156. A Benedictine monk*

Urbs Syon Aurea..... 3824

**BESANT, [SIR] WALTER**

*Born at Portsmouth, England, August, 14 1836; died at Hampslead, England, June 10, 1901.*

To Daphne . . . . . 568

**BEST, CHARLES**

*An English writer, concerning whom nothing is known, except that he contributed two sonnets to Davison's "Poetical Rapsodie," published in 1602.*

A Sonnet of the Moon..... 1253

**BICKERSTAFFE, ISAAC**

*Born in Ireland about 1735; died, an exile in France, about 1812.*

"There Was a Jolly Miller" 163

**BINYON, LAURENCE \***

*Born at Lancaster, England, August 10, 1869; now living in London.*

Ferry Kinksey..... 902  
Little Hands ..... 20  
"O World, be Nobler".... 652

**BIRD, ROBERT MONTGOMERY**

*Born at Petersburg, Va., June 13, 1867; now living at Charlottesville, Va.*

The Fairy Folk..... 245

**BIRDSEYE, GEORGE**

*Born in New York City, November 21, 1844; died at Lynn, Mass., May 12, 1919.*

Paradise: A Hindoo Legend 1899

**BISHOP, SAMUEL**

*Born in London, England, September 21, 1731; died there, November 17, 1795.*

To Mary . . . . . 1225  
Touchstone, The . . . . . 826

**BLACKMORE, RICHARD DODDRIDGE**

*Born at Longworth, Berkshire, England, June 7, 1825; died at Teddington, England, January 20, 1900.*

"Yes" . . . . . 1172

**BLAKE, WILLIAM**

*Born in London, England, November 28, 1757; died there, August 12, 1827.*

Cradle Song . . . . . 81  
Holy Thursday . . . . . 174  
Infant Joy . . . . . 4  
Lamb, The . . . . . 48  
Little Black Boy, The . . . . . 156  
Night . . . . . 1321  
Nurse's Song . . . . . 151  
Reeds of Innocence . . . . . 126  
Shepherd, The . . . . . 153  
Song, "My silks and fine  
array" . . . . . 1001  
Tiger, The . . . . . 140  
To Spring . . . . . 1342  
To the Muses . . . . . 3096

**BLAMIRE, SUSANNA**

*Born near Carlisle, England, in 1747; died at Carlisle, April 5, 1794.*

The Siller Croun . . . . . 943

**BLANCHARD, SAMUEL LAMAN**

*Born at Great Yarmouth, England, May 15, 1804; suicided in London, February 15, 1845.*

Nell Gwynne's Looking-glass 1766

**BLAND, MRS. HUBERT, see NESBIT, EDITH.****BLANDEN, CHARLES GRANGER\***

*Born at Marengo, Ill. January 19, 1857; now living at San Diego, Cal.*

"John Anderson, My Jo" . . . 3560  
Song the Grass Sings, A . . . 1488  
The Songs I Sing . . . . . 3085

**BLIND, MATHILDE**

*Born at Mannheim, Germany, March 21, 1841; died in London, England, November 26, 1896.*

April Rain . . . . . 1443

**BLUNT, WILFRID SCAWEN**

*Born in Sussex, England, August 17, 1840; died in London, September 11, 1922.*

Gibraltar . . . . . 2230  
Old Squire, The . . . . . 1638  
Pleasures of Love, The . . . 1261  
To Manon . . . . . 851  
To One Who Would Make a  
Confession . . . . . 1261

**BOKER, GEORGE HENRY**

*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., October 6, 1823; died there, January 2, 1860.*

Ballad of Sir John Frank-  
lin, A . . . . . 2465  
Black Regiment, The . . . . . 2500  
Dirge for a Soldier . . . . . 2315  
To England . . . . . 2225

**BONAR, HORATIUS**

*Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, December 19, 1803; died there, July 31, 1889.*

Be True . . . . . 2032  
"Beyond the Smiling and  
the Weeping" . . . . . 3490  
"He Liveth Long Who  
Liveth Well" . . . . . 3716  
How We Learn . . . . . 3717  
Lost but Found . . . . . 3757  
Master's Touch, The . . . . . 3717  
Voice from Galilee, The . . . 3810

**BOSSIDY, JOHN COLLINS**

*Born at Monterey, Mass., June 17, 1860; died at Lee, Mass., July 8, 1928.*

On the Aristocracy of Har-  
vard . . . . . 1919

**BOSTWICK, HELEN LOUISE BARRON**

*Born at Charlestown, N. H., in 1826; died at Philadelphia, Pa., date unknown*

Little Dandelion . . . . . 128

**BOURDILLON, FRANCIS WILLIAM**

*An English writer, born March 22, 1852, died in Sussex in 1921.*

Aucassin and Nicolette . . . 1768  
Eurydice . . . . . 911  
"Night Has a Thousand  
Eyes, The" . . . . . 863  
"Where Runs the River" . . . 2842

**BOWEN, EDWARD ERNEST**

*Born at Woolaston, near Chesham, England, March, 30 1836; died near Moux, France, April 8, 1901.*

Forty Years On . . . . . 421  
Shemuel . . . . . 3578

**BOWEN, ROBERT ADGER**

*Born at Charleston, S. C., Dec. 30, 1868; now living in New York City.*

Gloaming . . . . . 1315

**BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE**

*Born at King's Sutton, Northamptonshire, England, September 24, 1762; died at Salisbury, England, in 1850.*

Butterfly and the Bee, The . . 116  
Dover Cliffs . . . . . 3257  
Time and Grief . . . . . 3352

**BOWRING, [SIR] JOHN**

*Born at Exeter, England, October 17, 1792; died there, November 23, 1872.*

"In the Cross of Christ I  
Glory" . . . . . 3802

**BOYD, THOMAS**

*An Irish writer, born in 1867, and now living in London.*

Love on the Mountain . . . . 648

- BOYLE, SARAH ROBERTS**  
*Born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1812; died in New York City, in 1869.*  
*The Voice of the Grass* .. 1487
- BRADLEY, MARY EMILY**  
*Born at Easton, Md., in 1835; died at Washington, D. C., in 1898.*  
*A Chrysalis*... .. 300
- BRADLEY, WILLIAM ASPENWALL**  
*Born at Hartford, Conn., Feb. 8, 1878; died in Paris, France, Jan. 9, 1939.*  
*To Little Renée*..... 6
- BRAINARD, JOHN GARDINER CALKINS**  
*Born at New London, Conn., October 21, 1796; died there, September 26, 1828.*  
*"I Saw Two Clouds at Morning"* . 1196
- BRANCH, ANNA HEMPSTEAD\***  
*Born at New London, Conn., and still living there.*  
*"Grieve Not, Ladies"* 857  
*To a New York Shop-girl, Dressed for Sunday* 3021  
*Warrior Maid, The* 2821
- BRANCH, MARY LYDIA BOLLES**  
*Born at New London, Conn., June 13, 1840; died there in April, 1922.*  
*The Petrified Fern* . . 2859
- BRENAN, JOSEPH**  
*Born at Cork, Ireland, November 17, 1828, fled to America in 1810, and died at New Orleans, La., in 1857.*  
*"Come to Me, Dearest"* . 982
- BRETON, NICHOLAS**  
*Born in London, England, about 1545; and died there about 1626.*  
*A Cradle Song* . 1036  
*Philida and Coridon* . 716
- BRIDGES, MADEIRAINE, see DE VERE, MARY AINGE.**
- BRIDGES, ROBERT\***  
*Born at Walmer, Kent, England, October 23, 1811; died at Bour's Hill, near Oxford, April 21, 1930.*  
*"Awake, My Heart"* . 505  
*"My Delight and Thy Delight"* . . . . 1158  
*Passer-by, A* . . . . 1600  
*"So Sweet Love Seemed"* . 920  
*To the United States of America*... .. 2561  
*Triolet* . . . . 1903  
*"When Death to Either Shall Come"*..... 1168
- BROME, ALEXANDER**  
*Born in London in 1620, and died there, June 30, 1666.*  
*Why I Love Her* ..... 606
- BRONTË, EMILY JANE**  
*Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1818; died there in 1848.*  
*Last Lines* ... .. 3486  
*Remembrance* . . . . 1095  
*Song, "The linnet in the rocky dells"* 1096  
*Stanzas, "Often rebuked, yet always back returning"* .. 2928
- BROOKE, RUPERT**  
*Born at Rugby, England, August 3, 1887; died on the island of Scyros, April 23, 1915, while with the English expedition to the Dardanelles.*  
*Busy Heart, The* 1270  
*Dust* . . . . 1137  
*Hill, The* . . . . 1270  
1914 2544  
*"Oh, Death Will Find Me"* 1269  
*Song, "Oh! Love!" they said, "is King of Kings"* 580  
*"There's Wisdom in Women"* . . . . 1055
- BROOKE, STOPFORD AUGUSTUS**  
*Born near Letterkenny, Ireland, November 11, 1832; died at Ewksurst, Surrey, England, March 18, 1916.*  
*The Earth and Man* . 2909
- BROOKS, CHARLES TIMOTHY**  
*Born at Salem, Mass., June 20, 1813; died at Newport, R. I., June 14, 1883.*  
*The Great Voices* .... 2972
- BROOKS, CHARLES WILLIAM SHIRLEY**  
*Born in London, England, April 20, 1810; died there February 23, 1874.*  
*Mentioned as the author of the Lincoln poem in Spielmann's "History of Punch" — undoubtedly a slip of the pen, as Brooks's own diary states that the poem was written by Tom Taylor.*  
*See page 3642.*  
*Abraham Lincoln* ..... 3042
- BROOKS, PHILLIPS**  
*Born at Boston, Mass., December 13, 1835; died there, January 23, 1893.*  
*"O Little Town of Bethlehem"* ..... 203
- BROUGH, ROBERT BARNABAS**  
*Born in London, England, April 10, 1828; died at Manchester, June 26, 1860.*  
*The Marquis of Carabas* 1843
- BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL\***  
*Born at Boston, Mass., in 1875; died there, March 5, 1927.*  
*Fairy Book, The*... .. 246  
*Friends* ..... 112
- BROWN, ALICE**  
*Born at Hampton Falls, N. H., December 5, 1857; now living in Boston.*

- Benedictine Garden, A . . . 1451  
 Edwin Booth . . . . . 3590  
 Farewell, A . . . . . 929  
 Hora Christi . . . . . 3772  
 Sunrise on Mansfield Mountain . . . . . 1311  
 The West-Country Lover . . 669
- BROWN, JOSEPH BROWNLEE**  
*Born at Charleston, S. C., in 1824;*  
*died at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1888.*  
 "Thalatta! Thalatta" . . 3499
- BROWN, THOMAS EDWARD**  
*Born at Douglas, Isle of Man, May 5,*  
*1830; died at Clifton, October 29, 1897.*  
 Jessie . . . . . 887  
 My Garden . . . . . 1446  
 Salve . . . . . 2999
- BROWN, WILLIAM GOLDSMITH**  
*Born at Whittingham, W., in 1812;*  
*died in Wisconsin in 1906*  
 A Hundred Years to Come 3470  
 "Mother, Home, Heaven". 3244
- BROWN, WILLIAM LAIRD, see**  
**LAIRD, WILLIAM.**
- BROWNE, FRANCIS FISHER**  
*Born at South Halifax, Vermont,*  
*December 1, 1843; died at Chicago, Ill.,*  
*May 11, 1913*  
 Vanquished . . . . . 3609
- BROWNE, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Tavistock, England, in 1591;*  
*died there, probably in March, 1643*  
 Complete Lover, The . . . 528  
 Epitaph on the Countess  
   Dowager of Pembroke . . 3518  
 "Love Who Will, for I'll  
   Love None . . . . . 817  
 Memory . . . . . 931  
 Rose, The . . . . . 1498  
 Song, "Shall I tell you whom  
   I love" . . . . . 815  
 Welcome, A . . . . . 527
- BROWNELL, HENRY HOWARD**  
*Born at Providence, R. I., February 6,*  
*1820; died at East Hartford, Conn.,*  
*October 31, 1872*  
 The Burial of the Dane . . 1626
- BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT**  
*Born at Durham, England, March 6,*  
*1809; died at Florence, Italy, June 30,*  
*1861.*  
 Comfort . . . . . 3766  
 Court Lady, A . . . . . 3315  
 Cowper's Grave . . . . . 3601  
 Cry of the Children, The . . 283  
 Deserted Garden, The . . . 1455  
 Grief . . . . . 3353  
 Inclusions . . . . . 872  
 Lady's "Yes," The . . . . . 632
- Lessons from the Gorse . . . 1480  
 Mother and Poet . . . . . 3555  
 Musical Instrument, A . . . 3124  
 My Heart and I . . . . . 1083  
 Pet Name, The . . . . . 455  
 Portrait, A . . . . . 338  
 Rosalind's Scroll . . . . . 1085  
 Sea-mew, The . . . . . 1503  
 Sleep, The . . . . . 3412  
 Sonnets from "Sonnets from  
   the Portuguese" . . . . . 1276  
 Valediction, A . . . . . 960  
 Weakest Thing, The . . . . 3385  
 Woman's Shortcomings, A . . 495
- BROWNING, ROBERT**  
*Born in London, England, May 7,*  
*1812; died at Venice, Italy, December 12,*  
*1889.*  
 Abt Vogler . . . . . 3135  
 Adam, Lilith, and Eve . . . 848  
 Andrea del Sarto . . . . . 839  
 Bishop Orders His Tomb at  
   St Praxed's Church, The 1862  
 Cavalier Tunes . . . . . 2283  
 "De Gustibus—" . . . . . 2611  
 Earl Mertoun's Song . . . . 1156  
 Epilogue from "Asolando" . 3503  
 Evelyn Hope . . . . . 1004  
 Flower's Name, The . . . . . 964  
 Grammarian's Funeral, A . . 2871  
 Guardian-Angel, The . . . . 2920  
 Hervé Riel . . . . . 2804  
 Home Thoughts, from  
   Abroad . . . . . 1353  
 How They Brought the  
   Good News from Ghent  
   to Aix . . . . . 2732  
 Incident of the French  
   Camp . . . . . 2410  
 Last Ride Together, The . . . 877  
 Life in a Love . . . . . 638  
 Light Woman, A . . . . . 1020  
 Lost Leader, The . . . . . 1836  
 Lost Mistress, The . . . . . 848  
 Love Among the Ruins . . . 1154  
 Love in a Life . . . . . 637  
 Meeting at Night . . . . . 1157  
 Memorabilia . . . . . 3657  
 Muckle-mouth Meg . . . . . 781  
 My Last Duchess . . . . . 846  
 My Star . . . . . 1321  
 "Never the Time and the  
   Place" . . . . . 885  
 One Way of Love . . . . . 884  
 One Word More . . . . . 1284  
 Parting at Morning . . . . . 1157  
 Pied Piper of Hamelin, The . 192  
 Porphyria's Lover . . . . . 1003  
 Prosopice . . . . . 3484  
 Rabbi Ben Ezra . . . . . 411  
 Song "Nay but you, who do  
   not love her" . . . . . 553  
 Song, "The moth's kiss  
   first" . . . . . 688  
 Song, "The year's at the  
   spring" . . . . . 1333  
 Song, "There's a woman  
   like a dew-drop" . . . . . 1156  
 Song, "You'll love me yet" . . 637  
 Summum Bonum . . . . . 689  
 Toccata of Galuppi's, A . . . 3133  
 Two in the Campagna . . . 882

- Up at a Villa, Down in the City ..... 1865  
 Woman's Last Word, A. . . . . 876  
 Youth and Art. . . . . 880
- BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN**  
*Born at Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794; died in New York City, June 12, 1878.*  
 Death of the Flowers, The. . . . . 1505  
 Gladness of Nature, The. . . . . 139  
 June. . . . . 3457  
 "Oh Mother of a Mighty Race" . . . . . 2203  
 Planting of the Apple-Tree, The. . . . . 1411  
 Robert of Lincoln. . . . . 1528  
 Seventy-six . . . . . 2431  
 Snow-shower, The . . . . . 1391  
 Song of Marion's Men. . . . . 2432  
 Thanatopsis. . . . . 3444  
 To a Waterfowl . . . . . 1582  
 To a Fringed Gentian . . . . . 1484
- BUCHANAN, ROBERT WILLIAM**  
*Born in Staffordshire, England, August 18, 1841; died at Streatham, England, June 10, 1901.*  
 Ballad of Judas Iscariot The . . . . . 2791  
 Churchyard, The. . . . . 3435  
 Langley Lane . . . . . 3383  
 Spring Song in the City. . . . . 1672  
 Tom Dunstan, or, The Politician . . . . . 3018
- BUCK, RICHARD HENRY**  
*An American writer, born in 1869, at Philadelphia, Pa.*  
 Kentucky Babe . . . . . 91
- BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF, see SMITHFIELD, JOHN**
- BULWER-LYTTON, see LYTTON.**
- BUNNER, HENRY CUYLER**  
*Born at Oswego, N. Y. August 3, 1855; died at Nulley, N. J., May 11, 1896.*  
 Behold the Deeds. . . . . 2189  
 Candor . . . . . 787  
 Chaperon, The . . . . . 1795  
 Da Capo . . . . . 828  
 "One, Two, Three". . . . . 1794  
 Pitcher of Mignonette, A . . . . . 1766  
 "She Was a Beauty" . . . . . 1765  
 Strong as Death. . . . . 1080  
 Yes? . . . . . 804
- BUNYAN, JOHN**  
*Below at Elstow, Bedfordshire, England, in November, 1628; died in London, August 31, 1688.*  
 The Pilgrim. . . . . 3715  
 The Shepherd Boy Sings in the Valley of Humiliation 3714
- BURGESS, FRANK GELETT\***  
*Born at Boston, Mass. January 30, 1866, and now living in New York City.*  
 Nonsense Verses. . . . . 2086  
 The Purple Cow. . . . . 2085
- BURNAND, [SIR] FRANCIS COWLEY**  
*An English writer, born November 29, 1836; died in London in 1917.*  
 His Heart Was True to Poll 2076
- BURNET, DANA**  
*Born at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 3, 1838; now living in New York City.*  
 Song, "Love's on the high-road" . . . . . 627
- BURNS, ROBERT**  
*Born at Alloway, Scotland, January 25, 1759; died at Dumfries, Scotland, July 21, 1796.*  
 Address to the Unco Guid, An. . . . . 1869  
 Ae Fond Kiss . . . . . 945  
 Auld Lang Syne . . . . . 464  
 Bonnie Doon . . . . . 1044  
 "Bonnie Wee Thing" . . . . . 622  
 Bruce to His Men at Bannockburn. . . . . 2350  
 Chloe . . . . . 540  
 "Comin' through the Rye" . . . . . 727  
 Cotter's Saturday Night, The . . . . . 3246  
 "Day Returns, The" . . . . . 945  
 Farewell, The . . . . . 2275  
 "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" . . . . . 1425  
 "For a' That and a' That" . . . . . 3034  
 "Green Grow the Rashens, O" . . . . . 727  
 "Here's a Health to Them That's Awa'" . . . . . 2275  
 Highland Mary. . . . . 1071  
 I Love My Jean. . . . . 947  
 John Anderson. . . . . 1224  
 John Barleycorn. . . . . 2000  
 Lament for Culloiden. . . . . 2420  
 Mary Morison. . . . . 697  
 My Bonnie Mary. . . . . 946  
 "My Heart's in the Highlands" . . . . . 1669  
 My Nannie's Awa' . . . . . 944  
 "My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing" . . . . . 1208  
 "O Mally's Meek, Mally's Sweet" . . . . . 541  
 "O Saw Ye Bonnie Lesley" . . . . . 331  
 "O Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair" . . . . . 621  
 Prayer in the Prospect of Death, A . . . . . 3455  
 Red, Red Rose, A . . . . . 946  
 Song, "Again rejoicing Nature sees" . . . . . 1341  
 Tam o'Shanter. . . . . 2106  
 To a Mountain Daisy. . . . . 1474  
 To a Mouse. . . . . 1507  
 To Mary in Heaven. . . . . 1072  
 Winter: a Dirge. . . . . 1386
- BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE\***  
*Born in New York City in 1878, now living at Englewood, N. J.*  
 New Life. . . . . 1349  
 Nocturne. . . . . 1166  
 Perugia. . . . . 2621  
 Song of Living, A. . . . . 3479  
 Surrender. . . . . 1166



- To Her—Unspoken..... 1029  
Where Love Is..... 659
- BURROUGHS, JOHN**  
*Born at Roxbury, N. Y., April 3, 1837; died near Buffalo, N. Y., March 29, 1921.*  
Waiting..... 3495
- BURTON, RICHARD EUGENE\***  
*Born at Hartford, Conn., March 14, 1861; died at Winter Park, Fla., April 8, 1910.*  
Across the Fields to Anne.. 801  
Black Sheep..... 3058  
City of the Dead, The.... 3440  
Love is Strong..... 507  
Of Those Who Walk Alone. 382  
Sealed Orders..... 3478
- BURTON, [SIR] RICHARD FRANCIS**  
*Born in Hertfordshire, England, March 10, 1821; died at Trieste, Austria, October 20, 1890*  
The Kasidah (II and IX).. 2887
- BUTLER, WILLIAM ALLEN**  
*Born at Albany, N. Y., February 20, 1825; died in New York City, Sept. 9, 1902*  
"All's Well"..... 3760  
"Nothing to Wear"..... 2154
- BUTTS, MRS. MARY FRANCES**  
*Born at Hopkinton, R. I., in 1836; died at Bristol, Me., in 1902.*  
Trot, Trot..... 84
- BYERS, SAMUEL HAWKINS MARSHALL**  
*Born at Pulaski, Pa., July 23, 1838; died at Los Angeles, Cal., in 1911*  
Song of Sherman's March to the Sea..... 2512
- BYNNER, WITTER\***  
*Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 10, 1881; now living at Santa Fé, New Mexico*  
Mystic, The..... 680  
Sentence..... 3553  
Songs Ascending..... 579
- BYRD, WILLIAM**  
*Born in London, England, about 1538; died, probably at Stondon, England, July 4, 1623.*  
The Quiet Life..... 1654
- BYROM, JOHN**  
*Born at Broughton, England, February 29, 1802; died at Manchester, England, September 26, 1763*  
Careless Content..... 2989  
Epigrams..... 1918
- BYRON, GEORGE GORDON [SIXTH LORD]**  
*Born in London, England, January 22, 1788; died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 10, 1824.*  
Destruction of Sennacherib, The..... 2327  
Epigram..... 1917
- Eve of Waterloo, The..... 2450  
Fare Thee Well..... 950  
"Farewell! If Ever Fondest Prayer"..... 1002  
First Kiss of Love, The... 686  
From the Turkish..... 1031  
Isles of Greece, The..... 2625  
"Maid of Athens, Ere We Part"..... 951  
"Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom"..... 1082  
On This Day I Complete my Thirty-sixth Year... 360  
Prisoner of Chillon, The... 3273  
Sea, The..... 1586  
"She Walks in Beauty"..... 383  
Stanzas, "Could Love for Ever"..... 401  
Stanzas for Music..... 155  
Stanzas for Music..... 540  
Stanzas Written on the Road between Florence and Pisa..... 354  
To Woman..... 844  
Venice..... 2618  
Vision of Belshazzar, The... 2328  
"We'll Go No More a-Roving"..... 866  
"When We Two Parted"..... 952
- BYRON, MAY [MRS. GEORGE F.]**  
*Born in Cheshire, England, in 1861, and now living in London*  
The Adventurers..... 3012  
The Fairy Thrall..... 243  
The Pageant of Seamen..... 2827  
The Storm-Child..... 20
- C**
- CABLE, GEORGE WASHINGTON**  
*Born at New Orleans, La., October 12, 1844; died at Northampton, Mass., January 31, 1925*  
The New Arrival..... 1928
- CALVERLEY, CHARLES STUART**  
*Born at Martley, Worcestershire, England, December 22, 1831; died in London, February 17, 1884*  
Alphabet, The..... 2049  
Ballad..... 1949  
Companions..... 1736  
Disaster..... 1929  
Ode to Tobacco..... 1083
- CAMPBELL, THOMAS**  
*Born at Glasgow, Scotland, July 22, 1777; died at Boulogne, France, June 15, 1844*  
Battle of the Baltic..... 2447  
Beech Tree's Petition, The. 1410  
Exile of Erin..... 2252  
Glenara..... 2722  
Hallowed Ground..... 3432  
Hohenlinden..... 2440  
Lord Ullin's Daughter..... 2723  
Margaret and Dora..... 544  
River of Life, The..... 407  
Soldier's Dream, The..... 2281  
Song, "Earl March looked on his dying child"..... 1077

- Song, "How delicious is the winning" . . . 490  
 Song to the Evening Star. . . 1319  
 To the Rainbow. . . . . 1444  
 "Ye Mariners of England" 2233
- CAMPION, THOMAS**  
*Born in Essex, England, date unknown; died in London, in February, 1619*  
 Advice to a Girl . . . . . 810  
 Amarillis . . . . . 524  
 Cherry-ripe . . . . . 524  
 Her Sacred Bower . . . . . 587  
 Integer Vitæ . . . . . 2012  
 Jack and Joan . . . . . 767  
 "Kind Are Her Answers" . . 591  
 "Love Me or Not" . . . . . 589  
 Of Corinna's Singing . . . . 590  
 "Sleep, Angry Beauty" . . . 694  
 Song, "O sweet delight" . . 1141  
 "There is None, O, None but You" . . . . . 589  
 To Lesbia . . . . . 588  
 Vobiscum Est Iope . . . . . 850  
 "Were My Heart as Some Men's Are" . . . . . 590
- CANNING, GEORGE**  
*Born in London, England, April 11, 1770; died at Chiswick, England, August 8, 1827*  
 The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder. . 1856
- CANTON, WILLIAM**  
*Born on the Island of Chusan, in the China Sea, October 27, 1845; now living in London.*  
 Crow, The . . . . . 1536  
 Laus Infantium. . . . . 253  
 New Poet, A. . . . . 269
- CARBERY, ETHNA [MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS]**  
*Born at Ballymena, County Antrim, Ireland, December 3, 1866; died in 1902.*  
 Hills o' My Heart. . . . . 2267
- CAREW, THOMAS**  
*Born in London, England, about 1598; died there about 1639.*  
 Disdain Returned . . . . . 817  
 Ingrateful Beauty Threatened . . . . . 816  
 Mediocrity in Love Rejected . . . . . 598  
 Persuasions to Enjoy. . . . . 597  
 Song, "Ask me no more where Jove bestows" . . . 530  
 To My Inconstant Mistress 597
- CAREY, HENRY**  
*An English writer, born about 1700; died in London, October 4, 1743.*  
 "God Save the King" . . . 2231  
 Harry Carey's General Reply to the Libelling Gentry . . . . . 1095  
 Maiden's Ideal of a Husband, A . . . . . 722  
 Sally in Our Alley. . . . . 769
- CARLYLE, JANE BAILLIE WELSH**  
*Born at Haddington, England, July 14, 1801; died London, April 21, 1866.*  
 To a Swallow, Building Under Our Eaves. . . . . 1573
- CARLYLE, THOMAS**  
*Born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, December 4, 1795; died in London, England, February 4, 1881.*  
 Adieu . . . . . 954  
 Cui Bono . . . . . 3377  
 To-day . . . . . 2920
- CARMAN, [WILLIAM] BLISS\***  
*Born at Frederickton, N. B., April 15, 1861; died at New Canaan, Ct., June 8, 1929*  
 Autumn Garden, An. . . . . 1452  
 Daisies . . . . . 1478  
 Deserted Pasture, The. . . . 1438  
 Envoy from "Songs from Vagabondia" . . . . . 2858  
 Hack and Hew. . . . . 3139  
 Hem and Haw . . . . . 1887  
 Joys of the Road, The . . . . 1694  
 "Lord of My Heart's Elation" . . . . . 2852  
 Marian Drury. . . . . 998  
 Mendicants, The . . . . . 1692  
 "Over the Wintry Threshold" . . . . . 1349  
 Sea Child, A . . . . . 1041  
 Song, "Love, by that loosened hair" . . . . . 577  
 Spring Song. . . . . 1689  
 Vagabond Song, A. . . . . 1689
- CARNEGIE [SIR] JAMES [SIXTH EARL OF SOUTHESK]**  
*Born at Kinnaird, Scotland, in 1827; died in 1905.*  
 The Flitch of Dunmow. . . . 2176
- CARNEY, JULIA FLETCHER**  
*Born at Lancaster, Mass., April 6, 1823; died at Galesburg, Ill., in 1908.*  
 Little Things . . . . . 103
- CARROLL, LEWIS [CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON]**  
*Born at Daresbury, England, January 27, 1832; died at Guildford, England, January 14, 1898.*  
 Father William. . . . . 1927  
 Gardener's Song, The. . . . 2060  
 Jabberwocky. . . . . 2059  
 Walrus and the Carpenter. 2062  
 Whiting and the Snail, The 1934
- CARRUTH, WILLIAM HERBERT**  
*Born at Oswatomie, Kansas, April 3, 1859; died at Palo Alto, Cal., December 15, 1924.*  
 Each in His Own Tongue. . 2867
- CARRYL, CHARLES EDWARD**  
*Born in New York City, December 30, 1841; died there in 1920.*  
 My Recollected Thoughts. 2071  
 Nautical Ballad, A. . . . . 2079  
 Plaint of the Camel, The . . 2080  
 Robinson Crusoe. . . . . 2184

**CARRYL, GUY WETMORE**

*Born in New York City, March 4, 1873; died there April 1, 1904.*

- Red Ridinghood..... 2077  
The Sycophantic Fox and  
the Gullible Raven... 1854  
When the Great Gray Ships  
Come In..... 2543

**CARTWRIGHT, WILLIAM**

*Born at Northway, Gloucestershire, England, in September, 1611; died at Oxford, England, November 29, 1643.*  
To Chloe..... 603

**CARY, ALICE**

*Born near Cincinnati, O., April 20, 1820; died in N. Y. City, Feb. 12, 1871.*  
Dying Hymn..... 3492  
Make Believe..... 690

**CARY, PHOEBE**

*Born near Cincinnati, O., Sept. 4, 1824; died at Newport, R. I., July 31, 1871.*

- Legend of the Northland, A. 143  
Lovers, The..... 2067  
Nearer Home..... 3813  
"When Lovely Woman"... 1923

**CASE, LIZZIE YORK**

*An American writer, who died at Baltimore, Md. in 1911.*  
"There is no Unbelief"... 3762

**CATHER, WILLA SIBERT \***

*Born at Winchester, Va., December 7, 1876; present address, New York City.*  
"Grandmither, Think not I  
Forget"..... 1033  
L'Envoi..... 3479

**CATULLUS, GAIUS VALERIUS**

*Born at Verona, Italy, about 87 B. C., died in Rome about 54 B. C.*  
Vivamus, Mea Lesbia..... 3827

**CAWEIN, MADISON JULIUS**

*Born at Louisville, Ky., March 23, 1865; died there December 7, 1914.*

- Ballad of Low-lie Down... 1699  
Enchantment ..... 1406  
"Here is the Place Where  
Loveliness Keeps House" 1302  
Miracle of the Dawn, The. 1308  
Morning Serenade..... 700  
Old Home, The..... 3233  
To a Wind-Flower..... 1503

**CAYLEY, GEORGE JOHN**

*Born in 1826; died in 1878.*  
An Epitaph..... 1979

**CELANO, TOMMASO DI**

*A Franciscan monk, born at Celano Italy, about 1185, and died about 1255.*  
Dies Iræ..... 3819

**CHALKHILL, JOHN**

*An English writer, two of whose songs were included by Isaac Walton in "The Compleat Angler," published about 1648.*  
Angler, The ..... 1665  
Coridon's Song ..... 1636

**CHALMERS, PATRICK R. \***

*An Irish-born writer, now living at Goring-on-Thames, England.*

- "Hold" ..... 1833  
The Road ..... 760  
The Visitor..... 247

**CHAMBERS, ROBERT WILLIAM**

*Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 26, 1865; died in New York City, December 16, 1933.*

- The "Grey Horse Troop" . 2201  
The Recruit ..... 1977

**CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY**

*Born at Boston, Mass., Nov. 29, 1818; died at Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 23, 1901.*  
Edith..... 3217

**CHAPMAN, ARTHUR**

*Born at Rockford, Ill., June 25, 1873; died in New York City, December 4, 1935.*

- Out Where the West Begins 2574

**CHATTERTON, THOMAS**

*Born at Bristol, England, November 20, 1752; suicided in London, August 25, 1770.*

- The Minstrel's Song.. 1070

**CHENEY, JOHN VANCE**

*Born at Groveland, N. Y., December 29, 1848, died at San Diego, Cal., May 1, 1922.*

- The Happiest Heart . 2904  
The Man with the Hoe, a  
Reply..... 3043  
The Way of It ..... 1049

**CHERRY, ANDREW**

*Born at Limerick, Ireland, January 11, 1762, died at Monmouth, England, February 12, 1812.*

- The Green Little Shamrock  
of Ireland ..... 2264

**CHESSON, MRS. W. H., see HOPPER, NORA.****CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH \***

*Born in London, England, May 20, 1874; died at Beaconsfield, England, June 15, 1936.*

- Ballad of Suicide, A..... 1787  
Christmas Carol, A. .... 212  
Feast of the Snow, The... 214  
House of Christmas, The... 213  
Songs of Guthrum and Al-  
fred, The..... 2823  
To M. E. W..... 3482

**CHEW, BEVERLY**

*Born at Geneva, New York, March 5, 1850; died there May 21, 1924.*  
"Old Books are Best"..... 1759

**CHILD, LYDIA MARIA**

*Born at Medford, Mass., February 11, 1802; died at Wayland, Mass., October 20, 1880.*

The World I am Passing  
Through..... 408

**CHORLEY, HENRY FOTHERGILL**

*Born at Blackley Hurst, Lancashire, England, December 15, 1808; died in London, February 16, 1872.*

The Brave Old Oak..... 1403

**CIBBER, COLLEY**

*Born in London, England, November 6, 1671; died there, December 12, 1757.*

The Blind Boy..... 157

**CLARE, JOHN**

*Born at Helpstone, England, July 13, 1793; died in the asylum at Northampton, May 20, 1864, having been insane since 1837.*

My Early Home..... 3233

**CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN**

*Born at Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810; died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., June 8, 1888.*

Rabia . . . . . 2953

**CLARKE, JOSEPH IGNATIUS CON-STANTINE**

*Born at Kingstown, Ireland, July 31, 1816; came to the United States in 1868; died in New York City, February 27, 1925.*

The Fighting Race.. . . . 2298

**CLEAVELAND, C. L.**

*No biographical data available.*

November . . . . . 1384

**CLEGHORN, SARAH NORCLIFFE \***

*Born at Norfolk, Va., February 4, 1876; now living at Manchester, Vt.*

Emilia . . . . . 346  
Hemlock Mountain.. . . . 1436

**CLEPHANE, ELIZABETH CECILIA**

*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1830; died at Melrose in 1869*

The Lost Sheep. . . . . 3756

**CLERK, [SIR] JOHN**

*Born at Penicuik, Scotland, in 1684; died there, October 4, 1755*

"O Merry May the Maid Be" 772

**CLIFFORD, ETHEL [MRS. FISHER WENTWORTH DILKE]**

*An English writer, now living in London.*

The Dark Road . . . . . 3559  
The Harp of Sorrow..... 3360  
The Last Hour . . . . . 1295

**CLOUD, VIRGINIA WOODWARD**

*Born at Baltimore, Md. and still living there.*

Care . . . . . 3373

**CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH**

*Born at Liverpool, England, January 1, 1819; died at Florence, Italy, November 13, 1861.*

Peschiera. . . . . 2471  
Qua Cursum Ventus . . . . . 3033  
"Say not the Struggle  
Naught Availeth" . . . . . 2839  
"Where Lies the Land" . . . . . 3414

**COATES, FLORENCE EARLE\***

*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., July 1, 1850; died there, April 6, 1927.*

Angelus, The..... 3646  
Death. . . . . 3430  
House of Pain, The..... 3386  
Morning-glory, The. . . . . 1494  
Song, "I love and the world  
is mine" . . . . . 1148

**COCHRANE, ALFRED**

*An English writer, born in 1865, and now living at Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

Eight-day Clock, The..... 1756  
Omnia Vincit . . . . . 744  
To Anthea, Who May Com-  
mand Him Anything . . . . . 1755  
Upon Lesbia—Arguing.... 1754

**COCHRANE, FRANCES**

*No biographical data available.*

Face to Face..... 915

**COCKE, ZITELLA**

*Born in Perry County, Ala., in 1847; died at Boston, Mass., in 1929.*

My Cross . . . . . 3463

**COE, ALICE ROLLITT**

*An American writer; no biographical data available*

The Turn of the Road..... 1124

**COLE, TIMOTHY**

*Born in London, England, in 1852; came to America in 1857; died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., May 17, 1931.*

The Year's End . . . . . 425

**COLERIDGE, HARTLEY**

*Born at Clevedon, Somersetshire, England, September 19, 1706; died at Rydal, Westmoreland, England, January 6, 1849.*

Early Death. . . . . 3550  
"Long Time a Child"..... 408  
Multum Dilexit . . . . . 3387  
Solitary-Hearted, The..... 381  
Song, "She is not fair to out-  
ward view". . . . . 548  
Song, "Tis sweet to hear  
the merry lark" . . . . . 1554  
To a Friend. . . . . 3015  
"Whither is Gone the Wis-  
dom and the Power".... 3096

**COLERIDGE, MARY E.**

*Born in London, England, in 1861; died at Harrowgate, England, August 23, 1907.*

Gone..... 3005

**COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR**

*Born at Ottery Saint Mary, Devonshire, England, October 21, 1772; died in London July 25, 1834.*

Answer to a Child's Question .....	141
Cologne .....	1911
Dejection: An Ode. ....	3309
Epigram. ....	1015
Epigram. ....	1017
Epigram. ....	1018
Exchange, The .....	726
Good Great Man, The .....	2860
Hymn before Sunrise, in the Vale of Chamouni .....	1430
"I Asked My Fair, One Happy Day" .....	726
Kubla Khan. ....	3160
Love .....	1173
Metrical Feet .....	3111
Rime of the Ancient Mariner, The .....	2747
Work Without Hope .....	3373
Youth and Age. ....	403

**COLERIDGE, SARA**

*Born at Greta Hall, near Keswick, England, December 22, 1802; died in London, May 3, 1852.*

The Garden Year .....	61
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**COLES, ABRAHAM**

*Born at Scotch Plains, N. J., in 1813, died at Monterey, Cal., in 1891.*

Dies Ira .....	3777
Stabat Mater Dolorosa. ....	3779

**COLLINS, JOHN**

*Born at Bath, England, about 1742; died at Birmingham, England, May 2, 1808.*

Tomorrow .....	402
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**COLLINS, MORTIMER**

*Born at Plymouth, England, June 20, 1827; died at Knowl Hill, Berkshire, England, July 28, 1876.*

Ad Chloen, M. A. ....	1899
If .....	1044
Kate Temple's Song .....	619
My Thrush .....	1580
To F. C. ....	1171

**COLLINS, WILLIAM**

*Born at Chichester, England, December 25, 1721; died there, June 12, 1759.*

Dirge in Cymbeline .....	3431
"How Sleep the Brave" .....	2104
Ode to Evening .....	1273
The Passions. ....	3119

**COLLYER, ROBERT**

*Born at Keighley, Yorkshire, England, December 8, 1823, came to America in 1850; died in New York City, November 30, 1912.*

Saxon Grit .....	2227
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**COLMAN, GEORGE, THE YOUNGER**

*Born in London, England, October 21, 1762; died there, October 26, 1836.*

Gluggity Glug. ....	2112
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**COLTON, ARTHUR WILLIS**

*Born at Washington, Conn., May 22, 1868, and now living in New York City.*  
 Allah's Tent. .... 374a  
 Phyllis and Corydon. .... 693  
 "Sometime it May Be" ... 927

**COLUM, PADRAIC\***

*Born at Longford, Ireland, December 8, 1881; now living in New York City.*  
 Across the Door .. 1145  
 Drover, A. .... 169f

**CONE, HELEN GRAY\***

*Born in New York City, March 8, 1850; died there in 1934.*  
 Common Street, The. .... 3021  
 Dandelions, The. .... 1482

**CONGREVE, WILLIAM**

*Born at Bardsley, near Leeds, England, in February, 1670; died in London, January 10, 1720.*  
 "False Though She Be" ... 613  
 Pious Selinda .. 721  
 Song, "See, see, she wakes!" 697

**CONKLING, GRACE WALCOTT HAZARD (MRS. R. P.)\***

*Born in New York City in 1878; now living at Northampton, Mass.*  
 "The Little Rose is Dust, My Dear" .. 1130  
 To a New-born Baby Girl. .... 5  
 Victory Bells .. 2564  
 Wind's Way, The .. 3374

**CONNELL, F. NORREYS**

*Pseudonym of Conal O'Connell O'Riordan, an Irish writer now living in London.*

Requiem .....	3500
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**CONSTABLE, HENRY**

*Born at Newark, England, in 1562; died at Liege, Belgium, October 9, 1613.*  
 Damelus' Song of His Diaphenia .. 522  
 Sonnets from "Diana" .. 1245

**CONSTABLE, THOMAS**

*Born at Craigcrook near Edinburgh, Scotland, June 20, 1812; died at Edinburgh, May 26, 1881.*  
 Old October. .... 1383

**COOKE, PHILIP PENDLETON**

*Born at Martinsburgh, Va. (now W. Va.), October 26, 1816; died at "The Vineyard," near Millwood, W. Va., January 20, 1850.*  
 Florence Vane. .... 1117

**COOKE, ROSE TERRY**

*Born at West Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1827; died at Pittsfield, Mass., July 18, 1892.*  
 Then .. 666  
 Two Villages, The. .... 3442

- COOLBRITH, INA DONNA**  
*Born near Springfield, Ill., March 10, 1842; died at Berkeley, Cal., February 29, 1928*  
 "When the Grass shall  
 Cover Me" . . . . . 1114
- COOLIDGE, SUSAN, see WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY.**
- COOPER, GEORGE**  
*Born in New York City, May 14, 1830, died there September 26, 1927.*  
 Baby-land . . . . . 55  
 October's Party . . . . . 152
- CORBET, RICHARD**  
*Born at Fawell, Surrey, England, in 1582, died, Bishop of Norwich, at Norwich, July 28, 1635*  
 Farewell to the Fairies . . . . 244
- CORNWELL, BARRY, see PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER.**
- CORNWELL, HENRY SYLVESTER**  
*An American writer, born in 1831; died at New London, Conn., in 1886.*  
 May . . . . . 1362  
 The Sunset City . . . . . 3706
- CORTISSOZ, ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON**  
*An American writer, born in New York City, died there August 13, 1933.*  
 Harvest . . . . . 1370  
 Pamela in Town. . . . . 802  
 Quest, The . . . . . 357
- CORY, WILLIAM JOHNSON, see JOHNSON-CORY, WILLIAM.**
- COTTON, CHARLES**  
*Born at Berristord, Staffordshire, England, April 28, 1630, died in London in February, 1687.*  
 Les Amours . . . . . 825  
 The Retirement . . . . . 1641  
 The Winter Glass . . . . . 1904  
 To Celia . . . . . 609
- COUSINS, JAMES H.\***  
*Born in Ulster, Ireland, in 1873, and now living in Dublin*  
 A Starling's Spring Rondel. 1337
- COWLEY, ABRAHAM**  
*Born in London, England, in 1618; died at Chertsey, Surrey, England, July 28, 1667.*  
 Drinking . . . . . 1993  
 Epicure, The . . . . . 1903  
 Grasshopper, The . . . . . 1509  
 Wish, The . . . . . 1655
- COWPER, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, England, November 15, 1731; died at East Dereham, Norfolk, England, April 25, 1800*  
 Boadicea; An Ode. . . . . 2348  
 Cricket, The . . . . . 1511  
 Diverting History of John Gilpin, The . . . . . 2093
- Epitaph on a Hare. . . . . 1825*  
*Golden Mean, The. . . . . 2991*  
*Human Frailty. . . . . 2861*  
*Jackdaw, The. . . . . 1540*  
*Light Shining out of Darkness. . . . . 3796*  
*Lovest Thou Me . . . . . 3809*  
*Nightingale and the Glow-worm, The . . . . . 179*  
*On the Death of Mrs. Throckmorton's Bullfinch 1826*  
*On the Loss of the "Royal George". . . . . 2435*  
*On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture, out of Norfolk . . . . . 3251*  
*Poplar Field, The. . . . . 1411*  
*Riddle, A . . . . . 685*  
*Snail, The . . . . . 1514*  
*To a Young Lady . . . . . 332*  
*To Mary Unwin. . . . . 1254*  
*Verses Supposed to be Written by Alexander Selkirk 3038*
- COYE, ARTHUR CLEVELAND**  
*Born at Mendham, N. J., May 10, 1818, died at Lakehurst, N. J., July 20, 1896*  
 He Standeth at the Door . . 3811
- CRABBE, GEORGE**  
*Born at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, England, December 21, 1754, died at Trowbridge, England, February 3, 1832.*  
 Late Wisdom . . . . . 403  
 Meeting . . . . . 621
- CRAIK, DINAH MARIA MULOCK**  
*Born at Stoke-on-Trent, England, in 1826; died at Shorelands, Kent, England, October 12, 1887.*  
 Four Years . . . . . 1090  
 Green Things Growing . . . 1461  
 In Our Boat . . . . . 1597  
 Lettice . . . . . 1208  
 Now and Afterwards . . . . . 3572  
 "Philip, My King" . . . . . 21  
 Plighted . . . . . 1161  
 Too Late . . . . . 1099
- CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE**  
*Born at Alexandria, Va., March 8, 1813; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 20, 1802.*  
 Gnosis . . . . . 2975  
 I in Thee, and Thou in Me 2974  
 The Pines and the Sea. . . . 1590
- CRANE, STEPHEN**  
*Born at Newark, N. J., November 1, 1871; died at Badenweiler, Germany, June 5, 1900.*  
 The Peaks . . . . . 1433  
 War is Kind . . . . . 2305
- CRAPSEY, ADELAIDE\***  
*Born in New York City, September 9, 1878; died at Saranac Lake, N. Y., October 8, 1914.*  
 Dirge . . . . . 1130  
 Rose Marie of the Angels. . . 326  
 Song, "I make my shroud  
 but no one knows" . . . . 3478  
 Vendor's Song. . . . . 3109

**CRASHAW, RICHARD**  
*Born in London, England, about 1613; died in Italy in 1649.*

Love's Horoscope..... 484  
 Prayer..... 3723  
 Wishes to His Supposed Mistress..... 820

**CRAWFORD, LOUISA MACARTNEY**  
*Born in Wiltshire, England, in 1790; died there, December 29, 1858.*  
 Kathleen Mavourneen..... 979

**CREWE, MARQUESS OF, see ASH-BURTON, ROBERT OFFLEY.**

**CROLY, GEORGE**  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, in August, 1780; died in London, November 24, 1800.*  
 Genius of Death, The..... 3408  
 Leonidas..... 2345

**CROSBY, ERNEST HOWARD**  
*Born in New York City, November 4, 1856; died there, January 3, 1907.*  
 In the Garden.... 138

**CROSS, MARIAN EVANS LEWES, see ELIOT, GEORGE**

**CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN**  
*Born at Blackwood, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, December 7, 1784; died in London, October 30, 1842.*  
 Hame, Hame, Hame..... 3226  
 John Grumlie..... 2118  
 Spring of the Year, The..... 3561  
 "Sun Rises Bright in France, The"..... 3259  
 "Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, A"..... 1592

**CUNNINGHAM, JOHN**  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1729; died at Newcastle, England, September 18, 1773.*  
 Kate of Aberdeen..... 538

**CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM, ROBERT**  
*An English writer, date of birth unknown; died about 1797.*  
 Cavalier's Song..... 619

**CURRAN, JOHN PHILPOT**  
*Born at Cork, Ireland, July 24, 1750; died in London, England, October 14, 1817.*  
 Cushla Ma Chree..... 2263

**CURRIE, LADY, see FANE, VIOLET.**

**CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM**  
*Born at Providence R. I., February 24, 1824; died on Staten Island N. Y., August 31, 1892.*  
 Ebb and Flow..... 2849  
 Egyptian Serenade..... 868

**CUSTANCE, OLIVE, ELEANOR [LADY ALFRED DOUGLAS]**  
*An English writer, born in 1874, and now living in Sussex.*  
 Parting Hour, The..... 985  
 Twilight..... 1317

**CUTTS, JOHN [BARON CUTTS OF GOWRAN, IRELAND]**  
*Born in Sussex, England, in 1661; died at Dublin, Ireland, January 26, 1707.*  
 Song, "Only tell her that I love"..... 613

## D

**DALLAS, MARY KYLE**  
*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1830; died in New York City in 1897.*  
 "He'd Nothing but his Violin"..... 1202

**DALY, THOMAS AUGUSTIN**  
*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., May 28, 1871, and still living there.*  
 Da Leetla Boy..... 306  
 The Peaceable Race..... 1976

**DANA, RICHARD HENRY**  
*Born at Cambridge, Mass., November 15, 1787, died in Boston, February 2, 1870.*  
 The Little Beach Bird..... 1522

**DANIEL, JOHN**  
*An English writer, born about 1600.*  
 "If I Could Shut the Gate against my Thoughts"..... 3743

**DANIEL, SAMUEL**  
*Born near Taunton, Somerset, England, in 1562, died at Beckingham, Somerset, October 14, 1610.*  
 Song, "Love is a sickness full of woes"..... 478  
 Sonnets from "To Delia"..... 1239

**D'ARCY, HUGH A.**  
*Born in Paris, France, March 5, 1813; a resident of New York City from 1872; died there, November 11, 1925.*  
 The Face upon the Floor..... 3332

**DARLEY, GEORGE**  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1705; died in London, November 23, 1846.*  
 Fallen Star, The..... 3746  
 Flower of Beauty, The..... 628  
 "It is not Beauty I Demand"..... 547  
 Last Night..... 954  
 Serenade..... 703

**DARMESTER, MRS., see ROBINSON, A. M. F.**

**DAUBENY, CHARLES**  
*Born at Bristol, England, in August, 1745; died at Salisbury, England, July 10, 1827.*  
 Verses on a Cat..... 1824

**D'AVENANT, [SIR] WILLIAM**

*Born at Oxford, England, in February, 1606; died in London, April 7, 1668.*

Morning..... 695

**DAVIDSON, JOHN\***

*Born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, Scotland, April 11, 1857; committed suicide by drowning in March, 1909.*

Butterflies..... 1932

Runnable Stag, A..... 1659

St. Michael's Mount... 2596

Song, "Closes and courts and lanes"..... 2598

**DAVIES, WILLIAM H.\***

*Born at Newport, Monmouthshire, England, April 20, 1870; died in Gloucestershire, England, Sept. 26, 1940.*

Leisure..... 2998

Poor Kings..... 2908

Thunderstorms..... 3110

Truly Great..... 1644

**DAVIS, FANNIE STEARNS [MRS., AUGUSTUS MCK. GIFFORD]\***

*Born at Cleveland, Ohio, March 6, 1884; now living at Pittsfield, Mass.*

The Forbidden Lure... 1686

The Moods..... 3102

**DAVIS, FRANCIS**

*An Irish writer, born in 1810, died in 1885.*

Nanny..... 653

**DAVIS, MARY EVELYN MOORE**

*Born at Talledega Ala., April 12, 1852; died at New Orleans, La., January 1, 1909.*

Counsel..... 3014

**DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE**

*Born at Mallore, Ireland, October 14, 1814; died at Dublin, Sept. 16, 1845.*

Fontenoy..... 2417

My Land..... 2265

The Welcome..... 638

**DAVISON, FRANCIS**

*Born in London, England, about 1575; date of death unknown.*

"Are Women Lame"..... 1902

Dispraise of Love and Lovers' Follies..... 818

"How Can the Heart Forget Her"..... 599

**DEKKER, THOMAS**

*Born in London, England, about 1570; died there about 1641.*

"Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes"..... 75

Happy Heart, The..... 2981

**DE LA MARE, WALTER\***

*Born at Charlton, Kent, England, April 25, 1873; now living at Taplow, Buckinghamshire.*

Bunches of Grapes... 157

Listeners, The..... 3219

Miss Lou..... 1790

**DILLAND, MARGARETTA WADE**

*Born at Allegheny, Pa., February 23, 1857; now living at Cambridge, Mass.*

Affaire d'Amour..... 1048

Love and Death..... 3574

**DEMAREST, MARY LEE**

*Born in New York City in 1857; died in 1888.*

My Ain Countree..... 3810

**DESPREZ, FRANK**

*Born at Bristol, England, February 9, 1853; died in London, November 22, 1916.*

Lasca..... 3339

**DE TABLEY, LORD, see WARREN, JOHN BYRNE LEICESTER.****DE VERE, see also VERE.****DE VERE, [SIR] AUBREY**

*Born at Curragh Chase, County Limrick, Ireland, August 28, 1788; died there, July 5, 1846.*

The Opening of the Tomb of Charlemagne..... 3597

Waterloo..... 2452

**DE VERE, AUBREY THOMAS**

*Born at Curragh Chase, County Limrick, Ireland, January 10, 1814; died in 1902.*

Ballad of Sarsfield, A.... 2410

Evening Melody..... 1315

"Flowers I Would Bring"..... 546

Human Life..... 416

Love's Spite..... 834

Serenade..... 701

Song, "Sing the old song"..... 866

Sorrow..... 3352

**DE VERE, MARY AINGE [MADELINE S. BRIDGES]**

*Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., about 1844; died there August 8, 1920.*

Friend and Lover..... 849

Poet and Lark..... 3089

"When the Most is Said"..... 3423

**DIBDIN, CHARLES**

*Born at Southampton, England, March 15, 1745; died in London, July 25, 1814.*

"Blow High! Blow Low"..... 943

Leadsman's Song, The.... 1632

Nongtongpaw..... 1850

Poor Jack..... 1597

Sailor's Consolation, The.. 2105

Tom Bowling..... 1628

**DICKENS, CHARLES**

*Born at Landport, near Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812; died at Gadshill, near Rochester, England, June 9, 1870.*

The Ivy Green..... 1489

**DICKINSON, CHARLES MONROE**

*Born at Louville, N. Y., November 15, 1842; died at Binghamton, N. Y., July 3, 1924.*

The Children..... 250



**DICKINSON, EMILY**

*Born at Amherst, Mass., December 10, 1830; died there, May 15, 1886.*  
 Autumn . . . . . 1381  
 Chartless . . . . . 3711  
 Indian Summer . . . . . 1373  
 The Waking Year . . . . . 1332

**DICKINSON, MARTHA GILBERT**  
[MRS. ALEXANDER BIANCHI]

*Born at Amherst, Mass., and still living there.*  
 Heaven . . . . . 1112

**DILKE, MRS. FISHER WENTWORTH,**  
see CLIFFORD, ETHEL.**DIMOND, WILLIAM**

*An English writer, born at Bath, about 1780, died in Paris in 1837.*  
 The Mariner's Dream . . . . 1615

**DOANE, GEORGE WASHINGTON**

*Born at Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799; died at Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859.*  
 Evening . . . . . 3815  
 Robin Redbreast . . . . . 1561

**DOBELL, SYDNEY THOMPSON**

*Born at Cranbrook, Kent, England, April 5, 1824; died at Nailsworth, Gloucester, England, August 22, 1874.*  
 America . . . . . 2225  
 Ballad of Keith of Ravens-  
 ton, The . . . . . 2736  
 Chanted Calendar, A . . . . 1462  
 How's My Boy . . . . . 1612  
 Tommy's Dead . . . . . 3542

**DORSON, [HENRY] AUSTIN**

*Born at Plymouth, England, January 18, 1840; died in London, September 2, 1921.*

Ars Victrix . . . . . 3140  
 Ballad of Heroes, A . . . . 2304  
 Ballad of Imitation, The . . . 1883  
 Curé's Progress, The . . . . 1776  
 Dance of Death, The . . . . 3446  
 Dead Letter, A . . . . . 1816  
 Dialogue from Plato, A . . . 1773  
 Don Quixote . . . . . 2950  
 "Fame is a Food that Dead  
 Men Eat" . . . . . 3013  
 Fancy from Fontanelle, A . . 3378  
 For a Copy of Theocritus . . 3664  
 Garden Song, A . . . . . 1449  
 Gentleman of the Old School,  
 A . . . . . 1777  
 "Good-night, Babette" . . . 1771  
 Growing Gray . . . . . 361  
 Henry Wadsworth Long-  
 fellow . . . . . 3645  
 "In After Days" . . . . . 3502  
 Kiss, A . . . . . 1800  
 Ladies of St. James's, The . . 1775  
 Maltworm's Madrigal, The . . 2015  
 Milkmaid, The . . . . . 573  
 On a Fan . . . . . 1781  
 On the Hurry of This  
 Time . . . . . 1771  
 Paradox of Time, The . . . . 423  
 Rondeau, The . . . . . 3111

## Song of Angiola in Heaven,

A . . . . . 3202  
 Song of the Four Seasons, A . . 707  
 To a Greek Girl . . . . . 347  
 Urceus Exit . . . . . 1782  
 Wanderer, The . . . . . 868  
 "When I Saw You Last,  
 Rose" . . . . . 1782

**DODGE, MARY ELIZABETH MAPES**

*Born in New York City, January 20, 1831; died at Onicora Park, N. Y., August 21, 1905.*  
 One and One . . . . . 164  
 Two Mysteries, The . . . . 3570

**DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE,**  
see CARROLL, LEWIS.**DOLBEN, DIGBY MACKWORTH**

*An English poet, born in 1848, died in 1897.*  
 The Shrine . . . . . 395

**DOLLIVER, CLARA**

*No biographical data available.*  
 No Baby in the House . . . . 25

**DOMETT, ALFRED**

*Born at Camberwell Grove, Surrey, England, May 20, 1811; died, November 12, 1887.*  
 A Christmas Hymn . . . . . 204  
 A Glee for Winter . . . . . 1394

**DONNE, JOHN**

*Born in London, England, in 1573, died there, March 31, 1631.*  
 "Death, be not Proud" . . . . 3348  
 Good-morrow, The . . . . . 1112  
 Hymn to God the Father, A . . 3759  
 Message, The . . . . . 593  
 Song, "Go and catch a fall-  
 ing star" . . . . . 592

**DORR, JULIA CAROLINA RIPLEY**

*Born at Charleston, S. C., February 13, 1825; died at Rutland, Vt., January 18, 1913.*  
 Outgrown . . . . . 1017

**DORSET, EARL OF, see SACKVILLE,**  
CHARLES.**DOTY, WALTER G.**

*Born at Hornell, N. Y., September 13, 1876, and still living there.*  
 The Best Firm . . . . . 114

**DOUDNEY, SARAH**

*Born at Portsmouth, England, January 15, 1843; died there in 1925.*  
 The Lesson of the Water-  
 Mill . . . . . 2930

**DOUGLAS, LADY ALFRED, see**  
CUSTANCE, OLIVE.**DOUGLAS, WILLIAM OF FLEUGLAND**

*A Scotch writer; born about 1672; died in 1748.*  
 Annie Laurie . . . . . 550

- DOWDEN, EDWARD**  
*Born at Cork, Ireland, May 3, 1843; died at Dublin, April 4, 1913.*  
 Love's Lord . . . . . 2977  
 Windle-Straws . . . . . 887
- DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW**  
*Born at Listowel, County Kerry, Ireland, in 1823; came to America in 1857, died at San Francisco, Cal., in 1863.*  
 The Revel. . . . . 3566
- DOWNING, ELLEN MARY PATRICK**  
*Born at Cork, Ireland, March 19, 1828, died in a convent in 1869.*  
 My Owen . . . . . 1200
- DOWSON, ERNEST**  
*Born in Kent, England, August 2, 1867, died in London, February 23, 1900.*  
 Ad Domnulum Suam . . . . . 997  
 Amantium Iræ . . . . . 660  
 Dregs . . . . . 422  
 Garden of Shadow, The . . . . . 508  
 Impenitentia Ultima . . . . . 917  
 Lyric, "You would have understood me, had you waited" . . . . . 1120  
 Non sum Qualis Eram  
   Bonæ, sub Regno Cynaræ . . . . . 918  
 Quid non Speremus, Amantes . . . . . 919  
 Sapientia Luna . . . . . 2995  
 Villanelle of His Lady's Treasures . . . . . 576  
 Vitæ Summa Brevis Spem  
   Nos Vetat Incohare  
 Longam. . . . . 3404
- DOYLE, [SIR] ARTHUR CONAN**  
*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, May 22, 1859; died at Crowborough, Sussex, England, July 7, 1930.*  
 Cremona . . . . . 2436  
 The Song of the Bow . . . . . 2241
- DOYLE, [SIR] FRANCIS HASTINGS CHARLES [SECOND BARONET]**  
*Born at Nun Appleton, Yorkshire, England, August 21, 1810, died in London, June 8, 1888.*  
 The Loss of the "Birkenhead" . . . . . 2472  
 The Private of the Buffs . . . . . 2478
- DRAKE, JOSEPH RODMAN**  
*Born in New York City, August 7, 1795; died there, September 21, 1820.*  
 The American Flag . . . . . 2197
- DRAYTON, MICHAEL**  
*Born at Hartshill, Warwickshire, England, in 1563; died in London in 1631.*  
 Agincourt . . . . . 2361  
 Sonnets from "Idea" . . . . . 1242  
 To His Coy Love . . . . . 586  
 To the Virginian Voyage . . . . . 2384
- DRINKWATER, JOHN \***  
*Born at Leytonstone, England, June 1, 1882; died in London, March 25, 1937.*  
 Birthright . . . . . 3401
- Prayer, A. . . . . 2951**  
**Sunrise on Rydal Water . . . . . 1436**
- DRISCOLL, LOUISE\***  
*Born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., January 15, 1875; now living at Catskill, N. Y.*  
 The Highway . . . . . 509
- DRUMMOND, WILLIAM, OF HAWTHORNDEN**  
*Born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, Scotland, December 13, 1585; died there, December 4, 1649.*  
 "Alexis, Here She Stayed" . . . . . 1252  
 Angels, The . . . . . 207  
 Book of the World, The . . . . . 1293  
 For the Baptist . . . . . 3741  
 Of Phyllis . . . . . 527  
 "Sleep, Silence' Child" . . . . . 3220  
 Song, "Phœbus, arise" . . . . . 1305  
 "Thrice Happy He" . . . . . 1635  
 To the Nightingale . . . . . 1548
- DRUMMOND, WILLIAM HENRY**  
*Born in County Leitrim, Ireland, in 1851; died at Montreal, Canada, April 6, 1907.*  
 Two Hundred Years Ago . . . . . 2031  
 Wreck of the "Julie Plante" . . . . . 2033
- DRYDEN, JOHN**  
*Born at the vicarage of Aldwinkle All Saints, Northamptonshire, England, August 9, 1631; died in London, May 1, 1700.*  
 "Ah, How Sweet it is to Love" . . . . . 485  
 Alexander's Feast, or, The Power of Music . . . . . 3114  
 Epigram . . . . . 1019  
 Song for St. Cecilia's Day, A . . . . . 3112  
 Song to a Fair Young Lady, Going Out of the Town in the Spring . . . . . 934  
 To the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady, Mrs Anne Killigrew . . . . . 3524  
 Under the Portrait of Milton . . . . . 3647  
 Veni, Creator Spiritus . . . . . 3782
- DUCLAUX, A. M. F. See ROBINSON, A. MARY F.**
- DUFFERIN, COUNTESS OF, see SHERIDAN, HELEN SELINA.**
- DU MAURIER, GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON**  
*Born in Paris, March 6, 1834; died in London October 6, 1896.*  
 "A Little Work" . . . . . 2910  
 Vers Nonsensiques . . . . . 2087
- DUNBAR, PAUL LAURENCE**  
*Born at Dayton, Ohio, June 27, 1872, died there, February 9, 1906.*  
 Angelina . . . . . 2043  
 Compensation . . . . . 3479

**DUNLOP, JOHN**

*Born at Carmyle, Lanarkshire, Scotland, in November, 1755; died at Port Glasgow, Scotland, September 4, 1820.*

"Dinna Ask Me" . . . . . 1163  
 "The Year That's Awa" . . . . . 2000

**DUNSANY, LORD, see PLUNKETT, EDWARD J. M. D.**

**D'URFEY, THOMAS**

*Born at Exeter, England, in 1653; died in London, in 1723.*

Chloe Divine . . . . . 533

**DWIGHT, TIMOTHY**

*Born at Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752; died at New Haven, Conn., January 11, 1817.*

Columbia . . . . . 2202  
 Love to the Church . . . . . 3797

**DYER, [SIR] EDWARD**

*Born in Somersetshire, England, about 1550; died in London in 1607.*

"My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is" . . . . . 2987

**E****EASTMAN, ELAINE GOODALE**

*Born at Mt. Washington, Mass., October 9, 1863; now living at Munsonville, N. H.*

Ashes of Roses . . . . . 923  
 Goldenrod . . . . . 1485

**EASTMAN, MAX\***

*Born at Canandaigua, N. Y., January 4, 1883, now living in New York City.*

Diogenes . . . . . 2997

**EDEN, HELEN PARRY (MRS. DENIS)\***

*An English writer born in 1885, now living at Woodstock, Oxfordshire.*

The Poet and the Woodlouse . . . . . 1791  
 To a Little Girl . . . . . 267

**EDMESTON, JAMES**

*Born at Wapping, England, September 10, 1701; died January 7, 1867.*

Prayer to the Trinity . . . . . 3807

**EDWARDS, RICHARD**

*Born in Somersetshire, England, about 1523; died October 31, 1566.*

Amantium Ire . . . . . 3031

**EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS**

*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., May 24, 1852; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 15, 1924.*

The Shamrock . . . . . 1501

**ELIOT, GEORGE [MARIAN EVANS LEWES CROSS]**

*Born at Arbury Farm, Chilters, Coten, Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819; died in London, December 22, 1880.*

I Am Lonely . . . . . 323

"Oh, May I Join the Choir Invisible" . . . . . 3485

Two Lovers . . . . . 1204

**ELLERTON, JOHN LODGE**

*Born at Liverpool, England, in 1801; died in London, January 3, 1873.*

"Now the Laborer's Task is O'er" . . . . . 3573

**ELLIOTT, [SIR] GILBERT [THIRD BARONET OF MINTO]**

*Born at Minto House, Teviotdale, Scotland in September, 1722; died at Marseilles, France, January 11, 1777.*

Amynta . . . . . 617

**ELLIOTT, JANE**

*Born at Minto House, Teviotdale, Scotland, in 1727; died there, March 29, 1805.*

A Lament for Flodden . . . 2368

**ELLIOTT, CHARLOTTE**

*An English hymn-writer, born March 17, 1780; died at Brighton, September 22, 1871.*

"Just as I Am" . . . . . 3800

**ELLIOTT, EBENEZER**

*Born at Masborough, Yorkshire, England, March 17, 1781; died near Barnsley, England, December 1, 1840.*

"Land Which No One Knows, The" . . . . . 3576

**ELLSWORTH, ERASTUS WOLCOTT**

*Born at South Windsor, Conn., November 27, 1822; died at East Windsor Hill, Conn., January 5, 1902.*

The Mayflower . . . . . 2389

**EMERSON, RALPH WALDO**

*Born at Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803; died at Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882.*

Bacchus . . . . . 2964  
 Brahma . . . . . 2964  
 Concord Hymn . . . . . 2205  
 Duty . . . . . 290  
 Each and All . . . . . 2962  
 Eros . . . . . 474  
 Fable . . . . . 1909  
 Fortbearance . . . . . 3076  
 Give All to Love . . . . . 502  
 Good-bye . . . . . 2095  
 Humble-bee, The . . . . . 1515  
 Problem, The . . . . . 2966  
 Rhodora, The . . . . . 1407  
 Song of Nature . . . . . 1206  
 Terminus . . . . . 410  
 Waldeinsamkeit . . . . . 1398

**EMMETT, DANIEL DECATUR**

*Born at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, October 29, 1815; died there, June 28, 1904.*

Dixie . . . . . 2218

**ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN**

*Born at or near Philadelphia, Pa., June 29, 1810; died at Newark, N. J., April 1, 1902.*

Ben Bolt . . . . . 470

**ERSKINE, FRANCIS ROBERT ST. CLAIR** [EARL OF ROSSLYN]  
*An English writer, born in 1833; died in 1890.*

Bedtime..... 97

**ERSKINE, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Muthill, Perthshire, Scotland, in 1769; died, August 14, 1822.*

Epigram. . . . . 1916

**ETHEREGE, [SIR] GEORGE**  
*An English writer, born about 1635; died in 1691.*

Song "Ladies, though to your conquering eyes" . . 594

Song, "Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free" . . 808

To a Lady Asking How Long He Would Love Her . . 594

**EUWER, ANTHONY**  
*Born at Allegheny, Pa., February 11, 1877; now living at Portland, Ore.*

"As a Beauty, I'm Not a Great Star" . . . 2090

**EVANS, FLORENCE WILKINSON,**  
see WILKINSON, FLORENCE.

## F

**FABER, FREDERICK WILLIAM**  
*Born at Calverley, Yorkshire, England, June 28, 1814; died, September 26, 1863.*

Paradise . . . . . 3695

Written in a Little Lady's Little Album. . . . . 124

**FAHY, FRANCIS A.**  
*Born at Kilmara, County Galway, Ireland, September 29, 1854; present address, London, England.*

Little Mary Cassidy . . 759

The Old Flaid Shawl. . . 758

**FANF, JULIAN**  
*An English writer, born in 1827; died in 1870.*

Ad Matrem . . . . . 396

**FANE, VIOLET** [MARY MONTGOMERIE, LADY CURRIE]  
*An English writer, born in 1843; died at Rome, Italy, in 1905.*

Afterwards . . . . . 3469

"In Green Old Gardens" . 1450

**FANSHAW, CATHERINE MARIA**  
*Born at Shabden, Surrey, England, July 6, 1765; died at Pulney Heath, England, April 17, 1834.*

Fragment in Imitation of Wordsworth . . . 1923

**FANSHAW, [SIR] RICHARD**  
*Born at Ware Park, Hertfordshire, England, in June, 1608; died at Madrid, Spain, June 26, 1666.*

A Rose. . . . . 1500

**FATHER PROUT,** see MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER.

**FAWCETT, EDGAR**

*Born in New York City, May 26, 1847; died in London, England, May 2, 1904.*

Fireflies . . . . . 1519

To an Oriole . . . . . 1557

Wild Roses . . . . . 1498

**FAWCETT, JOHN**

*Born at Lidget Green, near Bradford, England, January 6, 1740; died in the parish of Halifax, July 25, 1817.*

"Blest be the Tie that Binds" . . . . . 3801

**FELLTHAM, OWEN**

*Born in Suffolk, England, about 1602; died at Great Billing, Northamptonshire, in 1668.*

"When, Dearest, I But Think of Thee" . . . . . 601

**FERGUSON, JAMES**

*A Scottish writer, no data available.*

Auld Daddy Darkness . . 71

**FERGUSON, [SIR] SAMUEL**

*Born at Belfast, Ireland, March 10, 1810; died at Hoath, County of Dublin, Ireland, August 6, 1886.*

The Forging of the Anchor. 1606

The Pretty Girl of Loch Dan 779

**FERRIER, SUSAN EDMONSTONE**

*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, September 7, 1782; died there, November 5, 1854.*

The Laird o' Cockpen . . . 2113

**FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON\***

*Born at Davenport, Iowa, November 10, 1883; now living in New York City.*

The Oracle . . . . . 266

The Three Sisters . . . . . 1090

To the Harpies . . . . . 3389

**FIELD, EUGENE**

*Born at St. Louis, Mo., September 3, 1850; died at Chicago, Ill., November 4, 1895.*

Duel, The . . . . . 173

Jes' Fore Christmas . . . 220

Little Boy Blue . . . . . 298

Seein' Things . . . . . 172

Sugar-Plum Tree, The . . 60

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod 68

**FIELD, NATHANIEL**

*Born in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, England, in 1587; died there in 1633.*

Matin Song. . . . . 694

**FIELDING, HENRY**

*Born at Sharpsham Park, Somersetshire, England, April 22, 1707; died in London, October 8, 1754.*

"A-Hunting we will go" . . 1662

**FIELDS, JAMES THOMAS**

*Born at Portsmouth, N. H., December 31, 1817; died at Boston, Mass., April 24, 1881.*

Alarmed Skipper, The . . . 2146

Captain's Daughter, The . . 178

Mabel, in New Hampshire. 793

Owl-Critic, The. . . . . 1881

Turtle and Flamingo, The. 2058

FILSINGER, MRS. ERNEST B., see  
TEASDALE, SARA.

FINCH, ANNE [COUNTESS OF WIN-  
CHELSEA]  
*An English writer, date of birth un-  
known; died August 20, 1720.*  
To Death . . . . . 3407  
To Sylvia . . . . . 614

FINCH, FRANCIS MILES  
*Born at Ithaca, N. Y., June 9, 1827;  
died there, July 31, 1907.*  
The Blue and the Gray . . . 2308

FINK, WILLIAM W.  
*An Irish writer; no biographical data  
available.*  
Larrie O'Dee . . . . . 1961

FINLEY, JOHN  
*An Irish writer, born in 1796, died  
in 1866.*  
Bachelor's Hall . . . . . 1970

FISCHER, JACOB  
*Pseudonym of Evelyn Underhill*  
The Lady Poverty . . . . . 2934

FISHER, A. HUGH  
*Born in London, England, in 1867,  
and now living at Amberley, Sussex.*  
Ceylon . . . . . 2638

FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD  
*Born at Williamsport, Pa., in 1874,  
and still living there.*  
"As an Old Mercer" . . . . . 1301  
November . . . . . 1385  
On a Sculptured Head of  
the Christ . . . . . 3751

FITZGERALD, EDWARD  
*Born near Woodbridge, Suffolk, Eng-  
land, March 31, 1800; died at Merton,  
Norfolk, England, June 14, 1883*  
Because . . . . . 788  
Chivalry at a Discount . . . 1724  
The Meadows in Spring . . . 1346  
The Rubáiyát of Omar  
Khayyám . . . . . 2875

FLACCUS, QUINTUS HORATIUS  
*Born at Venusia, Apulia, December 8,  
65 B. C., died in Rome, November 27,  
8 B. C.*  
Integer Vitæ . . . . . 3828  
Persicos Odi . . . . . 3827  
Rectius Vives . . . . . 3829

FLAGG, WILSON  
*Born at Beverly, Mass., November 5,  
1805; died at North Cambridge, Mass.,  
May 6, 1884.*  
The O'Lincon Family . . . . 1530

FLECKER, JAMES ELROY\*  
*Born in London, England, Novem-  
ber 5, 1884; died at Davos-Platz, Switzer-  
land, January 3, 1915.*  
The Ballad of Camden Town 1058

The Queen's Song . . . 3214  
To a Poet a Thousand Years  
Hence . . . . . 3101

FLETCHER, GILES  
*Born at Watford, Hertfordshire, Eng-  
land, about 1549; died in London,  
March 11, 1611.*  
Wooring Song . . . . . 476

FLETCHER, JOHN  
*Born at Rye, Sussex, England, in  
December, 1579; died in London, in  
August, 1625.*  
Aspatia's Song . . . . . 1064  
Drink To-day . . . . . 1991  
Love's Emblems . . . . . 482  
Melancholy . . . . . 3349  
Power of Love, The . . . . . 482  
Sleep . . . . . 3220  
"Take, O Take Those Lips  
Away" . . . . . 683  
What is Love . . . . . 481  
Women's Longing . . . . . 1903

FOLLEN, ELIZA LEE [CABOT]  
*Born at Boston, Mass., August 15,  
1787; died there, January 26, 1800.*  
The Moon . . . . . 57

FORD, FORD MADOX [HUFFEER]  
*Born in London, England, in 1873;  
died there in 1911*  
Children's Song . . . . . 282  
Wisdom . . . . . 512

FOSS, SAM WAITER  
*Born at Candia, N. H., June 10,  
1858; died at Somerville, Mass., Feb-  
ruary 26, 1911*  
Calf-Path, The . . . . . 1896  
House by the Side of the  
Road, The . . . . . 3040  
Then Ag'in . . . . . 1886

FOSTER, STEPHEN COLLINS  
*Born at Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4, 1826;  
died in New York City, January 13,  
1864*  
My Old Kentucky Home . . . 3227  
The Old Folks at Home . . . 3228

FOWLER, ELLEN THORNEYCROFT  
[MRS. A. L. FELKIN]  
*Born at Wokerhampton, England, in  
1800; died at Bournemouth, June 22,  
1929.*  
The Wisdom of Folly . . . . 2045

FOX-SMITH, CECILY  
*Born at Lymm, Cheshire, England,  
in 1882, and now living in London.*  
Hastings Mill . . . . . 1591

FRASER, JOHN  
*Born at Tomnacloch, Inverness-shire,  
Scotland, in 1750; died in London,  
April 26, 1811.*  
The Maiden and the Lily . . 1880

FRENEAU, PHILIP  
*Born in New York City in 1752;*

*died near Freehold, N. J., December 18, 1832*

Song of Thyriss . . . . . 830  
The Indian Burying-Ground 3438  
The Wild Honeysuckle . . 1488

**FRERE, JOHN HOOKHAM**

*Born in London, England, May 21, 1769; died at Pictá, Valetta, Malta(?), January 7, 1830*

The Boy and the Wolf. . . . 121

**FROST, ROBERT\***

*Born in San Francisco, Cal., March 26, 1875; now living at Amherst, Mass.*

Storm Fear . . . . . 1385  
Mending Wall . . . . . 3075  
The Telephone . . . . . 658  
The Tuft of Flowers . . . . 3074

**FULLER, MARGARET WITTER**

*Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1871; now living at Norwich Town, Conn.*

The Passion Flower . . . . 1053

**FURLONG, ALICE**

*Born in Ireland, in 1875, and now living in County Dublin*

My Share of the World . . . 628

**FURNESS, WILLIAM HENRY**

*Born at Boston, Mass., in 1802; died there in 1896*

Evening Hymn . . . . . 2968

## G

**GALE, NORMAN**

*Born at Kew, Surrey, England, in 1862.*

Bartholomew . . . . . 20  
Content . . . . . 1170  
Country Faith, The . . . . 1644  
Dawn and Dark . . . . . 1328  
Lairy Book, The . . . . . 231  
Pastoral, A . . . . . 744  
Second Coming, The . . . . 3954  
Shaded Pool, The . . . . . 677  
Song, "This peach is pink  
with such a pink" . . . . 574  
Song, "Wait but a little  
while" . . . . . 1169  
Voice, The . . . . . 395

**GALESWORTHY, JOHN\***

*Born at Coombe, Surrey, England, August 14, 1807; died at Hampstead, England, January 31, 1933.*

Past. . . . . 420

**GARIAND, HAMLIN**

*Born at West Salem, Wis., September 16, 1860; died at Hollywood, Cal., March 4, 1930*

Do You Fear the Wind. . . 1684  
The Herald Crane . . . . . 1535  
The Toil of the Trail. . . . 1684

**GARNETT, RICHARD**

*Born at Lichfield, England, in 1835; died in London in 1906*

Ballad of the Boat, The . . 3396  
Epigram. . . . . 1915

Epigram. . . . . 1918  
Fair Circassian, The. . . . 1903

**GARRICK, DAVID**

*Born at Hereford, England, February 19, 1717; died in London, January 20, 1779.*

Epigram . . . . . 1918  
Heart of Oak. . . . . 2280

**GARRISON, THEODOSIA PICKERING**  
[MRS. FREDERICK FAULKES]\*

*Born at Newark, N. J., November 26, 1874, now living at Short Hills, N. J.*

Ballad of the Angel, The. . 1015  
Stains . . . . . 3758  
The Wife . . . . . 394

**GARVIN, MARGARET ROOT**

*Born in New York City and now living at Utica, N. Y.*

To Each His Own. . . . . 3363

**GASCOIGNE, GEORGE**

*Born in Westmoreland, England, about 1535; died at Stamford, England, October 7, 1577.*

A Lover's Lullaby . . . . . 715

**GATES, ELLEN M. HUNTINGTON**

*Born at Torrington, Conn., August 13, 1835; died in New York City, October 23, 1920.*

"I Shall Not Cry Return". . 1081

**GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE**

*Born at Tarbes, France, August 31, 1811; died in Paris, October 23, 1872.*

L'Art . . . . . 3842

**GAY, JOHN**

*Born at Barnstable, England, in September, 1685; died in London, December 4, 1732.*

Ballad, "Twas when the  
seas were roaring" . . . . 1064  
Black-eyed Susan . . . . . 937  
Elegy on a Lap Dog, An. . . 1828  
Epigrams . . . . . 1916  
Hare With Many Friends,  
The . . . . . 1853  
Lion and the Cub, The. . . . 1852  
Song, "O ruddier than the  
cherry" . . . . . 535

**GIBSON, WILFRID WILSON\***

*Born at Hexam, England, October 2, 1878, now living in Hertfordshire.*

Marriage . . . . . 1195  
On Hampstead Heath. . . . 516  
Tenants . . . . . 3218  
The Whisperers. . . . . 3379

**GIFFORD, FANNIE STEARNS** see  
DAVIS, FANNIE STEARNS

**GILBERT, LADY**, see MULHOLLAND,  
ROSA.

GILBERT, [SIR] WILLIAM SCHWENCK  
Born in London, England, November 18, 1836; drowned, May 29, 1911.

Captain Reece . . . . . 2180

Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen . . 2073

To the Terrestrial Globe . . 2075

Yarn of the "Nancy Bell,"

The . . . . . 2177

GILDER, JOSEPH B.

Born at Flushing, N. Y., June 29, 1858; died in New York City, December 9, 1936.

The Parting of the Ways . . 2217

GILDER, RICHARD WATSON

Born at Bordentown, N. J., February 8, 1844; died in New York City, November 18, 1909.

"Ah, Be Not False" . . . . . 349

"Call Me Not Dead" . . . . . 3502

"Great Nature is an Army

Gay" . . . . . 1208

Midsummer Song, A . . . . . 1300

"My Love for Thee" . . . . . 1203

"O, Love is not a Summer

Mood" . . . . . 504

On the Life-mask of Abraham Lincoln . . 3642

Prelude from "The New

Day" . . . . . 1307

Song, "Because the rose

must fade" . . . . . 2841

Song of Early Autumn, A . . 1374

Sonnet, The . . . . . 3107

Sonnet, "I know not if I

love her overmuch" . . . . . 1264

Sonnet, "I like her gentle

hand that sometimes

strays" . . . . . 1264

Woman's Thought, A . . . . . 912

GILFILLAN, ROBERT

Born at Dumfries, Scotland, July 7, 1798; died at Leith, Scotland, December 4, 1850.

The Exile's Song . . . . . 3258

GILLILAN, STRICKLAND W.

Born at Jackson, Ohio, Oct. 9, 1869; now living at Baltimore, Md.

Finnigan to Flannigan . . . . . 1079

GILMAN, [MRS.] CHARLOTTE PER-

KINS STETSON

Born at Hartford, Conn., July 3, 1860; committed suicide at Pasadena, Cal., August 17, 1935.

A Conservative . . . . . 1890

Similar Cases . . . . . 1891

Wedded Bliss . . . . . 1898

GLASGOW, J. SCOTT

A Scotch-American writer, now living at Portland, Indiana.

The Pipes o' Gordon's Men . . 2307

GLOVER, JEAN

Born at Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, Scotland, October 31, 1758; died at Letterkenny, County Donegal, Ireland, in 1801.

"Owre the Muir among the  
Heather" . . . . . 747

GLOVER, RICHARD

Born in London, England, in 1712; died there, November 25, 1785.

Admiral Hosier's Ghost . . . 2415

GOING, CHARLES BUXTON\*

Born in Westchester county, N. Y., April 5, 1863; now living at De Bruce, N. Y.

At the Top of the Road . . . 3577

To Arcady . . . . . 664

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER

Born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728; died in London, April 1, 1774.

Deserted Village, The . . . . . 3262

Elegy on Madame Blaise,

An . . . . . 2092

Elegy on the Death of a

Mad Dog, An . . . . . 2091

"When Lovely Woman

Stoops to Folly" . . . . . 1050

GOODALE, DORA READ

Born at Mt. Washington, Mass., October 29, 1866; now living at Redding, Conn.

Ripe Grain . . . . . 3575

GOODCHILD, JOHN ARTHUR

Born at Ealing, Middlesex, England, February 26, 1851.

The Firstborn . . . . . 24

GORDON, ALEXANDER MACGREGOR

ROSE, see ROSE, ALEXANDER

MACGREGOR.

GORE-BOOTH, EVA\*

Born at Sligo, Ireland, in 1872; died in London, England, June 30, 1926.

The Little Waves of Breheny . . 2605

GORMAN, HERBERT S.\*

Born at Springfield, Mass., January 1, 1893; now living in New York City.

The Satyrs and the Moon . . . 249

GOSSE, EDMUND WILLIAM

Born in London, England, September 21, 1810; died there in 1928.

Impression . . . . . 1759

Labor and Love . . . . . 2018

Missive, The . . . . . 666

GOULD, GERALD LOUIS\*

Born at Scarborough, England, in 1885; died in London, November 3, 1936.

Lancelot and Guinevere . . . 2813

Wander-thirst . . . . . 1079

GOULD, HANNAH FLAGG

Born at Lancaster, Mass., September 3, 1780; died at Newburyport, Mass., September 5, 1865.

The Frost . . . . . 1387

- GRAHAM, JAMES [FIRST MARQUIS OF MONTROSE]**  
*Born in Scotland in 1612; died May 21, 1650.*  
 "I'll Never Love Thee More" . . . . . 604
- GRANVILLE, CHARLES**  
*An English writer, no biographical data available*  
 Traveller's Hope . . . . . 3478
- GRAVES, ALFRED PERCEVAL**  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, July 22, 1836; died at Harlech, Wales, December 27, 1931.*  
 Father O'Flynn . . . . . 1957  
 Irish Lullaby, An . . . . . 88  
 Little Red Lark, The . . . . . 713
- GRAY, DAVID**  
*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1837; died in New York State in 1888*  
 The Golden Wedding . . . . . 1220
- GRAY, THOMAS**  
*Born in London, England, December 27, 1716; died at Cambridge, England, July 30, 1771.*  
 Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard . . . . . 3532  
 Ode on the Spring, An . . . . . 1343  
 On a Distant Prospect of Eton College . . . . . 2580  
 On the Death of a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes . . . . . 1824  
 Progress of Poesy, The . . . . . 3091
- GREENE, ALBERT GORTON**  
*Born at Providence, R. I., February 10, 1802; died at Cleveland, Ohio, January 1, 1868*  
 Old Grimes . . . . . 2131
- GREIFNE, HOMER**  
*Born at Ariel, Pa., Jan. 10, 1853; died at Honesdale, Pa., Nov. 26, 1940.*  
 My Daughter Louise . . . . . 322  
 What My Lover Said . . . . . 1149
- GREIFNE, ROBERT**  
*Born at Norwich, England, about 1500; died in London, Sept. 3, 1502.*  
 "Fair is my Love, for April's in Her Face" . . . . . 520  
 Fawnia . . . . . 583  
 Masia's Song . . . . . 2979  
 Phyllis and Corydon . . . . . 768  
 Samela . . . . . 521  
 Sephestia's Lullaby . . . . . 74  
 Shepherd's Wife's Song, The . . . . . 1210
- GREINE SARAH PRATT MCLEAN**  
*Born at Simsbury, Conn., July 3, 1856; died at Lexington, Mass., Dec. 20, 1935.*  
 De Sheepfol' . . . . . 3755
- GREENWELL, DORA**  
*Born at Greenwell Ford, Durham, England, December 6, 1821; died March 20, 1882*  
 Home . . . . . 1204
- GREGORY, THE GREAT, SAINT**  
*Born at Rome about 540; died there, March 12, 604, having been Pope from 590.*  
 Veni, Creator Spiritus . . . . . 3823
- GRENFELL, JULIAN HENRY FRANCIS**  
*An English poet, born in 1888; died at Boulogne, France, from wounds received at the battle of Ypres, May 26, 1915*  
 Hills, The . . . . . 1435  
 Into Battle . . . . . 2558
- GRIFFIN, GIRALD**  
*Born at Limerick, Ireland, December 12, 1803; died at Cork, Ireland, June 12, 1830*  
 Eileen Aroon . . . . . 540  
 Maiden Lays . . . . . 631  
 "Place in Thy Memory, A" . . . . . 871
- GRIFFITH, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Memphis, Mo., February 15, 1876; died in New York City, April 1, 1930*  
 Pierrette in Memory . . . . . 3388
- GUINIA, LOUISE IMOGEN**  
*Born at Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 7, 1801; died at Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, England, Nov. 2, 1920.*  
 Kings, The . . . . . 2049  
 Of Joan's Youth . . . . . 1054  
 Song "I try to knead and spin" . . . . . 3361  
 Tryste Noel . . . . . 200  
 Wild Ride, The . . . . . 3475
- GUTERMAN, ARTHUR\***  
*An American writer born in Vienna, Austria, November 20, 1871; now living in New York City.*  
 Strictly Germ-proof . . . . . 2035
- GWYNNE, STEPHEN LUCIUS**  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, February 13, 1861 and still living there.*  
 Ireland . . . . . 2266
- GYLES, ALTHEA**  
*No biographical data available.*  
 Sympathy . . . . . 923
- H
- HABINGTON, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Hindlip, Worcestershire, England, in November, 1605; died there in 1654*  
 Castara . . . . . 531  
 Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam . . . . . 3786  
 To Roses in the Bosom of Castara . . . . . 600
- HAGEDORN, HERMANN\***  
*Born in New York City, July 18, 1832; now living at Montclair, N. J.*  
 Early Morning at Bargis . . . . . 1645  
 Song, "Song is so old" . . . . . 674  
 Troop of the Guard, A . . . . . 3062
- HALE, EDWARD EVERETT**  
*Born at Boston, Mass., April 3, 1822; died at Roxbury, Mass., June 10, 1909*



- Lamentable Ballad of the  
Bloody Brook, The. . . . . 2406  
New England's Chevy Chase 2426
- HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA  
*Born at Newport, N. H., October 24,  
1788; died at Philadelphia, Pa., April  
30, 1879*  
Mary's Lamb. . . . . 40
- HALL, SHARLOT MABRIDTH  
*Born at Prosser Creek, Kan., Oct. 27,  
1870, and now living near Prescott,  
Arizona.*  
The Last Camp-fire. . . . . 3471  
The Song of the Colorado. . . . . 2571
- HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE  
*Born at Guilford, Conn., July 8,  
1790; died there, November 19, 1867.*  
Marco Bozzaris . . . . . 2453  
On the Death of Joseph Rod-  
man Drake. . . . . 3608
- HALPINE, CHARLES GRAHAM  
*Born at Oldcastle, County Meath,  
Ireland, November 20, 1829; died in  
New York City, August 3, 1868.*  
Irish Astronomy. . . . . 1964  
Janet's Hair . . . . . 1112
- HALSHAM, JOHN  
*Pseudonym of G. Forrester Scott,  
an English writer, living in London.*  
My Last Terrier. . . . . 1829
- HAMILTON, ELIZABETH  
*Born at Belfast, Ireland, July 21,  
1758; died at Harrogate, England,  
July 23, 1816*  
My Ain Fireside. . . . . 3238
- HAMILTON, JOHN  
*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in  
1761; died there, September 23, 1814.*  
I Love My Jean. . . . . 947
- HANRAHAN, AGNES I.  
*No biographical data available.*  
Rosies . . . . . 925
- HARDING, RUTH GUTHRIE\*  
*Born at Tunkhannock, Pa., August  
20, 1882; now living at Paterson, N. J.*  
Returning . . . . . 3482  
The Call to a Scot. . . . . 3261  
Threnody . . . . . 1080
- HARDY, ELIZABETH CLARK  
*Born at Louisville, N. Y.; now living  
at Durand, Wis.*  
"Some Time at Eve" . . . . . 3468
- HARDY, THOMAS\*  
*Born in Dorsetshire, England, June  
2, 1840; died at Max Gate, near  
Dorchester, January 11, 1928.*  
"Let me Enjoy" . . . . . 2841  
Rain on a Grave. . . . . 1133
- HARINGTON, [SIR] JOHN  
*Born at Kelston, near Bath, England,  
in 1561; died there, November 20, 1612.*  
Epigram. . . . . 1918
- HARNEY, WILLIAM WALLACE  
*Born at Bloomington, Ind., June 20,  
1831; died at Orlando, Fla., March 28,  
1912.*  
Adonais. . . . . 914
- HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER  
*Born at Eatonton, Ga., December 8,  
1848; died at Atlanta, Ga., July 24, 1908.*  
Revival Hymn. . . . . 2037
- HARRISON, VIRGINIA BIOREN  
*Born at Richmond, Va., September 6,  
1847*  
Music of the Dawn . . . . . 1310  
One Gift I Ask. . . . . 3734
- HARTE, FRANCIS BRET  
*Born at Albany, N. Y., August 25,  
1836, removed to England in 1885, and  
died there, May 5, 1902.*  
Dickens in Camp . . . . . 3606  
Dow's Flat . . . . . 2171  
Her Letter . . . . . 1814  
John Burns of Gettysburg. . . . . 2504  
Mrs. Judge Jenkins . . . . . 1948  
Mountain Heart's case, The . . . . . 1404  
Plain Language from Truth-  
ful James . . . . . 2174  
Reveille, The . . . . . 2487  
Second Review of the Grand  
Army. A . . . . . 2513  
Society upon the Stanislaus,  
The . . . . . 2170
- HASTINGS, THOMAS  
*Born at Washington, Conn., Octo-  
ber 15, 1781, died in New York City,  
May 15, 1872*  
In Sorrow . . . . . 3808
- HAWKER, ROBERT STEPHEN  
*Born at Stoke Damerel, Devonshire,  
England, December 3, 1803; died at  
Plymouth, England, August 15, 1875*  
Are they not all Ministering  
Spirits . . . . . 631  
The Song of the Western Men 2407
- HAWLEY, CHARLES B.  
*Born at Brookfield, Conn., in 1858;  
now living in New York City.*  
My Little Love . . . . . 989
- HAWTHORNE, HILDEGARDE  
*Born in New York City, and still  
living there*  
A Song. . . . . 1164
- HAY, JOHN  
*Born at Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838;  
died at Lake Sunapee, N. H., July 1,  
1905.*  
Jim Bludso of the Prairie  
Belle . . . . . 3342  
Little Breches . . . . . 3344  
Stirrup Cup, The . . . . . 3507  
White Flag, The . . . . . 706  
Woman's Love, A . . . . . 1038
- HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON  
*Born at Charleston, S. C., January 1,  
1831; died there, July 9, 1886.*  
Aspects of the Pines . . . . . 1400  
In Harbor . . . . . 3493  
"Little While I Fain Would  
Linger Yet, A" . . . . . 805  
Pre-existence . . . . . 2857  
Rose and Thorn, The. . . . . 1028

**HEATH, ELLA***No biographical data available.*

Poetry . . . . . 3086

**HEBER, REGINALD***Born at Malpas, Cheshire, England, April 21, 1783; died at Trichinopoly, British India, April 2, 1826.*"Brightest and Best of the  
Sons of the Morning" . . . 210"From Greenland's Icy  
Mountains" . . . . . 3795

"Holy, Holy, Holy" . . . 3793

"If Thou Wert by my Side,  
my Love" . . . . . 1200

Providence . . . . . 3726

"The Son of God Goes Forth  
to War" . . . . . 3794**HEDGE, FREDERIC HENRY***Born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1805; died there in 1800*"A Mighty Fortress is our  
God" . . . . . 3806

Questionings . . . . . 2970

**HELBURN, THERESA***Born in New York City in 1838, and still living there*

Mother . . . . . 396

**HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA***Born at Liverpool, England, September 25, 1793; died near Dublin, Ireland, May 10, 1835.*

Casablanca . . . . . 2439

Dirge . . . . . 3551

England's Dead . . . . . 2306

Graves of a Household, The . . . 3561

"He Never Smiled Again" . . . 2340

Hour of Death, The . . . . . 3411

Landing of the Pilgrim

Fathers... . . . . 2387

**HENDERSON, BARBARA [MRS.]****ARCHIBALD]***Born at Lincolnton, N. C., and now living at Chapel Hill, N. C.*A Chant of Hate against  
England. . . . . 2549**HENDERSON, DANIEL\****Born at Baltimore, Md., May 27, 1880, now living at East Orange, N. J.*

The Road to France . . . . . 2562

**HENDERSON, FLORENCE L.***No biographical data available.*

The Garden That I Love . . . 3441

**HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST***Born at Gloucester, England, August 23, 1840; died at Woking, England, June 11, 1903*"As Like the Woman as  
You Can" . . . . . 1900

Ballade of Ladies' Names. . . . 1761

Blackbird, The . . . . . 1527

Culture in the Slums. . . . . 1051

"England, My England". . . . . 2230

Home . . . . . 3229

"I Took a Hansom on To-  
day". . . . . 827

Inter Solales... . . . . 1086

Invictus... . . . . 3500

"Late Lark Twitters from  
the Quiet Skies, A" . . . . . 3501"Or Ever the Knightly  
Years Were Gone" . . . . . 655

Spirit of Wine, The . . . . . 2013

Stanzas, "Where forlorn  
sunsets flare and fade" . . . 2862Villon's Straight Tip to all  
Cross Coves. . . . . 1857

"What is to Come" . . . . . 3422

With Strawberries . . . . . 1760

**HENSLEY, SOPHIA ALMON***Born in Nova Scotia, May 31, 1866; now living in New York City*

"Because of You". . . . . 665

**HEPBURN, THOMAS NICOLL, see  
SETOUN, GABRIEL.****HERBERT, GEORGE***Born at Montgomery Castle, Wales, April 3, 1593; died at Bemerton, near Salisbury England, in February, 1633.*

Collar, The . . . . . 3719

Discipline . . . . . 3720

Holy Baptism. . . . . 3721

Life . . . . . 2037

Love . . . . . 3718

Pulley, The . . . . . 370

Unkindness . . . . . 3722

Virtue . . . . . 3720

**HERFORD, OLIVER\****Born at Manchester, England, in December, 1863; died in New York City, July 5, 1935*

Child's Natural History . . . . . 2082

The Elf and the Dormouse . . . 234

The Laughing Willow . . . . . 2085

**HERRICK, ROBERT***Born in London, England, in August, 1501; died at Dean Prior, Devonshire, England, in October, 1074.*

Argument of His Books, The . . . 3105

Bracelet, The, to Julia . . . . . 596

Ceremonies for Christmas . . . 223

Corinna's Going A-Maying . . . 1350

Delight in Disorder . . . . . 378

His Litany to the Holy

Spirit . . . . . 3744

His Winding-sheet . . . . . 3454

Night-piece, The, to Julia . . . . 605

"No Fault in Women". . . . . 1901

Primrose, The . . . . . 1405

Rubies and Pearls . . . . . 528

Ternarie of Littles, A . . . . . 1723

Thanksgiving to God for

His House, A . . . . . 3713

To Anone . . . . . 595

To Anthea, Who may Com-

mand Him Anything... . . . . 505

To Blossoms . . . . . 1504

To Daffodils . . . . . 1474

To Daisies, Not to Shut so

Soon . . . . . 1477

To Dianeme . . . . . 816

To Electra . . . . . 684

To Keep a True Lent. . . . . 3745

To Meadows... . . . . 1439

To Music, to Bcalm His

Fever . . . . . 3123

To Primroses Filled with

Morning Dew. . . . . 1496

- To the Rose: a Song... 931  
 To the Virgins, to make  
   Much of Time ..... 328  
 To the Western Wind..... 596  
 To the Willow-tree. .... 1406  
 To Violets ..... 1501  
 Upon Julia's Clothes..... 529  
 White Island, The..... 3698
- HEWITT, ETHEL M.**  
*No biographical data available.*  
 Wild Wishes ..... 664
- HEYWOOD, JOHN**  
*Born in England about 1407; died at*  
*Malines, Belgium, about 1580.*  
 A Praise of His Lady..... 378
- HEYWOOD, THOMAS**  
*Born in Lincolnshire, England, date*  
*unknown, died about 1650.*  
 Matin-Song ..... 696  
 Message, The ..... 508  
 Valerius on Women..... 818
- HIGGINSON, ELLA**  
*Born at Council Grove, Kansas, in*  
*1862; now living at Bellingham, Wash.*  
 Four-Leaf Clover ..... 1472  
 The Lamp in the West..... 3473
- HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH**  
*Born at Cambridge, Mass., Decem-*  
*ber 22, 1823; died there, May 9, 1911*  
 Ode to a Butterfly..... 1517
- HILL, AARON**  
*Born in London, England, February*  
*10, 1685; died there in 1750.*  
 A Strong Hand..... 1902
- HILL, THOMAS**  
*Born at New Brunswick, N. J.,*  
*January 7, 1818; died at Waltham,*  
*Mass., November 2, 1891.*  
 The Bobolink..... 1531
- HINDS, SAMUEL**  
*Born in Barbadoes in 1703; died in*  
*London, England, February 7, 1872.*  
 Baby Sleeps ..... 27
- HINKSON, KATHERINE TYNAN, see**  
**TYNAN, KATHERINE.**
- HODGSON, RALPH\***  
*Born at Darlington, England, Sep-*  
*tember 9, 1871.*  
 Eve ..... 2816  
 Mystery, The..... 3776  
 Stupidity Street..... 3061  
 "Time, You Old Gipsy  
   Man"..... 2817  
 Wood Song, A..... 1329
- HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO**  
*Born in New York City in 1806; died*  
*at Harrisburgh, Pa., June 7, 1884*  
 Monterey ..... 2470  
 "Sparkling and Bright".... 2007
- HOFFMANN, AUGUST HEINRICH**  
*Born at Faltersleben, Hanover, Prus-*  
*sia, April 2, 1798; died near Hoxter,*  
*Prussia, January 20, 1871*  
 The Story of Augustus who  
   would not have any Soup. 122  
 The Story of Little Suck-a-  
   Thumb..... 123
- HOGG, JAMES**  
*Born at Eltrick, Selkirkshire, Scot-*  
*land, in 1770; died at Eltrive Lake,*  
*November 21, 1835. The "Eltrick*  
*Shepherd"*  
 Boy's Song, A ..... 128  
 Kilmeny ..... 3151  
 "Love is Like a Dizziness". 750  
 Moggy and Me ..... 1227  
 "My Love She's but a Lassie  
   Yet" ..... 543  
 Skylark, The ..... 1506  
 "There's Gowd in the  
   Breast" ..... 1142  
 When the Kve Comes Hame 775  
 Women Folk, The ..... 749
- HOLCROFT, THOMAS**  
*Born in London, England, Decem-*  
*ber 10, 1745; died there, March 23, 1800*  
 Gallier Gray ..... 1996
- HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT**  
*Born at Belchertown, Mass., July 24,*  
*1810; died in New York City, October 21,*  
*1881*  
 Cradle Song ..... 86  
 Daniel Gray. .... 3327  
 Gradatim ..... 3727  
 Lullaby ..... 86
- HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL**  
*Born at Cambridge, Mass., August 20,*  
*1809; died there, October 7, 1891.*  
 Ballad of the Oysterman,  
   The ..... 2130  
 Bill and Joe ..... 3002  
 Boys, The ..... 1745  
 Brother Jonathan's Lament  
   for Sister Caroline 2185  
 Chambered Nautilus, The.. 2913  
 Contentment ..... 1713  
 Crooked Footpath, The ..... 3750  
 Deacon's Masterpiece, The 1871  
 Dorothy Q ..... 1738  
 Height of the Ridiculous,  
   The ..... 2138  
 La Grisette ..... 909  
 Last Leaf, The..... 1741  
 My Aunt ..... 1740  
 Old Ironsides. .... 2456  
 Old Man Dreams, The ..... 461  
 To an Insect... .. 1512
- HOOD, THOMAS**  
*Born in London, England, May 23,*  
*1790; died there, May 3, 1845.*  
 Bridge of Sighs, The..... 3309  
 Death-bed, The ..... 3546  
 Dream of Eugene Aram, The 2767  
 Epigram ..... 1010  
 Fair Inez ..... 959  
 Faithless Nelly Gray. .... 2126

- Faithless Sally Brown . . . 2128  
 False Poets and True . . . 3085  
 Flowers . . . 1465  
 "I Remember, I Remember" . . . 443  
 "I'm Not a Single Man" . . . 1713  
 No . . . 2048  
 Ode to Autumn . . . 1376  
 Parental Ode to My Son, A . . . 268  
 Please to Ring the Belle . . . 2130  
 Queen Mab . . . . . 237  
 Ruth . . . . . 312  
 Serenade . . . . . 704  
 Song, "A lake and a fairy boat" . . . 630  
 Song of the Shirt, The . . . 3393  
 To Minerva . . . . . 2048  
 Water Lady, The . . . . . 869
- HOOD, THOMAS, THE YOUNGER**  
*Born at Wanslead, Essex, England, January 10, 1835, died at Peckham Rye, Surrey, England, November 20, 1874*  
 Poets and Linnets . . . 1938
- HOOK, THEODORE EDWARD**  
*Born in London, England, September 22, 1788, died at Fulham, England, August 24, 1841*  
 Cautionary Verses to Youth of Both Sexes . . . 2021
- HOOKE, WILLIAM BRIAN\***  
*Born in New York City, November 2, 1880, and now living at Farmington, Conn*  
 From Life . . . . . 390  
 Portrait, A . . . . . 393
- HOOPER, ELLIN STURGIS**  
*An American verse-writer, born in 1816, died in 1841. No biographical data available*  
 Beauty and Duty . . . . . 2972  
 The Straight Road . . . . . 2973
- HOPK, LAURENCE [MRS. MALCOLM NICOLSON]**  
*Born at Stoke Bishop, Gloucestershire, England, April 9, 1865, died of poison, self-administered, at Madras, India, October 4, 1904*  
 Ashore . . . . . 916  
 Bride, The . . . . . 1108  
 Christina and His Flute . . . 916  
 Masters, The . . . . . 2947
- HOPKINSON, JOSEPH**  
*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., November 12, 1770; died there, January 15, 1842*  
 Hail Columbia . . . . . 2200
- HOPPER, NORA [MRS. WILFRID HUGH CHESSEON]\***  
*Born at Exeter, England, January 2, 1871; died in London, April 14, 1906*  
 Dark Man, The . . . . . 910  
 March . . . . . 1351  
 Marriage Charm, A . . . . . 1199
- HORACE, see FLACCUS, QUINTUS HORATIUS.**
- HORNE, HERBERT P.**  
*Born in London, England, in 1864; now living at Florence, Italy*  
 "If She be Made of White and Red" . . . . . 570  
 Nancy Dawson . . . . . 988
- HORNE, RICHARD HENGIST**  
*Born in London, England, January 1, 1803; died at Margate, England, March 13, 1881*  
 The Plow . . . . . 1652
- HOUGHTON, LORD, see MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON.**
- HOUSMAN, ALFRED EDWARD**  
*Born in Shropshire, England, March 26, 1850, died at Cambridge, England, May 1, 1936.*  
 "Along the Field as We Came by" . . . . . 856  
 Blackbird The . . . . . 1526  
 "On Wenlock Edge" . . . 1401  
 Power of Malt The . . . 2016  
 "When I was One-and-Twenty" . . . . . 857
- HOUSMAN, LAURENCE\***  
*An English writer, born July 18, 1860, and now living in London*  
 Comrades . . . . . 3008  
 The Settlers . . . . . 3536
- HOVELL-THURLOW, EDWARD [SECOND BARON THURLOW]**  
*Born in London, England, June 10, 1781; died at Brighton, England, June 4, 1820*  
 Heron, The . . . . . 1540  
 May . . . . . 1361  
 "When 'a the Woods I Wander All Alone" . . . 1390
- HOVEY, RICHARD**  
*Born at Normal, Ill., May 4, 1864; died in New York City, February 24, 1900.*  
 Accident in Art. . . . . 3112  
 At the Crossroads . . . . . 3009  
 Burney McGee . . . . . 1980  
 Chanson de Rosemonde . . . 907  
 Envoy from "More Songs from Vagabondia" . . . 3000  
 Hunting-song . . . . . 1662  
 Kavanagh, The . . . . . 2017  
 Love in the Winds . . . . . 1260  
 Sea Gipsy, The . . . . . 1688  
 Stein Song, A . . . . . 2016  
 Two Lovers, The . . . . . 1044  
 Unmanifest Destiny . . . . . 2209  
 Wander-lovers, The . . . . . 1686  
 Word of the Lord from Havana, The . . . . . 2535
- HOWARD, HENRY [EARL OF SURREY]**  
*Born in Norfolk, England, about*

1517; beheaded on Tower Hill, London,  
January 21, 1547.

The Means to Attain Happy  
Life. .... 2979

HOWARTH, ELLEN CLEMENTINE  
*Born at Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1827;  
died there in 1899.*

"'Tis but a Little Faded  
Flower"..... 3363

HOWE, JULIA WARD

*Born in New York City, May 27,  
1819; died at Newport, R. I., October 17,  
1910.*

Battle-Hymn of the Re-  
public ..... 2206

HOWELLS, MILDRED

*Born at Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 26,  
1872; now living at York Harbor, Me.*

God's Will . . . . 3736  
Moral in Sevres, A . . . . 1805

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN

*Born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March  
1, 1837; died in New York City,  
May 11, 1920.*

Song the Oriole Sings, The. 1556  
Thanksgiving, A. . . . 2933

HOWITT, MARY

*Born at Coleford, Gloucestershire,  
England, March 12, 1700; died at Rome,  
Italy, January 30, 1888.*

Broom Flower, The . . . 1468  
Buttercups and Daisies . . 117  
Fairies of the Caddon-Low,  
The . . . . . 238  
Rose of May, The . . . . 1409  
Spider and the Fly, The... 176

HOWLAND, MARY WOOLSEY

*An American writer, born in 1832;  
died in 1864.*

In the Hospital . . . . 3463

HUEFFER, FORD MADOX. See  
FORD, FORD MADOX.

HUNT, JAMES HENRY LEIGH

*Born at Southgate, near London,  
England, October 19, 1784; died at  
Pulney, England, August 28, 1859.*

Abou Ben Adhem..... 2999  
Cupid Drowned . . . . 488  
Dearest Poets, The . . . . 3085  
Fairy Song . . . . . 235  
Glove and the Lions, The.. 833  
Jaffar . . . . . 3013  
Jenny Kissed Me . . . . 687  
Nun, The... . . . . 624  
Sneezing . . . . . 2021  
To the Grasshopper and the  
Cricket..... 1510

HUNTER, ANNE

*Born in Scotland in 1742; died in  
London, England, January 7, 1821.*

"My Mother Bids me Bind  
my Hair" . . . . . 942

HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY

*Born at Ealing, near London, Eng-  
land, May 4, 1825; died at Eastbourne,  
England, June 28, 1895.*

Tennyson . . . . . 3663

## I

INGALLS, JOHN JAMES

*Born at Middleton, Mass., Decem-  
ber 20, 1833; died August 16, 1900.*

Opportunity..... 2921

INGELOW, JEAN

*Born at Boston, Lincolnshire, Eng-  
land, March 17, 1820; died at Kensing-  
ton, England July 20, 1897.*

Divided . . . . . 968  
High Tide on the Coast of  
Lincolnshire, The . . . 3318  
"Like a Laverock in the  
Lift". . . . . 1200  
Long White Seam, The. . . 1613  
"One Morning, Oh! so  
Early"... . . . 1144  
Singing-lesson, The . . . 147  
Song of the Old Love . . . 1097  
Songs of Seven . . . . 426

INGRAM, JOHN KILLS

*Born in County Donegal, Ireland, in  
1823; died in 1907.*

The Memory of the Dead . 2262

IRIS, SCHARMFL

*An American writer, living in Chi-  
cago, Ill.*

After the Martyrdom . . . 3736

IRONQUILL, see WARE, EUGENE F.

IRVING, WASHINGTON

*Born in New York City, April 3,  
1783; died at Sunnyside, near Tarry-  
town, N. Y., November 28, 1859.*

A Certain Young Lady . . 731

IRWIN, WALLACE\*

*Born at Oneida, N. Y., March 15,  
1875; and now living in New York City.*

From Romany to Rome. . . 1683

Grain of Salt, A... . . 2085

## J

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT

*Born at Amherst, Mass., October 18,  
1831; died at San Francisco, Cal.,  
August, 12 1885.*

Coronation . . . . . 2985  
My Legacy..... 3727  
Spinning. . . . . 3467

# Index of Authors

3879

## JAGO, RICHARD

Born at Beadesert, Warwickshire, England, October 1, 1715; died at Smiterfield, England, May 8, 1781.  
Absence . . . . . 912

## JANVIER, MARGARET THOMSON ["MARGARET VANDEGRIFT"]

Born at New Orleans, La., in 1815, died at Norwood, Mass., in February, 1913.  
Little Wild Baby . . . . . 1035  
The Sandman . . . . . 72

## JELlicoe, S. CHARLES

No biographical data available.  
Advice to a Lover . . . . . 1171

## JEWETT, SOPHIE

Born at Maravia, N. Y., June 3, 1801, died at Wellesley, Mass., in 1909  
"If Spirits Walk" . . . . . 1118

## JOHNS, ORRICK G.\*

Born at St. Louis, Mo., June 2, 1887, now living at N. Yack, N. Y.  
The Sea-lands . . . . . 958

## JOHNSON, E. PAULINE

A Canadian writer of Indian descent, born in 1867, died March 7, 1913  
The Song my Paddle Sings. 1676

## JOHNSON, LIONEL PIGOT

Born at Broadstairs, Kent, England, March 13, 1867, died in London, October 4, 1902  
By the Statue of King  
Charles at Charing Cross. 3598  
Comrades . . . . . 3000  
Friend, A . . . . . 3001  
Ireland . . . . . 2253  
Precept of Silence . . . . . 3351  
Te Martyrum Candidatus 3751  
To the Dead of '98 . . . . . 2261

## JOHNSON, ROBERT UNDERWOOD

Born at Washington, D. C., January 12, 1853, died in New York City, October 14, 1937  
Dewey at Manila . . . . . 2537  
English Mother, An . . . . . 2212  
Irish Love Song, An . . . . . 711  
Italian Rhapsody . . . . . 2613  
"Love Once was like an  
April Dawn" . . . . . 508  
Star Song . . . . . 673  
Ursula . . . . . 576

## JOHNSON, SAMUEL

Born at Lichfield, England, September 18, 1700, died in London, December 13, 1784.  
Epigram . . . . . 1916  
On the Death of Mr. Robert  
Levet . . . . . 3628

## JOHNSON, SAMUEL

Born at Salem, Mass., October 10, 1822; died at North Andover, Mass., February 19, 1882.  
Inspiration . . . . . 2973

## JOHNSON, WILLIAM SAMUEL

Born at Ellicottville, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1850, died at Mamaroneck, N. Y., Mar. 2, 1937  
Chiffons! . . . . . 1788

## JOHNSON-CORY, WILLIAM

Born at Torrington, Devonshire, England, January 9, 1823; died at Hampstead, England, June 11, 1892.  
Amaturus . . . . . 497  
Heracitus . . . . . 3529  
Invocation, An . . . . . 3099  
Mummers in Church . . . . . 1767  
"Oh, Earlier Shall the Rose-  
buds Blow" . . . . . 3378

## JOHNSTONE, HENRY [LORD JOHN- STONE]

Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, February 5, 1811  
The Fastidious Serpent . . . . . 2070

## JONES, FRIDRICK SCHEETZ

Born at Palmyra, Mo., April 7, 1862; now living at New Haven, Conn.  
On the Democracy of Yale 1919

## JONES, THOMAS S., JR.\*

Born at Boonville, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1882; died in New York City, Oct. 16, 1932  
Ave atque Vale . . . . . 3668  
In the Fall o' Year . . . . . 1131  
Little Ghosts, The . . . . . 436  
Sometimes . . . . . 436  
To Song . . . . . 3088

## JONES [SIR] WILLIAM

Born in London, England, September 28, 1740, died at Calcutta, India, April 27, 1791  
An Ode in Imitation of Al-  
caeus . . . . . 2236  
"On Parent Knees" . . . . . 21

## JONSON, BEN

Born in London, England, about 1573; died there, August 6, 1637  
Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H. 3516  
Epitaph on Southiel Pavv. 3516  
Her Triumph . . . . . 526  
Kiss, The . . . . . 682  
Noble Nature, The . . . . . 2836  
On the Portrait of Shakes-  
peare . . . . . 3652  
Queen Mab . . . . . 233  
Simplex Munditiis . . . . . 377  
Song, "(O, do not wanton  
with those eyes" . . . . . 592  
Song That Women are but  
Men's Shadows . . . . . 811  
Song: To Cynthia . . . . . 1320  
To Celia . . . . . 591  
To the Memory of My Be-  
loved Master William  
Shakespeare . . . . . 3650  
Venus' Runaway . . . . . 479  
Verses over the Door at the  
Entrance into the Apollo  
Room at the Devil Tavern 1988

## JORDAN, THOMAS

Born in London, England, about 1612; died there in 1685.  
Coronemus nos Rosis ante-  
quam Marcescat . . . . . 1997

## JOYCE, JAMES

*Born at Dublin, Ireland, February 2, 1882; died at Zurich, Switzerland, January, 1941.*

"Bid Adieu to Girlish Days" 1170

## K

## KAUFFMAN, REGINALD WRIGHT

*Born at Columbia, Pa., September 8, 1877; now living at Washington, D. C.*

Call, The . . . . . 509

Troia Fuit . . . . . 441

Wastrel, The . . . . . 440

## KEATS, JOHN

*Born in London, England, October 20, 1795; died at Rome, February 23, 1821.*

Dove, The . . . . . 3179

Eve of St. Agnes, The . . . 3284

Fairy Song . . . . . 237

Human Seasons, The . . . . 2

La Belle Dame sans Merci 1005

Last Sonnet . . . . . 3489

Lines on the Mermaid

Tavern . . . . . 1980

Ode on a Grecian Urn . . . . 3163

Ode to a Nightingale . . . . 1552

Ode to Psyche . . . . . 3164

On First Looking into Chap-

man's Homer . . . . . 3082

On Melancholy . . . . . 3349

On the Grasshopper and the

Cricket . . . . . 1510

On the Sea . . . . . 1588

Stanzas, "In a drear-nighted

December" . . . . . 3395

To Autumn . . . . . 1375

To Fancy . . . . . 3166

"To one Who has been Long

in City Pent" . . . . . 1653

To the Poets . . . . . 3090

"When I Have Fears" . . . . 3488

"Where be you Going, You

Devon Maid" . . . . . 732

## KEBLF, JOHN

*Born at Fairfield, Gloucestershire, England, April 25, 1702; died at Bournemouth, Hampshire, England, March 27, 1866.*

Effect of Example, The . . . . 2024

Holy Matrimony . . . . . 1197

"We Need not Bid, for

Cloistered Cell" . . . . . 3747

## KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE

*Born in London, England, November 27, 1809; died there, January 15, 1893.*

Faith . . . . . 2019

Lament of a Mocking-Bird 1544

## KEMP, HARRY HIBBARD\*

*Born at Youngstown, Ohio, December 15, 1883; now living in New York City*

Conquerors, The . . . . . 3068

Prayer, A . . . . . 2939

Resurrection . . . . . 3553

Voice of Christmas, The . . . 3750

## KENDALL, MAY

*Born at Bridlington, Yorkshire, England, in 1861, and still living there.*

Ballad, He said: "The shad-

ows darken down" . . . . . 1090

## KENYON, JAMES BENJAMIN

*Born at Frankfort, N. Y., April 26, 1858; died in New York City, May 10, 1924.*

The Play . . . . . 2854

## KEPPFL, CAROLINE

*A Scotch writer, born in 1735; date of death unknown.*

Robin Adair . . . . . 979

## KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT

*Born in Frederick County, Md., August 0, 1780; died at Washington, D. C., January 11, 1844.*

The Star-Spangled Banner 2196

## KILMER, JOYCE

*Born at New Brunswick, N. J., December 6, 1886, killed in action near the river Ourcq, in France, July 30, 1918.*

Ballade of my Lady's Beauty 575

Gates and Doors . . . . . 215

King's Ballad, The . . . . . 1123

Rouge Bouquet . . . . . 2563

Trees . . . . . 1407

## KIMBALL, HARRIET MCEWEN

*Born at Portsmouth, N. H., in November, 1834; died there September 3, 1917.*

White Azaleas . . . . . 1467

## KING, BEN [JAMIN FRANKLIN]

*Born at St. Joseph, Mich., March 17, 1857; died at Bowling Green, Ky., April 7, 1894.*

How Often . . . . . 1950

If I Should Die To-night . . . 1950

## KING, GEORGIANA GODDARD

*Born at West Columbia, W. Va., August 5, 1871; died at Bryn Mawr, Pa., May 4, 1939.*

"A Man Called Dante, I

Have Heard" . . . . . 3084

Song, "Something calls and

whispers" . . . . . 1703

## KING, HENRY

*Born at Worminghall, Buckinghamshire, England, in January, 1562; died at Chichester, England, September 30, 1660.*

A Contemplation upon

Flowers . . . . . 1466

Exequy, The . . . . . 1228

Sic Vita . . . . . 2837

## KINGSLEY, CHARLES

*Born in Devonshire, England, June 12, 1810; died at Eversley, England, January 23, 1875.*

Airly Beacon . . . . . 1040

Dolcino to Margaret . . . . . 1215

Farewell, A . . . . . 125

Last Buccaneer, The . . . . . 1630

Margaret to Dolcino . . . . . 1215

Sands of Dee, The . . . . . 1619

Sing Heigh-ho . . . . . 735

Song, "Oh! that we two

were Maying" . . . . . 885

Three Fishers, The . . . . . 1620

Tide River, The . . . . . 1415

Young and Old . . . . . 417

## KINGSLEY, HENRY

*Born at Barnack, Northamptonshire, England, in 1830; died May 24, 1876*  
Magdalen. . . . . 3735

## KINNEY, COATES

*Born at Kinney's Corners, Yates County, N. Y., November 24, 1826; died in Ohio in 1904.*  
Rain on the Roof. . . . . 458

## KIPLING, RUDYARD

*Born at Bombay, India, December 30, 1865; died in London, England, January 18, 1936.*

Ballad of East and West, The	2830
Betrothed, The	860
Certain Maxims of Hafiz	1011
Commonplaces	1016
Conundrum of the Work-shops, The	1881
Danny Deever	2203
Dedication, A	3816
Female of the Species, The	1000
"Fuzzy-Wuzzy"	2533
General Summary	1019
Gipsy Trail, The	1077
Great Heart	3018
Gunga Din	2204
If . . .	2052
Jane Smith	1020
Jam-pot, The	1030
L'Envoi	3504
Limerick "There was a small boy of Quebec"	2090
Long Trail, The	1701
Mandalay	2048
Post that Fitted, The	2046
Recessional	2248
Sons of Martha, The	3072
Vampire, The	1015
Voortrekker, The	1703

## KNOWLES, FREDERIC LAWRENCE

*Born at Lawrence, Mass., in 1869; died at Roxbury, Mass., in 1905.*

"If Love Were Jester at the Court of Death"	3471
Last Word, The	675
Laus Mortis	3487
Love Triumphant	1153
Memory, A	1152
On a Fly-leaf of Burns's Songs	3506
Song of Desire, A	1580
To Mother Nature	1209

## KNOX, WILLIAM

*Born at Firth, Roxburghshire, Scotland, August 17, 1780; died at Edinburgh, November 12, 1825.*

"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud"	3409
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## KOBBÉ, GUSTAV

*Born in New York City, March 4, 1857; died at Babylon, L. I., July 27, 1918.*

From the Harbor Hill	1041
To a Little Girl	267

## KYNASTON, [SIR] FRANCIS

*Born at Otley, Shropshire, England, in 1587; died in 1642*

To Cynthia on Concealment of her Beauty	529
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## L

### LA COSTE, MARIE RAVENEL DE

*Born in Georgia about 1812, and long a resident of Washington, D. C.*

Somebody's Darling	2318
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### LAIGHTON, ALBERT

*Born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1829; died there in 1887.*

Under the Leaves	1401
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### LAING, ALEXANDER

*Born at Brechin, Forfarshire, Scotland, May 14, 1787; died there, October 14, 1857.*

My ain Wife	1206
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### LAIRD, WILLIAM [PSEUD. OF WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN]\*

*Born in Philadelphia, Pa., March 21, 1838, now living at Lansdowne, Pa.*

A Very Old Song	1051
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### LAMAR, MIRABEAU BOUNAPARTE

*Born at Louisville, Ga., August 16, 1768, died at Richmond, Texas, December 10, 1859*

The Daughter of Mendoza	569
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### LAMB, CHARLES

*Born in London, England, February 10, 1775, died at Edmonton, England, December 27, 1834.*

Anger	113
Hester	3547
Housekeeper, The	1514
Old Familiar Faces, The	453

### LAMB, MARY ANN

*Born in London, England, in 1764; died there in 1847.*

Anger	113
Choosing a Name	14

### LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE

*Born at Warwick, England, January 30, 1775; died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864.*

Advice	1710
"Around the Child"	356
Death	3491
Defiance	728
Epigrams	1016
"Fault is not Mine, The"	831
"I Strove with None"	3491
Late Leaves	406
Maid's Lament, The	1077
"Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel"	1040
Of Clementina	729
On Music	3131
One White Hair, The	362
Plays	1010
Resignation	2993
Rose Aylmer	622
Song, "Often I have heard it said"	686



- Test, The. . . . . 831  
 Time to be Wise. . . . . 1709  
 To Age. . . . . 406  
 To the Sister of Elia. . . . . 3025  
 To Youth. . . . . 354  
 Under the Lindens. . . . . 1710  
 Verse, "Past ruined Ilion  
   Helen lives". . . . . 3080  
 Years. . . . . 407
- LANG, ANDREW**  
*Born at Selkirk, Scotland, March*  
*31, 1844; died in London, July 20,*  
*1912*  
 Ballade of a Friar . . . . . 1874  
 Ballade of Dead Ladies. . . . . 1784  
 Ballade of Middle Age . . . . . 363  
 Ballade of the Primitive Jest 1708  
 Homeric Unity. . . . . 3083  
 Lost Love. . . . . 849  
 Man and the Ascidian . . . . . 1805  
 Odyssey, The . . . . . 3083  
 Old Tune, An. . . . . 920  
 Romance . . . . . 1120  
 Scythe Song . . . . . 1371  
 Villon's Ballade. . . . . 1858
- LANIER, SIDNEY**  
*Born at Macon, Ga., February 3,*  
*1842; died at Lynn, N. C., September 8,*  
*1881.*  
 Ballad of Trees and the  
   Master, The . . . . . 3776  
 Marshes of Glynn, The . . . . . 1426  
 Song of the Chattahoochee 1423
- LANIER, SIDNEY and CLIFFORD**  
 The Power of Prayer. . . . . 2038
- LANIGAN, GEORGE THOMAS**  
*Born on the St. Charles river, Canada,*  
*December 10, 1845; died at Philadelphia,*  
*Pa., February 5, 1886.*  
 A Threnody. . . . . 2069
- LARCOM, LUCY**  
*Born at Beverly, Mass., in 1824;*  
*died at Boston, April 17, 1893.*  
 Brown Thrush, The. . . . . 105  
 Hannah Binding Shoes. . . . . 1624  
 Strip of Blue, A. . . . . 1647
- LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS**  
*Born at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands,*  
*August 25, 1851; died in New York*  
*City, April 10, 1808.*  
 Child's Wish Granted, The 320  
 Keenan's Charge . . . . . 2497
- LAZARUS, EMMA**  
*Born in New York City, July 22,*  
*1840; died there in 1887.*  
 The Crowing of the Red Cock 3254  
 The World's Justice . . . . . 3255
- LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD\***  
*Born at Liverpool, England, Jan-*  
*uary 20, 1866; now living in Paris,*  
*France*  
 Old Man's Song, An . . . . . 425  
 Passionate Reader to His  
   Poet, The . . . . . 3102  
 Second Crucifixion, The . . . . . 3749
- Song, "She's somewhere in  
 the sunlight strong" . . . . . 905  
 Song, "Take it, love" . . . . . 510  
 Songs for Fragoletta . . . . . 12  
 Spirit of Sadness . . . . . 3362  
 What of the Darkness . . . . . 3515  
 Wife from Fairyland, The 1130
- LEA, FANNIE HEASLIP [MRS.  
 HAMILTON POPE AGEE]**  
*Born at New Orleans, La., October 30,*  
*1884; now living at Honolulu, Hawaii.*  
 The Dead Faith. . . . . 3396
- LEAR, EDWARD**  
*Born in London, England, May 12,*  
*1812; died at San Remo, Italy, in 1838.*  
 Courtship of the Yonghy-  
   Bonghy-Bô, The . . . . . 2054  
 Jumbles, The . . . . . 2050  
 Nonsense Verses . . . . . 2057  
 Owl and the Pussy-cat, The 2052  
 Pobble Who Has no Toes  
   The . . . . . 2053
- LEARNED, WALTER**  
*Born at New London, Conn., June*  
*22, 1847; died there December 11, 1915*  
 Growing Old . . . . . 742  
 In Explanation . . . . . 743  
 On the Fly-leaf of a Book of  
   Old Plays . . . . . 1806  
 Prime of Life, The. . . . . 805  
 Time's Revenge. . . . . 743  
 To Critics . . . . . 366
- LECKY, WILLIAM EDWARD HART-  
 POLE**  
*Born near Dublin, Ireland, March 26,*  
*1838, died there October 22, 1903.*  
 On an Old Song. . . . . 3087
- LEDoux, LOUIS VERNON\***  
*Born in New York City, June 6,*  
*1830; now living at Cornwall-on-the*  
*Hudson, N. Y.*  
 At Sunset. . . . . 1144
- LEE-HAMILTON, EUGENE JACOB \***  
*Born in London, England, January*  
*6, 1845; died at the Bagno di Lucca,*  
*Italy, September 7, 1907*  
 Sonnets from "Mimma  
   Bella". . . . . 323
- LEHMANN, RUDOLPH CHAMBERS\***  
*Born near Sheffield, England, Janu-*  
*ary 3, 1856; died at Bourne End, Bucks,*  
*England, in 1929.*  
 Middle Age . . . . . 363
- LEIGH, HENRY SAMBROOKE**  
*Born in London, England, March 29,*  
*1837; died there, June 16, 1883*  
 Only Seven . . . . . 1925  
 'Twas Ever Thus . . . . . 1930  
 Twins, The . . . . . 2068
- LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY**  
*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., August 15,*  
*1824; died at Florence, Italy, March 20,*  
*1903.*  
 El Capitan-General . . . . . 2026  
 Hans Breitmann's Party 2152  
 The Legend of Heinz von  
   Stein. . . . . 2028

- LETTIS, WINIFRED M.\***  
*Born in Ireland in 1887; now living in Dublin.*  
 The Spires of Oxford . . . 2560
- LEVER, CHARLES JAMES**  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, August 31, 1806; died at Trieste, Austria-Hungary, June 1, 1872.*  
 "The Pope He Leads a  
 Happy Life . . . 2137  
 The Widow Malone . . . 1973
- LEWIS, MATTHEW GREGORY**  
*Born in London, England, July 9, 1775; died at sea, of yellow fever, May 11, 1818.*  
 Allan Water . . . 1042
- LIDDELL, CATHERINE C.**  
*An English writer, born in 1818.*  
 Jesus the Carpenter . . . 3708
- LINDSAY, [NICHOLAS] VACHEL.\***  
*Born at Springfield, Ill., November 10, 1870; committed suicide there, December 5, 1931.*  
 Abraham Lincoln Walks at  
 Midnight . . . 2553  
 Eagle that is Forgotten, The . . . 3587  
 General William Booth  
 Enters into Heaven . . . 3593  
 Knight in Disguise, The . . . 3010
- LIPPMAN, JULIA MATHILDE**  
*Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., June 27, 1861.*  
 Love and Life . . . 924
- LISSAUER, ERNST**  
*A German writer, born in 1882; died at Vienna, Austria, December 10, 1937.*  
 Hassgesang gegen England. . . 3846
- LITCHFIELD, GRACE DENIO**  
*Born in New York City, November 19, 1840; present address, Washington, D. C.*  
 My Other Me . . . 436
- LOCHORE, ROBERT**  
*Born at Strathaven Lanarkshire, Scotland, July 7, 1762; died at Glasgow, April 27, 1852.*  
 Marriage and the Care O't . . . 748
- LOCKER-LAMPSON, FREDERICK**  
*Born at Greenwich, England, May 29, 1821; died at Roufaut, England, May 30, 1895.*  
 At Her Window . . . 708  
 Cuckoo, The . . . 1537  
 Garden Lyric, A . . . 1732  
 Love, Time, and Death . . . 3458  
 Mrs Smith . . . 1733  
 My Mistress's Boots . . . 1730  
 Nice Correspondent, A . . . 1812  
 Rhyme of One, A . . . 8  
 St. James's Street . . . 2599  
 Skeleton in the Cupboard,  
 The . . . 1734  
 Terrible Infant, A . . . 1736  
 To My Grandmother . . . 1728  
 Widow's Mite, The . . . 3554
- LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON**  
*Born at Cambusnethan, Scotland, July 13, 1794; died at Abbotsford, November 25, 1834.*  
 The Wandering Knight's  
 Song . . . 626
- LODGE, THOMAS**  
*Born probably in London, England, about 1556; died there in 1625.*  
 Rosalind's Madrigal . . . 477
- LOGAN, GEORGE B., JR.**  
*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., January 27, 1892; now living at Chapel Hill, N. C.*  
 Dawn . . . 1328
- LOGAN, JOHN**  
*Born at Soutra, Fala, Midlothian, Scotland, in 1748; died in London, December 25, 1788.*  
 The Braes of Yarrow . . . 1065  
 To the Cuckoo . . . 1536
- LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH**  
*Born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882.*  
 Arrow and the Song, The . . . 2923  
 Arsenal at Springfield, The . . . 3069  
 Ballad of the French Fleet, A . . . 2421  
 Belfry of Bruges, The . . . 2627  
 Bridge, The . . . 3356  
 Children's Hour, The . . . 252  
 Christmas Bells . . . 211  
 Day-break . . . 3443  
 "Day is Done, The" . . . 3355  
 Divina Commedia . . . 3084  
 Endymion . . . 500  
 Excelsior . . . 2015  
 Fire of Drift-wood, The . . . 3236  
 Flowers . . . 1463  
 God's Acre . . . 3439  
 Hymn to the Night . . . 1327  
 Maidenhaai . . . 327  
 My Lost Youth . . . 444  
 Nature . . . 1301  
 Nuremberg . . . 2632  
 Old Clock on the Stairs, The . . . 3242  
 Paul Revere's Ride . . . 2422  
 Psalm of Life, A . . . 2014  
 Rainy Day, The . . . 3350  
 Reaper and the Flowers, The . . . 3418  
 Resignation . . . 3510  
 Seaweed . . . 3094  
 Serenade from "The Span-  
 ish Student" . . . 705  
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert . . . 2368  
 Skeleton in Armor, The . . . 3323  
 Song, "Stay, stay at home,  
 my heart, and rest" . . . 3232  
 Song of the Silent Land . . . 3456  
 There Was a Little Girl . . . 113  
 Three Kings, The . . . 216  
 Village Blacksmith, The . . . 2016  
 Warden of the Cinque Ports . . . 3670  
 Wreck of the Hesperus, The . . . 2461
- LOVELACE, RICHARD**  
*Born in Kent, England, in 1618; died in London, in 1658.*  
 Rose, The . . . 696

- To Althea, from Prison... 605  
 To Aramantha... 533  
 To Lucasta, Going beyond  
 the Seas... 933  
 To Lucasta, Going to the  
 Wars... 933
- LOVEMAN, ROBERT**  
*Born at Cleveland, Ohio, April 11,  
 1864; died at Hot Springs, Ark., July  
 10, 1923.*  
 April Rain... 1442
- LOVER, SAMUEL**  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, February 24,  
 1797; died at St Heliers, Jersey, July  
 5, 1868.*  
 Ask and Have... 754  
 Birth of St. Patrick, The... 1966  
 Father Land and Mother  
 Tongue... 3250  
 Father Molloy... 1958  
 Low-backed Car, The... 777  
 Paddy O'Rafter... 1960  
 Rory O'More, or, Good  
 Omens... 753  
 Widow Machree... 1074
- LOW, BENJAMIN ROBBINS CURTIS\***  
*Born at Fairhaven, Mass., June 22,  
 1880; died in New York City, June 22,  
 1941.*  
 To-day... 663
- LOWELL, AMY**  
*Born in Brookline, Mass., February  
 9, 1874; died there, May 12, 1925.*  
 Crowned... 851  
 Patterns... 1134
- LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL**  
*Born at Cambridge, Mass., February  
 22, 1819; died there, August 12, 1891.*  
 Aladdin... 357  
 Auf Wiedersehen... 990  
 Auspex... 433  
 Courtin', The... 730  
 Debate in the Sennit, The... 1840  
 Fatherland, The... 3260  
 First Snow-fall, The... 315  
 Hebe... 852  
 Heritage, The... 263  
 In the Twilight... 450  
 June... 1367  
 My Love... 1213  
 Ode Recited at the Harvard  
 Commemoration... 2518  
 She Came and Went... 314  
 To the Dandelion... 1481  
 Washers of the Shroud, The... 2488  
 What Mr. Robinson Thinks... 1839  
 Without and Within... 1764
- LOWELL, MARIA WHITE**  
*Born at Watertown, Mass., July 8  
 1821; died at Cambridge, Mass., October  
 27, 1853.*  
 The Morning-Glory... 312
- LOWELL, ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE**  
*Born at Boston, Mass., October 8,  
 1816; died at Schenectady, N. Y.,  
 September 12, 1801.*  
 The Relief of Lucknow... 2475
- LUCAS, EDWARD VERRALL**  
*An English writer, born in 1868 and  
 now living in London.*  
 Clay... 1768  
 Friends... 3000  
 Mr. Coggs... 162
- LUCAS, ST. JOHN**  
*Born at Rugby, England, January  
 22, 1879; now living in London.*  
 Pain... 3353
- LUCE, MORTON**  
*Born at High Wycombe, Buckingham-  
 shire, England, May 7, 1849*  
 Sonnets from "Thysia"... 1273
- LÜDERS, CHARLES HENRY**  
*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1858;  
 died there in 1891.*  
 A Corsage Bouquet... 1783  
 The Four Winds... 1123
- LULHAM, HARBERTON**  
*No biographical data available.*  
 Nested... 1176
- LUTHER, MARTIN**  
*Born at Eisleben, Prussian Saxony,  
 November 10, 1483; died there, Febru-  
 ary 18, 1546.*  
 Ein Feste Burg... 3831
- LYLY, JOHN**  
*Born in the Weald of Kent, England,  
 about 1554; died in London in Novem-  
 ber, 1606*  
 Apollo's Song... 520  
 Cupid and Campaspe... 520
- LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS**  
*Born at Kelso, Scotland, June 1,  
 1793; died at Nice, France, November  
 20, 1847.*  
 "Abide with Me"... 3802
- LYTLE, WILLIAM HAINES**  
*Born at Cincinnati, Ohio, November  
 2, 1826; killed in the battle of Chuka-  
 mauga, September 20, 1863.*  
 Antony to Cleopatra... 2346
- LYTTLETON, LUCY (MRS. C. F.  
 MASTERMAN)**  
*An English writer, born in 1884,  
 and now living in London*  
 Simon the Cyrenean... 3753
- LYTTLETON, GEORGE [FIRST BARON  
 LYTTLETON]**  
*Born at Hagley, Worcestershire, Eng-  
 land, January 17, 1709; died there  
 August 22, 1773.*  
 "Tell me, my Heart, if This  
 be Love"... 535
- LYTTON, EDWARD GEORGE EARLE  
 LYTTON BULWER [FIRST  
 BARON LYTTON]**  
*Born in London, England, May 25,  
 1803; died at Torquay, Devonshire,  
 England, January 18, 1873.*  
 Night and Love... 710

- LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT LYTTON**  
**BULWER** [FIRST EARL OF LYTTON] [OWEN MEREDITH]  
*Born in London, Eng., Nov. 8, 1831.*  
*died in Paris, France, Nov. 24, 1891.*  
 Aux Italiens ..... 889  
 Chess-board, The..... 888  
 Portrait, The..... 1025  
 Since we Parted..... 641

## M

- MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON**  
 [FIRST BARON MACAULAY]  
*Born in Leicestershire, Eng., Oct. 25, 1800, died in London, Dec. 28, 1859.*  
 Armada, The ..... 2370  
 Battle of Naseby, The..... 2392  
 Horatius at the Bridge ... 2320  
 Ivory ..... 2374  
 Last Buccaneer, The . . . 1631

- MCCARTHY DENIS ALOYSIUS**  
*Born in County Tipperary, Ireland, July 25, 1879, died at Cambridge, Mass., August 18, 1931.*  
 "Ah, Sweet is Tipperary" 2608

- MCCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE**  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, May 26, 1817, died at Blackrock, near Dublin, April 7, 1882.*  
 Summer Longings . . . 1363

- MCCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLY**  
*Born at Liverpool, England, in 1860; died in London, March 21, 1930.*  
 A Ballad of Dead Ladies. 1785  
 If I Were King. . . . . 1786

- MCCRAE, JOHN**  
*Born at Guelph, Ontario, Canada, in 1872, died in an army hospital at Wimereux, France, January 28, 1918.*  
 In Flanders Fields . . . 2560

- MCCREERY, JOHN LUCKEY**  
*Born at Sweden, Monroe County, N. Y., December 21, 1835, died at Duluth, Minn., September 8, 1906.*  
 "There is no Death"... . 3763

- MACDERMOTT, MARTIN**  
*Born at Dublin, Ire., April 8, 1823; died at Bristol, Eng., April 25, 1905.*  
 "Girl of the Red Mouth". 568

- MACDONALD, GEORGE**  
*Born at Huntly, West Aberdeenshire, Scotland, December 10, 1824; died at Ashstead, England, September 18, 1905.*  
 Baby. . . . . 4  
 Epigram. . . . . 1917  
 Little White Lily.... . 137  
 Sir Lark and King Sun; A Parable. . . . . 180  
 That Holy Thing ..... 3774  
 What Christ Said . . . . 3774  
 Wind and the Moon, The.. 133

- MCGAFFEY, ERNEST**  
*A Canadian poet, born in 1861, and now living at Victoria, British Columbia.*  
 "I Fear no Power a Woman Wields". . . . . 1659

- MCGEE, THOMAS D'ARCY**  
*Born at Carlingford, County Louth, Ireland, April 13, 1825; came to America in 1842; murdered at Ottawa, Canada, April 7, 1888.*  
 The Irish Wife..... 1207

- MCGIFFERT, GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON**  
*Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and now living in New York City.*  
 A Maine Trail . . . . . 1681

- MCGROARTY, JOHN STEVEN**  
*Born in Luzerne County, Pa., August 20, 1862, now living at Los Angeles, Cal.*  
 "Blow, Bugles, Blow". . . 2316  
 The King's Highway. . . . 1685  
 The Port o' Heart's Desire. 1604

- MACKAY, CHARLES**  
*Born at Perth, Scotland, March 27, 1814; died in London, December 24, 1889.*  
 Little and Great..... 2925  
 The Miller of the Dee. . . . 2082  
 Vixi. . . . . 3221

- MACKAY, ISABEL ECCLESTONE**  
*Born at Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, in 1875; now living at Vancouver, British Columbia.*  
 "When as a Lad"... . . 356

- MACKENZIE, H. C. COMPTON**  
*Born at West Hartlepool, England, January 17, 1883; now living in London.*  
 A Song of Parting . . . . . 975

- MACKINTOSH, NEWTON**  
*Born at Jamaica Plain, Mass., January 9, 1858.*  
 Lucy Lake..... 1926

- MACLEOD, FIONA, see SHARP, WILLIAM**

- MCLEOD, IRENE RUTHERFORD**  
 [MRS. A. DE SÉLINCOURT]\*  
*Born in England, August 21, 1891, and now living in London.*  
 Song, "How do I love you" 580  
 "Where My Beloved Sleeping Lies". . . . . 924

- MACMANUS, MRS. SEUMAS, see CARBERY, ETHNA**

- MACMANUS, THEODORE F.**  
*Born at Buffalo, N. Y., November 29, 1872; now living at Pontiac, Mich.*  
 Cave Sedem..... 2036

- MCMASTER, GUY HUMPHREYS**  
*Born at Clyde, N. Y., January 31, 1829; died at Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., September 13, 1887.*  
 Carmen Bellicosum..... 2433

- MAGINN, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Cork, Ireland, July 10, 1893;*

died at *Walton-on-Thames, England*,  
August 21, 1842.

"I Give My Soldier Boy a  
Blade" . . . . . 2287  
The Irishman and the Lady. 1962

**MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER**

[FATHER PROUT]

Born at *Cork, Ireland*, in 1804; died  
at *Paris, France*, May 18, 1860.

The Bells of Shandon . . . . 2610  
The Sabine Farmer's Sere-  
nade . . . . . 1971

**MAITLAND, DOLLIE**, see **RADFORD**,  
**MRS. ERNEST**

**MALONE, WALTER**

Born in *De Soto county, Miss.*,  
February 10, 1866; died at *Memphis*,  
*Tenn.*, May 18, 1915

Agnostic's Creed, The. . . . 2863  
Opportunity . . . . . 2922

**MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE**

Born at *Dublin, Ireland*, May 1, 1803;  
died in *Mecath Hospital*, June 30, 1840.

Dark Rosaleen . . . . . 2219  
The Nameless One . . . . . 3365

**MANNING, FREDERIC**

An English writer, now living at  
*Edenham, Bourne, Lincolnshire*.

Kore . . . . . 1382

**MANSFIELD, RICHARD**

Born on the island of *Helsoland*,  
May 24, 1857; came to America at the  
age of seventeen; died August 30, 1907.

The Eagle's Song . . . . . 2207

**MARKHAM, EDWIN\***

Born at *Oregon City, Ore.*, April 23,  
1852; died at *Westerleigh, Staten Island*,  
*N. Y.*, March 7, 1910.

Invisible Bride, The . . . . 1132  
Joy of the Morning . . . . 3100  
Lincoln, the Man of the  
People . . . . . 3639  
The Man with the Hoe . . . 3041  
The Wharf of Dreams . . . . 3224

**MARKS, MRS. L. S.**, see **PEABODY**,  
**JOSEPHINE PRESTON**.

**MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER**

Born at *Canterbury, England*, in  
February, 1564; killed in a street fight  
at *Deptford*, June 1, 1593.

The Passionate Shepherd to  
his Love . . . . . 584

**MAROT, CLEMENT**

Born at *Cahors, France*, in 1405;  
died at *Turin, Italy*, in 1534.

Ballade de Frère Lubin . . . 3838

**MARQUIS, DON [ROBERT PERRY]\***

Born at *Walnut, Bureau County, Ill.*,  
July 20, 1878; died at *Forest Hills*,  
*N. Y.*, December 20, 1937.

A Little While . . . . . 2911  
The God-maker, Man . . . . 3065  
The Name . . . . . 2868

**MARRYAT, FREDERICK**

Born in *London, England*, July 10,  
1792; died at *Langham, Norfolk, Eng-*  
*land*, August 9, 1848.

"The Captain Stood on the  
Carronade" . . . . . 2125

**MARSTON, PHILIP BOURKE**

Born in *London, England*, August 13,  
1850; died there, February 13, 1887.

After . . . . . 898  
After Summer . . . . . 899  
At the Last . . . . . 1261  
How My Songs of Her Began . . 1260  
If You Were Here . . . . . 981  
Old Churchyard of Bon-  
church, The . . . . . 3436

**MARTIN, ADA LOUISE**

No biographical data available.

Sleep . . . . . 3222

**MARTIN, EDWARD SANDFORD**

Born at *Owasco, N. Y.*, January 2,  
1856; died in *New York City*, June 13,  
1930.

A Girl of Pompeii . . . . . 280  
A Little Brother of the Rich . . 1859

**MARVELL, ANDREW**

Born at *Wineslead, in Holderness*,  
*Yorkshire, England*, March 31, 1621;  
died in *London*, August 18, 1678

Bermudas . . . . . 2566  
Garden, A . . . . . 1418  
Garden, The . . . . . 1446  
Horatian Ode upon Crom-  
well's Return from Ire-  
land, An . . . . . 2400  
Nymph Complaining for the  
Death of Her Fawn . . . . 1819  
Picture of Little T. C. in a  
Prospect of Flowers, The. . . 273  
To His Coy Mistress . . . . . 607

**MARZIALS, THÉOPHILE JULIUS**

**HENRY**

An English writer, born in *Brussels*,  
*Belgium*, in 1850, and afterwards a resi-  
dent of *London*.

May Margaret . . . . . 1145  
Pastoral, A . . . . . 1167  
Tragedy, A . . . . . 1040  
Twickenham Ferry . . . . . 761

**MASEFIELD, JOHN\***

Born at *Ladbury, Hertfordshire, Eng-*  
*land*, June 1, 1878; now living at *Boar's*  
*Hill, near Oxford*.

August, 1914 . . . . . 2546  
C. L. M. . . . . 397  
Sea Fever . . . . . 1590  
Seekers, The . . . . . 2863  
Sonnets . . . . . 3401

**MASON, CAROLINE ATWATER**

Born at *Providence, R. I.*, July 10,  
1853; died at *Beverly, Mass.*, May 2,  
1939.

"En Voyage" . . . . . 2993

**MASSEY, GERALD**

Born near *Tring, England*. May 29,

- 1828; died at South Norwood, England, October 29, 1907.  
 England. . . . . 2240  
 His Banner Over Me. . . . . 3768  
 "O, Lay Thy Hand in Mine, Dear", . . . . . 1228  
 Our Wee White Rose. . . . . 26  
 Parting. . . . . 984
- MASTERMAN, MRS. C. F., see  
 LYTTELTON, LUCY.
- MAXWELL, [SIR] WILLIAM STIR-  
 LING, see STIRLING-MAXWELL,  
 SIR WILLIAM.
- MAY, CURTIS  
*No biographical data available.*  
 Tucking The Baby In. . . . . 93
- MAYNE, JOHN  
*Born at Dumfries, Scotland, March*  
*26, 1759; died in London, England,*  
*March 14, 1836.*  
 Hallowe'en. . . . . 2028
- MEREDITH, GEORGE  
*Born in Hampshire, England,*  
*February 3, 1828; died in London,*  
*May 18, 1909.*  
 Juggling Jerry. . . . . 3312  
 Lines. . . . . 1153  
 Love in the Valley. . . . . 550  
 Lucifer in Starlight. . . . . 3771  
 Marlan. . . . . 502  
 Question Whither, The. . . . . 2860  
 Stanzas from "Modern  
 Love". . . . . 1264
- MEREDITH, OWEN, see LYTTON,  
 EDWARD ROBERT LYTTON  
 BULWER.
- MEREDITH, WILLIAM TUCKER  
*An American writer, born in 1839*  
 Farragut. . . . . 2507
- MERIVALE, HERMAN CHARLES  
*Born at Dawlish, Devonshire, Eng-*  
*land, November 8, 1806; died in London,*  
*February 9, 1874.*  
 "Ready, Ay, Ready". . . . . 2234
- MERRICK, JAMES  
*Born at Reading, England, in 1720;*  
*died there in 1769.*  
 The Chameleon. . . . . 1875
- MESSINGER, ROBERT HINCKLEY  
*Born at Boston, Mass., in 1811, died*  
*at Stamford, Conn., October 1, 1874.*  
 Give Me the Old. . . . . 2011
- MEYNELL, [MRS.] ALICE CHRIS-  
 TIANA [THOMPSON]\*  
*Born in London, England, in 1850;*  
*died there November 27, 1922.*  
 At Night. . . . . 674  
 In Early Spring. . . . . 1335  
 Lady Poverty, The. . . . . 2934  
 "My Heart Shall be Thy  
 Garden". . . . . 673  
 Renouncement. . . . . 1263
- San Lorenzo Guistiniani's  
 Mother. . . . . 3775  
 Shepherdess, The. . . . . 393
- MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS  
*Born at Langholm, Dumfriesshire,*  
*Scotland, September 28, 1735; died at*  
*Forest Hill, near Oxford, England, Octo-*  
*ber 28, 1788.*  
 The Sailor's Wife. . . . . 1217
- MIDDLETON, RICHARD  
*An English writer, born in 1882;*  
*committed suicide in Brussels in De-*  
*cember, 1911.*  
 Any Lover, Any Lass. . . . . 578  
 Dream Song. . . . . 236  
 For He Had Great Posses-  
 sions. . . . . 886  
 Lass that Died of Love, The. . . . . 1052  
 Serenade. . . . . 714  
 Song of the King's Minstrel,  
 The. . . . . 1056
- MIDDLETON, THOMAS  
*Born probably in London, England,*  
*about 1570; died at Newington Butts,*  
*England, in 1627.*  
 Lips and Eyes. . . . . 682
- MIFFLIN, LLOYD  
*Born at Columbia, Pa., September 15,*  
*1846, died at Norwood, Pa., July 16,*  
*1921.*  
 Flight, The. . . . . 3575  
 "Harvest Waits, The". . . . . 3734  
 He Made the Night. . . . . 1326  
 Sesostris. . . . . 2847  
 Sovereigns, The. . . . . 3105
- MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT [MRS.  
 EUGEN BOISSEvain]\*  
*Born at Rockland, Me., February 22,*  
*1892; now living in New York City.*  
 Ashes of Life. . . . . 929  
 God's World. . . . . 1302  
 Renascence. . . . . 3192
- MILLER, EMILY H. INTINGTON  
*Born at Brooklyn, Conn., October 22,*  
*1833; died at St. Paul, Minn., No-*  
*vember 2, 1913.*  
 The Land of Heart's Desire. . . . . 1206  
 The Wood-Dove's Note. . . . . 1583
- MILLER, JOAQUIN [CINCINNATUS  
 HINER]  
*Born in Wabash District, Indiana,*  
*November 10, 1839; died at Oakland*  
*Heights, Cal., February 17, 1913.*  
 Columbus. . . . . 2366  
 Defence of the Alamo, The. . . . . 2458  
 In Men Whom Men Con-  
 demn as Ill. . . . . 3058  
 Song, "There is many a  
 love". . . . . 693  
 Tantalus—Texas. . . . . 1007
- MILLER, WILLIAM  
*Born at Glasgow, Scotland, in August*  
*1810; died there, August 20, 1872.*  
 Willie Winkie. . . . . 72

**MILLIGAN, ALICE**

*Born at Omagh, Co. Tyrone, Ireland; and now living in Dublin*  
*Fainne Gael an Lae* . . . . . 2265

**MILLIKIN, RICHARD ALFRED**

*Born at Castlemartyr, County Cork, Ireland, September 8, 1707; died at Cork, December 16, 1815.*

*The Groves of Blarney* . . . . . 2609

**MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON**  
[FIRST BARON HOUGHTON]

*Born in London, England, June 19, 1809; died at Vichy, France, August 11, 1885.*

*Brookside, The* . . . . . 1147  
*In Memoriam* . . . . . 3545  
*Palm-tree and the Pine, The* . . . . . 963  
*Shadows* . . . . . 837

**MILTON, JOHN**

*Born in London, England, December 9, 1608; died there, November 8, 1674.*

*At a Solemn Music* . . . . . 3125  
*Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare* . . . . . 3653  
*Il Penseroso* . . . . . 3147  
*L'Allegro* . . . . . 3143  
*Lycidas* . . . . . 3519  
*On His Blindness* . . . . . 2844  
*On the Late Massacre in Piedmont* . . . . . 2404  
*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* . . . . . 223  
*Song: On May Morning* . . . . . 1358  
*Sonnet, "How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth"* . . . . . 359  
*Sonnet on His Having Arrived to the Age of Twenty-three* . . . . . 350  
*To the Nightingale* . . . . . 1551

**MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT [MRS. WILLIAM SANBORN YOUNG] \***

*An American writer, born in San Francisco, and now living at Los Gatos, California.*

*The Night Court* . . . . . 3055

**MITCHELL, (ILAS) WEIR**

*Born in Philadelphia, February 15, 1829; died there January 4, 1914.*

*Good-night* . . . . . 679

**MITCHELL, WALTER**

*Born at Nantucket, Mass., January 22, 1826; died in New York City in 1908.*

*Tacking Ship Off Shore* . . . . . 1595

**MONKHOUSE, WILLIAM COSMO**

*Born in London, England, March 18, 1840; died at Skegness, England, July 2, 1901.*

*Dead March, A* . . . . . 3540  
*Limerick* . . . . . 2089  
*Song of the Seasons, A* . . . . . 1331  
*To a New-born Child* . . . . . 9

**MONRO, HAROLD \***

*Born in Brussels, Belgium, in 1870; died in London, England, March 16, 1932.*

*Dawn of Womanhood* . . . . . 390  
*"She Was Young and Blithe and Fair"* . . . . . 1051  
*Suburb* . . . . . 859

**MONROE, HARRIET \***

*Born at Chicago, Ill., in 1860; died at Arequipa, Peru, September 20, 1936.*

*"I Love my Life, but not Too Well"* . . . . . 681  
*Mountain Song* . . . . . 3181  
*Now* . . . . . 2573  
*Shadow-Child, The* . . . . . 288

**MONTENAFKIN, LÉON LOUIS MOREAU CONSTANT CORNFILLE VAN**

*Born at Antwerp, Belgium, February 26, 1859; last known address, Seville, Spain.*

*Peu de Chose et Presque Trop* . . . . . 3848

**MONTGOMERY, JAMES**

*Born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4, 1771; died, April 30, 1851.*

*At Home in Heaven* . . . . . 3702  
*Christ Our Example in Suffering* . . . . . 3709  
*Field Flower, A* . . . . . 1476  
*Good Tidings of Great Joy to all People* . . . . . 3798  
*Night* . . . . . 1125  
*Patriot's Pass-word, The* . . . . . 2353

**MONTGOMERY, MARY, see FANE, VIOLET.****MONTROSE, MARQUIS of, see GRAHAM, JAMES****MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHN**

*Born at Spencer, Ind., July 8, 1860; died at Colorado Springs, Col., October 17, 1910.*

*An Ode in Time of Hesitation* . . . . . 2211  
*Gloucester Moors* . . . . . 2569  
*"Of Wounds and Sore De-feat"* . . . . . 2910  
*On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines* . . . . . 2210  
*The Serf's Secret* . . . . . 667

**MOORE, CHARLES LEONARD**

*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., March 16, 1854; now living in New York City*  
*"The Spring Returns"* . . . . . 1319

**MOORE, CLEMENT CLARKE**

*Born in New York City, July 15, 1779; died at Newport, R. I., July 10, 1863.*

*A Visit from St. Nicholas* . . . . . 221

**MOORE, THOMAS**

*Born at Dublin, Ireland, May 28, 1779; died at Bromham, near Devizes, England, February 25, 1852.*

*At the Mid Hour of Night* . . . . . 1070  
*"Believe Me, if all those Endearing Young Charms"* . . . . . 624  
*"Bird, Let Loose in Eastern Skies, The"* . . . . . 3715

- Canadian Boat-song . . . 1426  
 Cupid Stung . . . . . 488  
 Dear Fanny . . . . . 730  
 Epigrams . . . . . 1918  
 "Farewell! But Whenever" . . . 3015  
 "Fill the Bumper Fair" . . . 2002  
 Journey Onwards, The . . . 3300  
 Light of Other Days, The . . . 454  
 Love's Young Dream . . . . . 864  
 Minstrel Boy, The . . . . . 2302  
 My Birth-day . . . . . 358  
 "Oh, Breathe Not His  
 Name" . . . . . 3609  
 "Peace to the Slumber-  
 ers" . . . . . 2302  
 "Row Gently Here" . . . . . 700  
 "She is Far from the Land"  
 Snake, The . . . . . 831  
 Sweet Innis-fallen . . . . . 2607  
 "Take Back the Virgin  
 Page" . . . . . 623  
 Temple of Friendship, A . . . 832  
 "This World is all a Fleet-  
 ing Show" . . . . . 3699  
 "Time I've Lost in Wooing,  
 The" . . . . . 729  
 " 'Tis the Last Rose of Sum-  
 mer" . . . . . 1505  
 To Fanny . . . . . 1711  
 When I Loved You . . . . . 832  
 "Wreath the Bowl" . . . . . 2003  
 "Young May Moon, The". . . 699
- MORGAN, BESSIE**  
*An American writer, no biographical  
 data available.*  
 "Specially Jim" . . . . . 2183
- MORRIS, CHARLES**  
*Born, probably at Bell Bridge, near  
 Carlisle, England, in 1745; died at  
 Brookham, England, July 11, 1838.*  
 "A Reason Fair to Fill my  
 Glass" . . . . . 1907
- MORRIS, GEORGE POPE**  
*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., October 10,  
 1802; died in New York City, July 6,  
 1863.*  
 The Retort . . . . . 2175  
 "Woodman, Spare that  
 Tree" . . . . . 1409
- MORRIS, HARRISON SMITH**  
*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., October 4,  
 1856, and still living there.*  
 June . . . . . 1369
- MORRIS, [SIR] LEWIS**  
*Born at Carmarthen, Wales, Janu-  
 ary 23, 1833; died at Penbryn, Wales,  
 November 12, 1907.*  
 The Surface and the Depths . . . 499  
 To a Child of Fancy . . . . . 340
- MORRIS, WILLIAM**  
*Born near London, England, March  
 24, 1834; died in London, Oct. 3, 1896.*  
 March . . . . . 1350  
 Nymph's Song to Hylas,  
 The . . . . . 894
- Praise of My Lady . . . . . 562  
 Shameful Death . . . . . 2746  
 Singer's Prelude, The . . . . . 3080  
 Song, "Fair is the night, and  
 fair the day" . . . . . 977  
 Voice of Toil, The . . . . . 3017
- MORSE, SIDNEY HENRY**  
*No biographical data available.*  
 The Way . . . . . 2973
- MORTON, DAVID\***  
*Born at Elkton, Ky., February 21,  
 1886; now living at Amherst, Mass.*  
 Immortals . . . . . 3401
- MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Glazgow, Scotland, October 13,  
 1797; died there, November 1, 1835.*  
 Cavalier's Song, The . . . . . 2282  
 Jeanie Morrison . . . . . 955  
 Last Verses . . . . . 3496  
 "Sing on, Blithe Bird" . . . 102
- MOULTON, LOUISE CHANDLER**  
*Born at Pomfret, Conn., April 10,  
 1835; died at Boston, Mass., in 1908.*  
 Laus Veneris . . . . . 913  
 Love's Resurrection Day . . . 1112  
 Shadow Dance, The . . . . . 856  
 Somebody's Child . . . . . 345  
 "Spring is Late, The" . . . . . 3711  
 Summer Wooing, A . . . . . 1032  
 Tryst, A . . . . . 1111  
 "Were but My Spirit Loosed  
 Upon the Air" . . . . . 1262
- MUHLENBERG, WILLIAM AUGUS-  
 TUS**  
*Born at Philadelphia, Pa., Septem-  
 ber 16, 1796; died in New York City,  
 April 8, 1877.*  
 "I Would not Live Alway". . . 3476
- MULHOLLAND, ROSA [LADY GIL-  
 BERT]**  
*Born at Belfast, Ireland; died at  
 Dublin in 1921.*  
 Love and Death . . . . . 1104
- MUNBY, ARTHUR JOSEPH**  
*Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1828;  
 died near Ripley, Eng., Jan. 29, 1910.*  
 Doris . . . . . 1201
- MURRAY, ADA FOSTER [MRS.  
 HENRY MILLS ALDEN]**  
*Born in New York City in 1857; died  
 at Washington, D. C., April 11, 1936.*  
 Above Salerno . . . . . 2616  
 Her Dwelling-place . . . . . 1120  
 Old-fashioned Poet, An . . . . . 3089  
 Prevision . . . . . 1373  
 Unguarded . . . . . 1455
- MURRAY, KENTON FOSTER**  
*An American writer, now living at  
 Washington, D. C.*  
 Challenge . . . . . 320



**MYERS, FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY\***  
*Born at Keswick, England, February 6, 1843; died at Rome, January 17, 1901.*

The Inner Light..... 3730

## N

**NADAUD, GUSTAVE**  
*Born at Roubaix, France, February 20, 1820; died in 1893.*

Carcassonne..... 3844

**NAIRNE, CAROLINA OLIPHANT [BARONESS NAIRNE]**  
*Born in Perthshire, Scotland, August 16, 1766; died there, October 26, 1845.*

Auld House, The..... 3234

Caller Herrin'..... 1022

Heavenward . . . . . 3700

Laird o' Cockpen, The.... 2013

Land o' the Leal, The.... 3099

Lass o' Gowrie, The. .... 773

Lullaby . . . . . 81

"Rest is not Here"..... 3701

Rowan Tree, The..... 3236

**NASHE, THOMAS**  
*Born at Lowestoft, England, in 1567; died in London in 1601.*

Death's Summons..... 3453

Spring..... 1336

**NASON, [MRS.] EMMA HUNTINGTON**  
*Born at Hallowell, Me., August 6, 1845; died at Gardiner, Me., January 11, 1921.*

The Cricket's Story..... 145

**NEALE, JOHN MASON**  
*Born in London, England, January 24, 1818; died at East Grinstead, Sussex, England, August 6, 1866.*

Good King Wenceslas..... 3752

Jerusalem..... 3689

**NEELE, HENRY**  
*Born in London, England, January 8, 1881, now living at Branson, Mo., 1828.*

"Moan, Moan, Ye Dying

Gales"..... 3351

**NEIHARDT, JOHN GNEISENAU\***  
*Born near Sharpsburg, Ill., January 8, 1881, now living at Branson, Mo.*

Child's Heritage, The..... 279

Envoi. . . . . 3505

Outward . . . . . 1599

Prayer for Pain . . . . . 2940

When I Have Gone Weird

Ways..... 3498

**NERVAL, GÉRARD DE [GÉRARD LABRUNIE]**  
*Born in Paris, May 21, 1808; suicided there, January 25, 1855.*

Fantaisie..... 3842

**NESBIT, EDITH [MRS. HUBERT BLAND]**

*Born in London, England, in 1858; died there, May 4, 1924.*

Baby Seed Song . . . . . 135

Child's Song in Spring . . 135

Tragedy, A. . . . . 1019

**NEWBOLT, [SIR] HENRY JOHN\***  
*Born at Bristol, England, June 6, 1862; died in London, April 20, 1938.*

Craven . . . . . 2500

Drake's Drum. . . . . 3607

Fighting Téméraire, The.. 2444

He Fell Among Thieves . . 2707

Messmates. . . . . 1620

Moss-rose, The. . . . . 3550

Only Son, The . . . . . 2324

**NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY**  
*Born in London, England, February 21, 1801; died at Edgbaston, England, August 11, 1890.*

The Pillar of the Cloud.... 3804

**NICOLL, ROBERT**  
*Born in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire, Scotland, January 7, 1814; died near Edinburgh, December 7, 1837.*

The Hero . . . . . 3244

"We Are Brethren A'". . . 3035

**NOEL, RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY**

*An English writer, born in Kent, August 27, 1834; died at Mainz, Germany, May 26, 1894.*

A Casual Song..... 1049

"I Flung Me Round Him" 3213

**NOEL, THOMAS**  
*Born at Kirby-Mallory, Leicestershire, England, May 11, 1709; died at Brighton, England, May 16, 1861.*

Old Winter . . . . . 1386

**NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH**

*Born in London, England, in 1808; died there June 15, 1877.*

Bingen on the Rhine . . . 2634

"I do not Love Thee" . . . 062

King of Denmark's Ride, The 1088

Love Not . . . . . 871

**NORTON, GRACE FALLOW\***  
*Born at Northfield, Minn., October 20, 1876, now living at Woodstock, Ulster County, N. Y.*

Little Gray Songs from St.

Joseph's . . . . . 3399

"Love is a Terrible Thing" 1014

O Sleep. . . . . 3224

"O World, be not so Fair" 3481

"This is my Love for You" 681

**NOYES, ALFRED**  
*Born in Staffordshire, England, September 16, 1880; now living in London.*

Barrel-organ, The. . . . . 3025

Edinburgh.. . . . 2603

- Highwayman, The. . . . . 2809  
 "In the Cool of the Evening" . . . . . 1316  
 Love's Rosary . . . . . 999  
 Song of Sherwood, A. . . . . 2591  
 Song, "I came to the door of the House of Love" . . . . . 511  
 Unity . . . . . 670  
 "When Spring Comes Back to England" . . . . . 1348
- O
- O'CONNER, MICHAEL  
*Born at Eastchester, N. Y., in 1837; died at Potomac Station, Va., December 28, 1862.*  
 Reveille . . . . . 2286
- O'HARA, THEODORE  
*Born at Danville, Ky., February 11, 1820; died near Guerryton, Ala., June 7, 1867.*  
 The Bivouac of the Dead. . . . . 2310
- O'KEEFE, ADLLAIDE  
*An English writer born in 1776, died about 1855*  
 The Butterfly . . . . . 116
- O'NEILL, MOIRA [Pseud. of MRS. NELST HIGGINSON SKRINF] \*  
*Born at Cushendall, County Antrim, Ireland, and still living there.*  
 Birds. . . . . 1521  
 Corrymeela . . . . . 2604  
 "Forgettin'" . . . . . 800  
 Song of Glenann, A . . . . . 2605
- O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE  
*Born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844; exiled to Australia, but escaped to the United States in 1869; died in Hull, Mass., August 10, 1890*  
 Forever . . . . . 3571  
 Lure, The . . . . . 1905  
 What is Good . . . . . 2918  
 White Rose, A . . . . . 657
- O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR  
*Born in London, England, March 14, 1844; died there, January 30, 1884*  
 Enchainment . . . . . 1008  
 "If She but Knew" . . . . . 978  
 Love Symphony, A . . . . . 647  
 Ode, "We are the music-makers" . . . . . 3128  
 St John Baptist. . . . . 3740  
 Sarrazine's Song to Her Dead Lover . . . . . 1102  
 Song, "Has summer come without the rose". . . . . 897  
 Song, "I made another garden, yea" . . . . . 896
- O'SHEEL, SHAEMAS \*  
*Born in New York City, September 19, 1886; and still living there*  
 "He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed". . . . . 2938  
 Lover Thinks of His Lady in the North, The . . . . . 996
- Mary's Baby. . . . . 214  
 "They Went Forth to Battle but They always Fell" . . . . . 2946
- O'SULLIVAN, SEUMAS [Pseud. of JAMES STARKEY] \*  
*Born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1878, and still living there.*  
 My Sorrow . . . . . 3362  
 Praise . . . . . 582
- OLDMIXON, JOHN  
*Born at Oldmixon, near Bridgewater, England, in 1673; died in London, July 8, 1742.*  
 "I lately Vowed, but 'twas in Haste" . . . . . 826
- OPDYCKE, JOHN BAKER ["OLIVER OPDYKE"]  
*Born at Doylestown, Pa., February 28, 1878, now living in New York City.*  
 My Road. . . . . 657
- OPPENHEIM, JAMES \*  
*Born at St. Paul, Minn., May 24, 1882; died in New York City, August 4, 1932*  
 Immoral . . . . . 2907  
 Reason The . . . . . 1164  
 Saturday Night . . . . . 3024
- ORR, PATRICK  
*No biographical data available.*  
 Annie Shore and Johnnie Doon . . . . . 1057
- OSBORN, SELLECK  
*Born at Trumbull, Conn., in 1783; died at Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 1, 1825.*  
 A Modest Wit . . . . . 1845
- OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT  
*Born at Boston, Mass., June 18, 1811; died at Hingham, Mass., May 12, 1850*  
 Calumny. . . . . 2924
- OSGOOD, KATE PUTNAM  
*Born at Fryeburg, Me., May 24, 1841; died at Boston, Mass., in 1910.*  
 Driving Home the Cows. . . . . 2517
- OTWAY, THOMAS  
*Born at Trolton, near Midhurst, Sussex, England, March 3, 1652; died in London, April 14, 1685.*  
 The Enchantment . . . . . 613
- OUTRAM, GEORGE  
*Born at the Clyde ironworks, near Glasgow, Scotland, March 25, 1805; died at Rosemore, Scotland, September 15, 1856*  
 The Annuity. . . . . 2132
- OWEN MEREDITH, see LYTTON, EDWARD ROBERT LYTTON BULWER.
- OXFORD, EARL OF, see VERE, EDWARD.

## P

## PACKARD, WINTHROP

*Born at Boston, Mass., March 7, 1862, and still living there.*

The Shoogy-Shoo..... 447

## PAI TA-SHUN, see PETERSON, FREDERICK

## PAIN, BARRY

*Born in London, England, in 1864; died there in 1928.*

The Poets at Tea. . . . 1953

## PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW

*Born at New Bedford, Mass., July 10, 1861; died in Florida, April 9, 1937.*

The Hills of Rest..... 3577

## PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER

*Born at Great Yarmouth, England, September 28, 1824; died at Oxford, October 24, 1897.*

Crecy . . . . . 2352

"God Save Elizabeth" . . 2373

## PALMER, ALICE FREEMAN

*Born at Colesville, N. Y., February 21, 1855, died at Cambridge, Mass., December 6, 1902*

Butterfly, The . . . . 1519

Hallowed Places . . . . 642

Spring Journey, A . . . . 1147

## PALMER, JOHN WILLIAMSON

*Born at Baltimore, Md., April 4, 1825; died there, February 26, 1900*

Fight at San Jacinto, The . 2459

For Charlie's Sake . . . . 308

Maryland Battalion, The . 2429

Stonewall Jackson's Way . 2288

## PALMER, RAY

*Born at Little Compton, R. I., November 12, 1808; died at Newark, N. J., March 29, 1887.*

Faith . . . . . 3810

"I Saw Thee" . . . . 3769

## PALMER, WILLIAM PITT

*Born at Stockbridge, Mass., February 22, 1805; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., May 2, 1884.*

The Smack in School. . . . 2136

## PARKER, THEODORE

*Born at Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810; died in Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860.*

The Higher Good. . . . 2969

The Way, the Truth, and

the Life . . . . . 3730

## PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAM

*Born at Boston, Mass., August 18, 1810, died at Scituate, Mass., September 3, 1892.*

Durge. . . . . 2314

Her Epitaph . . . . . 3545

Obituary . . . . . 278

On a Bust of Dante . . . . 3004

Saint Peray. . . . . 2005

## PARTRIDGE, SYBIL F.

*An English writer; now Sister Mary Xavier, a teacher in a conventual school at Liverpool*

"Just for To-day" . . . . 3808

## PATMORE, COVENTRY KERSEY

## DIGHTON

*Born at Woodford, Essex, England, July 23, 1823, died at Lympington, England, November 20, 1896*

Departure . . . . . 974

Farewell A . . . . . 974

"If I were Dead" . . . . 206

Joyful Wisdom, The . . . . 2053

Married Lover, The . . . . 1212

Preludes from "The Angel

in the House" . . . . . 354

Toys, The . . . . . 290

## PAYNE, JOHN

*Born in London, England, August 23, 1842; died there in 1916.*

Kyrielle . . . . . 2840

Rondeau Redoublé . . . . 542

## PAYNE, JOHN HOWARD

*Born in New York City, June 9, 1791, died at Tunis, April 9, 1852*

Home, Sweet Home . . . . 3226

## PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON

*Born in New York City, May 30, 1874; died at Cambridge, Mass., December 4, 1922.*

Cradle Song. . . . . 88

Singing Man, The . . . . 3045

Spinning in April . . . . 1357

## PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE

*Born at Weymouth, England, October 18, 1785, died in London, January 23, 1866*

Castles in the Air . . . . 435

Grave of Love, The . . . . 865

"In the Days of Old" . . . 489

Love and Age . . . . . 700

## PEALE, REMBRANDT

*Born in Bucks county, Pa., February 22, 1778; died at Philadelphia, Pa., October 3, 1860.*

"Don't be Sorrowful, Darling" . . . . . 1220

## PECK, HARRY THURSTON

*Born at Stamford, Conn., November 24, 1856; committed suicide there, March 23, 1914.*

Heliotrope..... 1124

# Index of Authors

3893

- PEELE, GEORGE  
*An English writer, born about 1558, died about 1507.*  
 A Farewell to Arms. . . 399
- PERCIVAL, JAMES GATES  
*Born at Berlin, Conn., September 15, 1705; died at Hazel Green, Wis., May 2, 1856*  
 "It is Great for our Country to Die" . . . . . 2303
- PERCY, THOMAS  
*Born at Brighthelm, England, April 13, 1729; died at Dromore, Ireland, September 30, 1811.*  
 Friar of Orders Gray, The 2710  
 "O Nancy, Wilt Thou Go With Me" . . . . . 618
- PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER\*  
*Born at Greenville, Miss., May 14, 1885, and still living there.*  
 A Little Page's Song. . . 115
- PERRONILT, EDWARD  
*Born in England in 1721; died at Canterbury, England, January 8, 1702*  
 Coronation . . . . . 3792
- PERRY, NORA  
*Born at Dudley, Mass., in 1832; died there in 1896*  
 Love-knot, The 798  
 Riding Down 799  
 "Some Day of Days" . . 658
- PETERSON, FRIDERICK [PAI TAI-SHUN]  
*Born at Faribault, Minn., March 1, 1859; died in New York City, July 9, 1918*  
 The Bridge . . . . . 3257  
 Wild Geese . . . . . 1582
- PHILIPS, AMBROSE  
*An English writer, born about 1675; died in 1749*  
 To Charlotte Pulteney. . . 273
- PHILLPOTTS, EDIN\*  
*Born at Mount Abou, India, November 4, 1862; now living at Torquay, England.*  
 Man's Days . . . . . 2910
- PIATT, SARAH MORGAN BRYAN  
*Born at Lexington, Ky., August 11, 1830, died at Caldwell, N. J., December 22, 1910.*  
 After Wings . . . . . 119  
 Into the World and Out. . . 27
- PICKTHALL, MARJORIE LOWRY CHRISTIE\*  
*Born in London, England, September 11, 1883; died at Vancouver, B. C., April 19, 1922.*
- Child's Song of Christmas, A 219  
 Duna. . . . . 3241  
 Lamp of Poor Souls, The. . 3552  
 Little Sister of the Prophet 3071  
 Lovers of Marchaid, The. . 994  
 Mother in Egypt, A . . . . 3558
- PIERPONT, JOHN  
*Born at Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785; died at Medford, Mass., August 27, 1866*  
 My Child . . . . . 318  
 The Pilgrim Fathers. . . . 2390  
 Warren's Address . . . . 2428
- PIKE, ALBERT  
*Born at Boston, Mass., December 20, 1800; died at Washington, D. C., April 2, 1891*  
 Dixie . . . . . 2219
- PINKNEY, EDWARD COOTE  
*Born in London, October 7, 1802; brought to America at the age of nine; died at Baltimore, Md., April 11, 1828.*  
 Health, A . . . . . 387  
 Serenade 704  
 Song, "We break the glass, whose sacred wine" . . . 905
- PIOZZI, HESTER THRALE  
*Born at Bodiel, near Pwllheli, Carnarvonshire, Wales, January 16, 1741; died at Bath, England, May 2, 1821*  
 The Three Warnings. . . . 2102
- PLARR, VICTOR GUSTAVE\*  
*Born near Strasbourg, Alsace, June 21, 1863; later a resident of London, England*  
 Che Sara Sara . . . . . 1170
- PLUNKETT, EDWARD JOHN MORETON DRAX [18th Baron Dunsany]  
*Born at Dunany Castle, County Meath, Ireland, July 24, 1878, and still living there*  
 Songs from an Evil Wood. . 2555
- POCOCK, ISAAC  
*Born at Bristol, England, March 2, 1782; died at Maidenhead, England, August 23, 1835.*  
 Song, "Oh! say not woman's love is bought" . . . . 489
- POF, EDGAR ALLAN  
*Born at Boston, Mass., January 10, 1809; died at Baltimore, Md., October 7, 1849*  
 Annabel Lee. . . . . 1105  
 Bells, The. . . . . 3174  
 City in the Sea, The. . . . 3417  
 Conqueror Worm, The. . . . 3416  
 Eldorado. . . . . 3397  
 For Annie. . . . . 1107  
 Haunted Palace, The . . . . 3168  
 Israel . . . . . 3077  
 Raven, The . . . . . 3170  
 To Helen . . . . . 551  
 To One in Paradise. . . . . 1105

**POPE, ALEXANDER**

*Born in London, England, May 21, 1688; died at Twickenham, England, May 30, 1744.*

- Dying Christian to His Soul,  
The..... 3489  
Elegy to the Memory of an  
Unfortunate Lady..... 3530  
Epigrams..... 1916, 1918  
Ode on Solitude..... 1635  
On a Certain Lady at Court 380  
Universal Prayer .... 3788

**POULSSON, ANNE EMILIE**

*Born at Cedar Grove, N. J., Sept. 8, 1853; died in Boston, Mass., March 18, 1939.*

- Baby's Breakfast..... 56  
Bed-time Song .. . 92  
Lovable Child, The..... 99

**POUND, EZRA\***

*Born at Hailey, Idaho, October 30, 1885; now living at Rapallo, Italy*

- Ballad of the Goodly Fere . 2814  
Immortality, An..... 452

**POWERS, HORATIO NELSON**

*Born at Amenia, Dutchess County, N. Y., April 30, 1826; died in 1890.*

- Chimney Swallows . 1575  
Our Sister ..... 389

**PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH**

*Born in London, England, July 26, 1802; died there, July 15, 1839.*

- Belle of the Ball-room, The 1718  
Letter of Advice, A..... 1809  
Newly-Wedded, The..... 1195  
Talented Man, The..... 1807  
To —..... 1714  
To Helen ..... 791  
Vicar, The..... 1715

**PRATT, ANNA MARIA**

*Born at Chelsea, Mass., and later a resident of Cleveland, Ohio.*

- A Mortifying Mistake..... 166

**PRESCOTT, MARY NEWMARCH**

*Born at Calais, Me., August 2, 1849; died in 1888*

- "In the Dark, in the Dew". 652

**PRIEST, NANCY WOODBURY [WAKEFIELD]**

*An American writer, born in 1836; died in 1870*

- "Over the River"..... 3509

**PRINGLE, THOMAS**

*Born at Blairlaw, Teviotdale, Roxburghshire, Scotland, January 5, 1789; died in London, England, December 5, 1834.*

- "Afar in the Desert"..... 1669

**PRIOR, MATTHEW**

*Born probably in East Dorset, England, July 21, 1664; died at Wimpole,*

*Cambridgeshire, England, September 18, 1721.*

- Epigrams..... 1917  
Female Phaeton, The..... 1904  
For My Own Monument . 1861  
Reasonable Affliction, A . 1805  
Remedy Worse than the  
Disease, The . . . . . 1910  
Song, "In vain you tell  
your parting lover". . . 937  
Song, "The merchant to  
secure his treasure" . . . 720  
To a Child of Quality . . 276  
To Chloe Jealous . . . 766

**PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE**

*Born in London, England, October 30, 1825; died there, February 3, 1864.*

- Doubting Heart, A..... 2865  
Lost Chord, A. .... 3408  
One by One . . . . . 3761  
Woman's Question, A . . 1162

**PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER [BARRY CORNWALL]**

*Born in London, England, November 21, 1787; died there, October 4, 1874.*

- Blood Horse, The..... 1520  
Poet's Song to His Wife, The 1223  
Sea, The..... 1592  
"Softly Woo Away Her  
Breath" . . . . . 3548  
Song for the Seasons, A . 1330  
Stormy Petrel, The... . 1572

**PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN**

*Born at Henniker, N. H., October 10, 1838; died at Framingham, Mass., December 18, 1923.*

- Forward ... .. 3733  
Heroes . . . . . 2323  
Take Heart . . . . . 3732

**PROLT, FATHFR, see MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER.****Q****QUARLES, FRANCIS**

*Born at Ramford, Essex, England, May 8, 1592; died in London, September 8, 1644.*

- Divine Rapture, A . . . 3742

**QUILLER-COUCH, [SIR] ARTHUR THOMAS**

*Born in Cornwall, England, November 21, 1863, and now living at Cambridge*

- Chant Royal of High Virtue 2957  
Sage Counsel . . . . . 2082  
Splendid Spur, The . . . 2950

**R****RADFORD, MRS. ERNEST [DOLLIE MAITLAND]**

*An English writer, born in 1858, and long resident in London.*

- Plymouth Harbor... .. 667

**RALEIGH, [SIR] WALTER**

*Born at Hayes, Devonshire, England.*

- about 1552; beheaded in the Tower of London, October 29, 1618.*  
 Conclusion, The . . . . . 3453  
 His Pilgrimage . . . . . 3451  
 Lie, The . . . . . 3449  
 "Now What is Love" . . . . . 475  
 Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd, The . . . . . 585  
 "Wrong Not, Sweet Empress of My Heart" . . . . . 586
- RAMSAY, ALLAN**  
*Born at Leadhills, parish of Crawford, Lanarkshire, Scotland, October 15, 1686; died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1758*  
 My Peggy . . . . . 534  
 Lochaber no More . . . . . 940  
 Song, "At setting day and rising morn" . . . . . 940  
 Widow, The . . . . . 2020
- RAND, KENNETH**  
*Born at Minneapolis, Minn., May 8, 1861; now living at New Haven, Conn.*  
 The Lonely Road . . . . . 893
- RANDALL, JAMES RYDER**  
*Born at Baltimore, Md., January 1, 1830; died at Augusta, Ga., January 14, 1908.*  
 My Maryland . . . . . 2220
- RANDOLPH, THOMAS**  
*Born at Newnhamcum-Badby, Northamptonshire, England, June 15, 1605; died at Blatherwick, England, in March, 1635*  
 Devout Lover, A. . . . . 531  
 Ode to Master Anthony Stafford, An . . . . . 1649
- RANDS, WILLIAM BRIGHTY**  
*Born in London, England, December 24, 1823; died at East Dulwich, Surrey, England, April 23, 1882.*  
 Clean Clara . . . . . 2065  
 First Tooth, The . . . . . 56  
 Peddler's Caravan, The . . . . . 101  
 Reformation of Godfrey Gore, The . . . . . 114  
 Wonderful World, The . . . . . 126
- RANKIN, JEREMIAH EAMES**  
*Born at Thornton, N. H., January 2, 1828; died at Washington, D. C., November 28, 1904.*  
 The Babe . . . . . 19  
 "The Word of God to Leyden Came" . . . . . 2386
- RAYMOND, ROSSITER WORTHINGTON**  
*Born at Cincinnati, Ohio, April 27, 1840; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., December 31, 1918.*  
 Christus Consolator . . . . . 3773
- READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN**  
*Born near Guthrie'sville, Chester county, Pa., March 12, 1822; died in New York City, May 11, 1872.*  
 Brave at Home, The . . . . . 2318  
 Closing Scene, The . . . . . 3419
- Drifting . . . . . 1609  
 Sheridan's Ride . . . . . 2510
- REALF, RICHARD**  
*Born at Framfield, Sussex, England, June 14, 1834; came to the United States in 1854; killed himself at Oakland, Cal., October 28, 1878.*  
 De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum . . . . . 3367  
 Indirection . . . . . 2870  
 Old Man's Idyl, An. . . . . 1222
- REESE, LIZETTEL WOODWORTH\***  
*Born in Baltimore county, Md., January 9, 1856; died at Baltimore, December 17, 1935*  
 After . . . . . 1127  
 "Love Came back at Fall o' Dew" . . . . . 1016  
 "Lydia is Gone this Many a Year" . . . . . 1126  
 Road of Remembrance, The . . . . . 419  
 Robert Louis Stevenson . . . . . 3057  
 Tears . . . . . 2855  
 That Day You Came . . . . . 600  
 Wise . . . . . 3387
- RHYS, ERNEST\***  
*Born in London, England, July 17, 1859; and still living there.*  
 Dagonet's Canzonet . . . . . 545
- RICE, CALE YOUNG**  
*Born at Dixon, Ky., December 7, 1872; now living at Louisville, Ky.*  
 Chanson of the Bells of Oseney . . . . . 2818  
 Kinchinjunga . . . . . 1434  
 New Dreams for Old . . . . . 2851  
 On the Moor . . . . . 307
- RICE, WALLACE DE GROOT CECIL**  
*Born at Hamilton, Canada, Nov. 10, 1850; died at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15, 1939.*  
 Sweet Clever . . . . . 1472
- RICH, HIRAM**  
*Born at Gloucester, Mass., in 1832; died there in 1907.*  
 Jerry an' Me . . . . . 1219
- RICHARDS, LAURA ELIZABETH**  
*Born at Boston, Mass., February 27, 1850; now living at Gardiner, Me.*  
 Bird Song . . . . . 1555  
 Difference, The . . . . . 59  
 In Foreign Parts . . . . . 2084  
 Nursery Song, A . . . . . 165  
 Owl and the Eel and the Warming-pan, The . . . . . 47  
 Prince Tatters . . . . . 155
- RIDDELL, HENRY SCOTT**  
*Born at Sorbie, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, September 23, 1798; died at Terriothead, Scotland, July 30, 1870.*  
 Scotland Yet . . . . . 2268
- RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB**  
*Born at Greenfield, Ind., October 7, 1840; died at Indianapolis, Ind., July 22, 1916.*  
 Life-Lesson, A . . . . . 349

- Little Orphant Annie ..... 169  
 Little Red Ribbon, The... 1140  
 Man in the Moon, The... 168  
 Old Swimm' Hole, The... 468  
 Our Hired Girl ..... 171  
 Parting Guest, A. .... 3507  
 Raggedy Man, The... 166  
 When She Comes Home ... 1000  
 "When the Frost is on the  
   Punkin' " .. 1381
- RIVES, AMÉLIE [PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY]**  
*Born at Richmond, Va., August 23, 1863, and now living at Cobham, Albemarle County, Va.*  
 My Laddie ..... 676
- ROBERT II. OF FRANCE**  
*Born at Orleans, France, in 971; died at Melun, France, in 1031.*  
 Veni, Sancte, Spiritus . . . 3822
- ROBERTS, CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS**  
*Born at Douglas, New Brunswick, January 10, 1800, and now living in New York City.*  
 Afoot... 1682  
 April Adoration, An..... 1354  
 Frosted Pane, The..... 1388  
 Hawkbit, The ..... 1539  
 Recessional, The ..... 3480  
 When the Sleepy Man Comes 70
- ROBERTS, GEORGE EDWARD THEODORE**  
*Born in Fredericton, N. B., in 1877, and still living there.*  
 The Maid. .... 2834
- ROBERTSON, HARRISON**  
*Born at Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 16, 1856; died at Louisville, Ky., November 11, 1939*  
 Kentucky Philosophy.... 2041  
 Two Triolets . . . 1783
- ROBERTSON, W. GRAHAM**  
*An English writer born in 1867; now living in London*  
 Glad Day. .... 139
- ROBINSON, ANGES MARY FRANCES [MADAME DUCLAUX]\***  
*Born at Leamington, England, in 1857, and long a resident of Paris, France.*  
 Ballad of Orleans, A ..... 2364  
 Dawn-Angels ..... 1309  
 Orchard at Avignon, An... 1414  
 Temple Garlands..... 412  
 Twilight ..... 420
- ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT\***  
*Born in New York City, September 27, 1861; died there, February 17, 1933.*  
 Life, a Question. .... 2908
- ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON\***  
*Born at Head Tide, Me., December 22, 1869; died in New York City, April 6, 1935.*  
 Field of Glory, The..... 3067  
 Master, The..... 3640  
 Miniver Cheevy..... 1888
- Old King Cole..... 1797  
 Twilight Song ..... 3011
- ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY**  
*Born at Mountmellick, Queen's County, Ireland, May 31, 1847; came to America in infancy; died at Berne, Switzerland, April 3, 1908.*  
 Andromeda. . . . . 2253  
 Don't ..... 741  
 If ..... 740  
 Net of Law, The..... 1011  
 V-a-s-e, The ..... 1880
- ROCHESTER, EARL OF, see WILMOT, JOHN**
- RODD, [SIR] JAMES RENNELL**  
*An English writer, born November 9, 1858, and long resident in London.*  
 A Song of Autumn . . . 985
- RODGER, ALEXANDER**  
*Born at Mid-Caldor, Midlothian, Scotland, July 16, 1784; died at Glasgow, September 26, 1846.*  
 "Behave Yourself" Before  
   Folk" . . . 751
- ROGERS, ROBERT CAMERON**  
*Born at Buffalo, N. Y., January 7, 1802, died at Santa Barbara, Cal., April 20, 1912*  
 The Rosary ..... 1140
- ROGERS, SAMUEL**  
*Born at Stoke Newington, England, July 30, 1764; died in London, December 18, 1855.*  
 On a Tear . . . . . 3180  
 Sleeping Beauty, The ..... 699  
 Wish, A ..... 1934
- ROLLESTON, THOMAS WILLIAM\***  
*Born at Glasshouse, Shinnong, King's County, Ireland, in 1857; died at Hampstead, England, in 1920.*  
 Dead at Clonmacnois, The 2607  
 Night . . . 3409
- ROMANES, GEORGE JOHN**  
*Born at Kingston, Can., May 20, 1818; died at Oxford, Eng., May 23, 1891.*  
 Simple Nature . . . . . 1658
- RONARD, PIERRE DE**  
*Born in Vendôme, France, September 11, 1524; died near Tours, December 27, 1585.*  
 "Quand Vous Serez Vieille" 3847
- ROONEY, JOHN JEROME**  
*Born at Binghamton, N. Y., March 10, 1866; died in New York City, November 27, 1934*  
 The Men Behind the Guns 2297
- ROSCOE, WILLIAM CALDWELL**  
*Born at Liverpool, England, September 20, 1823; died at Richmond, Surrey, England, July 30, 1859.*  
 For Ever ..... 990
- ROSE, ALEXANDER MACGREGOR**  
*Born at Tomantoul, South Banffshire, Scotland, August 17, 1846; died at Montreal, Canada, May 10, 1898.*  
 Kaiser & Co. .... 1849

**ROSS, ALEXANDER**

*Born in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, April 13, 1699; died at Lochlee, Angus, Scotland, May 20, 1784.*

"Wooded and Married and A" . . . . . 746

**ROSSETTER, PHILIP**

*An English writer, born about 1575; died in London, May 5, 1623.*

All is Vanity . . . . . 2838

**ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA**

*Born in London, England, Dec. 5, 1830, died there, Dec. 29, 1894.*

Better Resurrection, A . . . . . 3161  
 Bourne, The . . . . . 3415  
 City Mouse and the Country Mouse, The . . . . . 44  
 Consider . . . . . 3481  
 First Day, The . . . . . 1250  
 "Heaven Overarches Earth and Sea" . . . . . 3766  
 Holy Innocents . . . . . 35  
 Meeting . . . . . 1250  
 Next of Kin . . . . . 3460  
 Paradise . . . . . 3755  
 Remember . . . . . 1260  
 Rest . . . . . 1260  
 Song, "When I am dead, my dearest" . . . . . 1102  
 Summer is Faded, The . . . . . 3192  
 Three Seasons . . . . . 452  
 Uphill . . . . . 3415  
 "Who Has Seen the Wind" . . . . . 130

**ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL**

*Born in London, England, May 12, 1830, died at Bournemouth, near Margate, England, April 10, 1882.*

Ballad of Dead Ladies, The . . . . . 1783  
 Blessed Damsel, The . . . . . 3198  
 Choice, The . . . . . 3508  
 House of Life, The, sonnets from . . . . . 1285  
 One Hope, The . . . . . 3173  
 Song of the Bower, The . . . . . 923  
 Sonnet, The . . . . . 3197  
 Sunset Wings . . . . . 3475  
 Superscription, A . . . . . 115  
 Three Shadows . . . . . 610  
 Van Virtues . . . . . 2806

**ROSSLYN, EARL OF, see ERSKINE, F. R. St. C.****ROUGET DE LISLE, CLAUDE JOSEPH**

*Born at Montargis, Loire-le-Saulnier, France, May 10, 1760, died at Choisy-le-Roi, near Paris, June 27, 1836.*

La Marseillaise . . . . . 3836  
 The Marseillaise . . . . . 2271

**ROWLANDS, RICHARD**

*An English writer, who died in 1620.*  
 A Lullaby . . . . . 78

**RUSKIN, JOHN**

*Born in London, England, February 8, 1810; died at Brantwood, England, January 20, 1900.*

"Awake! Awake" . . . . . 3016

**RUSSELL, GEORGE WILLIAM [A. E., pseud.]\***

*Born at Lurgan, Ireland, April 10, 1867; died at Bournemouth, England, July 17, 1935.*

Gates of Dreamland, The . . . . . 3216  
 Refuge . . . . . 1143  
 The Secret Love . . . . . 627

**RUSSELL, IRWIN**

*Born at Port Gibson, Miss., June 3, 1853; died at New Orleans, La., December 23, 1870.*

De Fust Banjo . . . . . 2190  
 Nebuchadnezzar . . . . . 2040

**RYAN, ABRAM JOSEPH**

*Born at Norfolk, Va., Aug. 15, 1830; died at Louisville, Ky., April 22, 1888.*

Conquered Banner, The . . . . . 2515  
 Rosary of My Tears, The . . . . . 3381  
 Sentinel Songs . . . . . 2322

**RYAN, RICHARD**

*Born in London, England, in 1796; died in 1849.*

"O, Saw Ye the Lass" . . . . . 1159

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**SACKVILL, CHARLES [SIXTH EARL OF DORSETT AND MIDDLESEX]**

*An English writer, born January 24, 1639; died at Bath, England, January 29, 1706.*

Song, "To all you ladies now at land" . . . . . 935

**SALIS SEEWIS, JOHANN GAUDENZ VON**

*Born in the Grisons, Switzerland, December 20, 1762, died there, January 20, 1834.*

Lied, "Ins still Land" . . . . . 3832

**SANGSTER, MARGARET ELIZABETH**

*Born at New Knoxville, N. Y., February 22, 1838, died at Glen Ridge, N. J., June 4, 1912.*

Are the Children at Home . . . . . 311  
 The Building of the Nest . . . . . 103  
 The Sin of Omission . . . . . 2926

**SANTAYANA, GEORGE\***

*Born in Madrid, Spain, December 16, 1863, now living in England.*

Before a Statue of Achilles . . . . . 3212  
 "O World" . . . . . 2907  
 Rustic at the Play, The . . . . . 2908  
 "What Riches Have You" . . . . . 2907

**SARGENT, EFFS**

*Born at Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1813; died at Boston, December 31, 1885.*

"Life on the Ocean Wave, A" . . . . . 1594  
 Deeds of Kindness . . . . . 119

**SAWYER, FREDERICK WILLIAM**

*Born at Saco, Me., April 22, 1810; died at Boston, Mass., about 1875.*

The Recognition . . . . . 1935



**SAXE, JOHN GODFREY**

*Born at Highgate, Vt., June 2, 1816;  
died at Albany, N. Y., March 31, 1887.*

Blind Men and the Elephant, The	1877
"Darling, Tell Me Yes" . . .	650
"Do I Love Thee" . . . . .	651
Early Rising . . . . .	2024
"Justine, You Love Me Not" .	853
My Familiar . . . . .	2151
Puzzled Census Taker, The	2148
Pyramus and Thisbe . . . . .	2147
To Lesbia . . . . .	690
Go My Love . . . . .	690
Too Candid by Half . . . . .	1009
Woman's Will . . . . .	1010
"Wouldn't You Like to Know" . . . . .	734

**SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN\***

*Born at Brunn, Austria, April 8, 1879; now living in New York City.*  
"Scum o' the Earth" . . . . . 3052

**SCHNECKENBURGER, MAX**

*Born at Thalheim, Wurtemberg, Germany, February 17, 1810; died at Burgdorf, near Bern, Switzerland, May 3, 1840.*

Die Wacht am Rhein . . . . .	3833
The Watch on the Rhine . . .	2268

**SCOLLARD, CLINTON\***

*Born at Clinton, N. Y., September 18, 1860; died at New Milford, Conn., November 19, 1932.*

"As I Came Down from Lebanon" . . . . .	2637
"Be Ye in Love with April-tide" . . . . .	670
Cricket . . . . .	3101
Deeds of Valor at Santiago	2540
If Only the Dreams Abide	2850
King of Dreams, The . . . . .	2850
Sleeper, The . . . . .	3553
"There is a Pool on Garda" .	2623
To William Sharp . . . . .	3054
Valor of Ben Milam, The . . .	2457

**SCOTT, CLEMENT WILLIAM**

*Born in London, England, in 1841; died there in 1903.*

Rus in Urbe . . . . .	656
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**SCOTT, DUNCAN CAMPBELL**

*Born at Ottawa, Canada, August 2, 1862.*

Off Rivière du Loup . . . . .	1601
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**SCOTT, FREDERICK GEORGE**

*Born at Montreal, Canada, in 1861, and later a resident of Ottawa.*

Van Elsen . . . . .	3574
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**SCOTT, [SIR] WALTER**

*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, August 15, 1771; died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832.*

Alice Brand . . . . .	2716
Bonnie Dundee . . . . .	2408
Border Ballad . . . . .	2278
Coronach . . . . .	2351

**Jock of Hazeldean . . . . . 786****Lochinvar . . . . . 784****Lullaby of an Infant Chief . . 82****Pibroch of Donald Dhu . . . 2277****Proud Maisie . . . . . 1076****Rosabelle . . . . . 2715****Rover's Adieu, The . . . . . 948****"Soldier, Rest, Thy Warfare O'er" . . . . . 2301****Song from "Rokeby" . . . . . 2720****SCOTT, WILLIAM BELL**

*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, September 12, 1811; died at Penhill Castle, Ayrshire, Scotland, November 22, 1890.*

**Glenkindie . . . . . 2730****Love's Calendar . . . . . 1203****SEARS, EDMUND HAMILTON**

*Born at Sandisfield, Mass., April 6, 1810; died at Weston, Mass., January 16, 1876.*

**Christmas Carols . . . . . 206****SEDLEY, [SIR] CHARLES**

*Born at Aylesford Kent, England, about 1639; died in London, August 20, 1701.*

**Song, "Love still has something of the sea" . . . . . 486****To Celia . . . . . 610****To Chloris . . . . . 719****SEEGER, ALAN**

*Born in New York City, June 22, 1888; killed on the field of Bellefleur-Santerre, France, July 4, 1916.*

**"I Have a Rendezvous with Death" . . . . . 2559****To — In Church . . . . . 581****SELVA, SALOMON DE LA**

*A Nicaraguan poet, born in 1893, and now living in New York City.*

**Tropical Town . . . . . 3374****SERVICE, ROBERT WILLIAM**

*Born at Preston, England, January 16, 1874, and now living in Paris, France.*

**Carry On . . . . . 2041****The Law of the Yukon . . . . . 2575****SETOUN, GABRIEL [THOMAS NICOLL HEPBURN]**

*Born at West Wemyss, Fifeshire, Scotland, April 21, 1861; long a resident of Edinburgh.*

**Jack Frost . . . . . 151****Wind's Song, The . . . . . 131****World's Music, The . . . . . 127****SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM**

*Born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, England, in April, 1564; died there, April 23, 1616.*

**"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" . . . . . 3039****"Crabbed Age and Youth" . . . 717****Dirge from "Cymbeline" . . . 3431****Fairy Songs . . . . . 231****"Hark, Hark, the Lark" . . . . . 694**

- "It Was a Lover and His  
Lass" . . . . . 717  
"Jog on, Jog on" . . . . . 2978  
Love's Perjuries . . . . . 479  
Sea Dirge, A . . . . . 3516  
"Sigh no more, Ladies" . . . . . 807  
Silvia . . . . . 519  
Song from "Love's Labor  
Lost" . . . . . 2019  
Song, "O mistress mine" . . . . . 930  
Sonnets . . . . . 1246  
"Under the Greenwood  
Tree" . . . . . 1636  
"When Daffodils begin to  
Peer" . . . . . 1337  
"When that I Was and a  
Little Tiny Boy" . . . . . 400
- SHANLY, CHARLES DAWSON  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, March 9,  
1811; came to America in 1857; died  
at Arlington Fla., August 15, 1875.*  
Civil War . . . . . 2472  
Kitty of Coleraine . . . . . 750
- SHARP, WILLIAM [FIONA MACLEOD]  
*Born at Paisley, England, Septem-  
ber 12, 1855; died near Mount Etna,  
Sicily, December 14, 1905*  
On a Nightingale in April . . . . . 1548  
The Mystic's Prayer . . . . . 2854  
The White Peace . . . . . 2853
- SHAW, JOHN  
*Born in Westmoreland, England, in  
1550; died at Woking, Surrey, England,  
in September, 1625*  
Song, "Who has robbed the  
ocean cave" . . . . . 539
- SHEFFIELD, JOHN [FIRST DUKE OF  
BUCKINGHAM]  
*Born in London, England, April 7,  
1648; died there, February 24, 1721.*  
Song, "Come, Celia, let's  
agree at last" . . . . . 612
- SHILLY, PIERCY BYSSHE  
*Born at Field Place, near Horsham,  
Sussex, England, August 4, 1702;  
drowned in the Bay of Spezia, Italy,  
July 8, 1822.*  
Adonais . . . . . 3612  
Arethusa . . . . . 1418  
Autumn a Dirge . . . . . 1380  
Chorus from "Hellas" . . . . . 2623  
Cloud, The . . . . . 1410  
Dirge for the Year . . . . . 1406  
Flight of Love The . . . . . 1001  
From the Arabic . . . . . 626  
Good-night . . . . . 703  
Hymn of Apollo . . . . . 1306  
Hymn of Pan . . . . . 3162  
"I Fear Thy Kisses, Gentle  
Maiden" . . . . . 688  
Lines to an Indian Air . . . . . 702  
Love's Philosophy . . . . . 688  
Mutability . . . . . 3377  
Ode to the West Wind . . . . . 1378  
Ozymandias of Egypt . . . . . 2844  
Question, The . . . . . 867  
Song, "Rarely, rarely comest  
thou" . . . . . 3364
- Time Long Past . . . . . 442  
To —, "One word is too  
often profaned" . . . . . 625  
To a Skylark . . . . . 1569  
To Jane the Invitation . . . . . 1607  
To Night . . . . . 1323  
With a Guitar, to Jane . . . . . 3126
- SHENSTONE, WILLIAM  
*Born at Hales Owen, England, Octo-  
ber 18, 1714; died there, February 11,  
1763.*  
Written at an Inn at Henley 2988
- SHEPHERD, NATHANIEL GRAHAM  
*Born in New York City in 1835; died  
there, May 23, 1899.*  
Roll-Call . . . . . 2313
- SHERIDAN, HELEN SELINA [LADY  
DUFFERIN, and COUNTESS OF  
GIFFORD]  
*Born in England in 1807; died in  
London, June 13, 1867.*  
Lament of the Irish Emi-  
grant . . . . . 1086  
"Love Hath a Language" . . . . . 496
- SHFRIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY  
BUTLER  
*Born in Dublin, Ireland, Septem-  
ber 30, 1751; died in London, July 7,  
1816.*  
Air, "I ne'er could any  
lusive see" . . . . . 827  
Epigrams . . . . . 1916  
"Let the Toast Pass" . . . . . 1909  
Song, "Had I a heart for  
falsehood framed" . . . . . 620
- SHIRLEY, JAMES  
*Born in London, England, Septem-  
ber 18, 1596; died there, October 20,  
1666.*  
Death's Final Conquest . . . . . 3404  
Death's Subtle Ways . . . . . 3405
- SHIVELL, PAUL  
*Born at Indianapolis, Ind., Septem-  
ber 25, 1874; now living in the Still-  
water valley, near Pleasant Hill, Ohio.*  
"In God's Eternal Studios" 2869
- SHORTER, DORA SIGERSON [MRS.  
CLEMENT SHORTER]\*  
*Born in Dublin, Ireland, about 1862;  
died in London, England, January 6,  
1918.*  
Mother's Prayer, The . . . . . 304  
Piper on the Hill, The . . . . . 132  
"Rose Will Fade, A" . . . . . 1047
- SIBLEY, CHARLES  
*A Scotch writer; no biographical data  
available.*  
The Plaidie . . . . . 755
- SICKELS, DAVID BANKS  
*Born in New York City, February  
8, 1837; died at Paterson, N. J., De-  
cember 10, 1918.*  
"It Cannot Be" . . . . . 3712

**SIDGWICK, HENRY**

*Born at Skipton, Yorkshire, England, May 31, 1838; died August 28, 1901.*  
 .. Goethe and Frederika..... 1055

**SIDNEY, [SIR] PHILIP**

*Born at Penshurst, Kent, England, November 20, 1554; died at Arnhem, Netherlands, October 7, 1586.*

- Astrophel and Stella, First  
 Song from..... 518  
 Astrophel and Stella, Son-  
 nets from..... 1235  
 "My True-love Hath My  
 Heart"..... 1141  
 Philomela..... 1551  
 "Truth Doth Truth De-  
 serve"..... 1212

**SIGERSON, DORA**, see **SHORTER, DORA SIGERSON**.

**SIGERSON, GEORGE**

*Born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1830; died at Dublin February 17, 1925.*  
 "My Own Cailín Donn"..... 1165

**SIGOURNEY, LYDIA HUNTLEY**

*Born at Norwich, Conn., September 1, 1701; died at Hartford, Conn., June 10, 1805.*

- Columbus..... 2365  
 Indian Names..... 2507

**SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND**

*Born at Windsor, Conn., April 20, 1831; died at Cleveland, Ohio, February 27, 1887.*

- Baker's Duzzen uv Wize  
 Sawz. A..... 1015  
 Fool's Prayer, The..... 3764  
 Future, The..... 2076  
 Home..... 3711  
 Lover's Song, The..... 571  
 Opportunity..... 2923

**SILLERY, CHARLES DOYNE**

*Born at Aithlone, Ireland, March 2, 1807; died at Edinburgh, Scotland, May 16, 1837.*

- "She Died in Beauty"..... 3548

**SIMMS, WILLIAM GILMORE**

*Born at Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806; died there, June 11, 1870.*  
 Grape-Vine Swing, The.... 467  
 Song in March..... 1351

**SIMPSON, HENRY**

*Born in London, England, October 22, 1868, and now living at Wimbledon, near London.*  
 In February..... 574

**SIMS, GEORGE ROBERT**

*Born in London, England, in 1847; died there, September 5, 1922.*  
 'Ostler Joe..... 3335

**SKELTON, JOHN**

*Born in Norfolk, England, about 1460; died in London in 1520.*  
 To Mistress Margaret Hus-  
 sey..... 329

**SKIPSEY, JOSEPH**

*Born at Percy, Tynemouth, England, March 17, 1832; died at Gateshead, England, September 3, 1903.*  
 Mother Wept..... 289

**SKRINE, NESTA HIGGINSON [MRS. WALTER SKRINE]**, see **O'NEILL, MOIRA**

**SMART, CHRISTOPHER**

*Born at Shipbourne, Kent, England, April 11, 1722; died in London, May 18, 1771.*

- Song to David..... 3783

**SMEDLEY, MENELLA BUTE**

*An English writer born about 1825, died about 1875.*

- "Wind Me a Summer  
 Crown"..... 3388

**SMITH, ADA**

*No biographical data available.*

- In City Streets..... 1674

**SMITH, ALEXANDER**

*Born at Kilmarnock, Scotland, December 31, 1830, died at Wardie, near Granton, Midlothian, Scotland, January 5, 1867.*

- Barbara..... 1100

**SMITH, ARABELLA EUGENIA**

*Born at Litchfield, Ohio, in 1834, died at Santa Barbara, Cal., July 24, 1910.*  
 If I Should Die To-night..... 3937

**SMITH, CHARLOTTE**

*Born in London, England, May 4, 1740, died at Telford, near Farnham, Surrey, England, October 28, 1806.*

- The First Swallow..... 1573

**SMITH, HORACE**

*Born in London, England, December 31, 1779; died at Tunbridge Wells, England, July 12, 1849.*

- Address to a Mummy..... 2116

**SMITH, LANGDON**

*Born near Louisville, Ky., January 4, 1858; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 8, 1908.*

- Evolution..... 1802

**SMITH, MARY LOUISE RILEY**

*Born at Rochester, N. Y., May 27, 1842; died in New York City, January 15, 1927.*

- Sometime..... 3513  
 Tired Mothers..... 321  
 Tree Top Road, The..... 3345

**SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS**

*Born at Boston, Mass., October 21, 1808, died at Newton Center, Mass., in 1895.*

- America..... 2195

**SMITH, SYDNEY**

*Born at Woodford, Essex, England, June 3, 1771; died in London, February 22, 1815.*

- A Salad..... 1987

**SOUTHESK, EARLOF**, see **CARNEGIE, JAMES**

**SOUTHEY, ROBERT**

*Born at Bristol, England, August 12, 1774; died at Greta Hall, near Keswick, England, March 21, 1843.*

- Battle of Blenheim, The... 2410  
 Cataract of Lodore, The 1420  
 God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop... 189  
 Holly-Tree, The... 1407  
 Inchcape Rock, The... 1617  
 "My Days Among the Dead are Passed"... 2020  
 Old Man's Comforts, The... 405  
 Well of St. Keyne, The... 2124

**SOUTHWELL, ROBERT**

*Born in Norfolk, England about 1561; hanged at Tyburn, February 21, 1595.*

- Burning Babe, The... 208  
 Child My Choice, A... 3747  
 Times Go by Turns... 2838

**SPALDING, JOHN LANCASTER**

*Born at Lebanon, Ky. June 2, 1840; died at Peoria Ill., August 25, 1916.*

- The Starry Host... 3729

**SPALDING, SUSAN MARR**

*Born at Bath, Me., July 4, 1841; died at West Medford, Mass., March 12, 1908.*

- Fate... 502

**SPENCER, CAROLINE [CARL]**

*Born at Broome, Schoharie County, N. Y., October 18, 1848; died at Catskill-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., December 20, 1898.*

- Living Waters... 3761

**SPENSER, EDMUND**

*Born in London, England, about 1552; died there, January 13, 1599.*

- Amoretti, Sonnets from... 1232  
 Epithalamion... 1183  
 Prothalamion... 1178  
 Sweet and Sour... 2837

**SPINGARN, JOEL ELIAS\***

*Born in New York City, May 17, 1874; died at Troutbeck, Dutchess County, N. Y., July 26, 1939.*

- Spring Passion... 1171

**SPOFFORD, HARRIET PRESCOTT**

*Born at Calais, Me., April 3, 1835; died at Newburyport, Mass., August 14, 1921.*

- Ballad, "In the summer even"... 1621  
 Hereafter... 1012  
 Only... 3  
 Sigh, A... 1011

**SPRAGUE, CHARLES**

*Born at Boston, Mass., October 26, 1791; died there, January 22, 1875.*

- The Family Meeting... 3562  
 The Winged Worshipers... 3754

**STANLEY, THOMAS**

*Born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1625; died in London, April 12, 1678.*

- A Deposition from Beauty... 608

**STANTON, FRANK LEBBY**

*Born at Charleston, S. C., February 22, 1857; died at Atlanta, Ga., January 7, 1927.*

- A Plantation Ditty... 2043  
 "Wearyin' fer You"... 993

**STARBUCK, VICTOR\***

*Born at Chuluota, Florida, Nov. 16, 1887, now living at Orlando, Florida.*

- Night for Adventures... 1701

**STARKEY, JAMES, see O'SULLIVAN, SEUMAS****STEAD, WILLIAM FORCE**

*An American writer, now living in England.*

- Sweet Wild April... 1355

**STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE**

*Born at Hartford, Conn., Oct. 8, 1833; died in New York City, Jan. 18, 1908.*

- Discoverer, The... 298  
 Doorstep, The... 794  
 Falstaff's Song... 2014  
 How Old Brown Took Har-  
 per's Ferry... 2470  
 Hymn of the West... 2204  
 Kearny at Seven Pines... 2493  
 Morgan... 2404  
 Pan in Wall Street... 1751  
 Provencal Lovers... 1769  
 Toujours Amour... 793  
 "Voice of the Western  
 Wind"... 446

**STEPHEN, JAMES KENNETH**

*Born in London, England, in 1859; died there in 1892.*

- A Grievance... 1931  
 Sincere Flattery... 1951  
 Wordsworth... 1956

**STEPHENS, JAMES\***

*Born at Dublin, Ireland, in February, 1882, and still living there.*

- The Waste Places... 2819  
 The Watcher... 1089

**STERLING, GEORGE\***

*Born at Sag Harbor, N. Y., Decem-  
 ber 1, 1869; committed suicide at San  
 Francisco, Cal., November 17, 1926.*

- Black Culture, The... 1581  
 In Extremis... 3466  
 Master Mariner, The... 1799  
 Music at Twilight... 3131  
 Three Sonnets on Oblivion... 2847

**STEVENSON, BURTON EGBERT**

*Born at Chillicothe, Ohio, November 9, 1872, and still living there.*

- Henry Hudson's Quest... 2382

**STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS**

*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, Novem-  
 ber 13, 1850; died at Vaillima, near  
 Apia, Samoa, December 4, 1894.*

- Celestial Surgeon, The... 3729  
 Christmas at Sea... 1602  
 Envoy... 3106  
 Foreign Lands... 160  
 Gardener, The... 160  
 Good and Bad Children... 100  
 Happy Thought... 98  
 In the Highlands... 1075

- Lad that is Gone, A . . . . 438  
 Land of Counterpane, The. 158  
 Land of Story-books, The.. 150  
 My Bed is a Boat . . . . 161  
 My Shadow . . . . . 158  
 Requiem . . . . . 3185  
 Romance. . . . . 654  
 Trusty, Dusky, Vivid, True 394  
 Vagabond, The . . . . 1674  
 Whole Duty of Children . . 98
- STICKNEY, JOSEPH TRUMBULL**  
*Born at Geneva, Switzerland, June 20, 1874; died in Boston, Mass., October 11, 1904.*  
 Driftwood . . . . . 2906  
 "Love, I Marvel What You Are" . . . . . 575
- STILL, JOHN**  
*Born at Grantham, England, about 1543; died Bishop of Bath and Wells, at Wells, February 26, 1608.*  
 "Jolly Good Ale and Old". 1990
- STIRLING-MAXWELL, [SIR] WILLIAM**  
*Born at Kenmure, Scotland, March 8, 1818; died at Venice, January 15, 1878.*  
 To Anne. . . . . 692
- STODDARD, CHARLES WARREN**  
*Born at Rochester, N. Y., August 7, 1843; died at Monterey, Cal., April 24, 1909.*  
 A Rhyme of Life . . . . 3499
- STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY**  
*Born at Hingham, Mass., July 2, 1825; died in New York City, May 12, 1903.*  
 At Last . . . . . 1215  
 Birds . . . . . 1522  
 "Day and Night My Thoughts Incline". . . 2014  
 Dying Lover, The . . . . 1114  
 Flight of Youth, The. . . . 351  
 Sea, The . . . . . 1619  
 Three Score and Ten . . . 457
- STODDARD, THOMAS TOD**  
*Born at Edinburgh, Scotland, February 11, 1810; died at Kelso, Scotland, November 21, 1880.*  
 The Angler's Invitation 1663
- STORY, WILLIAM WFTMORE**  
*Born at Salem, Mass., February 19, 1819; died at Rome, October 5, 1895.*  
 Io Victis . . . . . 2945  
 Snowdrop . . . . . 854  
 The Violet. . . . . 1502
- STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER**  
*Born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811; died at Hartford, July 1, 1896.*  
 The Other World . . . . 3708
- STRINGER, ARTHUR**  
*Born at London, Ontario, Canada, February 26, 1874; now living at Mount Lake, N. J.*  
 At the Comedy . . . . . 926  
 Memories . . . . . 1127
- STRODE, WILLIAM**  
*Born in Devonshire, England, in 1602; died at Oxford, March 11, 1645.*  
 On Chloris Walking in the Snow. . . . . 523
- STRONG, [REV.] GEORGE AUGUSTUS**  
*Born at Norwich, Conn., January 21, 1832; died at Cambridge, Mass., March 6, 1912.*  
 The Modern Hiawatha. . . 1950
- SUCKLING, [SIR] JOHN**  
*Born at Whilton, Middlesex, England, in February, 1600; suicided at Paris, France, in June 1642.*  
 Ballad upon a Wedding, A. 763  
 Constant Lover, The . . . 818  
 Doubt of Martyrdom, A . . 602  
 Song, "I prithee send me back my heart" . . . . 763  
 Song, "Why so pale and wan, fond lover" . . . . 820  
 "When, Dearest, I but Think of Thee" . . . . 601
- SURREY, EARL OF, see HOWARD, HENRY**
- SWAIN, CHARLES**  
*Born at Manchester, England, January 4, 1801; died at Prestwich Park, near Manchester, September 22, 1874.*  
 "Smile and never Heed Me" 630  
 Song, "A violet in her lovely hur" . . . . . 548  
 "Tripping Down the Field path" . . . . . 8, 9
- SWEENEY, [MRS.] MILDRED I [MCNEAL]**  
*An American writer, born in 1871, and still living.*  
 Chavez . . . . . 3600
- SWIFT, JONATHAN**  
*Born in Dublin, Ireland, November 30, 1667; died there, October 19, 1745.*  
 Epigram . . . . . 1917
- SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES**  
*Born in London, England, April 5, 1837; died at Putney Hill, London, April 10, 1909.*  
 At Parting . . . . . 978  
 Ballad of Dreamland, A. . . 499  
 Ballad of Life, A . . . . 642  
 "Before the Beginning of Years" . . . . . 568  
 Child's Laughter, A. . . . 254  
 Étude Réaliste. . . . . 16  
 Forsaken Garden, A . . . . 1459  
 Garden of Proserpine, The 3424  
 Higher Pantheism in a Nut-shell, The . . . . . 1035  
 Hope and Fear . . . . . 2844  
 In Memory of "Barry Cornwall" . . . . . 3647  
 In Memory of Walter Savage Landor . . . . . 3626  
 Itylus . . . . . 1576  
 Leave-Taking, A. . . . . 615  
 Love at Sea . . . . . 1159  
 Lyric, A . . . . . 646  
 Madonna Mia . . . . . 565  
 Mary Beaton's Song. . . . 1160  
 Match, A . . . . . 641

- Nephelidia ..... 1944  
 Oblation, The. .... 903  
 On the Deaths of Thomas  
   Carlyle and George Eliot 3596  
 Rocoço ..... 900  
 Rondel, "Kissing her hair" 1146  
 Rondel, "Thesemanyyears" 902  
 Seven Years Old ..... 255  
 Singing Lesson, A ..... 3086  
 Stanzas, "I will go back to  
   the great sweet mother" 1585  
 "When the Hounds of  
   Spring" ..... 1339
- SYLVESTER, JOSHUA  
*Born in Kent, England, in 1563;  
 died at Middleburg, Holland, Septem-  
 ber 28, 1618*  
 A Contented Mind ..... 2080  
 "Were I as Base as is the  
   Lowly Plain" ..... 1253
- SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON  
*Born at Bristol, England, October 5,  
 1840; died at Rome, Italy, April 19,  
 1893*  
 Farewell ..... 902  
 Gaudemus Ignituri ..... 2895  
 Lauriger Horatius ..... 2806  
 Love in Dreams ..... 405  
 Night ..... 1324  
 On a Picture by Poussin ..... 1079  
 Sonnet, The ..... 5125  
 Venice ..... 2619
- SYMONS, ARTHUR\*  
*Born in Bays, February 28, 1865,  
 now living at Wittersham, Kent, Eng-  
 land.*  
 Emmy ..... 1058  
 Fisher's Widow, The ..... 1622  
 Last Memory, The ..... 928  
 Modern Beauty ..... 1004  
 Roundel of Rest, A ..... 3423
- T
- TABB, JOHN BANISTER  
*Born in Virginia, March 22, 1845;  
 died at Ellicott City, Md., in 1900*  
 Childhood ..... 440  
 Evolution ..... 2806  
 Foot Soldiers ..... 59  
 Fraternity ..... 3036  
 Overflow ..... 1579  
 To a Wood-Violet ..... 1503  
 White Jessamine, The .... 3549
- TALBOT, ETHEL  
*No biographical data available.*  
 Give Love To-day ..... 1115
- TANNAHILL, ROBERT  
*Born at Paisley, Scotland, June 3,  
 1774; drowned himself there, May 17,  
 1810.*  
 "By Yon Burn Side" ..... 1166  
 Jessie, the Flower o' Dun-  
   blane ..... 544  
 "Loudoun's Bonnie Woods  
   and Braes" ..... 949  
 "Midges Dance Aboon the  
   Burn, The" ..... 1652
- TAPPAN, WILLIAM BINGHAM  
*Born at Beverly, Mass., October 26,  
 1794; died at West Needham, Mass.,  
 June 18, 1849.*  
 The Hour of Peaceful Rest. 3803
- TATE, NAHUM  
*Born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1652;  
 died in London, England, August 12,  
 1715.*  
 "While Shepherds Watched  
   their Flocks by Night".... 205
- TAYLOR, ANN [MRS. ANN GILBERT]  
*Born in London, England, January  
 30, 1782; died at Nottingham, England,  
 December 20, 1866*  
 Cow, The ..... 47  
 Jane and Eliza ..... 109  
 Meddlesome Matty ..... 110  
 Pin, The ..... 108
- TAYLOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN  
*Born at New Castle, N. Y., July 19,  
 1819; died at Cleveland, Ohio, February  
 24, 1887*  
 The Isle of the Long Ago.. 417
- TAYLOR, JAMES BAYARD  
*Born at Kenneth Square, Chester  
 County, Pa., January 11, 1825; died in  
 Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878.*  
 Bedouin Song.. ..... 700  
 Nubia ..... 2640  
 Promissory Note, The ..... 1949  
 Song of the Camp, The.. 2285  
 Storm Song ..... 1614  
 Story for a Child, A ..... 175
- TAYLOR, JANE  
*Born in London, England, September  
 23, 1783; died at Ongar, Essex, Eng-  
 land, April 12, 1824.*  
 Contented John ..... 111  
 Dirty Jim ..... 107  
 Good-night ..... 82  
 "I Like Little Pussy" ..... 102  
 Morning ..... 116  
 Philosopher's Scales, The 1879  
 Star, The ..... 41  
 Violet, The ..... 106
- TAYLOR, JEFFREYS  
*Born at Lavenham, Suffolk, England,  
 October 30, 1702; died in London, Octo-  
 ber 8, 1853.*  
 The Lion and the Mouse.. 120
- TAYLOR, JOSEPH RUSSELL  
*Born at Circleville, O., July 10, 1868;  
 died at Columbus, O., March 30, 1933.*  
 "Blow Softly, Thrush".... 1581  
 Breath on the Oat ..... 2541  
 Dove's Nest. .... 266
- TAYLOR, RACHEL ANNAND  
*An English poet now living at Edin-  
 burgh.*  
 May-Music ..... 1150  
 The Question..... 3742

**TAYLOR, TOM**

*Born at Bishop-Wearmouth, near Sunderland, England, October 10, 1817; died at Wandsworth, England, July 12, 1880. See note under Brooks, Shirley.*  
Abraham Lincoln . . . 3642

**TAYLOR, VIOLA**

*No biographical data available.*  
Babylon . . . . . 448

**TEASDALE, SARA\***

*Born at St. Louis, Mo., August 8, 1884; committed suicide in New York City, January 20, 1933.*

"Child, Child" . . . . . 512  
Four Winds . . . . . 850  
"I Shall Not Care" . . . . . 1017  
Kiss, The . . . . . 1104  
Leaves . . . . . 2850  
Look, The . . . . . 923  
Mastery . . . . . 2038  
To Rose . . . . . 272

**TENNYSON, ALFRED [FIRST BARON TENNYSON]**

*Born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, August 7, 1809; died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, England, October 6, 1892.*

"Ask Me No More" . . . . . 875  
Beggar Maid, The . . . . . 1143  
"Break, Break, Break" . . . . . 472  
Brook's Song, The . . . . . 1416  
Bugle Song . . . . . 635  
Charge of the Light Brigade, The . . . . . 2473  
"Come Into the Garden, Maud" . . . . . 706  
Crossing the Bar . . . . . 3504  
Death of the Old Year, The . . . . . 1395  
Eagle, The . . . . . 1539  
Early Spring . . . . . 1333  
Farewell, A . . . . . 3351  
Flower, The . . . . . 2027  
Godiva . . . . . 2593  
Higher Pantheism, The . . . . . 2852  
"Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead" . . . . . 1093  
In Memoriam . . . . . 2898  
In the Children's Hospital . . . . . 292  
Lady Clara Vere de Vere . . . . . 835  
Lady Clare . . . . . 2727  
Lady of Shalott, The . . . . . 3188  
Letters, The . . . . . 1177  
Lilian . . . . . 634  
Locksley Hall . . . . . 3295  
Lotos-Eaters, The . . . . . 3178  
Lullaby from "The Princess" . . . . . 83  
Mariana . . . . . 873  
Minnie and Winnie . . . . . 92  
Morte d' Arthur . . . . . 3181  
"O Swallow, Swallow, Flying South" . . . . . 963  
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington . . . . . 3672  
"Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights" . . . . . 2235  
"Oh That 'twere Possible" . . . . . 1092  
Reconciliation, The . . . . . 1168  
"Revenge," The . . . . . 2377

St. Agnes' Eve . . . . . 3767  
Sir Galahad . . . . . 2724  
Song, "It is the miller's daughter" . . . . . 633  
Song, "O let the solid ground" . . . . . 497  
Song of the Milkmaid . . . . . 733  
Song: the Owl . . . . . 1557  
Spring . . . . . 1338  
"Tears, Idle Tears" . . . . . 454  
Throstle, The . . . . . 1578  
Ulysses . . . . . 3179  
"Voice by the Cedar-tree, A" . . . . . 552  
"What Does Little Birdie Say" . . . . . 150

**TENNYSON, FRÉDFRICK**

*Born at Louth, Ireland, June 5, 1807; died in London, England, February 26, 1898.*

Blackbird, The . . . . . 1523  
Skylark, The . . . . . 1567

**THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE**

*Born at Calcutta, India, July 18, 1811; died in London, England, December 21, 1863.*

Ad Minstram . . . . . 1087  
Age of Wisdom, The . . . . . 845  
At the Church Gate . . . . . 702  
Ballad of Bouillabaise, The . . . . . 1726  
Cane bottomed Chair, The . . . . . 3230  
Credo, A . . . . . 2022  
Garret, The . . . . . 403  
Jolly Jack . . . . . 1847  
King of Brentford, The . . . . . 1815  
Little Billie . . . . . 2110  
Mahogany Tree, The . . . . . 2008  
Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball . . . . . 1968  
Ronsard to His Mistress . . . . . 655  
Sorrows of Werther . . . . . 848  
Tragic Story, A . . . . . 2039  
Willow-tree, The . . . . . 1930

**THAXTER, CELIA LAUGHTON**

*Born at Portsmouth, Vt., in 1845; died at the Isles of Shoals, August 28, 1894.*

Compensation . . . . . 1294  
Little Gustava . . . . . 151  
Nikolina . . . . . 153  
Sandpaper, The . . . . . 1562

**THAYER, ERNEST LAWRENCE**

*Born at Lawrence, Mass., in 1863; died at Santa Barbara, Cal., Aug. 21, 1940.*

Casey at the Bat . . . . . 2165

**THAYER, WILLIAM ROSCOE**

*Born at Boston, Mass., January 16, 1850; died at Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 7, 1923.*

The Last Hunt . . . . . 2799

**THOM, WILLIAM**

*Born at Aberdeen, Scotland, about 1780; died at Hawkhill, Dundee, Scotland, February 20, 1848.*

The Mitherless Bairn . . . . . 283  
"They Speak o' Wiles" . . . . . 493

**THOMAS, EDITH MATILDA**

*Born at Chatham, Medina county, Ohio, August 12, 1854; died in New York City, September 13, 1925.*

Evoc.	3098
In the Lilac Rain.	3539
Moly.	1493
Mother England.	2230
Muses, The.	3097
Music.	3130
Patmos.	1303
Triumph of Forgotten Things, The.	449

**THOMAS, FREDERICK WILLIAM**

*An American writer, a native of Rhode Island, born in 1811, died in 1864.*

Song, "Tis said that absence conquers love"....	983
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**THOMPSON, FRANCIS\***

*Born at Preston, England, Dec. 18, 1850, died in London, Nov. 13, 1907.*

Daisy.	341
Envoy.	3100
Ex Ore Infantium.	277
Hound of Heaven, The.	3204
May Burden, A.	1358
To a Snowflake.	1301
To Daisies.	1470
Veteran of Heaven, The.	3770

**THOMPSON, [JAMES] MAURICE**

*Born at Fairheld, Ind., September 9, 1841, died at Crawfordsville, Ind., February 15, 1901.*

Prelude A.	3081
Wild Honey.	1303

**THOMPSON, JOHN REUBEN**

*Born at Richmond, Va., October 23, 1823, died in New York City, April 30, 1873.*

Carcassonne [tr].	448
Musk in Camp.	2289

**THOMPSON, WILL HENRY**

*Born at Athens, Ga., March 10, 1848; died at Seattle, Wash., August 10, 1918.*

The High Tide at Gettysburg.	2502
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**THOMSON, JAMES**

*Born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, Scotland, September 11, 1700; died near Richmond, England, August 27, 1743.*

Rule, Britannia.	2232
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**THOMSON, JAMES**

*Born at Port Glasgow, Scotland, November 23, 1834; died in London, England, June 3, 1882.*

E. B. B.	3594
Gifts.	617
Requiem, A.	3551
Song, "Let my voice ring out and over the earth".	616
Vine, The.	487
William Blake.	3589

**THOREAU, HENRY DAVID**

*Born at Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; died there, May 6, 1862.*

Conscience.	2969
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Great Adventure, The.	2937
Inspiration.	2961
My Prayer.	2961
Nature.	1295

**THORLEY, WILFRID CHARLES\***

*Born in London, England, in 1878, and still living there.*

Buttercups.	1468
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**THORNBURY, GEORGE WALTER**

*Born in London, England, November 13, 1828; died there, June 11, 1876.*

The Cavalier's Escape.	2742
The Court Historian.	1789
The Sally from Coventry.	2745
The Three Troopers.	2743

**THORPE, ROSE HARTWICK**

*Born at Mishawaka, Ind., July 18, 1850; died at San Diego, Cal., July 19, 1930.*

"Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night".	3329
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**THRALE, HESTER, see PIOZZI, HESTER THRALE.****THURLOW, LORD, see HOVELL-THURLOW, EDWARD.****TICHBORNE, CHIDIOCK**

*Born at Southampton, England, about 1558; executed at London, for treason, September 20, 1586.*

A Lament.	401
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**TICKELL, THOMAS**

*Born at Bridekirk, Cumberland, England, in 1680, died at Glasnevin, near Dublin, Ireland, April 23, 1740.*

To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Mr. Addison.	3584
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**TICKNOR, FRANCIS ORRAY**

*Born in Fannin county, Ga., November 13, 1827, died near Columbus, Ga., December 13, 1874.*

Little Giffen.	2320
The Virginians of the Valley.	2223

**TILTON, THEODORE**

*Born in New York City, October 2, 1835; died there in 1907.*

"Even This Shall Pass Away".	2845
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**TIMROD, HENRY**

*Born at Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1820; died at Columbia, S. C., October 6, 1867.*

Ode "Sleep sweetly in your humble graves"....	2320
Serenade.	708
Sonnet, "Most men know love but as a part of life".	3036
Spring.	1344
Trifle, A.	654

**TIPPLE, E. H.**

*An English writer, living in India. Hot Weather in the Plains—India.*

India.	3236
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**TODHUNTER, JOHN**

Born at Dublin, Ireland, December 30, 1830; died in London, England, in 1916.

Maureen..... 647

**TODI, JOCOPONE DA**

Born at Todi, in the province of Perugia, Italy, about the middle of the thirteenth century; died in 1306.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa .. 3891

**TONNA, MRS. ["CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH"]**

An Irish writer born October 1, 1790; died July 12, 1846.

The Maiden City..... 2606

**TOOKER, L. FRANK**

Born at Port Jefferson, N. Y., December 18, 1855; died in New York City, September 17, 1925.

"He Bringeth Them Unto  
Their Desired Haven" . 3537

**TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE**

Born at Farnham, Surrey, England, November 4, 1740; died in London, August 11, 1778.

Rock of Ages... .. 3797

**TORRENCE, [FREDERIC] RIDGELY\***

Born at Xenia, Ohio, November 27, 1875; and now living in New York City.

Conclusion of the Whole

Matter, The..... 2897

Evensong. .... 893

**TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON\***

Born at Louisville, Ky., February 2, 1877; now living in New York City.

Song, "I saw the day's white  
rapture" . . . . . 892

The Quiet Singer. .... 3665

**TOWNSEND, MARY ASHLEY**

Born at Lyons, N. Y., in 1832, and died in 1901.

Embryo..... 3079

**TRAILL, HENRY DUFF**

Born at Morden Hill, Blackheath, England, August 14, 1842; died in London, February 21, 1900.

After Dilettante Concetti.. 1942

**TRENCH, HERBERT\***

Born at Arancore, County Cork, Ireland, in November, 1865; died at Boulogne, France, June 11, 1923.

A Charge..... 2919

"I Heard a Soldier"..... 927

**TROUBETZKOY, AMÉLIE RIVES,**

see RIVES, AMÉLIE.

**TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND**

Born at Oden, Monroe county, N. Y., September 18, 1827; died at Arlington, Mass., February 12, 1916.

Cup, The. .... 1645

**Darius Green and His Fly-**

ing-Machine..... 2163

Midsummer..... 1364

Midwinter..... 1393

Pewee, The. .... 1558

**TUCKER, ST. GEORGE**

Born in the island of Bermuda, July 10, 1752; died at Warminster, Nelson county, Va., November 10, 1827.

"Days of My Youth" . . . 352

**TURNER, CHARLES TENNYSON**

Born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, July 4, 1808; died at Cheltenham, England, April 25, 1870.

Letty's Globe. .... 265

Mary Queen of Scots. .... 3646

**TURNER, ELIZARETH**

An English writer for children, who died in 1846.

Politeness . . . . . 98

Rebecca's After-Thought . 100

**TYNAN, [HINKSON], KATHERINE**

Born at Clontarkein, County Dublin, Ireland, in 1861; died in London, England, April 2, 1911.

Beloved, The . . . . . 4727

Chanticleer . . . . . 119

Dead Coach, The . . . . . 3429

Desire, The . . . . . 253

Footpath Way, The . . . . . 1079

Little Ghost, The . . . . . 402

Of an Orchard . . . . . 1114

Quiet Nights, The . . . . . 3222

Sheep and Lambs . . . . . 4759

Turn o' the Year . . . . . 1432

## U

**UNTERMEYER, LOUIS\***

Born in New York City, October 1, 1885, and still living there.

Caliban in the Coal-mines . 3059

Folk-song . . . . . 1050

Landscapes . . . . . 3066

Only of Thee and Me . . . . . 625

Reveillé . . . . . 2561

**UPSON, ARTHUR [WHEELLOCK]**

Born at Camden, N. Y., January 10, 1877; drowned in Lake Bemidji, Minn., August 14, 1908.

"Ex Libris"..... 3466

Failures . . . . . 2950

Old Gardens . . . . . 992

Song, "Flame at the core of  
the world" . . . . . 1151

Vers la Vie. .... 2856

**UPTON, JAMES**

Born at Winslow, Cheshire, England, December 10, 1670; died at Taunton, England, August 13, 1740.

The Lass of Richmond Hill 615

## USHER, JOHN

*No biographical data available.*

The Pipe of Tobacco ..... 1984

## V

VANDEGRIFT, MARGARET, *see* JANSVIER, MARGARET THOMSON.

## VAN DYKE, HENRY

*Born at Germantown, Pa., November 10, 1852; died at Princeton, N. J., April 10, 1933*

Child in the Garden, The... 435

Four Things ..... 2918

Lover's Lavy, A ..... 672

Maryland Yellow-throat

The ..... 1543

My April Lady ..... 572

Valley of Van Verses, The.. 2933

## VAN RENSSELAER, MARIANA GRISWOLD (MRS. SCHUYLER)\*

*Born in New York City, February 25, 1851; died there January 20, 1934.*

Love's Prisoner..... 925

## VAUGHAN, HENRY

*Born at Watton-by-Usk, in the parish of Llanvaughan, Brecknockshire, Wales, April 17, 1622; died there, April 23, 1605*

Eclipse, The ..... 3766

Friends Departed... ..... 3508

Man ..... 369

Peace ..... 3605

Retreat, The ..... 434

Song to Amoret, A. .... 615

World, The. .... 3606

## VAUTOR, THOMAS

*A household musician in the family of Anthony Beaumont, of Leicestershire, England, from about 1592 until his death, some time after 1620.*

"Sweet Suffolk Owl"..... 1558

## VAUX, THOMAS, [SECOND BARON VAUX OF HARROWDEN]

*An English writer, born in 1510; died in London, in October, 1556.*

On a Contented Mind"..... 2978

## VENABLE, WILLIAM HENRY

*Born in Warren County, Ohio, April 20, 1830; died at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 6, 1920.*

My Catbird ..... 1533

VERE, *see also* DE VERE.

## VERF, EDWARD DE [SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD]

*An English writer, born April 2, 1550; died at Newington, Middlesex, England, June 24, 1604.*

A Renunciation..... 807

## VERY, JONES

*Born at Salem, Mass., August 28, 1813; died there, May 8, 1880.*

Nature ..... 1293

The Idler..... 2970

The Tree..... 1403

## VIELÉ, HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER

*Born in New York City, January 31, 1850; died there December 14, 1908.*

The Good Inn ..... 1700

## VILLON, FRANÇOIS

*Born in Paris in 1431; died about 1484*

Ballade des Dames du

Temps Jadis ..... 3837

## W

## WADDINGTON, SAMUEL

*Born at Boston Spa, Yorkshire, England, November 6, 1814; died in London in 1923*

Mors et Vita ..... 3422

WAKEFIELD, NANCY PRIEST, *see* PRIEST, NANCY WOODBURY.

## WALLER, EDMUND

*Born at Colehill, Hertfordshire, England, March 3, 1606; died at Beaconsfield, England, October 21, 1687*

"Go, Lovely Rose"..... 930

Of the Last Verses in the

Book ..... 401

On a Girdle ..... 531

On Her Coming to London ..... 330

To Flavia ..... 600

## WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS

*Born at Limerick, Ireland, in 1810; died at Bishop Stortford, England, January 10, 1894*

Kitty Neil ..... 756

## WAISH, WILLIAM

*Born at Abbeley, Worcestershire, England, in 1673; died in London, March 18, 1708.*

Rivals ..... 826

## WATTON, ISAAC

*Born in Staffordshire, England, August 9, 1593; died at Winchester, England, December 15, 1683*

The Angler's Wish ..... 1664

## WARD, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

*Born at Boston, Mass., August 31, 1844; died there, January 28, 1911.*

Afterwards. .... 3512

Lost Colors, The..... 2464

## WARD, LYDIA AVERY COONLEY

*Born at Lynchburg, Va., January 31, 1845; died in Chicago, Ill., February 26, 1924.*

Heredity..... 3731

To-day..... 2932

## WARE, EUGENE FITCH ("IRON-QUILL")

*Born at Hartford, Conn., May 29, 1841; died at Cascade, Colo., July 1, 1911.*

The Aztec City..... 3211

- WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY**  
*Born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1820; died at Hartford, Conn., October 20, 1900.*  
 Bookra . . . . . 2854
- WARREN, JOHN BYRNE LEICESTER**  
 [THIRD BARON DE TABLEY]  
*Born in Cheshire, England, April 26, 1835; died there November 22, 1895.*  
 The Churchyard on the Sands . . . . . 1067
- WARTON, THOMAS**  
*Born at Risingstoke, England, January 6, 1728; died May 21, 1700.*  
 Inscription in a Hermitage 1640
- WASSON, DAVID ATWOOD**  
*Born at West Brooksville, Me., May 4, 1823; died at West Medford, Mass., January 21, 1887.*  
 Joy-Month . . . . . 1579
- WASTELL, SIMON**  
*Born, probably at Wasdale, Cumberland, England, date unknown, died at Northampton, England, in January, 1632*  
 Man's Mortality . . . . . 3405
- WATERMAN, NIXON**  
*Born at Newark, Ill., November 12, 1859, now living at Canton, Mass.*  
 Recompense . . . . . 2929  
 Rose to the Living, A. . . . . 1800
- WATSON, MINOR**  
*No biographical data available.*  
 Constancy . . . . . 3475
- WATSON, ROSAMUND MARRIOTT**  
*Born in London, England, in 1863, died there December 29, 1911.*  
 Ave atque Vale. . . . . 353  
 Omnia dormia . . . . . 424  
 Requiescat . . . . . 1122
- WATSON, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Burley-in-Wharfedale, Yorkshire, England, August 2, 1858; died in London, August 13, 1935.*  
 Dawn on the Headland . . . . . 1308  
 Great Misgiving, The . . . . . 3428  
 Invention. . . . . 3100  
 Keyboard, The . . . . . 3132  
 Lachrimæ Musarum . . . . . 3659  
 Leavetaking . . . . . 366  
 Shakespeare. . . . . 3652  
 Song, "April, April" . . . . . 1354  
 Song, "O, like a queen's her happy tread" . . . . . 577  
 Sonnets from "Sonnets to Miranda". . . . . 1271  
 Woman with the Serpent's Tongue, The . . . . . 1908  
 Wordsworth's Grave . . . . . 3682
- WATTS, ALARIC ALEXANDER**  
*Born in London, England, March 6, 1797; died there, April 5, 1864.*  
 The Siege of Belgrade. . . . . 2072
- WATTS, ISAAC**  
*Born at Southampton, England, July 17, 1674; died at Theobalds, Herts, England, November 25, 1748*
- Cradle Hymn, A. . . . . 79*  
*"How Doth the Little Busy Bee" . . . . . 104*  
*"O God! Our Help in Ages Past" . . . . . 3790*  
*Sluggard, The. . . . . 106*
- WATTS-DUNTON, WALTER THEODORE**  
*Born at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, England, October 12, 1832; died at Putney Hill, England, June 7, 1914.*  
 Coleridge . . . . . 3601  
 First Kiss, The . . . . . 689  
 Sonnet's Voice, The. . . . . 3106
- WAUGH, EDWIN**  
*Born at Rochdale, Lancashire, England, January 20, 1817; died at New Brighton, England, April 30, 1890*  
 The Dull's 't'his Bonnet o' Mine" . . . . . 757
- WEATHERLY, FREDERIC EDWARD**  
*Born at Portishead, Somersetshire, England, October 4, 1848; died at Bath, England, September 7, 1929*  
 The Dustman . . . . . 73
- WEBBE, CHARLES**  
*An English writer living in the latter half of the seventeenth century.*  
 Against Indifference . . . . . 615
- WEBSTER, AUGUSTA**  
*Born at Poole, Dorset, England, January 3, 1837, died at Kew, England, September 5, 1894.*  
 The Pine . . . . . 1408  
 The Violet and the Rose. . . . . 1503
- WEBSTER, JOHN**  
*An English writer, born about 1580, died about 1625.*  
 A Dirge . . . . . 3430  
 Song, "All the flowers of the spring" . . . . . 3517
- WELBY, AMELIA COPPUCK**  
*Born at St. Michael's, Maryland, February 3, 1819, died in Louisville, Ky., May 3, 1852*  
 Twilight at Sea . . . . . 1317
- WELLS, CAROLYN [MRS. HADWIN HOUGHTON]**  
*Born at Rahway, New Jersey, about 1868; now living in New York City*  
 Four Limericks . . . . . 2228  
 The Poster Girl. . . . . 1941
- WELSH, ROBERT GILBERT**  
*Born at Glasgow, Scotland, November 18, 1869; a resident of New York City from childhood; drowned off the coast of Bermuda in July, 1924*  
 Azrael . . . . . 3414
- WERNER, ALICE**  
*Born at Trieste, Austria-Hungary, June 26, 1859, and long a resident of London*  
 A Song of Fleet Street. . . . . 2597

**WESLEY, CHARLES**

*Born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, December 28, 1707; died in London, March 20, 1788.*

"A Charge to Keep I Have" 3792  
 "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" 3791

**WEST, JOHN [FIRST EARL DE LA WARR]**

*Born in England, April 4, 1693; died in London, March 16, 1766.*

Fair Hebe . . . . . 721

**WESTWOOD, THOMAS**

*Born at Enfield, England, November 26, 1814; died in Belgium, March 13, 1888.*

Little Bell . . . . . 259  
 Under My Window . . . . . 258

**WHEELER, EDWARD JEWETT**

*Born at Cleveland, Ohio, March 11, 1850; died at Lake Placid, N. Y., July 15, 1922.*

Night's Mardi Gras . . . . . 1328

**WHELOCK, JOHN HALL\***

*Born at Far Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y., in 1886, and now living in New York City.*

Sunday Evening in the Common . . . . . 3059

**WHITE, GILFISON [JOSEPH WILLIAM GILFISON]**

*Born at Christ Church, England, in 1851; died in London in 1898.*

A Primrose Dame . . . . . 740

**WHITE, HENRY KIRKE**

*Born at Nottingham, England, March 21, 1785; died at Cambridge, England, October 10, 1866.*

The Early Primrose . . . . . 1496

**WHITE, HERVEY**

*Born at New London, Ia., November 25, 1866; now living in Chicago, Ill.*

"I Saw the Clouds" . . . . . 2984

**WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO**

*Born at Seville, Spain, July 11, 1775; died at Liverpool, England, May 20, 1841.*

To Night . . . . . 1324

**WHITMAN, WALT**

*Born at West Hills, Huntington, Long Island, May 31, 1819; died at Camden, N. J., March 26, 1892.*

"As Toilsome I Wandered  
 Virginia's Woods" . . . . . 3004

Beasts, The . . . . . 2996

"Darest Thou Now, O Soul" 3494

Last Invocation, The . . . . . 3494

Mannahatta . . . . . 2568

"O Captain! My Captain!" 3629

Song for All Seas, All Ships 1584

To the Man-of-War Bird 1542

"When Lilacs Last in the  
 Dooryard Bloomed" . . . . . 3630

**WHITNEY, ADELINE DUTTON TRAIN**

*Born in Boston, Mass., September 15, 1824; died at Milton, Mass., March 20, 1906.*

Equinoctial . . . . . 367

Humpty Dumpty . . . . . 2034

**WHITNFY, HELEN HAY**

*An American writer, born in New York City and still living there.*

Song, "We only ask for sunshine" . . . . . 3386

To Diane . . . . . 1128

**WHITTAKER, FREDERICK**

*Born in London, England, in 1838; came to America in 1850; died in 1917.*

Custer's Last Charge . . . . . 2529

**WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF**

*Born at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807; died at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892.*

Barbara Frietchie . . . . . 2494

Barefoot Boy, The . . . . . 261

Bayard Taylor . . . . . 3658

Brown of Ossawatimie . . . . . 2484

Frost Spirit, The . . . . . 1388

Henchman, The . . . . . 553

Ichabod . . . . . 1817

Maud Muller . . . . . 905

My Playmate . . . . . 972

Proem . . . . . 3078

Skipper Ireson's Ride . . . . . 2445

Telling the Bees . . . . . 1109

**WIDDEMFR, MARGARET\***

*Born at Doylestown, Pa., and now living in New York City.*

Cyprian Woman, A . . . . . 3506

Factories, The . . . . . 3057

**WILBY, JOHN**

*English madrigal composer, fl. 1598-1614.*

Risposta . . . . . 2980

**WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER**

*Born at Johnson Center, Wis., November 5, 1850; died at Short Beach, Conn., October 30, 1910.*

Interlude . . . . . 3472

Midsummer . . . . . 922

Solitude . . . . . 2929

**WILDE, OSCAR O'FLAHERTIE WILLS**

*Born at Dublin, Ireland, October 15, 1836; died in Paris, France, November 30, 1900.*

Ave Imperatrix . . . . . 2244

Ballad of Reading Gaol, The 2773

Endymion . . . . . 1013

Requiescat . . . . . 1119

Serenade . . . . . 712

Theocritus . . . . . 3664

**WILDE, RICHARD HENRY**

*Born at Dublin, Ireland, September 24, 1780; brought to United States in 1797; died at New Orleans, La., September 10, 1847.*

"My Life is Like the Summer Rose" . . . . . 3358

- WILKINSON, FLORENCE [MRS. WILFRID MUIR EVANS]**  
*Born at Tarrytown, N. Y., and now living at Westport, Conn.*  
 At the Salon . . . . . 3373  
 Students. . . . . 1792
- WILLARD, EMMA HART**  
*Born at Berlin, Conn., February 27, 1787; died at Troy N. Y., April 15, 1870*  
 Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" . . . . . 1599
- WILLIAMS, [SIR] CHARLES HANBURY**  
*Born probably at Pontypool, Monmouthshire, England, December 8, 1708; committed suicide, November 2, 1750.*  
 "Come, Chloe, and Give me Sweet Kisses" . . . . . 685
- WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER**  
*Born at Portland, Me., January 20, 1806; died at Idlewild, near Newburgh, N. Y., January 20, 1867.*  
 "Chamber Scene" . . . . . 348  
 Love in a Cottage. . . . . 732  
 On the Picture of a "Child Tired of Play" . . . . . 280  
 To Laura W—, Two Years Old . . . . . 270  
 Unseen Spirits . . . . . 1032
- WILMOT, JOHN [SECOND EARL OF ROCHSTER]**  
*Born at Ditchley, Oxfordshire, England April 10, 1647; died there, July 26, 1650*  
 Constancy . . . . . 611  
 Epitaph on Charles II. . . . . 1011  
 Love and Life . . . . . 611  
 Song, "My dear mistress has a heart" . . . . . 610  
 Song, "Too late, alas! I must confess" . . . . . 612
- WILSON, JOHN [CHRISTOPHER NORTH]**  
*Born at Paisley, Scotland, May 18, 1785; died at Edinburgh, April 3, 1854.*  
 Evening Cloud, The . . . . . 1320
- WILSON, ROBERT BURNS**  
*Born in Washington County, Pa., October 30, 1759; died at Frankfort, Ky., March 31, 1796*  
 Passing of March, The . . . . . 1353  
 "Such is the Death the Soldier Dies" . . . . . 2317
- WILSON, T. P. CAMERON\***  
*Born in South Devon, England, in 1880; killed in action in France, March 23, 1918*  
 Magpies in Picardy . . . . . 2554
- WINCHELSEA, COUNTESS OF, see FINCH, ANNE**
- WINKWORTH, CATHARINE**  
*Born in London, England Septem-*
- ber 13, 1827; died near Geneva, Switzerland, July 1, 1878.*  
 Veni, Sancte Spiritus [tr] . . . 3780
- WINTER, WILLIAM**  
*Born at Gloucester, Mass., July 15, 1836; died at New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., June 30, 1917.*  
 Age . . . . . 424  
 Queen, The . . . . . 671  
 Refuge . . . . . 921  
 Rubicon, The. . . . . 3497
- WISDOME, ROBERT**  
*Born, probably in Oxfordshire, England, about 1500; died at Wilburton, England, in September, 1568.*  
 A Religious Use of Tobacco. 1983
- WITHER, GEORGE**  
*Born at Brentworth, Hampshire, England, June 11, 1588; died in London, May 2, 1667.*  
 "I Loved a Lass" . . . . . 718  
 Lover's Resolution, The . . . . . 813  
 "Sleep, Baby, Sleep" . . . . . 75  
 Stolen Kiss, A . . . . . 683
- WOLCOT, JOHN [PETER PINDAR]**  
*Born at Doulbrooke, near Kingbridge, Devonshire, England, May 9, 1738; died at Somers Town, England, January 11, 1810*  
 The Razor-Seller . . . . . 2101  
 To a Kiss. . . . . 686
- WOLFE, CHARLES**  
*Born at Blackhall, County Kildare, Ireland, December 11, 1701; died at the Cove of Cork, Ireland, February 21, 1823.*  
 Burial of Sir John Moore after Corunna . . . . . 2448  
 "Go, Forget Me" . . . . . 953  
 To Mary . . . . . 1082
- WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD\***  
*Born at Beverly, Mass. May 12, 1855; died there, January 2, 1930*  
 At Gibraltar . . . . . 2229  
 Comrades . . . . . 5005  
 "O, Inexorable as Secret" . . . . . 698  
 Rose of Stars, The . . . . . 526  
 Secret, The . . . . . 505  
 Song of Eros . . . . . 507  
 Sonnets Written in the Fall of 1914 . . . . . 2550  
 "When First I Saw Her" . . . . . 571  
 Wild Lark . . . . . 3209
- WOODS, MARGARET LOUISA\***  
*Born at Rugby, England, in 1856, and later a resident of Oxford.*  
 Genius Lost . . . . . 3110  
 Young Winlebank . . . . . 2325
- WOODS, WILLIAM HERVEY**  
*Born in Green County, Ky., November 17, 1852, and later a resident of Baltimore, Md*  
 The Prayer of Beaten Men . . . . . 2944
- WOODWORTH, SAMUEL**  
*Born at Scituate, Mass., January 13,*

1784; died in New York City, December 9, 1812.

Bucket, The . . . . . 466  
Needle, The . . . . . 2120

WOOLSFY, SARAH CHAUNCY [SUSAN COOLIDGE]

Born at Cleveland, O., Jan. 20, 1835;  
died at Newport, R. I., April 9, 1905.

How the Leaves Came Down 142  
When . . . . . 3464

WOOLSON, CONSTANCE FENIMORE

Born at Claremont, N. H., in March,  
1830; died at Venice, Italy, January 24,  
1894.

Yellow Jessamine. . . . . 1490

WORDSWORTH, DOROTHY, [MRS. EDWARD QULLINAN]

Born August 6, 1811, the second child  
of William Wordsworth; died at Rydal  
Mount, Westmoreland, England, July 9,  
1817.

The Cottager to her Infant 84

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM

Born at Cockermouth, Cumberland,  
England, April 7, 1770; died at Rydal  
Mount, Westmoreland, England, April  
23, 1850.

Character of the Happy

Warrior, The . . . . . 2935

Elegiac Stanzas. . . . . 3587

England 1802 . . . . . 2237

Expostulation and Reply 1657

Green Linnet, The . . . . . 1541

"I Wandered Lonely as a

Cloud" . . . . . 1473

Inner Vision, The . . . . . 3087

"It is a beautiful Evening,

Calm and Free" . . . . . 1314

Lines Composed a few Miles

above Tintern Abbey 2578

Lines Written in Early

Spring . . . . . 1334

Lucy . . . . . 1073

Lucy Gray or, Solitude . . . . . 290

"O Nightingale, Thou Surely

Art" . . . . . 1545

Ode on the Intimations of

Immortality from Recol-

lections of Early Child-

hood . . . . . 371

Ode to Duty . . . . . 2955

On the Extinction of the

Venetian Republic 2619

Pass of Kirkstone, The . . . . . 2582

Perfect Woman. . . . . 380

Rainbow, The . . . . . 366

Reverie of Poor Susan, The . . . . . 281

"Scorn Not the Sonnet". . . . . 3109

Small Celandine, The . . . . . 1469

Solitary Reaper, The . . . . . 333

Sonnet, "Earth has not any-

thing to show more fair" . . . . . 2597

Stepping Westward . . . . . 398

"Surprised by Joy" . . . . . 3566

Tables Turned, The . . . . . 1611

Three Cottage Girls, The . . . . . 334

To a Butterfly . . . . . 1517

To a Child . . . . . 125

To a Skylark . . . . . 1565

To a Skylark . . . . . 1566

To Hartley Coleridge . . . . . 275

To Sleep . . . . . 3221

To the Cuckoo . . . . . 1538

To the Daisy . . . . . 1478

To the Small Celandine . . . . . 1470

Trosachs, The. . . . . 1430

Two April Mornings, The. . . . . 3564

We Are Seven . . . . . 316

"Why Art Thou Silent" . . . . . 1254

"With Ships the Sea was

Sprinkled" . . . . . 1589

"World is too Much With Us,

The" . . . . . 1292

Written in March. . . . . 1352

Yarrow Unvisited . . . . . 2584

Yarrow Visited . . . . . 2586

WOTTON, [SIR] HENRY

Born at Boston, Malherbe, Kent,  
England, in 1568; died at Eton, Eng-  
land, in December, 1630.

Character of a Happy Life,

The . . . . . 2986

Elizabeth of Bohemia . . . . . 525

WRIGHT, WILLARD HUNTINGTON

Born at Charlottesville, Va., in 1888;  
died in New York City, April 11, 1939.

Song against Women . . . . . 829

WYATT, [SIR] THOMAS

Born in Kent, England, about 1503;  
died at Sherborne, Dorsetshire, England,  
October 10, 1542.

"Forget not Yet" . . . . . 583

WYNDHAM [SIR] CHARLES [SECOND  
EARL OF EGRMONT]

Born in London, England, August 19,  
1710; died there, August 21, 1763.

The Fair Thief. . . . . 536

## Y

YATES, EDMUND

Born at Edinboro, Scotland, July 3,  
1831; died in London, England, May  
20, 1894.

All Saints' . . . . . 1868

YBARRA, THOMAS RUSSELL\*

An American writer, born in 1880,  
and now living in New York City.

Lay of Ancient Rome . . . . . 2044

YLAIS, WILLIAM PUTLER

Born at Sandymount, near Dublin,  
Ireland, June 13, 1865; died at Roque-  
brunne, in southern France, January  
28, 1939.

Ballad of Father Gilligan,

The . . . . . 2803

"Down by the Salley Gar-

dens" . . . . . 928

Fiddler of Dooney, The . . . . . 1965

Into the Twilight . . . . . 2855

Lake Isle of Innisfree, The . . . . . 1634

"Never Give all the Heart" . . . . . 511

Rose of the World, The . . . . . 390

"When You are Old" . . . . . 636

YOUNG, MRS. WILLIAM SANBORN,

see MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT.



# INDEX OF FIRST LINES

## A

	PAGE
A baby's feet, like seashells pink . . . . .	16
A braver swell, a swifter sliding . . . . .	971
A breathing sigh, a sigh for answer . . . . .	960
A bright little maid of St. Thomas . . . . .	2088
A canner, exceedingly canny . . . . .	2088
A capital ship for an ocean trip . . . . .	2079
A certain Pasha, dead five thousand years . . . . .	2845
A cheer and salute for the Admiral, and here's to the Captain bold . . . . .	2297
A charge to keep I have . . . . .	3702
A chieftain, to the Highlands bound . . . . .	2723
A child should always say what's true . . . . .	98
A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun . . . . .	1320
A cloud possessed the hollow field . . . . .	2502
A country life is sweet . . . . .	1653
"A cup for hope!" she said . . . . .	452
A dappled sky, a world of meadows . . . . .	969
A dillar, a dollar . . . . .	32
A district school, not far away . . . . .	2136
A fellow in a market-town . . . . .	2101
A fire-mist and a planet . . . . .	2867
A fleet with flags arrayed . . . . .	2421
A flock of merry singing-birds were sporting in the grove . . . . .	1530
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by . . . . .	3221
A flying word from here and there . . . . .	3640
A fool and knave with different views . . . . .	826
A fool there was and he made his prayer . . . . .	1045
A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot . . . . .	1446
A good sword and a trusty han <sup>d</sup> . . . . .	2407
A happy bit hame this auld world would be . . . . .	3035
A Hindoo died; a happy thing to do . . . . .	1809
A hundred years from now, dear heart . . . . .	661
A hut, and a tree . . . . .	2907
A is an angel of blushing eighteen . . . . .	2049
A jolly fat friar loved liquor good store . . . . .	2112
A lady red upon the hill . . . . .	1332
A lady there was of Antigua . . . . .	2089
A lake and a fairy boat . . . . .	630
A land of Dreams and Sleep—a poppie <sup>d</sup> land . . . . .	2640
A lark in the mesh of a tangled vine . . . . .	2840
A late lark twitters in the quiet skies . . . . .	3501
A laughing knot of village maids . . . . .	677
A life on the ocean wave . . . . .	1594
A lily in my garden grew . . . . .	1880
A lion with the heat oppressed . . . . .	120
A little Boy was set to keep . . . . .	121
A little elbow leans upon your knee . . . . .	321
A little fairy comes at night . . . . .	237
A little more toward the light . . . . .	361
A little Saint best fits a little Shrine . . . . .	1723
A little sun, a little rain . . . . .	2009
A little time for laughter . . . . .	898



	PAGE
A little while (my life is almost set!).....	895
A little while the tears and laughter.....	2011
A little work, a little play.....	2016
A lively young turtle lived down by the banks.....	2058
A lovely young lady I mourn in my rhymes.....	1919
A man called Dante, I have heard.....	3084
A man of words and not of deeds.....	64
A man said unto his Angel.....	2040
A man should live in a garret aloof.....	3103
A melancholy little man was seated on the ground.....	2087
A mighty fortress is our God.....	3806
A mile behind is Gloucester town.....	2509
A mist was driving down the British Channel.....	3070
A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er.....	1879
A nightingale made a mistake.....	147
A nightingale, that all day long.....	179
A pitcher of mignonette.....	1706
A place in thy memory, Dearest.....	871
A portly wood-louse, full of cares.....	1701
A pretty good firm is "Watch and Waite".....	114
A pretty task, Miss S——, to ask.....	713
A public haunt they found her in.....	280
A queen lived in the South.....	545
A raven sat upon a tree.....	1854
A rose, as fair as ever saw the North.....	1498
A rose for a young head.....	1089
A rose to the living is more.....	1800
"A sail! a sail! oh, whence away".....	3231
A sentinel angel, sitting high in glory.....	1038
A shady freshness, chafers whirring.....	070
A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing.....	118
A simple Child.....	316
A slumber did my spirit seal.....	1076
A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers.....	2634
A song of a boat.....	431
A song to the oak, the brave old oak.....	1403
A sonnet is a moment's monument.....	3107
A star is gone' a star is gone.....	3746
A steed, a steed of matchless speed.....	2282
A stone jug and a pewter mug.....	2017
A street there is in Paris famous.....	1726
A sudden wakin', a sudden weepin'.....	2910
A sunshiny shower.....	66
A supercilious nabob of the East.....	1845
A swarm of bees in May.....	65
A sweet disorder in the dress.....	378
"A temple to Friendship," said Laura, enchanted.....	812
A thousand miles from land are we.....	1572
A traveler on a dusty road.....	2925
A tutor who tooted the flute.....	2088
A viewless thing is the wind.....	507
A violet in her lovely hair.....	548
A voice by the cedar tree.....	552
A voice from the sea to the mountains.....	2072
A voice resounds like thunder-peal.....	2269
A was an Archer, who shot at a frog.....	60
A watch will tell the time of day.....	162
"A weary lot is thine, fair maid".....	948
A well there is in the west country.....	2114
A wet sheet and a flowing sea.....	1592
A whisper woke the air.....	2924

	PAGE
A white way is the wind's way . . . . .	3374
A widow—she had only one. . . . .	3554
A wind came up out of the sea . . . . .	3443
A woman is a foreign land . . . . .	387
A yellow moon in splendor drooping . . . . .	970
Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide . . . . .	3802
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) . . . . .	2999
About Glenkindie and his men . . . . .	2730
About the little chambers of my heart . . . . .	3005
Above my head the shields are stained with rust . . . . .	3552
Above the cloistral valley . . . . .	3553
Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting . . . . .	3606
Above yon sombre swell of land . . . . .	1652
Accept, thou shrine of my dead saint . . . . .	1228
Across the Eastern sky has glowed . . . . .	3254
Across the fields of yesterday . . . . .	436
Across the foaming river . . . . .	3257
Across the grass I see her pass . . . . .	573
Across the hills of Arcady . . . . .	664
Across the narrow beach we flit . . . . .	1562
Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss . . . . .	3453
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever . . . . .	945
Afar in the desert I love to ride . . . . .	1669
After such years of dissension and strife . . . . .	1919
After the May time and after the June time . . . . .	922
Again I hear that creaking step . . . . .	2151
Again rejoicing Nature sees . . . . .	1341
Against the green flame of the hawthorn-tree . . . . .	516
Ah, be not false, sweet Splendor . . . . .	349
Ah, 'Chloris! that I now could sit . . . . .	719
Ah, 'Clemence! when I saw thee last . . . . .	900
Ah, did you once see Shelley plain . . . . .	3657
Ah, drops of gold in whitening flame . . . . .	1479
Ah, happy youths, ah, happy maid . . . . .	1079
Ah, here it is! the sliding rail . . . . .	3739
Ah, how sweet it is to love . . . . .	485
Ah! marvel not if when I come to die . . . . .	886
Ah me, dread friends of mine,—Love, Time, and Death . . . . .	3458
Ah! my heart is weary waiting . . . . .	1363
Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ . . . . .	3751
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year . . . . .	2008
"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from the wheel" . . . . .	756
Ah, sweet, thou little knowest how . . . . .	704
Ah! there's the lily, marble pale . . . . .	1499
Ah, wasteful woman, she that may . . . . .	384
Ah! were she pitiful as she is fair . . . . .	583
Ah, what avails the sceptered race . . . . .	622
Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing . . . . .	1210
Ah, yes, I wrote the "Purple Cow" . . . . .	2086
"Ahoy! and O-ho! and it's who's for the ferry" . . . . .	761
Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon . . . . .	1040
Airy, fairy Lillian . . . . .	634
Alas, how soon the hours are over . . . . .	1910
Alas! that man must see . . . . .	3574
Alas, that my heart is a lute . . . . .	620
Alas, the moon should ever beam . . . . .	869
Alexis, here she stayed; among these pines . . . . .	1252
Alike to her who Dines both Loud and Long . . . . .	1922
All alone on the hillside . . . . .	2291
All around him Patmos lies . . . . .	1303
All day I tell my rosary . . . . .	999

	PAGE
All day long on the highway . . . . .	509
All day the stormy wind has blown . . . . .	3732
All French folk, wheresoe'er ye be . . . . .	1786
All hail the power of Jesus' name . . . . .	3792
All hail! thou noble land . . . . .	2223
All I could see from where I stood . . . . .	3192
All in our marriage garden . . . . .	26
All in the April evening . . . . .	3759
All in the Downs the fleet was moored . . . . .	937
All in the golden weather, forth let us ride to-day . . . . .	1085
All in the leafy darkness, when sleep had passed me by . . . . .	3373
All in the lilac-rain . . . . .	3539
All June I bound the rose in sheaves . . . . .	884
All last night I had quiet . . . . .	674
All loved and lovely women dear to rhyme . . . . .	3401
All moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees . . . . .	3496
All my past life is mine no more . . . . .	611
All Nature seems at work, Slugs leave their lair . . . . .	3373
All night I watched awake for morning . . . . .	1300
"All quiet along the Potomac," they say . . . . .	2491
All Scottish legends did his fancy fashion . . . . .	3595
All that he came to give . . . . .	3001
All that I know . . . . .	1321
All the bells of heaven may ring . . . . .	254
All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of one bee . . . . .	689
All the earth a hush of white . . . . .	1106
All the flowers of the spring . . . . .	3517
All thoughts, all passions, all delights . . . . .	1173
All through the golden weather . . . . .	985
All through the sultry hours of June . . . . .	1580
All women born are so perverse . . . . .	1003
Allons, enfans de la Patrie . . . . .	3836
All's over, then: does truth sound bitter . . . . .	848
Along a river-side, I know not where . . . . .	2488
Along the garden ways just now . . . . .	647
Along the field as we came by . . . . .	856
Along the lane beside the mead . . . . .	744
Aloof upon the day's immeasured dome . . . . .	1581
Although I enter not . . . . .	792
Am I sincere? I say I dote . . . . .	1755
Amid the cloistered gloom of Aachen's aisle . . . . .	3597
Amid the fairest things that grow . . . . .	1120
Amid the chapel's chequered gloom . . . . .	1124
Among his books he sits all day . . . . .	1019
An ancient story I'll tell you anon . . . . .	2707
An apple orchard smells like wine . . . . .	3387
An Austrian army, awfully arrayed . . . . .	2072
An empty sky, a world of heather . . . . .	966
An evil Spirit (your Beauty) haunts me still . . . . .	1243
An old lane, an old gate, an old house by a tree . . . . .	3233
And all is well, though faith and form . . . . .	2004
And are ye sure the news is true . . . . .	1217
And did thy sapphire shallop slip . . . . .	5
And is this—Yarrow?— <i>This</i> the Stream . . . . .	2586
And this is good old Boston . . . . .	1919
And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!) . . . . .	2116
"And where have you been, my Mary" . . . . .	238
"And where now, Bayard, will thy footsteps tend" . . . . .	3658
"And ye sall walk in silk attire" . . . . .	943
And yet I cannot reprehend the flight . . . . .	1240
And yet I know past all doubting, truly . . . . .	971
Angel, hast thou betrayed me? Long ago . . . . .	2856

	PAGE
Angels from the realms of glory. . . . .	3798
Anger in its time and place. . . . .	113
"Annan water's wading deep" . . . . .	1062
Annie Shore, 'twas, sang last night. . . . .	1057
April, April. . . . .	1354
Aramantha, sweet and fair. . . . .	533
"Are women fair?" Ay! wondrous fair to see too. . . . .	1902
Arethusa arose. . . . .	1418
Ariel to Miranda:—Take. . . . .	3126
Around the child bend all the three. . . . .	356
Around this lovely valley rise. . . . .	1364
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers. . . . .	2981
As a beauty, I'm not a great star . . . . .	2090
As a fond mother, when the day is o'er . . . . .	1351
As a naked man I go . . . . .	2819
As a twig trembles, which a bird . . . . .	314
As an old mercer in some sleepy town . . . . .	1301
As an unperfect actor on the stage . . . . .	1247
As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping . . . . .	755
As beneath the moon I walked. . . . .	3379
As doctors give physic by way of prevention . . . . .	1861
As I came down from Lebanon . . . . .	2637
As I came round the harbor buoy. . . . .	1613
As I in hoary winter's night. . . . .	208
As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng . . . . .	3359
As I look back upon your first embrace. . . . .	1166
As I was going to St. Ives. . . . .	64
As I was walking all alane . . . . .	2680
As I was walking up the street . . . . .	541
As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered in my going. . . . .	1591
As I went down the hill I heard. . . . .	395
As I went through a garden gap. . . . .	64
As I wer readen ov a stwone. . . . .	3569
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet. . . . .	1915
As it fell upon a day . . . . .	1546
As Joseph was a-waukin'. . . . .	209
"As like the Woman as you can". . . . .	1900
As near Portobello lying . . . . .	2415
As nestling at thy feet in peace I lay . . . . .	2231
As one that for a weary space has lain. . . . .	3083
As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay. . . . .	3033
As slow our ship her foamy track . . . . .	3360
As soft as silk, as white as milk. . . . .	62
As the sin that was sweet in the sinning. . . . .	1953
As through the land at eve we went . . . . .	1168
As toilsome I wandered Virginia's woods. . . . .	3004
As Tom and his wife were discoursing one day. . . . .	1900
As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks. . . . .	37
As when the shadow of the sun's eclipse . . . . .	2551
Ask if I love thee? Oh, smiles cannot tell . . . . .	1215
Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea. . . . .	875
Ask me no more where Jove bestows. . . . .	530
Ask me why I send you here . . . . .	1495
Ask not the cause why sullen Spring. . . . .	934
Ask nothing more of me, Sweet. . . . .	903
At Cato's Head in Russell Street. . . . .	1806
At Crecy by Somme in Ponthieu. . . . .	2352
At dawn, when England's childish tongue. . . . .	1483
At evening when the lamp is lit. . . . .	150
At Florés in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay. . . . .	2377
At Haroun's court it chanced, upon a time . . . . .	1860

	PAGE
At her fair hands how have I grace entreated.....	509
At last I have ceased repining, at last I accept my fate. ....	2863
At least it was a life of swords .....	3006
At midnight, in his guarded tent .....	2453
At night when sick folk wakeful lie.....	3429
At Paris it was, at the Opera there .....	889
At setting day and rising morn .....	940
At sixteen years, she knew no care ...	1032
At the corner of Wood street, when daylight appears ..	281
At the gate of the West I stand.....	3052
At the king's gate the subtle noon .....	2985
At the last, tenderly .....	3494
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly ..	1079
At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep-time .....	3503
At the Midsummer, when the hay was down ..	1099
Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise	2370
Augustus was a chubby lad .....	122
Auld Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole .....	71
Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones ..	2404
Awake, Æolian lyre, awake .....	3001
Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet gray ..	3016
Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake ..	505
Awake! the dawn is on the hills .....	700
Awake thee, my lady-love .....	703
Awake, ye nations, slumbering supine ..	2550
Away, away in the northland .....	143
Away! let naught to love displeasing ..	1221
Away with your fictions of flimsy romance ..	686
Ay, tear her tattered ensign down .....	2456
Azaleas — whitest of white .....	1467

## B

Baa, haa, black sheep, have you any wool .....	36
Baby wants his breakfast .....	56
Bachelor's Hall! what a quare-lookin' place it is ..	1970
Back she came through the trembling dusk ..	1050
Back to the flower-town, side by side .....	3026
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight ..	405
Balkis was in her marble town .....	3215
Baloo, loo, lammy, now baloo, my dear .....	81
Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep .....	1037
Barber, barber, shave a pig .....	34
Bards of Passion and of Mirth .....	3090
Barney McGee, there's no end of good luck in you ..	1680
Bartholomew is very sweet .....	20
Be it not mine to steal the cultured flower .....	1658
Be kind and tender to the Frog .....	2081
Be still, my heart, and listen .....	616
Be ye in love with April-tide .....	670
Beat on the Tom-toms, scatter the flowers .....	1198
Beating Heart: we come again .....	708
Beauties, have ye seen this toy .....	479
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead .....	1004
Beauty calls and gives no warning .....	803
Beauty may be the path to highest good .....	2973
Beauty, sweet Love, is like the morning dew ..	1241
Because I had loved so deeply .....	3479
Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die....	3479
Because the rose must fade .....	2841
Because the shadows deepened verily .....	1261
Because you passed, and now are not.....	2304

# Index of First Lines

3919

	PAGE
Before I trust my fate to thee. . . . .	1162
Before my light goes out forever, if God should give me choice of graces . . . . .	917
Before the beginning of years. . . . .	368
Before the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens made. . . . .	2211
Before the urchin well could go . . . . .	536
Before you kissed me, only winds of heaven. . . . .	1194
Behave yoursel' before folk. . . . .	751
Behind him lay the gray Azores. . . . .	2366
Behind thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack. . . . .	2950
Behold her, single in the field. . . . .	333
Behold Pelides with his yellow hair. . . . .	3212
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms. . . . .	624
Ben Battle was a soldier bold . . . . .	2146
Bend now thy body to the common weight . . . . .	351
Beneath an Indian palm a girl. . . . .	963
Beneath the shadow of dawn's acrial cope. . . . .	2844
Beneath the softly falling snow . . . . .	3427
Beneath the warrior's helm, behold. . . . .	1748
Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed . . . . .	1541
Beneath this stony roof reclined . . . . .	1640
Beside the dead I knelt for prayer. . . . .	3773
Best and Brightest, come away . . . . .	1667
Better trust all, and be deceived. . . . .	2919
Between the dark and the daylight. . . . .	252
Between the sunset and the sea. . . . .	1160
Beware the deadly Sitting habit . . . . .	2036
Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea. . . . .	1679
Beyond the ferry water. . . . .	992
Beyond the last horizon's rim . . . . .	3577
Beyond the low marsh-meadows and the beach . . . . .	1590
Beyond the narrow window . . . . .	3345
Beyond the smiling and the weeping. . . . .	3496
Bid adieu, adieu, adieu. . . . .	1170
Bid me to live, and I will live. . . . .	505
Bird of the wilderness . . . . .	1566
Birds are singing round my window. . . . .	1522
Blessings on thee, little man . . . . .	261
Blest be the tie that binds . . . . .	3801
Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy. . . . .	3125
Blossom of the almond trees. . . . .	1466
Blossom on the plum. . . . .	1351
Blow, blow, thou winter wind. . . . .	3039
Blow, bugles, blow, soft and sweet and low. . . . .	2316
Blow gently over my garden . . . . .	3727
Blow high, blow low! let tempest tear . . . . .	942
Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead. . . . .	2545
Blow softly, thrush, upon the hush . . . . .	1581
Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go. . . . .	37
Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon. . . . .	1500
Blue gulf all around us . . . . .	1626
Blue, pink and yellow houses, and, afar . . . . .	3374
Blue sky, green fields, and lazy yellow sun. . . . .	1171
Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea . . . . .	38
Bobolink! that in the meadow. . . . .	1531
Bonnie wee thing! cannie wee thing. . . . .	622
Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen . . . . .	2151
Boon Nature to the woman bows. . . . .	386
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away . . . . .	2284
Booth led boldly with his big bass drum. . . . .	3593
Bow down, my song, before her presence high. . . . .	1274
Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans . . . . .	3041

	PAGE
Brave as the firstborn flame upsprings the statue.....	3373
Brave flowers—that I could gallant it like you.....	1466
Break, break, break.....	472
Breathless, we flung us on the windy hill.....	1270
Bright be the skies that cover thee.....	270
Bright Star of Beauty! on whose eyelids sit.....	1243
Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art.....	3480
Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning.....	210
Bring me my dead.....	3663
Bring me wine, but wine which never grew.....	2664
Brothers in blood! They who this wrong began.....	2501
Brow bender, eye peeper.....	58
Brown's for Lalage, Jones for Lelia.....	1761
"Bunches of grapes," says Timothy.....	157
Burly, dozing humble-bee.....	1515
Bury me deep when I am dead.....	1122
Bury the Great Duke.....	3672
But do not let us quarrel any more.....	839
"But, Lord," she said, "my shoulders still are strong".....	3577
Buttercups and daisies.....	117
By copse and hedgerow, waste and wall.....	1491
By day my timid passions stand.....	714
By every light, in every pose.....	2869
By Nebo's lonely mountain.....	3736
By orange grove and palm-tree, we walked the southern shore.....	1436
By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting.....	1404
By seven vineyards on one hill.....	680
By the flow of the inland river.....	2308
By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom.....	1140
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea.....	2638
By the rosy cliffs of Devon, on a green hill's crest.....	659
By the rude bridge that arched the flood.....	2205
By the waters of Life we sat together.....	1222
By this he knew she wept with waking eyes.....	1264
By what word's power, the key of paths untrod.....	1255
Bye, baby bunting.....	36

## C

Call for the Robin-redbreast and the wren.....	3430
Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone.....	3502
"Call Rose Costara".....	3555
Calm on the bosom of thy God.....	3551
Calm was the day, and through the trembling air.....	1178
Came, on a Sabbath morn, my sweet.....	567
Can it be right to give what I can give.....	1278
Canary-birds feed on sugar and seed.....	2080
Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night.....	1242
"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous".....	2087
Catch her and hold her if you can.....	728
Charm me asleep, and melt me so.....	3123
Cheeks as soft as July peaches.....	10
Chicken-skin, delicate, white.....	1781
Child, child, love while you can.....	512
Children, do you ever.....	436
Children, you are very little.....	100
Chloe, why wish you that your years.....	603
Chloe's a nymph in flowery groves.....	533
Christmas is here.....	2008
City of mist and rain and blown gray spaces.....	2003
Clasp her and hold her and love her.....	1144
Clear air and grassy lea.....	1645
Clear and cool, clear and cool.....	1415

	PAGE
Close his eyes; his work is done.....	2315
Closes and courts and lanes.....	2598
Clouds spout upon her .....	1133
Clubby! thou surely art, I ween .....	1824
Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee.....	1095
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise .....	2202
"Come a little nearer, doctor,—thank you; let me take the cup".....	3333
Come, all ye jolly shepherds .....	775
Come and see her as she stands.....	344
Come, bring with a noise .....	223
Come, Celia, let's agree at last .....	612
Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer. ....	2280
Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses .....	685
"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life".....	1918
Come cuddle close in daddy's coat .....	245
Come, dear children, let us away .....	1021
Come, dear old comrade, you and I .....	3002
Come down at dawn from windless hills .....	1436
Come follow, heart upon your sleeve.....	1681
Come hither, Evan Cameron .....	2304
Come, Holy Ghost, thou fire divine.....	3780
Come in the evening, or come in the morning .....	638
Come into the garden, Maud .....	706
Come, let us plant the apple-tree .....	1411
Come, listen to another song .....	2734
Come, listen to me, you gallants so free .....	2692
Come listen to the story of brave Lathrop and his men.....	2406
Come little babe, come silly soul .....	1036
"Come, little cottage girl, you seem" .....	1954
Come live with me and be my Love .....	584
Come Micky and Molly and dainty Dolly .....	2176
Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged! 'tis at a white heat now .....	1606
Come, Sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving .....	3220
Come Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace .....	1236
Come, spur away .....	1640
Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails.....	2288
Come thou, who art the wine and wit .....	3454
Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee.....	982
Come to me in my dreams, and then .....	967
Come unto these yellow sands.....	233
Come walk with me along this willowed lane.....	1362
Come when the leaf comes, angle with me .....	1063
Come when you're called .....	90
Comes the lure of green things growing .....	1682
Comes the New Year; wailing, the north winds blow.....	1274
Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile.....	3625
Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle .....	747
Comin' through the rye, poor body .....	727
Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn.....	3295
Condemned to Hope's delusive mine .....	3628
Confide ye aye in Providence .....	2902
Conscience is instinct bred in the house.....	2960
"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried .....	2313
Could love for ever .....	491
Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas.....	1099
Count each affliction, whether light or grave .....	3352
"Courage!" he said, and pointed toward the land.....	3178
Crabbed Age and Youth .....	717
Creator Spirit, by whose aid.....	3782
Creep awa', my bairnie, creep afore ye gang.....	256
Creep into thy narrow bed.....	2944



	PAGE
Cricket, chirping in the autumn twilight.....	3101
Cupid and my Campaspe played.....	520
Cupid once upon a bed.....	488
Curled up and sitting on her feet.....	730
Curly locks! Curly locks.....	37
Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for news.....	67

## D

Da spreeng ees com'; but oh, da joy.....	306
Damis, an author cold and weak.....	1017
Darest thou now, O soul.....	3404
Dark as the clouds of even.....	2500
Dark, deep and cold the current flows.....	3576
Daughter of her whose face, and lofty name.....	1271
Daughter, thou art come to die.....	1051
Dawn—and a magical stillness, on earth, quiescence profound.....	1308
Dawn drives the dreams away, yet some abide.....	424
Day and night my thoughts incline.....	2014
Day of my life! where <i>can</i> she get.....	1771
Day of wrath, that day of burning.....	3777
Days of my youth.....	352
De gray owl sing fum de chimbley top.....	2013
De massa ob de sheepfol'.....	1755
"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," when.....	3307
Dead! Is it possible! He, the bold rider.....	2529
Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east.....	3555
Dear Alice! You'll laugh when you know it.....	1807
Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave.....	2020
"Dear as remembered kisses after death".....	3475
Dear Chloe, how blubbered is that pretty face.....	760
Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends.....	1548
Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way.....	1481
Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises.....	2263
Dear Italy! The sound of thy soft name.....	2013
Dear Lucy, you know what my wish is.....	1087
"Dear me! what signifies a pin".....	108
Dear Mr. Editor: I wish to say.....	1031
Dear! of all happy in the hour, most blest.....	2545
Dear, they are praising your beauty.....	582
Dear! why should you command me to my rest.....	1244
Death, be not proud, though some have called thee.....	3348
Death stands above me, whispering low.....	3491
Deep on the convent-roof the snows.....	3767
Der Kaiser auf der Vaterland.....	1849
Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly.....	522
Dictes-moy où, t'en quel pays.....	3837
Did ye hear of the Widow Malone.....	1073
Dies ira, dies illa.....	3810
Dip down upon the northern shore.....	1338
Dismal and purposeless and gray.....	3353
Do I love thee? Ask the bee.....	651
Do not conceal those radiant eyes.....	520
Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.....	2305
Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers.....	283
Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove.....	141
Do you fear the force of the wind.....	1684
Do you remember, my sweet, absent son.....	320
Do you remember when you heard.....	788
Does the road wind up-hill all the way?.....	3415
Dominic came riding down, sworded, straight and splendid.....	994
Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt.....	470

# Index of First Lines

3923

	PAGE
Doth it not thrill thee, Poet . . . . .	3102
Doubt you to whom my muse these notes intendeth . . . . .	518
Down around the quay they lie, the ships that sail to sea . . . . .	1604
Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet . . . . .	928
Down in a green and shady bed . . . . .	106
Down in the bleak December bay . . . . .	2389
Down the world with Marna . . . . .	1686
Dow's Flat. That's its name . . . . .	2171
Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away . . . . .	3607
Draw back the cradle curtains, Kate . . . . .	22
Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes . . . . .	3733
Drink to me only with thine eyes . . . . .	591
Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow . . . . .	1091
Dull and hard the low wind creaks . . . . .	859

## E

Each day, when the glow of sunset . . . . .	311
Each hath his drug for Sorrow . . . . .	3363
Earl March looked on his dying child . . . . .	1077
Earth has not anything to show more fair . . . . .	2597
Earth with its dark and dreadful ills . . . . .	3492
Eat thou and drink; to-morrow thou shalt die . . . . .	3568
Edith, the silent stars are coldly gleaming . . . . .	3217
Even like two little bank-dividing brooks . . . . .	3742
Eight bells! Eight bells! their clear tone tells . . . . .	3760
Eight fingers . . . . .	59
Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott . . . . .	3831
Elizabeth, Lizzy, Betsy and Bess . . . . .	63
Emmy's exquisite youth and her virginal air . . . . .	1058
Enamored architect of airy rhyme . . . . .	3083
England, I stand on thy imperial ground . . . . .	2229
Enough! we're tired, my heart and I . . . . .	1083
Ere the long roll of the ages end . . . . .	2265
Ere the steamer bore him eastward, Sleary was engaged to marry braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall . . . . .	2046 3833
Escape me . . . . .	638
Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind . . . . .	3273
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky . . . . .	1566
Even, with her basket, was . . . . .	2816
Even such is Time, that takes in trust . . . . .	3453
Evening red and morning gray . . . . .	66
Ever let the Fancy roam . . . . .	3166
Ev-er-y child who has the use . . . . .	2082
Every evening Baby goes . . . . .	84
Every week of every season out of English ports go forth . . . . .	2242

## F

Fain would I change that note . . . . .	487
Faintly as tolls the evening chime . . . . .	1426
Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer . . . . .	2870
Fair cousin mine! the golden days . . . . .	1724
Fair Daffodils, we weep to see . . . . .	1474
Fair flower, that dost so comely grow . . . . .	1488
Fair Hebe I left, with a cautious design . . . . .	721
Fair is my Love, and cruel as she's fair . . . . .	1239
Fair is my love for April's in her face . . . . .	520
Fair is the night, and fair the day . . . . .	977
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree . . . . .	1504
Fair stood the wind for France . . . . .	2361

	PAGE
Fairest of the fairest, rival of the rose. . . . .	793
False though she be to me and love. . . . .	613
Fame is a food that dead men eat. . . . .	3013
Far beyond the sky-line, where the steamers go. . . . .	3230
Far fall the day when England's realm shall see. . . . .	2550
Fare thee well! and if for ever. . . . .	950
Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour. . . . .	3015
Farewell! if ever fondest prayer. . . . .	1002
Farewell, my Youth! for now we needs must part. . . . .	353
Farewell, rewards and fairies. . . . .	244
Farewell, thou busy world, and may. . . . .	1641
Farewell to Lochaber, an' farewell my Jean. . . . .	940
Far-fetched and dear-bought, as the proverb rehearses. . . . .	3086
Farragut, Farragut. . . . .	2507
Fast falls the snow, O lady mine. . . . .	1171
Father and I went down to camp. . . . .	2108
Father calls me William, sister calls me Will. . . . .	220
Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame. . . . .	2060
Father of all! in every age. . . . .	3788
Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat. . . . .	3484
Fear no more the heat o' the sun. . . . .	3431
Few, in the days of early youth. . . . .	408
Fill the bowl with rosy wine. . . . .	1093
Fill the bumper fair. . . . .	2002
Finding Francesca full of tears, I said. . . . .	278
First came the primrose. . . . .	1462
First time he kissed me, he but only kissed. . . . .	1282
Five-and-thirty black slaves. . . . .	3132
Five years have passed; five summers with the length. . . . .	2578
Flame at the core of the world. . . . .	1151
Fleet Street! Fleet Street! Fleet Street in the morning. . . . .	2507
Flour of England, fruit of Spain. . . . .	62
Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea. . . . .	3354
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes. . . . .	1425
Flower of the medlar. . . . .	1167
Flowers I would bring if flowers could make thee fairer. . . . .	546
Flowers,—that have died upon my Sweet. . . . .	3202
Follow a shadow, it still flies you. . . . .	811
For a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us. . . . .	078
For England, when with favoring gale. . . . .	1032
"For ever with the Lord." . . . .	3702
For every evil under the sun. . . . .	65
For her gait, if she be walking. . . . .	528
For me the jasmine buds unfold. . . . .	1148
For the sake of a weathered gray city set high on a hill. . . . .	2621
For the sole edification. . . . .	2022
For thee, O dear dear Country. . . . .	3680
For want of a nail, the shoe was lost. . . . .	66
Forget not yet the tried intent. . . . .	583
Formed long ago, yet made today. . . . .	63
Forty Viziers saw I go. . . . .	1903
Forty years on, when afar and asunder. . . . .	421
Four Seasons fill the measure of the year. . . . .	2
Four things a man must learn to do. . . . .	2018
Four winds blowing through the sky. . . . .	850
Four years!—and didst thou stay above. . . . .	1830
Fragoletta, blessed one. . . . .	12
Free are the Muses, and where freedom is. . . . .	2541
French and Russian they matter not. . . . .	2540
Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king. . . . .	1234
Friends and loves we have none, nor wealth, nor blest abode. . . . .	2803
Friendship, like love, is but a name. . . . .	1853

	PAGE
Frisky as a lambkin . . . . .	99
From Greenland's icy mountains . . . . .	3795
From harmony, from heavenly harmony . . . . .	3112
From Stirling Castle we had seen . . . . .	2584
From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a not- able nimbus of nebulous moonshine . . . . .	1944
From the Desert I come to thee . . . . .	709
From the forests and highlands . . . . .	3162
From the hag and hungry goblin . . . . .	3142
From the heart of the mighty mountains strong-souled for my fate I came . . . . .	2571
From the madding crowd they stood apart . . . . .	1886
From their folded mates they wander far . . . . .	3058
Frown the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed I catch thee" . . . . .	781
Frowning, the mountain stronghold stood . . . . .	2464
Full fathom five thy father lies . . . . .	3515
Full happy is the man who comes at last . . . . .	425
Full knee-deep lies the winter snow . . . . .	1395
Full many a glorious morning have I seen . . . . .	1248
Full many a project that never was hatched . . . . .	2034
Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary . . . . .	2515

## G

Gae bring my guid auld harp ance mair . . . . .	2268
Gaily bedight . . . . .	3397
Gamarra is a dainty steed . . . . .	1520
Gather ye rosebuds, while ye may . . . . .	328
Gaudeamus igitur . . . . .	3820
Gay go up, and gay go down . . . . .	46
Gay, guiltless pair . . . . .	3754
Gay little Dandelion . . . . .	136
Gentle in personage . . . . .	722
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us . . . . .	3808
Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn . . . . .	1359
Girl of the red mouth . . . . .	568
Gilt yer little sage hens ready . . . . .	2187
Give a man a horse he can ride . . . . .	617
Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime . . . . .	2016
Give all to love . . . . .	502
"Give me a fillet, Love," quoth I . . . . .	924
Give me kisses! Do not stay . . . . .	600
Give me more love, or more disdain . . . . .	598
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet . . . . .	3451
Give me no mansions ivory white . . . . .	253
Give place, you ladies, and begone . . . . .	378
Give to me the life I love . . . . .	1674
"Give us a song," the soldiers cried . . . . .	2285
Glass antique, 'twixt thee and Nell . . . . .	1766
Glooms of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven . . . . .	1426
Go and catch a falling star . . . . .	592
Go fetch to me a pint o' wine . . . . .	946
Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill . . . . .	3305
Go, forget me! Why should sorrow . . . . .	953
Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand . . . . .	1277
Go, happy Rose, and, interwove . . . . .	931
Go, little book, and wish to all . . . . .	3106
Go, lovely Rose . . . . .	930
Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see . . . . .	1597
Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet play . . . . .	3106
Go, Soul, the Body's guest . . . . .	3449
Go to dark Gethsemane . . . . .	3799
Go to him, ah, go to him, and lift your eyes aglow to him . . . . .	1029

	PAGE
Go way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin'.....	2190
God be with thee, my beloved,—God be with thee.....	960
God bless the King—I mean the faith's defender.....	1918
"God bless the man who first invented sleep".....	2024
God hath been patient long. In eons past.....	3734
God keep you safe, my little love.....	989
God made my lady lovely to behold.....	1260
God makes sech nights, all white an' still.....	736
God meant me to be hungry.....	3736
God moves in a mysterious way.....	3796
God of our fathers, known of old.....	2248
God prosper long our noble king.....	2095
God rest you, merry gentlemen.....	201
God rest you, rest you, rest you, Ireland's dead.....	2261
God save our gracious King.....	223
God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul.....	3574
God, we don't like to complain.....	3059
God with His million cares.....	1328
Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gare.....	114
God's lark at morning I would be.....	115
God's pity on poor kings.....	2998
Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece.....	3680
Going my way of old.....	1105
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes.....	75
Gone are those three, those sisters rare.....	1090
Gone were but the winter cold.....	3561
Good-by, good-by to Summer.....	1561
Good-bye, proud world! I am going home.....	2095
Good is an Orchard, the Saint saith.....	1414
Good King Wenceslas looked out.....	3752
Good little boys should never say.....	98
"Good morrow, my lord!" in the sky alone.....	180
Good my King, in your garden close.....	1123
Good-night? ah! no; the hour is ill.....	703
Good-night, dear friend! I say good-night to thee.....	1121
Good-night. Good-night. Ah, good the night.....	679
Good-night! I have to say good-night.....	711
Good people all, of every sort.....	2091
Good people all, with one accord.....	2092
Goosey, goosey, gander.....	36
"Got any boys?" the Marshal said.....	2147
Grandmither, think not I forget, when I come back to town.....	1033
Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess.....	1738
Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf.....	2961
Great men have been among us; hands that penned.....	2238
Great nature is an army gay.....	1298
Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth.....	3717
Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world.....	126
Green be the turf above thee.....	3608
Green little vaulter in the sunny grass.....	1510
Grow old along with me.....	411
Guvener B. is a sensible man.....	1839

## H

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all.....	2814
Hack and Hew were the sons of God.....	3139
Had I a heart for falsehood framed.....	620
Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare.....	1865
Had I the power.....	3214
Had we but world enough, and time.....	607

	PAGE
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove.....	1536
Hail! Columbia, happy land .....	2200
Hail, old October, bright and chill.....	1383
Hail to thee, blithe spirit .....	1569
Half a league, half a league.....	2473
Halfway up the Hemlock valley turnpike ..	346
Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be.....	3226
Hamelin Town's in Brunswick.....	192
Hans Breitmann gife a barty.....	2152
Happy insect, what can be.....	1509
Happy the man, whose wish and care.....	1635
Happy those early days, when I.....	434
Hark! ah, the nightingale .....	1547
Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings ..	694
Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands.....	2487
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord .....	3800
Hark you such sound as quivers? Kings will hear.....	1385
Has summer come without the rose .....	897
Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys.....	1745
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star .....	1430
Hast thou named all the birds without a gun.....	3076
Hath any loved you well, down there .....	1102
Hath this world, without me wrought.....	2070
Hats off .....	2208
Have dark Egyptians stolen thee away .....	323
Have little care that Life is brief .....	2858
Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree ..	69
Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay ..	1871
Have you heard the story that gossips tell ..	2504
Have you not heard the poets tell .....	28
Have you not noted, in some family.....	1256
He came all so still .....	201
He came and took me by the hand.....	3776
He came to call me back from death .....	911
He came to the desert of London town.....	3589
He clasps the crag with crooked hands.....	1539
He comes,— he comes,— the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now .....	1388
He did not wear his scarlet coat.....	2773
He found her by the ocean's moaning verge ..	1268
He gave us all a good-by cheerly .....	1629
He had been singing—but I had not heard his voice.....	3665
He has come the way of the fighting men and fought by the rules of the Game .....	2942
He is gone on the mountain .....	2351
He is the despots' Despot. All must bide .....	3446
He killed the noble Mudjokivis .....	1050
He lived in that past Georgian day .....	1777
He liveth long who liveth well .....	3716
He loves not well whose love is bold.....	671
He said: "The shadows darken down" .....	1090
He sang above the vineyards of the world ..	3045
He that is down needs fear no fall .....	3714
He that loves a rosy cheek .....	817
He that would thrive .....	65
He thought he saw an Elephant .....	2060
He took the great harp wearily.....	2823
He who died at Azan sends .....	3582
He who in his pocket hath no money .....	1917
He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of doubting..	2938
Head the ship for England .....	1633
Hear, O Self-Giver, infinite as good.....	1276

	PAGE
Hear the sledges with the bells	3174
Hear, ye ladies that despise	482
Hearken, the feet of the Destroyer tread	2551
Heart of my heart, my life, my light	676
Heart of my heart, the world is young	670
Hearts good and true	124
Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease	98
Heaven is lovelier than the stars	2900
Heaven is not reached at a single bound	3707
Heaven overarches earth and sea	3706
Hector Protector was dressed all in green	36
He'd nothing but his violin	1202
Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups	420
Helen, thy beauty is to me	551
Helen's lips are drifting dust	1153
Hem and Haw were the sons of sin	1887
Hence, all you vain delights	3349
Hence, loathed melancholy	3143
Hence, rude winter! crabbed old fellow	1394
Hence, vain deluding Joys	3147
Her arms across her breast she laid	1143
Her eyes are like forget-me-nots	267
Her eyes have seen the monoliths of kings	2817
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee	605
Her face was very fair to see	489
Her hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple were dark	3315
Her lips were so near	743
Her suffering ended with the day	3548
Her talk was all of woodland things	1130
Her thoughts are like a flock of butterflies	390
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling	1628
Here doth Dionysia lie	307
Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere	1487
Here, in my snug little fire-lit chamber	460
Here in the country's heart	1644
Here in the marshland, past the battere d bridge	2326
Here, in this sequestered close	1419
Here is the place: right over the hill	1109
Here is the place where Loveliness keeps house	1302
Here lie I, Martin Elginbrooke	1017
Here lies my wife; here let her lie	1910
Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King	1911
Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue	1825
Here poise, like flowers on flowers, the butterflies	3597
Here shall remain all tears for lovely things	3088
Here sits the Lord Mayor	58
Here sparrows build upon the trees	3233
"Here we stan' on the Constitution, by thunder"	1840
Here, where the world is quiet	3124
Here's a health to them that's awa'	2275
Here's a mellow cup of tea—golden tea	1955
Here's another day, dear	139
Here's the garden she walked across	964
Here's to good old Boston	1919
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen	1999
Here's to the town of New Haven	1919
Here's to the year that's awa'	2000
Hey, diddle, diddle	33
Hickory, dickory, dock	32
Hide, happy damask, from the stars	705
Hie upon Hiellands	2714
Higgleby, piggleby, my black hen	35

	PAGE
High grace, the dower of queens, and therewithal . . . . .	1257
Hills o' my heart . . . . .	2267
His golden locks Time hath to silver turned . . . . .	399
His radiant fingers so adorning . . . . .	1328
Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin . . . . .	838
"Ho, sailor of the sea" . . . . .	1612
"Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake" . . . . .	1996
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty . . . . .	3793
Home comes a lad with the bonnie hair . . . . .	2307
Home, home from the horizon far and clear . . . . .	674
Home they brought her sailor son . . . . .	1935
Home they brought her warrior dead . . . . .	1093
How blest the maid whose heart—yet free . . . . .	334
How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood . . . . .	466
How delicious is the winning . . . . .	490
How do I love thee? let me count the ways . . . . .	1282
How do I love you . . . . .	580
"How does the water" . . . . .	1420
How doth the little busy bee . . . . .	104
How falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly . . . . .	1557
How fond are men of rule and place . . . . .	1852
How good to lie a little while . . . . .	112
How green the earth, how blue the sky . . . . .	3536
How happy is he born and taught . . . . .	2986
How joyously the young sea-mew . . . . .	1563
How many a thing which we cast to the ground . . . . .	1267
How many kisses do I ask . . . . .	692
How many paltry, foolish, painted things . . . . .	1244
"How many pounds does the baby weigh" . . . . .	15
How many summers, love . . . . .	1223
How much the heart may bear, and yet not break . . . . .	3382
How oft against the sun-set sky or moon . . . . .	1582
How often in the summer-tide . . . . .	801
How sad if, by some strange new law . . . . .	1908
How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits . . . . .	2860
How shall I tell the measure of my love . . . . .	1276
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest . . . . .	2194
How slowly creeps the hand of Time . . . . .	3435
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth . . . . .	359
How still this quiet cornfield is tonight . . . . .	2546
How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot . . . . .	153
How sweet the harmonies of afternoon . . . . .	1523
How sweetly on the autumn scene . . . . .	1539
How the blithe lark runs up the golden stair . . . . .	1567
How then shall man so order life that when his tale of years is told . . . . .	2890
How vainly men themselves amaze . . . . .	1446
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall . . . . .	64
Hush . . . . .	1579
Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber . . . . .	79
Hush your prayers, 'tis no saintly soul . . . . .	3500

## I

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice . . .	172
I am a woman—therefore I may not . . . . .	912
I am an ancient Jest . . . . .	1708
I am but clay in thy hands; but thou art the all-loving artist . . .	2974
I am content, I do not care . . . . .	2989
I am dying, Egypt, dying . . . . .	2346
I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary often whiles . . . . .	3710
I am fevered with the sunset . . . . .	1688



	PAGE
I am gai. I am poet. I dwell.....	2087
I am his Highness' dog at Kew.....	1016
I am jealous; I am true.....	628
I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold.....	685
I am monarch of all I survey.....	3038
I am the key that parts the gates of Fame.....	3430
I am the reality of things that seem.....	3086
I am the torch, she saith, and what to me.....	1004
I am the wind that wavers.....	680
I arise from dreams of thee.....	702
I ask not that my bed of death.....	3459
I asked my fair, one happy day.....	726
I beg you come to-night and dine.....	1086
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers.....	1440
I bring you all my olden days.....	663
I came into the city and none knew me.....	3748
I came to the door of the House of Love.....	511
I cannot change as others do.....	611
I cannot eat but little meat.....	1090
I cannot make him dead.....	318
I cannot put the Presence by, of Him, the Crucified.....	3750
I care not for these ladies.....	524
I cast these lyric offerings at your feet.....	1272
I change, and so do women too.....	1010
I clink my castanet.....	1337
I come from haunts of coot and hern.....	1416
I come from woods enchanted.....	230
I dare but sing of you in such a strain.....	1271
I dare not ask a kiss.....	684
I did but look and love awhile.....	613
I do be thinking, lassie, of the old days now.....	447
I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair.....	808
I do not care for kisses. 'Tis a debt.....	1202
I do not count the hours I spend.....	1408
I do not love thee!—no—I do not love thee.....	962
I do not own an inch of land.....	1647
I do not pray for peace nor ease.....	2040
I don't go much on religion.....	544
I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way.....	867
I drew it from its china tomb.....	1816
I drink of the ale of Southwark, I drink of the ale of Chepe.....	2015
I dug, beneath the cypress shade.....	805
I envy every flower that blows.....	672
I envy not in any moods.....	2800
I envy not the lark his song divine.....	1100
I fear no power a woman wields.....	1050
I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden.....	688
I feel a poem in my heart to-night.....	3079
I fill this cup to one made up.....	387
I fled Him, down the nights and down the days.....	3204
I flung me round him.....	3213
I found in dreams a place of wind and flowers.....	612
I gaed to spend a week in Fife.....	2132
I gazed upon the glorious sky.....	3157
I give my soldier boy a blade.....	2287
I give thee treasures hour by hour.....	666
I had a dove, and the sweet dove died.....	2379
I had a little husband.....	43
I had not seen my son's dear face.....	3775
I hae seen great anes and sat in great ha's.....	3238
"I hardly ever ope my lips," one cries.....	1915
I have a little kinsman.....	298

	PAGE
I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me .....	158
I have a mistress, for perfections rare .....	531
I have a name, a little name .....	455
I have a rendezvous with Death .....	2559
I have brought the wine . . . . .	681
I have got a new-born sister . . . . .	14
I have had playmates, I have had companions .....	453
I have left a basket of dates . . . . .	3071
I have lived and I have loved . . . . .	3221
"I have no name" ....	4
I have no wit, no words, no tears ...	3461
I have not where to lay my head .....	3481
I have praised many loved ones in my song .....	396
I have shut my little sister in from life and light .....	3057
I hear a whisper in the heated air .....	2638
I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses .....	3475
I hear you, little bird .....	3100
I heard a soldier sing some trifle. . . . .	927
I heard a thousand blended notes. . . . .	1334
I heard men saying, Leave hope and praying .....	3017
I heard the bells across the trees .....	2564
I heard the bells on Christmas Day .....	211
I heard the voice of Jesus say .....	3810
I held her hand, the pledge of bliss .....	831
I held it truth, with him who sings .....	2890
I hid my heart in a nest of roses .....	499
I hold you at last in my hand .....	1519
I hope there is a resurrection day .....	3553
I idle stand that I may find employ .....	2070
I in these flowery meads would be .....	1664
I intended an ode .....	1782
I journeyed, on a winter's day .....	1926
I keep walking around myself, mouth open with amazement .....	2097
I kneel not now to pray that thou .....	2939
I knew a much-loved mariner .....	3537
I knew his house by the poplar-trees .....	1054
I knew she lay above me .....	3549
I know a girl with teeth of pearl .....	734
I know a little garden-close .....	894
I know a place where the sun is like gold .....	1472
I know a secret, such a one .....	667
I know a thing that's most uncommon .....	380
I know, Justine, you speak me fair .....	853
I know not but in every leaf .....	3036
know not if I love her overmuch .....	1264
know not of what we pondered .....	1736
know not why, but even to me .....	654
know that these poor rags of womanhood .....	3409
'I know what you're going to say,' she said .....	787
know, where Hampshire fronts the Wight .....	1833
know you: solitary griefs .....	3351
I lately lived in quiet ease .....	750
I lately vowed, but 'twas in haste .....	826
I lay me down to sleep .....	3463
I lay upon the summer grass .....	266
I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover .....	428
I left thee last, a child at heart .....	1085
I like a church; I like a cow .....	2966
I like her gentle hand that sometimes strays .....	1264
I like little Pussy, her coat is so warm .....	102
I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls .....	3439
I like the hunting of the hare .....	1038

	PAGE
I little know or care . . . . .	991
I looked and saw your eyes in the shadow of your hair . . . . .	640
I love my life, but not too well . . . . .	681
I love the old melodious lays . . . . .	3078
I love the stony pasture . . . . .	1438
I love thee when thy swelling buds appear . . . . .	1403
I love Thy Kingdom, Lord . . . . .	3797
I love to hear thine earnest voice . . . . .	1512
I loved a lass, a fair one . . . . .	718
I loved him not; and yet now he is gone . . . . .	1077
I loved thee long and dearly . . . . .	1117
I loved thee once; I'll love no more . . . . .	800
I made a posy, while the day ran by . . . . .	2031
I made another garden, yea . . . . .	896
I made the cross myself whose weight . . . . .	3462
I make my shroud but no one knows . . . . .	3478
I marvelled why a simple child . . . . .	1925
I met a child upon the moor . . . . .	307
I met a little Elf-man once . . . . .	248
I met a traveler from an antique land . . . . .	2844
I met her on the Umbrian Hills . . . . .	2934
I met with Death in his country . . . . .	2557
I mind me in the days departed . . . . .	1455
I mourn "Patroclus," whilst I praise . . . . .	1829
I move amid your throng, I watch you hold . . . . .	1272
I must go down to the seas again, to the lovely sea and the sky . . . . .	1500
I must not grieve my Love, whose eyes would read . . . . .	1241
I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong . . . . .	1263
I must not throw upon the floor . . . . .	104
I ne'er could any luster see . . . . .	827
"I never can do it," the little kite said . . . . .	115
I never gave a lock of hair away . . . . .	1280
I never prayed for Dryads, to haunt the woods again . . . . .	3000
I never reared a young gazelle . . . . .	1930
I never saw a moor . . . . .	3711
I never saw a Purple Cow . . . . .	2085
I pass my days among the quiet places . . . . .	632
I played with you, 'mid cowslips blowing . . . . .	790
I pray for peace; yet peace is but a prayer . . . . .	2551
I pray thee, leave, love me no more . . . . .	586
I prithee send me back my heart . . . . .	763
I read last night of the Grand Review . . . . .	2513
I recollect a nurse called Ann . . . . .	1736
I remember, I remember . . . . .	443
I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James . . . . .	2170
I rose up when the battle was dead . . . . .	3008
I said, "Let me walk in the fields" . . . . .	3774
I said—Then, dearest, since 'tis so . . . . .	877
I said to Lettice, our sister Lettice . . . . .	1208
I sat beside the streamlet . . . . .	987
I sat with Doris, the shepherd maiden . . . . .	1201
I sat with Love upon a wood-side well . . . . .	1258
I sat with one I love last night . . . . .	954
I saw a ship a-sailing . . . . .	42
I saw Eternity the other night . . . . .	3606
I saw fair Chloris walk alone . . . . .	523
I saw him once before . . . . .	1741
I saw it once where myriad works adorn . . . . .	3751
I saw my Lady weep . . . . .	863
I saw old Autumn in the misty morn . . . . .	1376
I saw, one sultry night above a swamp . . . . .	1510
I saw the clouds among the hills . . . . .	2984

# Index of First Lines

3933

	PAGE
I saw the Conquerors riding by.....	3068
I saw the day's white rapture .....	892
I saw the Son of God go by.....	3742
I saw the spires of Oxford, .....	2560
I saw the twinkle of white feet.....	852
I saw thee when, as twilight fell, ...	3769
I saw two clouds at morning.....	1196
I saw with open eyes .....	3061
I say it under the rose.....	1750
I see her in the festal warmth to-night .....	576
I see thee pine like her in golden story ..	3601
I sent for Ratchiffe; was so ill .....	1910
I sent my love two roses,—one .....	796
I sent a charm upon your hurrying breath.	1199
I shall not cry Return! Return! .....	1081
I shall not see the faces of my friends .....	3474
I shot an arrow into the air .....	2923
I sing no longer of the skies .....	1056
I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers .....	3105
I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life.	2945
I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan .....	430
I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty.. ..	2972
I slept in an old homestead by the sea .....	1575
I sometimes think that never lasts so long .....	1922
I spied beside the garden bed .....	138
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he.. ..	2732
I stand upon the summit of my years .....	3499
I stood at eve, as the sun went down .....	3335
I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs .....	2018
I stood on the bridge at midnight .....	3356
I strove with none; for none was worth my strife. ....	3491
I struck the board, and cried "No more" .....	3719
I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too	166
I take my chaperon to the play .....	1795
I tell thee, Dick, where I have been .....	763
I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless .....	3353
I that tremble at your feet .....	666
I think he had not heard of the far towns .....	3740
I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained ..	2996
I think it is over, over .....	3493
I think that I am drawing to an end .....	1953
I think that I shall never see .....	1407
I think thou waitest, Love, beyond the gate. . .	893
I thought once how Theocritus had sung.....	1276
I took a hansom on to-day .....	827
I took her dainty eyes, as well.....	576
I traveled among unknown men.....	1074
I try to knead and spin, but my life is low the while.....	3361
I wadna gi'e my ain wife .....	1206
I waited for the train at Coventry.....	2593
I walk down the garden paths .....	1134
I walked beside the evening sea .....	2849
I walked with Maisie long years back.....	1058
I wandered by the brookside.....	1147
I wandered lonely as a cloud .....	1473
I want free life, and I want fresh air.....	3339
I was a wandering sheep.....	3757
I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city.....	2568
I was in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier.....	2120
I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile.....	3587
I watch beside you in your silent room.....	1274

	PAGE
I weep for Adonais—he is dead . . . . .	3612
I weigh not fortune's frown or smile . . . . .	2980
I went back an old-time lane . . . . .	1131
I went out to the farthest meadow . . . . .	1014
I went to her who loveth me no more . . . . .	1008
I went to turn the grass once after one . . . . .	3074
I who am dead a thousand years . . . . .	3101
I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree . . . . .	1634
I will go back to the great sweet mother . . . . .	1585
I will make you brooches and toys for your delight . . . . .	654
I will not break the tryst, my dear . . . . .	1111
I will not have the mad Clytie . . . . .	1465
I will paint her as I see her . . . . .	338
I wish, because the sweetness of your passing . . . . .	664
I wish I could remember the first day . . . . .	1259
I wish I lived in a caravan . . . . .	161
I wish I was in de land ob cotton . . . . .	2218
I wish I were where Helen lies . . . . .	1060
I wish that my Room had a Floor . . . . .	2086
I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I . . . . .	1142
I wonder do you feel to-day . . . . .	882
I wonder in what Isle of Bliss . . . . .	1785
I would not give my Irish wife . . . . .	1207
I would not have a god come in . . . . .	2938
I would not live away—live away below . . . . .	3476
"I would," says Fox, "a tax devise" . . . . .	1916
I would that all men my hard case might know . . . . .	2189
I would unto my fair restore . . . . .	1054
I write He sits beside my chair . . . . .	269
I wrote some lines once on a time . . . . .	2148
I was mighty good-lookin' when I wus young . . . . .	2183
I'd a dream tonight . . . . .	301
I'd be a Butterfly born in a bower . . . . .	1712
I'd rather have Fingers than Toes . . . . .	2086
I'd "read" three hours. Both notes and text . . . . .	1773
If a man who turnips cries . . . . .	1916
If all the world and love were young . . . . .	585
If all the world were apple-pie . . . . .	33
If any record of our names . . . . .	3000
If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song . . . . .	1313
If doughty deeds my lady please . . . . .	619
If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed . . . . .	3584
If ever there lived a Yankee lad . . . . .	2163
If I could choose my paradise . . . . .	895
If I could come again to that dear place . . . . .	5402
If I could shut the gate against my thoughts . . . . .	3743
If I had as much money as I could spend . . . . .	32
If I had chosen thee, thou shouldst have been . . . . .	851
If I had never known your face at all . . . . .	1273
If I had thought thou couldst have died . . . . .	1082
If I have faltered more or less . . . . .	3729
"If I may trust your love," she cried . . . . .	1007
If I shall ever win the home in heaven . . . . .	3327
If I should die, think only this of me . . . . .	2546
If I should die to-night . . . . .	3037
If I should die to-night . . . . .	1950
If I was drawn here from a distant place . . . . .	581
If I were dead, and, in my place . . . . .	615
"If I were dead," you'd sometimes say, Poor Child . . . . .	296
If I were told that I must die to-morrow . . . . .	3404
If "ifs" and "ands" . . . . .	65
If it be pleasant to look on, stalled in the packed <i>serai</i> . . . . .	1911

# Index of First Lines

3935

	PAGE
If life be as a flame that death doth kill.....	3499
If life were never bitter.....	1944
If love be life, I long to die.....	818
If Love were jester at the court of Death.....	3474
If love were what the rose is.....	641
If my face could only promise that its color would remain.....	915
If only in dreams may man be fully blest.....	689
If rest is sweet at shut of day.....	3423
If rightly tuneful bards decide.....	537
If she be made of white and red.....	570
If she but knew that I am weeping.....	978
If spirits walk, love, when the night climbs slow.....	1118
If the quick spirits in your eye.....	597
If the red slayer think he slays.....	2964
If the sudden tidings came.....	3255
If the things of earth must pass.....	2850
If there be graveyards in the heart.....	662
If they hint, O Musician, the piece that you played.....	1883
If thou hast squandered years to grave a gem.....	2919
If thou must love me, let it be for naught.....	1280
If thou shouldst bid thy friend farewell.....	3014
If thou survive my well-contented day.....	1248
If thou wert by my side, my love.....	1209
If to be absent were to be.....	933
If, wandering in a wizard's car.....	791
If wishes were horses.....	64
If with light head erect I sing.....	2061
If women could be fair, and yet not foul.....	807
If you be that May Margaret.....	1145
If you become a nun, dear.....	624
If you can keep your head when all about you.....	2952
If you had lived in that more stately time.....	1271
Il est un air pour qui je donnerais.....	3842
Il était un roi d'Yvetot.....	3840
Il existe une espinière à Tours.....	2087
'll sing you a good old song.....	1721
'll sing you a song, not very long.....	2076
'll tell you a story.....	31
'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore.....	2130
'll tell you how the leaves came down.....	142
'm going softly all my years in wisdom if in pain.....	448
I'm growing old, I've sixty years".....	438
'm sittin' on the stile, Mary.....	1086
'm sitting alone by the fire.....	1814
'm wearin' awa', John.....	3699
In a church which is furnished with mullion and gable.....	1868
In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland.....	1459
In a drear-nighted December.....	3395
In a quiet watered land, a land of roses.....	2607
In a valley, centuries ago.....	2859
In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet.....	2503
In after days, when grasses high.....	3502
In all the land, range up, range down.....	3383
In an old book at even as I read.....	3466
In Clementina's artless mien.....	729
In far forests' leafy twilight, now is stealing gray dawn's shy light..	1310
In Flanders' fields the poppies blow.....	2560
In form and feature, face and limb.....	2068
In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept.....	3031
In good King Charles's golden days.....	1835
In green old gardens, hidden away.....	1450
In Heaven a spirit doth dwell.....	3077

	PAGE
In his old gusty garden of the North . . . . .	3657
In Köln, a town of monks and bones . . . . .	1911
In London was young Beichan born . . . . .	2606
In marble walls as white as milk . . . . .	63
In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes . . . . .	1407
In men whom men condemn as ill . . . . .	3058
In our old shipwrecked days there was an hour . . . . .	1266
In petticoat of green . . . . .	527
In praise of little children I will say . . . . .	253
In Scarlet town, where I was born . . . . .	2704
In simpler verse than triolets . . . . .	3080
In slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay . . . . .	1615
In spite of all the learned have said . . . . .	3438
In summer I am very glad . . . . .	130
In summer, when the grass is thick, if mother has the time . . . . .	231
In sunny girlhood's vernal life . . . . .	1758
In tangled wreaths, in clustered gleaming stars . . . . .	1490
In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars . . . . .	3239
In that new world toward which our feet are set . . . . .	1294
In the ancient town of Bruges . . . . .	2627
In the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken . . . . .	1316
In the Cross of Christ I glory . . . . .	3802
In the dark, in the dew . . . . .	652
In the dark womb where I began . . . . .	397
In the days of old . . . . .	489
In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining . . . . .	402
In the garden of death, where the singers whose names are death- less . . . . .	3647
In the greenest of our valleys . . . . .	3168
In the highlands, in the country places . . . . .	1675
In the hour of my distress . . . . .	3744
In the light of the moon, by the side of the water . . . . .	322
In the lonesome latter years . . . . .	1646
In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown . . . . .	2620
In the merry month of May . . . . .	716
In the night . . . . .	1433
In the silent midnight watches . . . . .	3811
In the still air the music lies unheard . . . . .	3717
In the summer even . . . . .	1621
In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands . . . . .	2632
In the wild autumn weather, when the rain was on the sea . . . . .	1104
In the years about twenty . . . . .	741
In their ragged regimentals . . . . .	2433
In these drear wastes of sea-born land, these wilds where none may dwell but He . . . . .	2887
In these restrained and careful times . . . . .	1759
In this secluded shrine . . . . .	1503
In this world, the Isle of Dreams . . . . .	3698
In Tilbury Town did old King Cole . . . . .	1707
In vain you tell your parting lover . . . . .	937
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan . . . . .	3160
Indeed this very love which is my boast . . . . .	1270
Ins stille Land . . . . .	3832
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus . . . . .	3828
Into a ward of the whitewashed walls . . . . .	2318
Into the Devil tavern . . . . .	2713
Into the Silent Land . . . . .	3456
Into the woods my Master went . . . . .	3776
Into the world he looked with sweet surprise . . . . .	27
Into these Loves, who but for Passion looks . . . . .	1242
Ireland, oh Ireland! center of my longings . . . . .	2266
"Is it a sail?" she asked . . . . .	1041

	PAGE
Is it true, then, my girl, that you meant it.....	804
Is the noise of grief in the palace over the river.....	3558
"Is there anybody there?" said the traveller.....	3219
Is there, for honest Poverty.....	3034
Is there no voice in the world to come crying.....	2851
Is this a fast, to keep.....	3745
Is this a time to be cloudy and sad.....	139
Is this Sir Philip Sidney, this loud clown.....	3610
"Isn't this Joseph's son?"—ay, it is He.....	3768
It came upon the midnight clear.....	206
It cannot be that He who made.....	3712
It ended, and the morrow brought the task.....	1265
It fell about the Lammas tide.....	2356
It fell about the Martinmas.....	2688
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.....	1314
It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying.....	3601
It is an ancient Mariner.....	2747
It is creation's morning.....	2573
It is not Beauty I demand.....	547
It is not, Celia, in our power.....	594
It is not growing like a tree.....	2836
It is not raining rain for me.....	1442
It is not to be thought of that the flood.....	2238
It is portentous, and a thing of state.....	2553
It is the miller's daughter.....	633
It is time to be old.....	410
It isn't the thing you do, dear.....	2026
It keeps eternal whisperings around.....	1588
It lies around us like a cloud.....	3708
It lies not on the sunlit hill.....	2853
It little profits that an idle king.....	3179
It once might have been, once only.....	880
It shifts and shifts from form to form.....	2868
It was a' for our rightfu' king.....	2274
It was a friar of orders gray.....	2710
It was a heavenly time of life.....	357
It was a lordling's daughter, the fairest one of three.....	725
It was a lover and his lass.....	717
It was a merry time.....	181
It was a summer evening.....	2410
It was a tall young oyster-man lived by the river-side.....	2130
It was an old, old, old, old lady.....	1794
It was eight bells ringing.....	2444
It was intill a pleasant time.....	2643
It was many and many a year ago.....	1105
It was not like your great and gracious ways.....	974
It was nothing but a rose I gave her.....	1011
It was six men of Indostan.....	1877
It was the autumn of the year.....	1020
It was the calm and silent night.....	204
It was the charming month of May.....	540
It was the schooner Hesperus.....	2401
It was the time when lilies blow.....	2727
It's a lonely road through bogland to the lake at Carrowmore.....	3216
It's all very well to write reviews.....	3339
It's easy to fight when everything's right.....	2941
It's rare to see the morning breeze.....	3239
It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye.....	1200
I've found my bonny babe a nest.....	88
I've heard them liltin' at our ewe-milking.....	2368
I've never traveled for more'n a day.....	1605
I've oft been asked by prosing souls.....	1997
I've plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree.....	102
I've wandered east, I've wandered west.....	955



	PAGE
I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree....	469
I've watched you now a full half-hour.....	1517

## J

Jack and Jill went up the hill.....	39
Jack and Joan they think no ill. . . . .	767
Jack Sprat could eat no fat. . . . .	37
Jaffer, the Barmecide, the good Vizier. . . . .	3013
January brings the snow. . . . .	61
Je me fais vieux, j'ai soixante ans . . . . .	3844
Je viens revoir l'asile où ma jeunesse.....	3839
Jenny kissed me when we met . . . . .	687
Jerusalem, my happy home . . . . .	3693
Jest a-wearyin' for you . . . . .	903
Jesus lover of my soul . . . . .	3701
Jim Bowker, he said, ef he'd had a fair show. . . . .	1889
Jog on, jog on the foot-path way . . . . .	2078
John Anderson my jo, John . . . . .	1224
"John Anderson, my jo, John" . . . . .	3500
John Brown and Jeanne at Fontainebleau . . . . .	1702
John Brown in Kansas settled, like a steadfast Yankee farmer... .	2479
John Brown of Ossawatimie spake on his dying day... .	2484
John Bull for pastime took a prance . . . . .	1850
John Gilpin was a citizen . . . . .	2093
John Grumlie swore by the light o' the noon . . . . .	2118
John-a-dreams and Harum-Scarum . . . . .	1609
Johnny shall have a new bonnet . . . . .	44
Joseph, mild and noble, bent above the straw . . . . .	214
Joy is the blossom, sorrow is the fruit . . . . .	1916
Just a picture of Somebody's child . . . . .	345
Just as I am, without one plea . . . . .	3800
Just as I thought I was growing old . . . . .	805
Just for a handful of silver he left us . . . . .	1836
Just where the Treasury's marble front . . . . .	1751

## K

Kaclyevo's slope still felt . . . . .	2531
Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking....	979
Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King . . . . .	2283
Kind are her answers . . . . .	591
Kind hearts are the gardens . . . . .	66
King Charles, and who'll do him right now . . . . .	2284
King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport . . . . .	833
Kiss me softly and speak to me low . . . . .	690
Kiss me, though you make believe . . . . .	601
Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet . . . . .	1146
Know, Celia, since thou art so proud . . . . .	816

## L

La vie est vaine. . . . .	3848
Labor and love! there are no other laws . . . . .	2018
Ladies, though to your conquering eyes . . . . .	504
Lady Clara Vere de Vere. . . . .	835
Lady, very fair are you . . . . .	1899
Langsyne, when life was bonnie . . . . .	447
Lars Porsena of Clusium . . . . .	2320
Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine . . . . .	918
Last night, among his fellow roughs . . . . .	2478
Last night, in snowy gown and glove . . . . .	926
Last year I trod these fields with Di. . . . .	1733

	PAGE
Late tired with woe, even ready for to pine.....	1237
Laugh, and the world laughs with you.....	2029
Laurel-crowned Horatius.....	2896
Lauriger Horatius .....	3831
Lay a garland on my hearse .....	1064
Lay me to rest in some fair spot .....	3478
Lay me to sleep in sheltering flame ....	2854
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom .....	3804
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us .....	3807
Lear and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient tale.....	2225
"Leave all--and follow, follow".....	1686
Leaves have their time to fall .....	3411
Lend me thy fillet, Love .....	571
Let folly praise that fancy loves, I praise and love that child.....	3747
Let me enjoy the earth no less .....	2841
Let me not to the marriage of true minds .....	1251
Let my voice ring out and over the earth .....	616
Let others sing of Knights and Paladines .....	1242
Let that which is to come be as it may .....	3403
Let the farmer praise his grounds.....	2010
Let the toper regale in his tankard of ale .....	1984
Let them come, come never so proudly .....	2373
Let time and chance combine, combine.....	954
Let us begin and carry up this corpse .....	2871
Let us drink and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice. ....	1992
Let us go hence, my songs; she will not hear .....	645
Let us live then, and be glad .....	2805
Let's contend no more, Love .....	876
Life? and worth living .....	2908
Life! I know not what thou art .....	3401
Life is a jest, and all things show it.....	1916
Life is not dear or gay .....	1052
Life of Ages, richly poured .....	2973
Like a blind spinner in the sun .....	3467
Like apple-blossoms, white and red .....	568
Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide .....	1233
Like as the damask rose you see .....	3405
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore.....	1249
Like some lone miser, dear, behold me stand .....	1275
Like the ghost of a dear friend dead .....	442
Like the violet, which alone .....	531
Like thee I once have stemmed the sea of life.....	3518
Like to Diana in her summer weed .....	521
Like to the falling of a star. ....	2837
Linger not long. Home is not home without thee .....	1216
Listen, my children, and you shall hear.....	2422
Listen to the water-mill .....	2930
Lithe and long as the serpent train.....	467
Little baby, lay your head .....	82
Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep .....	39
Little boy blue, come blow up your horn .....	34
Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother.....	135
Little children, never give.....	101
Little drops of water. ....	103
Little Gustava sits in the sun .....	154
Little I ask; my wants are few.....	1743
Little inmate, full of mirth. ....	1511
Little Jack Horner sat in the corner.....	33
Little Jesus, wast Thou shy.....	277
Little lady of my heart.....	997
Little Lamb, who made thee.....	48
Little Miss Muffet.....	34

	PAGE
Little Nanny Etticoat. ....	63
Little one, come to my knee. ....	175
Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay. ....	169
Little Polly Flinders. ....	34
Little Prince Tatters has lost his cap. ....	155
Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree. ....	45
Little Sister Rose-Marie. ....	326
Little snatch of ancient song. ....	3087
Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown. ....	2962
Little White Lily. ....	137
Lives in winter. ....	63
Lo! Death has reared himself a throne. ....	3417
Lo! here a little volume, hut great book. ....	3723
Lo, if some pen should write upon your rafter. ....	3730
Lo, the lilies of the field. ....	3726
Lo! 'tis a gala night. ....	3416
Lo, what wonders the day hath brought. ....	1300
Lo, when the Lord made North and South. ....	385
Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours. ....	1343
Long by the willow-trees. ....	1036
Long from the lists of love I stood aloof. ....	744
Long legs, crooked thighs. ....	63
Long long ago, when all the glittering earth. ....	3401
Long time a child, and still a child, when years. ....	408
Look at me with thy large brown eyes. ....	21
Look, Delia, how we esteem the half-blown rose. ....	1240
Look how the lark soars upward and is gone. ....	3085
Look how the pale Queen of the silent night. ....	1253
Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been. ....	435
Look in my face. My name is Used-to-was. ....	1043
Look—on the topmost branches of the world. ....	3059
Look out upon the stars, my love. ....	704
Lord, for the erring thought. ....	2033
Lord, for to-morrow and its needs. ....	3808
Lord Gabriel, wilt thou not rejoice. ....	88
Lord, make me coy and tender to offend. ....	3722
Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray. ....	2051
Lord of my heart's elation. ....	2852
Lord Rameses of Egypt sighed. ....	3401
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell. ....	3713
Lords, Knights, and squires, the numerous band. ....	276
Loud mockers in the roaring street. ....	3740
"Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes" . . . . .	949
Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back. ....	3718
Love, brave Virtue's younger brother. ....	484
Love, by that loosened hair. ....	577
Love came back at fall o' dew. ....	1016
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling. ....	868
Love comes laughing up the valleys. ....	500
Love ere he bleeds, an eagle in high skies. ....	1267
Love for such a cherry lip. ....	682
Love has been sung a thousand ways. ....	579
Love has gone and left me, and the days are all alike. ....	920
Love hath a language for all years. ....	406
Love hath his poppy-wreath. ....	805
Love heeds no more the sighing of the wind. ....	508
Love, I marvel what you are. ....	575
Love in fantastic triumph sate. ....	824
Love in my bosom like a bee. ....	477
Love in thy youth, fair maid, be wise. ....	600
Love is a little golden fish. ....	736
Love is a sickness full of woes. ....	478

	PAGE
Love is and was my lord and king.....	2904
Love is the blossom where there blows.....	476
Love me or not, love her I must or die.....	589
Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay.....	871
Love not me for comely grace.....	601
Love once was like an April dawn.....	508
Love still a boy and oft a wanton is.....	1237
Love still has something of the sea.....	486
Love took my life and thrilled it.....	499
Love, when all the years are silent, vanished quite and laid to rest.....	1012
Love who will, for I'll love none.....	817
Love within the lover's breast.....	1153
"Love your neighbor as yourself".....	806
Love's on the highroad.....	627
Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show.....	1235
Low, like another's, lies the laureled head.....	3059
Lullaby! O lullaby.....	83
"Lured," little one? Nay, you've but heard.....	1176
Lydia is gone this many a year.....	1126

## M

Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus M'Clan.....	2073
Magdalen at Michael's gate.....	3735
Maid of Athens, ere we part.....	951
Maiden! with the meek brown eyes.....	327
Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend.....	1116
Make me over, Mother April.....	1689
Make three fourths of a cross.....	62
"Make way for Liberty!" he cried.....	2353
Many a long, long year ago.....	2146
Many are the wand-bearers.....	3008
Many love music but for music's sake.....	3131
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale.....	2278
March winds and April showers.....	66
Margaret's beauteous—Grecian arts.....	544
Marian Drury, Marian Drury.....	998
Marina's gone, and now sit I.....	931
Mark where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like.....	1268
Marry Monday, marry for wealth.....	67
Martial, the things that do attain.....	2970
Mary had a little lamb.....	49
Mary! I want a lyre with other strings.....	1254
Master of human destinies am I.....	2921
Maud Muller all that summer day.....	1948
Maud Muller on a summer's day.....	905
Maxwelton braes are bonnie.....	550
May I find a woman fair.....	811
May! queen of blossoms.....	1361
Meadows with yellow cowslips all aglow.....	1583
Men call you fair, and you do credit it.....	1235
Men, dying, make their wills, but wives.....	1910
Men say the sullen instrument.....	450
Merrily swinging on brier and weed.....	1528
Merry are the bells, and merry would they ring.....	45
Merry it is in the good greenwood.....	2716
Merry Margaret.....	329
Methought I heard a butterfly.....	116
'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam.....	3226
Midnight past! Not a sound of aught.....	1025

	PAGE
Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire . . . . .	1496
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour . . . . .	2237
Mimi, do you remember . . . . .	1800
Mine are the night and morning . . . . .	1296
Mine be a cot beside the hill . . . . .	1634
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord . . . . .	2206
Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty . . . . .	1101
Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn . . . . .	1888
Minnie and Winnie slept in a shell . . . . .	92
Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square . . . . .	2154
Mr. Finney had a turnip . . . . .	2071
Mistress Mary, quite contrary . . . . .	31
Moan, moan, ye dying gales . . . . .	3357
Monday's child is fair of face . . . . .	67
Monsieur the Curé down the street . . . . .	1776
Moon in heaven's garden, among the clouds that wander . . . . .	1357
Moon, so round and yellow . . . . .	49
More love or more disdain I crave . . . . .	615
More than most fair, full of the living fire . . . . .	1232
Mortality, behold and fear . . . . .	3517
Most glorious Lord of Life' that on this day . . . . .	1234
Most Holy Night, that still dost keep . . . . .	3223
Most men know love but as a part of life . . . . .	3516
Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes . . . . .	3087
Most worthy of praise were the virtuous ways . . . . .	2077
Mother and maid and soldier, hearing best . . . . .	303
Mother, I cannot mind my wheel . . . . .	1040
Mother wept and father sighed . . . . .	289
Mountain gorges, ever golden . . . . .	1486
Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe . . . . .	1371
Much have I traveled in the realms of gold . . . . .	3082
Music I heard with you was more than music . . . . .	1129
Mussoorie and Chakrata Hill . . . . .	1435
My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt . . . . .	1740
My bed is like a little boat . . . . .	161
"My birth-day"—what a different sound . . . . .	358
My child came to me with the equinox . . . . .	20
My coachman, in the moonlight there . . . . .	1764
My counterpane is soft as silk . . . . .	219
My country, 'tis of thee . . . . .	2195
My Damon was the first to wake . . . . .	621
My Daphne's hair is twisted gold . . . . .	520
My day and night are in my lady's hand . . . . .	512
My days among the Dead are passed . . . . .	2920
My dear and only Love, I pray . . . . .	604
My dear mistress has a heart . . . . .	610
My dear, the time has come to say . . . . .	975
My delight and thy delight . . . . .	1158
My faint spirit was sitting in the light . . . . .	626
My fairest child, I have no song to give you . . . . .	125
My faith looks up to Thee . . . . .	3810
My Feet they haul me 'round the House . . . . .	2086
My good blade carves the casques of men . . . . .	2724
My grandsire sailed three years from home . . . . .	1799
My hair is gray, but not with years . . . . .	3274
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains . . . . .	1552
My heart, I cannot still it . . . . .	433
My heart is chilled and my pulse is slow . . . . .	1010
My heart is like a fountain true . . . . .	77
My heart leaps up when I behold . . . . .	366
My heart shall be thy garden. Come, my own . . . . .	673
My heart the Anvil where my thoughts do beat . . . . .	1244

	PAGE
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here . . . . .	1669
My hero is na decked wi' gowd . . . . .	3244
My lady seems of ivory . . . . .	562
My lady walks her morning round . . . . .	553
My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind . . . . .	124
My Lady's birthday crowns the growing year . . . . .	574
My Lady's presence makes the Roses red . . . . .	1245
My Leshia, I will not deny . . . . .	1754
My letters! all dead paper, mute and white . . . . .	1282
My life is like the summer rose . . . . .	3358
My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun . . . . .	2021
My little love, do you remember . . . . .	888
My little Mädchen found one day . . . . .	300
My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes . . . . .	206
My little soul I never saw . . . . .	3400
My Lord would make a cross for me . . . . .	3463
My love and I, the other day . . . . .	831
My Love bound me with a kiss . . . . .	684
My love comes down from the mountain . . . . .	648
My Love dwelt in a Northern land . . . . .	1121
My love for thee doth march like armed men . . . . .	1263
My love gave me a passion-flower . . . . .	1053
My love he built me a bonnie bower . . . . .	1063
My love in her attire doth show her wit . . . . .	522
My love lies in the gates of foam . . . . .	1067
My love she's but a lassie yet . . . . .	543
My loved, my honored, much-respected friend . . . . .	3246
My mind has thunderstorms . . . . .	3110
My mind to me a kingdom is . . . . .	2987
My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun . . . . .	1251
My mother bids me bind my hair . . . . .	942
My mother bore me in the southern wild . . . . .	156
My new-cut ashlar takes the light . . . . .	3816
My ornaments are arms . . . . .	626
My Peggy is a young thing . . . . .	534
My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes . . . . .	1280
My prime of youth is but a frost of cares . . . . .	401
My recollectest thoughts are those . . . . .	2071
My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-crook . . . . .	617
My short and happy day is done . . . . .	3507
My silks and fine array . . . . .	1001
My songs to sell, good sir . . . . .	3100
My sorrow that I am not by the little dun . . . . .	3362
My soul, there is a country . . . . .	3605
My soul today . . . . .	1600
My spotless love hovers, with purest wings . . . . .	1230
My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love . . . . .	588
My temples throb, my pulses boil . . . . .	2048
My tent stands in a garden . . . . .	1452
My thoughts by night are often filled . . . . .	435
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his . . . . .	1141
My walls outside must have some flowers . . . . .	1644
Myrtilla, tonight . . . . .	1783
Mysterious night! Spread wide thy silvery plume . . . . .	1324
Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew . . . . .	1324

## N

Nae shoon to hide her tiny tae . . . . .	10
Nancy Dawson, Nancy Dawson . . . . .	988
Nature, in thy largess, grant . . . . .	1299

	PAGE
Nature reads not our labels, "great" and "small" . . . . .	3043
Nay, be you pardoner or cheat . . . . .	1858
Nay but you, who do not love her . . . . .	553
Nay, tell me now in what strange air . . . . .	1784
Nay, why should I fear Death . . . . .	3487
Nay, you wrong her, my friend, she's not fickle; her love she has simply outgrown . . . . .	1017
Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . . .	3805
Needles and pins, needles and pins . . . . .	65
Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going . . . . .	1856
Never give all the heart, for love . . . . .	511
Never love unless you can . . . . .	810
Never mind how the pedagogue prosed . . . . .	1711
Never more will I protest . . . . .	812
Never sings a city-robin on the gray-stone window-ledges . . . . .	3482
Never the nightingale . . . . .	1130
Never the time and the place . . . . .	885
Nevermore . . . . .	3005
Nigh to a grave that was newly made . . . . .	3441
Night is the time for rest . . . . .	1325
Night is the true democracy. When day . . . . .	1328
Nightingale I never heard . . . . .	1533
Nightingales warble about it . . . . .	505
No baby in the house, I know . . . . .	25
No coward soul is mine . . . . .	3486
No fault in women to refuse . . . . .	1901
No longer mourn for me when I am dead . . . . .	1210
No matter how the chances are . . . . .	1210
No more, my Dear, no more these counsels try . . . . .	1237
No need to hush the children for her sake . . . . .	3560
No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist . . . . .	3340
No slightest golden rhyme he wrote . . . . .	3000
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea . . . . .	1617
No sun—no moon . . . . .	2048
No truer word, save God's, was ever spoken . . . . .	1010
Nobles and heralds, by your leave . . . . .	1917
Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! oh ye . . . . .	2225
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note . . . . .	2448
Not a sou had he got—not a guinea or note . . . . .	1933
Not as all other women are . . . . .	1213
Not by the ball or brand . . . . .	3609
Not, Celia, that I juster am . . . . .	610
Not far from old Kinvara, in the merry month of May . . . . .	758
Not far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau . . . . .	3646
Not I my-self know all my love for thee . . . . .	1257
Not on the neck of prince or hound . . . . .	2959
"Not ours," say some, "the thought of Death to dread" . . . . .	3428
Not ours the vows of such as plight . . . . .	865
Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung . . . . .	377
"Not to be tuneless in old age" . . . . .	3645
Not with slow, funereal sound . . . . .	3055
Not yet, dear love, not yet the sun is high . . . . .	985
Now ain't they utterly too-too . . . . .	1952
Now along the solemn heights . . . . .	3480
Now are the winds about us in their glee . . . . .	1351
Now fades the last long streak of snow . . . . .	1338
"Now for a brisk and cheerful fight" . . . . .	2459
Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes . . . . .	683
Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are . . . . .	2374
Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour . . . . .	2544
Now in her green mantle blithe Nature arrays . . . . .	944
Now is the night, foreshadowed of our fears . . . . .	3590

	PAGE
Now many are the stately ships that northward steam away.....	996
Now one and all you Roses.....	1329
Now ponder well, you parents dear.....	185
Now poor Tom Dunstan's cold.....	3018
Now that we've done our best and worst, and parted.....	1270
Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger.....	1358
Now the joys of the road are chiefly these..	1694
Now the laborer's task is o'er.....	3573
Now the lusty spring is seen.....	482
Now the rite is duly done.....	1195
Now the Widow McGee.....	1961
Now what is Love, I pray thee, tell.....	475
"Now where are ye goin', ses I, "wid the shawl".....	760

## O

O! a wonderful stream is the River Time.....	417
O bitter wind toward the sunset blowing.....	2324
O blithe New-comer! I have heard.....	1538
O Brignall banks are wild and fair.....	2720
O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done.....	3629
O Captain of the wars, whence won Ye so great scars.....	3770
"O come and be my mate!" said the Eagle to the Hen ..	1898
"O crikey, Bill!" she ses to me, she ses.....	1951
O days and hours, your work is this .....	2903
O death, when thou shalt come to me.....	1080
O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye.....	1163
O, do not wanton with those eyes.....	592
O don't be sorrowful, darling .....	1220
O earth, lie heavily upon her eyes .....	1260
O faint, delicious, spring-time violet.....	1502
O, Falmouth is a fine town with ships in the bay .....	3229
O, father's gone to market-town, he was up before the day.....	1366
O for some honest lover's ghost .....	602
O Friend! I know not which way I must look.....	2237
O gentle, gentle summer rain.....	1443
O God! our help in ages past.....	3790
O Goddess' hear these tuneless numbers, wrung.....	3164
O happy Sleep! thou bear'st upon thy breast.....	3222
O happy Thames that didst my Stella bear .....	1238
O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight.....	82
O, inexpressible as sweet.....	668
O, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending..	2303
O joys of love and joys of fame .....	1295
O King of Terrors, whose unbounded sway.....	3407
O, lay thy hand in mine, dear.....	1228
O leave this barren spot to me.....	1410
O lend to me, sweet nightingale.....	569
O let me leave the plains behind.....	3652
O, like a queen's her happy tread.....	577
O listen, listen, ladies gay .....	2715
O little self, within whose smallness lies.....	3402
O little town of Bethlehem.....	203
O living will that shalt endure .....	2905
O lonesome sea-gull, floating far.....	1522
O, look at the moon.....	57
O Love, if you were here .....	981
O, love is not a summer mood.....	504
O Love, whose patient pilgrim feet.....	1226
"O Mary, go and call the cattle home".....	1619
O melancholy Bird, a winter's day.....	1540



	PAGE
O Mary, at thy window be.....	697
O merry may the maid be.....	772
O mistress mine, where are you roaming.....	930
O moon, O hide thy golden light.....	3483
O my dark Rosaleen.....	2249
O, my luve's like a red, red rose.....	946
O, Nancy, wilt thou go with me.....	618
O nature! I do not aspire.....	1205
O, never say that I was false of heart.....	1251
O nightingale that on yon bloomy spray.....	1551
O nightingale! thou surely art.....	1545
O, Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round.....	2249
O Paradise, O Paradise.....	3605
O Queen, awake to thy renown.....	384
O reader! hast thou ever stood to see.....	1407
O rowan tree, O rowan tree, thou'lt aye be dear to me.....	3236
O ruddier than the cherry.....	535
O sairly may I rue the day.....	749
O saw ye bonny Lesley.....	331
O saw ye not fair Ines.....	959
O, saw ye the lass wi' the bonnie blue een.....	1150
O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light.....	2106
O say what is that thing called Light.....	157
O ship incoming from the sea.....	1601
O singer of Persephone.....	3664
O singer of the field and fold.....	3664
O spring, I know thee! Seek for sweet surprise.....	1335
O still, white face of perfect peace.....	3575
O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South.....	903
O swan of slenderness.....	713
O sweet delight, O more than human bliss.....	1141
O sweet wild April.....	1355
O swift forerunners, rosy with the race.....	1311
O tell me, little children, have you seen her.....	153
O that joy so soon should waste.....	682
O that the chemist's magic art.....	3380
O that the pines which crown yon steep.....	1315
O that those lips had language! Life has passed.....	3251
O that 'twere possible.....	1092
O the gallant fisher's life.....	1065
O the green things growing, the green things growing.....	1461
O the Raggedy man! He works fer Pa.....	166
O Thou great Friend to all the sons of men.....	3730
O Thou unknown Almighty Cause.....	3455
O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought.....	275
O Thou, whose glorious orbs on high.....	2204
O Thou with dewy locks, who lookest down.....	1342
O Time, who know'st a lenient hand to lay.....	3352
O Twilight, Twilight! evermore to hear.....	3131
O waly, waly up the bank.....	1042
O well I love the Spring.....	1217
"O well is me, my gay gos-hawk".....	2671
O were my Love yon lilac fair.....	621
"O wha will shoe my bonny foot".....	2660
O what a plague is love.....	722
O what can ail thee, Knight-at-arms.....	1005
"O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son".....	2681
O white priest of Eternity, around.....	1434
O, whither sail you, Sir John Franklin.....	2465
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being.....	1378
O will ye choose to hear the news.....	1068
O winds that blow across the sea.....	131

# Index of First Lines

3947

	PAGE
O world, be nobler, for her sake.....	652
O world, I cannot hold thee close enough .....	1302
O world, thou choosest not the better part.....	2907
O, yet we trust that somehow good .....	2900
O, you plant the pain in my heart with your wistful eyes.....	647
O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.....	784
Och, when we lived in ould Glennaun.....	2605
October gave a party.....	152
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.....	947
Of a' the festivals we hear.....	2028
Of Adam's first wife, Lilith, it is told.....	1258
Of all the birds from East to West.....	149
Of all the girls that are so smart.....	769
Of all the rides since the birth of time.....	2445
Of all the ships upon the blue .....	2180
Of all the torment, all the cares.....	826
Of all the thoughts of God that are.....	3412
Of all the wimming doubly blest.....	2585
Of deepest blue of summer skies.....	11
Of Heaven and Hell I have no power to sing.....	3080
Of my ould loves, of their ould ways .....	1127
Of Nelson and the North.....	2441
Of old sat Freedom on the heights.....	2235
Of old the Muses sat on high .....	3007
Of priests we can offer a charming variety.....	1057
Of this fair volume which we World do name .....	1293
Of worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing.....	2412
Of wounds and sore defeat.....	2040
Off with your hat! along the street .....	1843
Oft has it been my lot to mark .....	1875
Oft have I seen at some cathedral door .....	3084
Oft have I walked these woodland paths .....	1401
Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray .....	290
Oft in the after days, when thou and I .....	390
Oft in the stilly night .....	454
Often I have heard it said .....	686
Often I think of the beautiful town .....	444
Often reluked, yet always back returning .....	2928
Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green .....	1489
Oh, bless the law that veils the Future's face .....	325
Oh, breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade .....	3609
Oh, days of beauty standing veiled apart .....	1373
Oh! Death will find me, long before I tire .....	1269
Oh, did you see him riding down .....	799
Oh, earlier shall the rosebuds blow .....	3378
Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet .....	2830
Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high .....	1630
Oh, for an hour when the day is breaking .....	653
Oh for one hour of youthful joy.....	461
Oh Galuppi, Baldassare, this is very sad to find .....	3133
Oh grieve not, ladies, if at night .....	857
Oh, hark the pulses of the night .....	1164
Oh, hark to the brown thrush! hear how he sings .....	1579
Oh, heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale .....	2722
Oh, if the world were mine, Love .....	740
Oh, if you love her .....	1171
Oh, it's twenty gallant gentlemen .....	2799
Oh! leave the past to bury its own dead .....	1261
Oh, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette .....	1112
Oh! lose the winter from thine heart, the darkness from thine eyes .....	1150
Oh, love is fair, and love is rare," my dear one she said .....	1055

	PAGE
"Oh! Love!" they said, "is King of Kings".....	580
Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best.....	354
Oh, masters, you who rule the world.....	2947
Oh may I join the choir invisible.....	3485
Oh mother of a mighty race.....	2203
Oh, my laddie, my laddie.....	676
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Groat.....	165
"Oh! rise up, Willy Reilly, and come alone with me".....	2678
Oh! rosy as the lining of a shell.....	324
Oh! say not woman's love is bought.....	480
Oh! say you so, bold sailor.....	1535
Oh seek me not within a tomb.....	3505
Oh sing unto my roundelay.....	1070
Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom.....	1082
Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story.....	354
Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort.....	2475
Oh! that we two were Maying.....	885
Oh, the auld house, the auld house.....	3234
Oh the Broom, the yellow Broom.....	1468
Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright.....	864
Oh, the lillies that remain.....	1127
Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! whare the crick so still and deep.....	468
Oh, the Roman was a rogue.....	2044
Oh, the sweet contentment.....	1036
Oh, there are those, a sordid clan.....	279
Oh, 'tis little Mary Cassidy's the cause of all my misery.....	759
"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother".....	754
Oh, to be in England.....	1353
Oh, to come home once more, when the dusk is falling.....	207
Oh, to feel the fresh breeze blowing.....	1006
Oh wha are sae happy as me an' my Moggy.....	1227
Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes.....	2037
Oh, what a set of vagabundos.....	2404
"Oh, what hae ye brought us hame now, my brave lord".....	782
Oh, what know they of harbors.....	667
Oh where! and oh where! is your Highland laddie gone.....	2276
Oh! where do fairies hide their heads.....	235
Oh, where do you come from.....	48
Oh, where will be the birds that sing.....	1470
Oh, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North.....	2492
Oh! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town.....	930
Oh, who will follow old Ben Milam into San Antonio.....	2457
Oh, who would stay indoor, indoor.....	1662
Oh, why left I my hame.....	358
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud.....	300
Oh, wilt thou have my hand, dear, to lie along in thine.....	872
Oh ye wha are sae guid yoursel'.....	1860
Old Birch, who taught the village school.....	2175
Old Books are best! With what delight.....	1759
Old England's sons are English yet.....	2234
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man.....	2131
Old King Cole was a merry old soul.....	36
Old Mother Hubbard.....	51
Old Mother Twichett had but one eye.....	63
Old Sorrow I shall meet again.....	440
Old wine to drink.....	2011
Old Winter sad, in snowy clad.....	1386
On a day, alack the day.....	470
On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.....	3771
On either side the river lie.....	3188
On gossamer nights when the moon is low.....	243

	PAGE
On his death-bed poor Lubin lies.....	1805
On Linden, when the sun was low.....	244c
On long, serene midsummer days.....	1498
On parent knees, a naked new-born child.....	21
On Richmond Hill there lives a lass.....	616
On the banks of Allan Water.....	1042
On the Coast of Coromandel.....	2054
On the eighth of March it was, some people say.....	1966
On the Sabbath-day.....	1100
On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two.....	2804
On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood.....	3257
On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre.....	2033
On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble.....	1401
Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee.....	2619
Once in a dream I saw the flowers.....	3705
Once in a golden hour.....	2027
Once in Persia, reigned a King.....	2845
Once more the Heavenly Power.....	1333
Once on a time I used to dream.....	1507
Once on a time, once on a time.....	517
Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary.....	3170
Once, when I was little, as the summer night was falling.....	440
One by one, like leaves from a tree.....	2856
One by one the sands are flowing.....	3761
One cup for my self-hood.....	1956
One day, I mind me, now that she is dead.....	325
One day I wrote her name upon the strand.....	1235
One day, it thundered and lightened.....	848
One day, mamma said, "Conrad dear".....	123
One day, through the primeval wood.....	1806
One for her Club and her own Latch-key fights.....	1921
One honest John Tomkins, a hedger and ditcher.....	111
One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee.....	1300
One little minute more, Maud.....	650
One misty, moisty morning.....	33
One more unfortunate.....	3390
One morning, oh! so early, my beloved, my beloved.....	1144
One night came on a hurricane.....	2105
One night came Winter noiselessly and leaped.....	1388
One night I lay asleep in Africa.....	2854
One other bitter drop to drink.....	3497
One pale November day.....	1048
One sweetly solemn thought.....	3813
One, two.....	58
One ugly trick has often spoiled.....	110
One, who is not, we see; but one, whom we see not, is.....	1935
One word is too often profaned.....	625
Only a baby small.....	3
Only a touch; and nothing more.....	649
Only of thee and me the night wind sings.....	625
Only tell her that I love.....	613
Only to find Forever, blest.....	1112
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	3814
Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout.....	860
Or ever the knightly years were gone.....	655
Orphan hours, the year is dead.....	1396
O'Ryan was a man of might.....	1964
Others abide our question Thou art free.....	3653
Oui, l'œuvre sort plus belle.....	3842
Our band is few, but true and tried.....	2432
Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered.....	2281
Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains.....	2512

	PAGE
Our doctor had called in another, I never had seen him before...	262
Our Father Land! and wouldst thou know...	3259
Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann	171
Our youth began with tears and sighs...	363
Our youth is like a rustic at the play...	2008
Out from the harbor of Amsterdam...	2382
Out I came from the dancing-place...	916
Out in the south, when the day is done...	2381
Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass...	2517
Out of the dusk a shadow	2866
Out of the focal and foremost fire...	2320
Out of the hills of Habersham...	1423
Out of the night that covers me	3500
Out rode from his wild, dark castle	2028
Out upon it, I have loved...	819
Out where the handclasp's a little stronger	2574
Out-worn heart, in a time out-worn...	2855
Ov all the birds upon the wing	1527
Over a pipe the Angel of Conversation	1086
Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay	2004
Over hill, over dale	231
Over his keys the musing organist	1367
Over the grass we stepped unto it	968
Over the mountains	194
Over the plains where Persian hosts	668
Over the river, on the hill	3442
Over the river they beckon to me	3509
Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune	1478
Over the turret, shut in his ironclad tower	2509
Over the wintry threshold...	1349
Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day	696
Paddy, in want of a dinner one day	900
Paddy McCabe was dying one day	1058
Pallid with too much longing	913
Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies	1475
Pass, thou wild light	566
Passing I saw her as she stood beside	344
"Passion o' me!" cried Sir Richard Tyrone	2745
Past ruined Ilion Helen lives	3089
Peace, Shepherd, peace! What boots it singing on	3110
Peace to the slumberers	2302
Pease-pudding hot	33
Perhaps it is no matter that you died	2008
Persicos odi	3827
Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater	31
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers	37
Phillis kept sheep along the Western plains	768
Phillis took a red rose from the tangles of her hair	693
Philosopher, whom dost thou most affect	1915
Phoebus, arise	1305
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	2277
Pierrette has gone, but it was not...	3388
Pious Selinda goes to prayers...	721
Piped the blackbird on the beechwood spray	259
Piping down the valleys wild...	126
Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes	3312
Play me a march, low-toned and slow--a march for the silent tread	3540
Poets are singing the whole world over...	656

	PAGE
Poor lone Hannah.....	1624
Poor Lucy Lake was overgrown ..	1926
Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth.....	1252
Pour courir en poste a la ville.....	3838
Pour, varlet, pour the water.....	1953
Preach wisdom unto him who understands .....	1170
Prithce tell me, Dimple-Chin .....	793
Proud Maisie is in the wood .....	1076
Proud of you, fond of you, clinging so near to you. ....	1205
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been .....	35

## Q

Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle ..	3847
Queen and huntress, chaste and fair ..	1320
Quoth Rab to Kate, my sonsy dear .....	748

## R

Rabia, sick upon her bed .....	2053
Rain before seven .....	66
Rain on the face of the sea .....	1946
Rainbow at night .....	66
Rarely, rarely comest thou .....	3364
"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back... ..	2298
Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach.. ..	2091
Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum .....	3829
Remarkable truly, is Art .....	2086
Remember me when I am gone away....	1260
Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross.....	36
"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot".....	2492
Right on our flank the crimson sun went down....	2472
Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky.....	2902
Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose.....	138
Rise, Lady Mistress, rise .....	694
"Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas," she says.....	2653
Rock of Ages, cleft for me .....	3797
Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green .....	38
Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover.....	86
Rocked in the cradle of the deep .....	1599
Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river .....	3365
Roll on, thou ball, roll on. ....	2075
Room after room .....	637
Room for a Soldier! lay him in the clover .....	2314
Rose kissed me to-day.....	1800
Rose o' the World, she came to my bed .....	910
Rose, when I remember you .....	272
Roses are beauty, but I never see .....	3402
Round among the quiet graves .....	1112
Round the cape of a sudden came the sea .....	1157
Row gently here .....	700
Rub-a-dub-dub .....	31
Run, shepherds, run where Bethlehem blest appears....	207

## S

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going. ....	416
Said God, "You sisters, ere you go".....	3368
Said Opie Read to E. P. Roe.....	2085
Said the Raggedy Man, on a hot afternoon .....	168
Said the Wind to the Moon. "I will blow you out".....	133
St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was.....	3284
St. James's Street, of classic fame.....	2599
St. Michael's Mount, the tidal isle.....	2596

	PAGE
St. Patrick was a gentleman . . . . .	1966
St. Stephen's cloistered hall was proud . . . . .	2305
Sally Salter, she was a young teacher who taught . . . . .	2067
Sang the sunrise on an amber morn . . . . .	1354
Santa Ana came storming, as a storm might come . . . . .	2458
Sargon is dust, Semiramis a clod . . . . .	2848
Sarsfield went out the Dutch to rout . . . . .	2410
Say, is it day, is it dusk in thy bower . . . . .	003
Say not the struggle naught availeth . . . . .	2839
Say over again, and yet once over again . . . . .	1281
Scar not earth's breast that I may have . . . . .	3171
Scorn not the sonnet; Critic, you have frowned . . . . .	3100
Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled . . . . .	2350
Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness . . . . .	1375
Seated one day at the Organ . . . . .	3308
See a pin and pick it up . . . . .	67
See, children, the Fur-bearing Seal . . . . .	2083
See, from this counterfeit of him . . . . .	3004
See how the flowers, as at parade . . . . .	1448
See, see, she wakes! Sabina wakes . . . . .	607
See the chariot at hand here of Love . . . . .	526
See with what simplicity . . . . .	273
Seldom "cant" . . . . .	09
Send home my long-strayed eyes to me . . . . .	503
Serene, I fold my hands and wait . . . . .	3405
Set in the stormy Northern sea . . . . .	2214
Set your face to the sea, fond lover . . . . .	921
Seven weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm . . . . .	2210
Seven white roses on one tree . . . . .	255
Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden . . . . .	1077
Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day . . . . .	1246
Shall I (like a hermit) dwell . . . . .	814
Shall I say that what heaven gave . . . . .	3553
Shall I tell you whom I love . . . . .	815
Shall I, wasting in despair . . . . .	813
Shall we meet no more, my love, at the binding of the sheaves . . . . .	914
Shame upon you, Robin . . . . .	733
She can be as wise as we . . . . .	562
She died in beauty,—like a rose . . . . .	3518
She dwelt among the untrodden ways . . . . .	1074
She has a primrose at her breast . . . . .	740
"She has beauty, but you must keep your heart cool" . . . . .	730
She has gone,—she has left us in passion and pride . . . . .	2185
She has laughed as softly as if she sighed . . . . .	105
She is a rich and rare land . . . . .	2265
She is a winsome wee thing . . . . .	1228
She is all so slight . . . . .	581
"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away" . . . . .	3570
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps . . . . .	1078
She is not fair to outward view . . . . .	518
She is not old, she is not young . . . . .	1008
She kissed me on the forehead . . . . .	887
She loved the Autumn, I the Spring . . . . .	3362
She made a little shadow hidden grave . . . . .	3306
She passed away like morning dew . . . . .	3550
She rose from her untroubled sleep . . . . .	348
She sang of lovers met to play . . . . .	1010
She sat and wept beside His feet; the weight . . . . .	3187
She sees her image in the glass . . . . .	856
She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh . . . . .	639
She stood alone amidst the April fields . . . . .	3741
She stood breast high among the corn . . . . .	332

	PAGE
She that denies me I would have.....	818
She that I pursue, still flies me.....	825
She walks in beauty, like the night.....	383
She walks, the lady of my delight.....	393
She wanders in the April woods.....	1046
She was a beauty in the days.....	1765
She was a phantom of delight.....	380
She was a queen of noble Nature's crowning.....	381
She was only a woman, famished for loving.....	1040
She was young and blithe and fair.....	1051
Shed no tear! O, shed no tear.....	237
Shemuel, the Bethlehemite.....	3578
Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake.....	2591
She's loveliest of the festal throng.....	1028
She's somewhere in the sunlight strong.....	995
Shock's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more.....	1828
Short and sweet, and we've come to the end of it.....	828
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.....	464
Shout for the mighty men.....	2345
Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night.....	1477
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.....	807
Silence instead of thy sweet song, my bird.....	1544
Silvery the olives on Ravello's steeps.....	2616
Silvia, let us from the crowd retire.....	614
Simple Simon met a pieman.....	42
Since, Lord, to Thee.....	3721
Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part.....	1245
Since we parted yester eve.....	641
Sing a song of sixpence.....	41
Sing a song of Spring-time.....	1331
Sing again the song you sung.....	868
Sing lullaby, as women do.....	715
Sing me a song of a lad that is gone.....	438
Sing me a sweet, low song of night.....	1164
Sing the old song, amid the sounds dispersing.....	866
Sing we for love and idleness.....	452
Sir, I admit your general rule.....	1017
Sir Lancelot beside the mere.....	2813
Sister, awake! close not your eyes.....	1361
Six little mice sat down to spin.....	38
'Skeeters am a hummin' on de honeysuckle vine.....	91
Skies to the West are stained with madder.....	1315
Slayer of winter, art thou here again.....	1350
Sleep, angry beauty, sleep and fear not me.....	694
Sleep, baby, sleep! what ails my dear.....	75
Sleep, little Baby, sleep.....	85
Sleep, my baby, while I sing.....	92
Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile.....	699
Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest.....	3220
Sleep, sleep, beauty bright.....	81
Sleep softly . . . eagle forgotten . . . under the stone.....	3587
Sleep sweetly in your humble graves.....	2321
Slowly by God's hand unfurled.....	2968
Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away.....	3329
Small service is true service while it lasts.....	125
Small traveler from an unseen shore.....	9
Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger.....	67
Snow and stars, the same as ever.....	424
So all day long the noise of battle rolled.....	3181
"So careful of the type?" but no.....	2901
So fair, so dear, so warm upon my bosom.....	24
So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn.....	1837



	PAGE
So far as our story approaches the end. . . . .	1020
So hath he fallen, the Endymion of the air. . . . .	3600
So here hath been dawning . . . . .	2920
So many worlds, so much to do. . . . .	2902
So nigh is grandeur to our dust. . . . .	290
So oft as I here beauty do behold . . . . .	1233
So sang I in the springtime of my years. . . . .	1275
So sweet love seemed that April morn . . . . .	920
So that soldierly legend is still on its journey. . . . .	2493
So, we'll go no more a roving . . . . .	866
Soft child of love, thou balmy bliss . . . . .	686
Soft, gray buds on the willow . . . . .	1158
Soft little hands that stray and clutch. . . . .	20
Soft on the sunset sky. . . . .	023
Softly now the light of day. . . . .	3815
Softly, O midnight Hours . . . . .	701
Softly woo away her breath. . . . .	3548
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er . . . . .	2301
Sole Lord of Lords and very King of Kings. . . . .	2847
Solomon Grundy . . . . .	45
Sombre and rich, the skies . . . . .	3598
Some asked me where the rubies grew . . . . .	528
Some day, some day of days, threading the street . . . . .	658
Some find Love late, some find him soon. . . . .	504
Some must delve when the dawn is nigh . . . . .	2850
Some reckon their age by years. . . . .	3381
Some say that kissing's a sin . . . . .	692
Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules. . . . .	2280
Some ten or twenty times a day . . . . .	1874
Some winter night, shut snugly in. . . . .	635
Some years ago, ere Time and Taste. . . . .	1715
Something calls and whispers, along the city street. . . . .	1703
Something there is that doesn't love a wall. . . . .	3075
Something to live for came to the place. . . . .	3
Sometime at eve when the tide is low. . . . .	3468
Sometime it may be you and I . . . . .	927
Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned. . . . .	3513
Sometimes when fragrant summer dusk . . . . .	1701
Sometimes wind and sometimes rain . . . . .	282
Somewhat back from the village street. . . . .	3242
Somewhere beneath the sun . . . . .	497
"Somewhere," he mused, "its dear enchantments wait". . . . .	1206
Somewhere lost in the haze . . . . .	2555
Son of the ocean isle. . . . .	2306
Song is so old . . . . .	674
Soon as the day begins to waste. . . . .	774
Sorrow has a harp of seven strings. . . . .	3360
Souls of Poets dead and gone. . . . .	1989
Southrons, hear your country call you. . . . .	2210
Southward with fleet of ice. . . . .	2368
Spake full well, in language quaint and olden. . . . .	1463
Sparkling and bright in liquid light. . . . .	2007
Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet. . . . .	3766
"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest". . . . .	3323
Spirit of Twilight, through your folded wings. . . . .	1317
Spirit that moves the sap in spring . . . . .	3081
Spring comes laughing down the valley. . . . .	1349
Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king. . . . .	1336
Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air. . . . .	1344
Spruce Macaronis, and pretty to see. . . . .	2420
Squire Adam had two wives, they say. . . . .	575
Stabat mater dolorosa. . . . .	3821

	PAGE
Stand here by my side and turn, I pray.....	1391
Stand! the ground's you own, my braves.....	2428
Star that bringest home the bee.....	1319
Stars of the summer night.....	705
Stars trembling o'er us and sunset before us.....	1597
Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest.....	3232
Stella! since thou so right a Princess art.....	1238
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God.....	2955
Still on the tower stood the vane.....	1177
Still to be neat, still to be dressed.....	377
Stop!—not to me, at this bitter departing.....	966
Stood the afflicted mother weeping.....	3779
Strange fits of passion have I known.....	1073
Strange wares are handled on the wharves of sleep.....	3224
Streets of the roaring town.....	2210
Strephon kissed me in the spring.....	923
Strew on her roses, roses.....	1098
Strong Son of God, immortal Love.....	2898
Sublime—invention ever young.....	3783
Such is the death the soldier dies.....	2317
Such special sweetness was about.....	660
Suddenly, out of dark and leafy ways.....	3218
"Summer is coming, summer is coming".....	1578
Sunset and evening star.....	3504
Superintindint wuz Flannigan.....	1079
Suppose the little cowslip.....	119
Suppose you screeve? or go cheap-jack.....	1857
Sure maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush.....	1521
Surprised by joy—impatient as the Wind.....	3566
Surrounded by unnumbered foes.....	3768
Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow.....	1576
Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing.....	1917
Sweet and low, sweet and low.....	83
Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content.....	2079
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.....	3262
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes.....	816
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright.....	3720
Sweet have I known the blossoms of the morning.....	665
Sweet in her green dell the flower of beauty slumbers.....	628
Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well.....	2607
Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brier.....	2837
Sweet is the time for joyous folk.....	3772
Sweet is the voice that calls.....	1371
Sweet love has twined his fingers in my hair.....	925
Sweet Nea!—for your lovely sake.....	788
Sweet Robin, I have heard them say.....	1561
Sweet, serene, sky-like flower.....	696
Sweet sixteen is shy and cold.....	742
Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade.....	332
Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight.....	1558
Sweet, sweet, sweet.....	1370
Sweet western wind, whose luck it is.....	596
Swiftly walk o'er the western wave.....	1323
"Sylvia, hush!" I said, "Come here".....	266

## T

Take back the Virgin Page.....	623
Take hand and part with laughter.....	900
Take it, love.....	510
Take me upon thy breast.....	3224
Take, O take those lips away.....	683

	PAGE
Take your meals, my little man.....	103
Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky.....	1400
Teach me the secret of thy loveliness.....	1503
Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.....	454
Tell me, dearest, what is love.....	481
Tell me not, in mournful numbers.....	2014
Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind.....	933
Tell me now in what hidden way is.....	1783
Tell me what is that only thing.....	1903
Tender-handed stroke a nettle.....	1902
Thank God our liberating lance.....	2562
Thank God we do not live by bread alone.....	2977
Thank Heaven! the crisis.....	1107
That gusty spring, each afternoon.....	1203
That man's a fool who tries by art and skill.....	1910
That time of year thou may'st in me behold.....	1294
That which her slender waist confined.....	531
That's my last Duchess painted on the wall.....	846
The Abbot of Inisfalen.....	2739
"The Ancestor remote of Man".....	1895
The angels in high places.....	3414
The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.....	2035
The apple trees are hung with gold.....	1013
The April rain, the April rain.....	1443
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.....	2327
The auld wife sat at her ivied door.....	1939
The baby wept.....	27
The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht.....	95
The bark that held the prince went down.....	2349
The bells of Oseney.....	2818
The bird, let loose in eastern skies.....	3715
The blessed damozel leaned out.....	3198
The blessed Poster-girl leaned out.....	1941
The blush is on the flower, and the bloom is on the tree.....	1165
The boats go out and the boats come in.....	1622
The bonnie, bonnie bairn who sits poking in the ase.....	257
The boy stood on the burning deck.....	2439
The braggart March stood in the season's door.....	1353
The breaking waves dashed high.....	2387
The bride cam' out o' the byre.....	746
The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by.....	1293
The butterfly, an idle thing.....	116
The Captain stood on the Carronade—"First lieutenant," said he.....	2125
The chain I gave was fair to view.....	1031
The characters of great and small.....	1734
The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap.....	212
The churchyard leans to the sea with its dead.....	3436
The city mouse lives in a house.....	44
The clear cool note of the cuckoo which has ousted the legitimate nest holder.....	1951
The clocks are chiming in my heart.....	420
The clouds are scudding across the moon.....	1614
The Cock is crowing.....	1352
The color gladdens all your heart.....	923
The common street climbed up against the sky.....	3021
The conference-meeting through at last.....	704
The cosy fire is bright and gay.....	1953
The countless stars, which to our human eye.....	3720
The cup I sing is a cup of gold.....	1645
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.....	3532
The cynics say that every rose.....	2045
The dames of France are fond and free.....	986

	PAGE
The dark-fringed eyelids slowly close.....	93
The dawn is lonely for the sun.....	997
The day is cold, and dark, and dreary.....	3350
The day is done, and the darkness.....	3355
The day returns, my bosom burns.....	945
The days are cold, the nights are long. ....	84
The days grow shorter, the nights grow longer..	3472
The days of Bute and Grafton's fame.....	1756
The deep seclusion of this forest path.....	1406
The despot's heel is on thy shore.....	2220
The door was shut, as doors should be.....	151
The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine .....	757
The dusky night rides down the sky.....	1062
The elm lets fall its leaves before the frost....	1408
The endless mime goes on; new faces come.....	2854
The face of all the world is changed, I think.....	1278
The fair Pamela came to town. ....	802
The fault is not mine if I loved you too much....	831
The ferries fly like shuttles in a loom.....	1318
The fiddles were playing and playing.....	1145
The fire is out, and spent the warmth thereof.....	422
The flower that smiles today.....	3377
The forward youth that would appear.....	2400
The fountains mingle with the river.....	688
The fray began at the middle gate.....	2364
The Frost looked forth, one still clear night.....	1387
The frugal snail, with forecast of repose.....	1514
The gallows in my garden, people say.....	1787
The garden beds I wandered by.....	1800
The Garden that I love is full of light.....	3441
The gardener does not love to talk.....	160
The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling.....	2120
The gifts that to our breasts we fold.....	2029
The gingham dog and the calico cat.....	173
The girt woad tree that's in the dell.....	1404
The glories of our blood and state.....	3404
The glow and the glory are plighted.....	1812
The God of Music dwelleth out of doors.....	3130
The good Lord gave, the Lord has taken from me .....	304
The gorse is yellow on the heath.....	1573
The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea.....	2605
The grass that is under me now.....	1114
The gray sea and the long black land .....	1157
The great guns of England, they listen mile on mile .....	2556
The Great Sword Bearer only knows just when He'll wound my heart,—not I .....	2897
The Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall.....	2436
The grief that is but feigning.....	2933
The groves of Blarney, they look so charming....	2609
The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave break in fire...	1703
The handful here, that once was Mary's earth.....	3545
The high and mighty lord of Glendare.....	145
The hills are white, but not with snow.....	1414
The hours I spent with thee, dear heart.....	1140
The Indian weed now withered quite .....	1983
The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece .....	2625
The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair.....	2141
The Jam-pot—tender thought.....	1939
The King sits in Dunfermline toun.....	2685
The King was on his throne.....	2328
The knightliest of the knightly race.....	2223
The ladies of St. James's.....	1775

	PAGE
The Lady Poverty was fair. ....	2934
The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great . . . . .	2113
The lark is up to meet the sun . . . . .	116
The lark now leaves his watery nest . . . . .	695
The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King. . . . .	3741
The leaves are falling; so am I . . . . .	406
The lights of Saturday night beat golden, golden over the pillared street. ....	3024
The lilies lie in my lady's bower . . . . .	1955
The linnet in the rocky dells. . . . .	1096
The lion and the unicorn. . . . .	37
The lion is the beast to fight. . . . .	2082
The lioness whelped and the sturdy cub . . . . .	2207
The listening Dryads hushed the woods. . . . .	1558
The little cares that fretted me. . . . .	1400
The little Dreams of maidenhood . . . . .	304
The little gate was reached at last. . . . .	990
The little red ribbon, the ring and the rose . . . . .	1140
The little rose is dust, my dear . . . . .	1139
The little toy dog is covered with dust . . . . .	298
The loppèd tree in time may grow again . . . . .	2838
The lovely lass o' Inverness. . . . .	2402
The lover of child Margery. . . . .	1041
The lover of her body said. . . . .	1044
The low-voiced girls that go. . . . .	1132
The Magic Mirror makes not nor unmakes . . . . .	2849
The magpies in Picardy . . . . .	2554
The maid who binds her warrior's sash. . . . .	2318
The man of life upright. . . . .	2912
The massive gates of Circumstance. . . . .	2854
The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year. . . . .	1505
The merchant, to secure his treasure . . . . .	720
The midges dance aboon the burn . . . . .	1652
The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone . . . . .	2302
The miltletoe hung in the castle hall. . . . .	2837
The Mistress of the Roses . . . . .	1455
The Monk Arnulphus uncorked his ink. . . . .	1789
The Moods have laid their hands across my hair. . . . .	3102
The more we live, more brief appear . . . . .	407
The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse . . . . .	2286
The morns are meeker than they were . . . . .	1381
The moth's kiss, first. . . . .	688
The mountain and the squirrel . . . . .	1909
The mourners came at break of day . . . . .	3514
The muffled drum's sad roll has beat . . . . .	2310
The murmur of the mourning ghost . . . . .	2736
The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime . . . . .	2565
The naked earth is warm with spring. . . . .	2558
The nests are in the hedgerows . . . . .	340
The night has a thousand eyes . . . . .	863
The night is late, the house is still . . . . .	308
The night throbs on; O, let me pray, dear lad . . . . .	303
The Night walked down the sky. . . . .	1152
The night was dark, though sometimes a faint star. . . . .	1307
The night was thick and hazy . . . . .	2184
The night when last I saw my lad . . . . .	800
The Nightingale, as soon as April bringeth . . . . .	1551
The nightingale has a lyre of gold . . . . .	1527
The north wind doth blow . . . . .	35
The Northern Star sailed over the bar . . . . .	1621
The old mayor climbed the belfry tower . . . . .	3318

	PAGE
The old priest Peter Gilligan . . . . .	2803
The old rude church, with bare, bald tower, is here . . . . .	3682
The old wind stirs the hawthorne tree . . . . .	449
The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day . . . . .	2185
The owl and the eel and the warming-pan . . . . .	47
The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea . . . . .	2052
The Ox he openeth wide the Doore . . . . .	209
The Pilgrim Fathers—where are they . . . . .	2390
The pines were dark on Ramoth hill . . . . .	972
The Pobble who has no toes . . . . .	2053
The poetry of earth is never dead . . . . .	1510
The poor benighted Hindoo . . . . .	2089
The Pope he leads a happy life . . . . .	2137
The poplars are felled; farewell to the shade . . . . .	1411
The primrose in the sheade do blow . . . . .	336
The Queen of Hearts . . . . .	39
The rain set early in to-night . . . . .	1003
The rain was over, and the brilliant air . . . . .	3060
The red rose whispers of passion . . . . .	657
The reivers they stole Fair Annie . . . . .	2656
The rich man's son inherits lands . . . . .	263
The rising moon has hid the stars . . . . .	500
The robin and the red-breast . . . . .	101
The robin sings of willow-buds . . . . .	1555
The Rose in the garden slipped her bud . . . . .	3378
The roses in my garden . . . . .	1138
The rosy clouds float overhead . . . . .	72
The royal feast was done; the King . . . . .	3764
The ruddy poppies bend and bow . . . . .	1128
The sacred Kepe of Iliou is rent . . . . .	3083
The Saviour came, with trembling lips . . . . .	3054
The sea hath many thousand sands . . . . .	483
The sea is calm to-night . . . . .	2595
The sea! the sea! the open sea . . . . .	1502
The sense of the world is short . . . . .	474
The shades of eve had crossed the glen . . . . .	779
The shades of night were falling fast . . . . .	2915
The shadows gather round me, while you are in the sun . . . . .	3460
The shadows lay along Broadway . . . . .	1032
The shape alone let others prize . . . . .	537
The sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand . . . . .	1602
The silver birch is a dainty lady . . . . .	135
The silver moon's enamored beam . . . . .	538
The sleepless Hours who watch me as I lie . . . . .	1306
The snow had begun in the gloaming . . . . .	315
The Son of God goes forth to war . . . . .	3794
The song of the sea-adventurers, that never were known to fame . . . . .	2827
The songs I sing at morning . . . . .	3085
The Sonnet is a fruit which long hath slept . . . . .	3108
The Sonnet is a world, where feelings caught . . . . .	3109
The Sons of Mary seldom bother . . . . .	3072
The South wind brings wet weather . . . . .	66
The sovereign beauty which I do admire . . . . .	1232
The spacious firmament on high . . . . .	3787
The speckled sky is dim with snow . . . . .	1393
The Spirit of Wine . . . . .	2013
The splendor falls on castle walls . . . . .	635
The Spring returns! What matters then that War . . . . .	1339
The stars began to peep . . . . .	302
The stream was smooth as glass, we said, "Arise and let's away" . . . . .	3396
The summer and autumn had been so wet . . . . .	189

	PAGE
The sun descending in the West. . . . .	1321
The sun had set. . . . .	2497
The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond. . . . .	544
The sun of life has crossed the line. . . . .	367
The sun rises bright in France. . . . .	3259
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home. . . . .	3227
The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains. . .	2852
The sun was shining on the sea . . . . .	2062
The thirsty earth soaks up the rain. . . . .	1993
The three ghosts on the lonesome road. . . . .	3758
The time for toil is past, the night has come. . . . .	3731
The time I've lost in wooing. . . . .	729
The tree of deepest root is found. . . . .	2103
The turtle on yon withered bough. . . . .	830
The twilight hours, like birds, flew by. . . . .	1317
The violet in the wood, that's sweet to-day. . . . .	1503
The violet is much too shy . . . . .	1488
The voice that breathed o'er Eden. . . . .	1107
The wanton troopers riding by . . . . .	1819
The warm sun is failing; the bleak wind is wailing . . . . .	1380
The waves about Iona dirge . . . . .	3054
The weather-leech of the topsail shivers. . . . .	1595
The western wind is blowing fair . . . . .	712
The white goat Amaryllis . . . . .	247
The white moth to the closing vine. . . . .	1677
The white-rose garland at her feet . . . . .	3504
The white rose tree that spend its musk . . . . .	992
The widow can bake, and the widow can brew. . . . .	2020
The wind is awake, pretty leaves, pretty leaves. . . . .	1049
The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees. . . . .	2809
The wind went wooing the rose . . . . .	1032
The winding road lies white and bare . . . . .	1679
The window has Four little Panes . . . . .	2086
The winds that once the Argo bore. . . . .	2323
The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling . . . . .	1631
The wine of Love is music. . . . .	487
The wintry west extends his blast. . . . .	1386
The wisdom of the world said unto me . . . . .	2995
The wisest of the wise. . . . .	362
The wish, that of the living whole . . . . .	2900
The word of God to Leyden came. . . . .	2386
The world goes up and the world goes down. . . . .	1215
The world is great: the birds all fly from me. . . . .	323
The world is so full of a number of things. . . . .	98
The world is too much with us; late and soon. . . . .	1202
The world was wide when I was young . . . . .	441
The World's a bubble, and the life of Man. . . . .	399
The world's a very happy place . . . . .	127
The world's great age begins anew. . . . .	2623
The year's at the spring. . . . .	1333
The yellow moon is a dancing phantom . . . . .	1548
The young girl questions, "Whether were it better". . . . .	512
The young May moon is beaming, love. . . . .	609
"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed". . . . .	1225
Their mouths have drunken the eternal wine . . . . .	2848
Them ez wants, must choose . . . . .	1915
Then, lady, at last thou art sick of my sighing. . . . .	669
Then let the chill Sirocco blow. . . . .	1994
There are gains for all our losses. . . . .	351
There are hermit souls that live withdrawn . . . . .	3040
There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep. . . . .	3761
There be none of Beauty's daughters. . . . .	546

	PAGE
There came a ghost to Marg'ret's door.....	2676
There came an ancient man and slow .....	3261
There came to port, last Sunday night. ....	1928
There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin. ....	2252
There dwelt a miller, hale and bold. ....	2982
There fared a mother driven forth .....	213
There hath come an host to see Thee .....	218
There in the fane a beauteous creature stands .....	377
There is a bird that comes and sings.....	1556
There is a bird, who by his coat. ....	1540
There is a clouded city, gone to rest. ....	3211
There is a flower, a little flower .....	1476
There is a flower, the lesser Celandine.....	1469
There is a garden enclosed .....	3209
There is a garden in her face.....	524
There is a green hill far away.....	3812
There is a jewel which no Indian mines.....	2980
There is a lady sweet and kind.....	523
There is a pity in forgotten things.....	449
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods .....	1586
There is a pool on Garda .....	2623
There is a Reaper, whose name is Death.....	3418
There is a river clear and fair.....	1923
There is a shrine whose golden gate.....	395
There is a sound that's dear to me.....	2023
There is a temple in my heart.....	442
There is an air for which I would disown. ....	920
There is an hour of peaceful rest.....	3803
There is heard a hymn when the panes are dim. .	214
There is many a love in the land, my love.....	693
There is no death! the stars go down.....	3763
There is no flock, however watched and tended.....	3510
There is no God, as I was taught in youth.....	3403
There is no light in any path of Heaven .....	3559
There is no mood, no heart-throb fugitive.....	3108
There is no unbelief.....	3762
There is no vacant chair. The loving meet .....	3512
There is no wrath in the stars.....	2555
There is none, O none but you .....	580
There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood. ....	1689
There lies a little city in the hills.....	3711
There! little girl, don't cry .....	349
There lived a sage in days of yore.....	2049
There lived a wife at Usher's Well.....	2650
There must be fairy miners .....	1468
There once was a wood, and a very thick wood.....	56
There she sits in her Island-home.....	2240
There sits a bird on every tree.....	735
There sits a piper on the hill .....	132
There they are, my fifty men and women .....	1284
There was a captain-general who ruled in Vera Cruz .....	2026
There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mule .....	34
There was a gentle hostler.....	215
There was a girl in our town.....	62
There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee.....	163
There was a King in Brentford .....	1848
There was a knight riding frae the east .....	2683
There was a lady lived at Leith.....	1962
There was a little girl, who had a little curl .....	113
There was a little man.....	32
There was a man of our town .....	34
There was a man who had a clock.....	2090



	PAGE
There was a rover from a western shore.....	2230
There was a small boy of Quebec.....	2090
There was a snake that dwelt in Skye.....	2070
There was a sound of revelry by night.....	2450
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream.....	371
There was a young fellow named Tait.....	2088
There was a young girl of Lahore.....	2089
There was a young lady of Niger.....	2089
There was a young lady of Wilts.....	2089
There was a young man so benighted.....	2090
There was a youth, and a well-belovèd youth.....	2705
There was an Old Man in a boat.....	2058
There was an Old Man in a tree.....	2057
There was an old man of Nantucket.....	2090
There was an old man of Tarentum.....	2089
There was an Old Man who said "Hush".....	2058
There was an Old Man with a beard.....	2057
There was an Old Man with a poker.....	2058
There was an old woman, and what do you think.....	32
There was an old woman lived under a hill.....	35
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.....	31
There was once a little animal.....	1891
There was one little Jim.....	107
There was two sisters in a bower.....	2048
There were four of us about the bed.....	2746
There were ninety and nine that safely lay.....	3756
There were three kings into the east.....	2000
There were three ravens sat on a tree.....	2080
There were three sailors of Bristol city.....	2140
There were three young women of Birmingham.....	2080
There were two blackbirds sitting on a hill.....	35
There were two little girls, neither handsome nor plain.....	109
There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street.....	3025
There's a certain young lady.....	731
There's a city that lies in the Kingdom of Clouds.....	3706
There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle.....	2264
There's a grass-grown road from the valley.....	1080
There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree.....	105
There's a road to heaven, a road to hell.....	657
There's a rosie-show in Derry.....	925
There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield.....	1704
There's a woman like a dewdrop, she's so purer than the purest.....	1156
There's gowd in the breast of the primrose pale.....	1142
There's nae lark loves the lift, my dear.....	646
There's naught but care on every han'.....	727
There's no dew left on the daisies and clover.....	426
There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away.....	355
There's not a nook within this solemn Pass.....	1430
There's trampling of hoofs in the busy street.....	3062
These are the best of him.....	3596
These are the days when birds come back.....	1373
These hearts were woven of human joys and cares.....	2545
These many years since we began to be.....	902
They all were looking for a king.....	3774
They are all gone into the world of light.....	3508
They are not long, the weeping and the laughter.....	3404
They bade me to my spinning.....	2821
They bear no laurels on their sunless brows.....	2950
They chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone.....	2253
They do me wrong who say I come no more.....	2922
They do neither plight nor wed.....	3440
They find the way, who linger where.....	2973

	PAGE
They grew in beauty, side by side. . . . .	3561
They made the chamber sweet with flowers and leaves . . . . .	1259
They may talk of love in a cottage. . . . .	732
They nearly strike me dumb. . . . .	1730
They seemed, to those who saw them meet. . . . .	837
They shot young Windebank just here. . . . .	2325
They sit at home and they dream and dally. . . . .	3012
They speak o' wiles in woman's smiles . . . . .	493
They stood above the world . . . . .	1172
They stood on the bridge at midnight. . . . .	1950
They that wash on Monday. . . . .	65
They threw a stone, you threw a stone. . . . .	3736
They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead. . . . .	3529
They told me I was heir: I turned in haste . . . . .	3727
They went forth to battle, but they always fell. . . . .	2946
They went to sea in a sieve, they did . . . . .	2050
They who create rob death of half its stings. . . . .	3105
They'll come again to the apple tree . . . . .	163
Think thou and act; tomorrow thou shalt die. . . . .	3565
Thirty days hath September . . . . .	61
Thirty white horses upon a red hill. . . . .	63
This ae nighte, this ae nighte. . . . .	2652
This bronze doth keep the very form and mold . . . . .	3642
This, children, is the famed Mon-goos. . . . .	2083
This figure, that thou here seest put . . . . .	3652
This house, where once a lawyer dwelt . . . . .	1916
This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream. . . . .	2923
This is Mab, the Mistress-Fairy . . . . .	233
This is my faith, and my mind's heritage . . . . .	2552
This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling. . . . .	3069
This is the height of our deserts . . . . .	2909
This is the house that Jack built . . . . .	49
This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain . . . . .	2575
This is the month, and this the happy morn. . . . .	223
This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign. . . . .	2913
This is the tale from first to last. . . . .	3753
This is the time when bit by bit. . . . .	1332
This is the Yak, so neg-li-gee. . . . .	2083
This kiss upon your fan I press. . . . .	1783
This little child so white, so calm. . . . .	320
This little pig went to market. . . . .	58
This peach is pink with such a pink. . . . .	574
This Relative of mine . . . . .	1728
This tragical tale, which, they say, is a true one. . . . .	2148
This was the woman; what now of the man . . . . .	1265
This was your butterfly, you see. . . . .	119
This world is all a fleeting show . . . . .	3699
Thomas a Tattamus took two T's . . . . .	63
Those we love truly never die . . . . .	3571
Thou art to all lost love the best. . . . .	1406
Thou blossom bright with autumn dew. . . . .	1484
Thou dreamer with the million moods. . . . .	1589
Thou goest; to what distant place. . . . .	962
Thou happy, happy elf . . . . .	268
Thou hast lived in pain and woe. . . . .	3551
Thou lingering star, with lessening ray. . . . .	1072
Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea. . . . .	1522
Thou lovely and beloved, thou my love. . . . .	1256
Thou must be true thyself . . . . .	2932
Thou spark of life that wavest wings of gold. . . . .	1517
Thou still unravished bride of quietness. . . . .	3163
Thou that hast a daughter. . . . .	1625

	PAGE
Thou too hast traveled, little fluttering thing.....	1573
Thou wast all that to me, love. ....	1105
Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm.....	1542
Thou who, when fears attack.....	1983
Thou wilt not look on me.....	929
Thou youngest Virgin-daughter of the skies.....	3524
Though love repine, and reason chafe.....	2959
Though singing but the shy and sweet.....	1170
Though when I loved thee thou wert fair.....	608
Though, when other maids stand by.....	630
Thought is deeper than all speech.....	2075
Three fishers went sailing away to the West.....	1620
Three Kings came riding from far away.....	210
Three little words, you often see.....	60
Three Poets, in three distant ages born.....	3647
Three score o' nobles rade to the King's ha'.....	783
Three wise men of Gotham.....	35
Three words fall sweetly on my soul.....	3244
Three years she grew in sun and shower.....	1075
Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed.....	2417
Thrice happy he, who by some shady grove.....	1635
Thrice with her lips she touched my lips.....	900
Through all the wind-blown aisles of May.....	1451
Through meadow-ways as I did tread.....	1358
Through the fierce fever I nursed him, and then he said.....	1035
Through the night, through the night.....	1019
Through the shine, through the rain.....	3011
Through the silver mist.....	1363
Through this our city of delight.....	1788
Through weary days and sleepless nights.....	3734
Throw away Thy rod.....	3720
Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod.....	2834
Thus Kitty, beautiful and young.....	1904
Thus piteously Love closed what he begat.....	1268
Thus spake the Lord.....	2535
Thus will I have the woman of my dream.....	301
Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream.....	1065
Thy sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea.....	2253
Thy voice is on the rolling air.....	2005
Tiger! Tiger! burning bright.....	140
Till dawn the Winds' insuperable throng.....	3406
Till Eve was brought to Adam, he.....	387
Time goes, you say? Ah, no.....	423
Time, you old gipsy man.....	2817
Timely blossom, Infant fair.....	273
Tiny slippers of gold and green.....	1762
Tired of play! Tired of play.....	280
'Tis a dull sight.....	1346
'Tis all the way to Toe-town.....	59
'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid "Good-night".....	97
'Tis but a little faded flower.....	3363
'Tis highly rational, we can't dispute.....	1918
'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure.....	606
'Tis not your beauty can engage.....	600
'Tis right for her to sleep between.....	3545
'Tis said that absence conquers love.....	083
'Tis sweet to hear of heroes dead.....	2037
'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark.....	1554
'Tis the last rose of summer.....	1505
'Tis the voice of a sluggard; I heard him complain.....	106
'Tis time this heart should be unmoved.....	360
To all you ladies now at land.....	935

	PAGE
To bear, to nurse, to rear. . . . .	431
To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name. . . . .	3650
To eastward ringing, to westward winging. . . . .	2543
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb. . . . .	3436
To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall. . . . .	1514
To him who in the love of Nature holds. . . . .	3444
To kiss a fan. . . . .	1783
To live in hell, and heaven to behold. . . . .	1246
To live within a cave—it is most good. . . . .	2999
To make this condiment, your poet begs. . . . .	1987
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig. . . . .	38
To me, fair friend, you never can be old. . . . .	1250
To meath of the pastures. . . . .	1698
To one who has been long in city pent. . . . .	1653
To put new shingles on old roofs. . . . .	1859
To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er. . . . .	1593
To see the Kaiser's epitaph. . . . .	2085
To take things as they be. . . . .	2983
To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke. . . . .	2408
To thee, fair freedom, I retire. . . . .	2988
To what new fates, my country, far. . . . .	2209
To write as your sweet mother does. . . . .	1710
To-day a rude brief recitative. . . . .	1584
To-day I have grown taller from walking with the trees. . . . .	1301
To-day I saw the shop-girl go. . . . .	3021
Toll for the brave. . . . .	2435
Tommy's tears, and Mary's fears. . . . .	65
To-night retired, the queen of heaven. . . . .	1549
To-night, this sunset spreads two golden wings. . . . .	3375
Too fair, I may not call thee mine. . . . .	984
Too late, alas! I must confess. . . . .	612
T'other day, as I was twining. . . . .	488
Trample! trample! went the roan. . . . .	2742
Traveler, pluck a stem of Moly. . . . .	1493
Tread lightly, she is near. . . . .	1119
Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason. . . . .	1018
Tripping down the field-path. . . . .	870
Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky. . . . .	1444
Trochee trips from long to short. . . . .	3111
True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank. . . . .	2641
Trusty, dusky, vivid, true. . . . .	394
'Twas a balmy summer evening. . . . .	3332
'Twas a Jacqueminot rose. . . . .	745
'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago. . . . .	1746
'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won. . . . .	3114
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves. . . . .	2059
'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour. . . . .	1929
'Twas in the prime of summer time. . . . .	2767
'Twas on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean. . . . .	174
'Twas on a lofty vase's side. . . . .	1823
'Twas on a Monday morning. . . . .	2273
'Twas on a simmer's afternoon. . . . .	773
'Twas on a windy night. . . . .	1971
'Twas on the shores that round our coast. . . . .	2177
'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot. . . . .	2791
'Twas the dead of the night. By the pine knot's red light. . . . .	2426
'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house. . . . .	221
'Twas the very verge of May. . . . .	2537
'Twas when the seas were roaring. . . . .	1064
Twilight, a timid fawn, went glimmering by. . . . .	1143
Twin songs there are, of joyance, or of pain. . . . .	1273
Twinkle, twinkle, little star. . . . .	41

	PAGE
Two armies covered hill and plain.....	2280
Two birds within one nest .....	1204
Two hands upon the breast. ....	3572
Two hunder year ago de worl' is purty slow.....	2021
Two legs sat upon three legs.....	64
Two little feet, so small that both may nestle.....	17
Two little girls are better than one.....	164
Two lovers by a moss-grown spring .....	1204
Two shall be born, the whole wide world apart.....	502
Two souls diverse out of our human sight .....	3596
Two springs she saw,—two radiant Tuscan springs .....	324
Two voices are there: one is of the deep .....	1056
Tut' Bah! We take as another case .....	1954
Tying her bonnet under her chin .....	798

## U

Un marin naufragé (de Doncastre).....	2087
Under a spreading chestnut tree .....	2916
Under a toadstool crept a wee Elf.....	234
Under dusky laurel leaf .....	3506
Under green apple boughs .....	505
Under my keel another boat .....	437
Under my window, under my window.....	258
Under the greenwood tree .....	1636
Under the lindens lately sat .....	1710
Under the wide and starry sky .....	3485
Under yonder beech-tree single on the green-sward .....	556
Underneath the growing grass .....	3415
Underneath this sable hearse .....	3518
Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart .....	1277
Unmindful of my low desert .....	3222
Unto the Prison House of Pain none willingly repair .....	3386
Untrammelled Giant of the West .....	2217
Up from the meadows rich with corn .....	2404
Up from the South, at break of day .....	2510
Up into the cherry tree .....	160
Up! quit thy bower! late wears the hour.....	608
Up the airy mountain .....	241
Up to her chamber window .....	711
Up! up! my friend, and quit your books .....	1657
Up with me! up with me into the clouds. ....	1565
Upon a cloud among the stars we stood .....	3575
Upon a showery night and still .....	1483
Upon ane stormy Sunday .....	755
Upon my lap my sovereign sits .....	78
Upon my mantel-piece they stand.....	1805
Upon the road to Romany.....	1683
Urbs beata Hierusalem.....	3826
Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora.....	3824

## V

Vanity, saith the preacher, vanity .....	1862
Vast Chaos, of eld, was God's dominion.....	1326
Veni, Creator Spiritus.....	3823
Veni, Sancte Spiritus .....	3822
Venice, thou Siren of sea-cities, wrought .....	2619
Venus has lit her silver lamp.....	3473
Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying.....	403
Victorious men of earth, no more .....	3405

	PAGE
Vital spark of heavenly flame .....	3489
Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus .....	3827
Voice of summer, keen and shrill .....	1512
Voice of the western wind.....	446

## W

Wait but a little while.....	1169
Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight. ....	2875
Walking to-day in your garden, O gracious lady.....	3550
Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives.....	3342
Wander, oh, wander, maiden sweet .....	1055
War shook the land where Levi dwelt. ....	3067
Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland.....	3834
Was it worth while to paint so fair.....	1494
Was schiert uns Russe und Franzos .....	3846
Watch thou and fear; to-morrow thou shalt die. ....	3569
Way down upon de Suwanee Ribber.....	3228
We are all here.....	3562
We are as mendicants who wait .....	1692
"We are but clay," the preacher saith .....	1768
We are in love's land to-day. ....	1159
We are the fallen, who, with helpless faces .....	2944
We are the music-makers.....	3128
We are very slightly changed .....	1919
We bear sealed orders o'er Life's weltered sea. ....	3478
We break the glass, whose sacred wine .....	905
We cannot kindle when we will .....	3379
We have loitered and laughed in the flowery croft .....	1732
We heard it calling, clear and low .....	1537
We journeyed through broad woodland ways .....	1147
We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still.....	3570
We know not yet what life shall be .....	3422
We meet 'neath the sounding rafter.....	3566
We met but in one giddy dance .....	1714
We need not hid, for cloistered cell .....	3747
We only asked for sunshine .....	3386
We pledged our hearts, my love and I .....	726
We sat within the farm-house old .....	3236
We scatter seeds with careless hand.....	2924
We see them not—we cannot hear .....	631
We, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead". .....	3667
We the Fairies; blithe and antic .....	235
We walked along, while bright and red .....	3564
We watched her breathing through the night .....	3546
We were crowded in the cabin .....	178
We were not many, we who stood .....	2470
We wreathed about our darling's head.....	312
Weak and irresolute is man.....	2861
Weak-winged is song.....	2518
Weary of myself, and sick of asking .....	2843
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower.....	1474
Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie.....	1507
Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town .....	72
Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined. ....	1955
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee.....	74
Weep with me, all you that read .....	3516
Weighing the steadfastness and state .....	369
Welcome all who lead or follow. ....	1988
Welcome, maids of honor .....	1501
Welcome, old friend! These many years.....	406

	PAGE
Welcome, welcome, do I sing . . . . .	527
Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made. . . . .	3369
Well met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain . . . . .	771
Well then, I now do plainly see . . . . .	1055
We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side . . . . .	1166
We'll not weep for summer over. . . . .	899
Were but my spirit loosed upon the air. . . . .	1262
Were I as base as is the lowly plain . . . . .	1253
Were I to name, out of the times gone by . . . . .	3085
Were my heart as some men's are, thy errors would not move me	590
Werther had a love for Charlotte . . . . .	838
West wind, blow from your prairie nest. . . . .	1676
We've fought with many men across the seas. . . . .	2533
We've trod the maze of error round. . . . .	403
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'. . . . .	1622
"Wharefore sou'd ye talk o' love. . . . .	941
What a moment, what a doubt. . . . .	2021
What a plague is this o'mine . . . . .	94
"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade. . . . .	2293
"What bait do you use," said a saint to the devil. . . . .	1905
What beckoning ghost along the moonlight shade. . . . .	3530
What can I give thee back, O liberal. . . . .	1278
What care if the day. . . . .	1700
What conscience, say, is it in thee. . . . .	595
What constitutes a state. . . . .	2236
What delightful hosts are they . . . . .	3507
What do we plant when we plant the tree. . . . .	1402
What does little birdie say. . . . .	150
What essences from Idumean palm. . . . .	325
What have I done for you . . . . .	2239
What have I gained by the toil of the trail. . . . .	1684
What heart could have thought you. . . . .	1391
What heroes from the woodland sprung. . . . .	2431
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell. . . . .	3107
What is an epigram? A dwarfish whole. . . . .	1915
What is death? 'Tis to be free . . . . .	3408
What is Hope? A smiling rainbow. . . . .	3377
What is it to grow old . . . . .	418
What is the little one thinking about. . . . .	86
"What is the real good". . . . .	2918
What is the sorriest thing that enters Hell. . . . .	2866
What is the voice I hear. . . . .	2220
What is this life if, full of care . . . . .	2098
What is to come we know not. But we know . . . . .	3422
What magic halo rings thy head. . . . .	1768
What may we take into the vast Forever . . . . .	2076
What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones. . . . .	3653
What! not know our Clean Clara. . . . .	2065
What of the bow. . . . .	2241
What of the darkness? Is it very fair. . . . .	3515
What painter has not with a careless smutch. . . . .	3112
What pleasure have great princes. . . . .	1654
What riches have you that you deem me poor. . . . .	2007
"What? rise again with <i>all</i> one's bones". . . . .	1918
What shall we do for Love these days. . . . .	513
What soul would bargain for a cure that brings. . . . .	1266
What sudden bugle calls us in the night. . . . .	2561
What voice did on my spirit fall. . . . .	2471
What was he doing, the great god Pan. . . . .	3124
What, what, what . . . . .	2069
What would it mean for you and me . . . . .	1308
"What, you are stepping westward?"—Yea. . . . .	398

	PAGE
What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod. . . . .	3432
What's love, when the most is said? The flash of the lightning fleet. . . . .	3423
What's she, so late from Penshurst come. . . . .	330
What's this dull town to me. . . . .	979
What's this vain world to me. . . . .	3701
When a' other bairnies are hushed to their hame. . . . .	283
When all is done and said. . . . .	2978
When all the world is young, lad. . . . .	417
When and how shall I earliest meet her. . . . .	649
When André rode to Pont-du-lac. . . . .	2801
When April rains make flowers bloom. . . . .	1501
When, as a lad, at break of day. . . . .	356
When as the chill Sirocco blows. . . . .	1989
When banners are waving, and lances are pushing. . . . .	2279
When Britain first, at Heaven's command. . . . .	2232
When cats run home and light is come. . . . .	1557
When, Celia, must my old day set. . . . .	609
When chapman billies leave the street. . . . .	2106
When daffodils begin to peer. . . . .	1337
When daisies pied, and violets blue. . . . .	2019
When de fiddle gits to singin' out a al' Vahginny reel. . . . .	2043
When, dearest, I but think of thee. . . . .	001
When Death to either shall come. . . . .	1168
When Delia on the plain appears. . . . .	535
When descends on the Atlantic. . . . .	3094
When do I see thee most, beloved one. . . . .	1255
When doctrines meet with general approbation. . . . .	1918
When down the stair at morning. . . . .	572
When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried. . . . .	3504
When Eve upon the first of men. . . . .	1918
When falls the soldier brave. . . . .	2322
When fierce political debate. . . . .	1847
When first I saw her, at the stroke. . . . .	571
When first I saw sweet Peggy. . . . .	777
When first the bride and bridegroom wed. . . . .	1215
When Freedom, from her mountain height. . . . .	2197
When, full of warm and eager love. . . . .	854
When God at first made Man. . . . .	370
When good King Arthur ruled this land. . . . .	46
When I am dead and over me bright April. . . . .	1017
When I am dead and sister to the dust. . . . .	3506
When I am dead, my dearest. . . . .	1102
When I am living in the midlands. . . . .	2601
When I am old, and think of the old days. . . . .	928
When I am standing on a mountain crest. . . . .	1260
When I behold that beauty's wonderment. . . . .	1233
When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping. . . . .	3496
When I consider how my light is spent. . . . .	2844
When I consider Life and its few years. . . . .	2855
When I ha'e a saxpence under my thoom. . . . .	2009
When I have borne in memory what has tamed. . . . .	2238
When I have fears that I may cease to be. . . . .	3488
When I have finished with this episode. . . . .	3498
When I have folded up this tent. . . . .	675
When I lived in Singapore. . . . .	2084
When I loved you, I can't but allow. . . . .	832
When I play on my fiddle in Dooney. . . . .	1965
When I saw you last, Rose. . . . .	1782
When I survey the bright. . . . .	3786
When I was a bachelor. . . . .	43



	PAGE
When I was a beggarly boy . . . . .	357
When I was a little lad . . . . .	3241
When I was just as far as I could walk . . . . .	658
When I was one-and-twenty . . . . .	857
When I was seventeen I heard . . . . .	366
When I was sick and lay a-bed . . . . .	158
When I was ten and she fifteen . . . . .	743
When I was young the twilight seemed too long . . . . .	420
When icicles hang by the wall . . . . .	2019
When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes . . . . .	1247
When in the chronicle of wasted time . . . . .	1250
When in the woods I wander all alone . . . . .	1390
When Jessie comes with her soft breast . . . . .	887
When late in summer the streams run yellow . . . . .	1374
When leaves turn outward to the light . . . . .	3089
When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year . . . . .	265
When like the early rose . . . . .	549
When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed . . . . .	363c
When little Fred . . . . .	99
When love in the faint heart trembles . . . . .	507
When Love, our great Immortal . . . . .	506
When Love with unconfined wings . . . . .	605
When lovely woman stoops to folly . . . . .	1050
When lovely woman wants a favor . . . . .	1923
When maidens such as Hester die . . . . .	3547
When May bedecks the naked trees . . . . .	1543
When men shall find thy flower, thy glory pass . . . . .	1240
When Molly smiles beneath her cow . . . . .	725
When mother takes the Fairy Book . . . . .	246
When music, heavenly maid, was young . . . . .	3119
When my beloved sleeping lies . . . . .	924
When our two souls stand up erect and strong . . . . .	1281
When Psyche's friend becomes her lover . . . . .	840
When she comes home again! A thousand ways . . . . .	1000
When smoke stood up from Ludlow . . . . .	1526
When sparrows build, and the leaves break forth . . . . .	1097
When Spring comes back to England . . . . .	1348
When Spring comes laughing . . . . .	797
When stars are in the quiet skies . . . . .	710
When sunset flows into golden glows . . . . .	673
When that I was and a little tiny boy . . . . .	400
When that my days were fewer . . . . .	363
When the British warrior queen . . . . .	2348
When the bubble moon is young . . . . .	1369
When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold . . . . .	1884
When the frost is on the punkin' and the fodder's in the shock . . . . .	1381
When the golden sun he knelt . . . . .	2983
When the grass shall cover me . . . . .	1114
When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces . . . . .	1339
When the humid shadows hover . . . . .	458
When the lamp is shattered . . . . .	1001
When the lessons and tasks are all ended . . . . .	250
When the merry lark doth gild . . . . .	1330
When the lean, gray grasses . . . . .	1115
When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour . . . . .	3639
When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom . . . . .	1659
When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame . . . . .	1009
When the Sleepy Man comes with the dust on his eyes . . . . .	70
When the Sultan Shah-Zaman . . . . .	854
When the time comes for me to die . . . . .	3469

	PAGE
When the toys are growing weary . . . . .	73
When the voices of children are heard on the green . . . . .	151
When the wayside tangles blaze . . . . .	1485
When the white flame in us is gone . . . . .	1137
When the wind works against us in the dark . . . . .	1385
When the young hand of Darnley locked in hers . . . . .	3646
When thin-strewn memory I look through . . . . .	1790
When this, our rose, is faded . . . . .	660
When thistle-blows do lightly float . . . . .	1384
When thou must home to shades of underground . . . . .	850
When thou, poor Excommunicate . . . . .	597
When to any saint I pray . . . . .	2005
When to her lute Corinna sings . . . . .	590
When to the garden of untroubled thought . . . . .	435
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought . . . . .	1247
When vain desire at last and vain regret . . . . .	3473
When we are parted let me lie . . . . .	987
When we for age could neither read nor write . . . . .	401
When we have thrown off this old suit . . . . .	2860
When we two parted . . . . .	952
When we were idlers with the loitering rills . . . . .	3015
When weight of all the garnered years . . . . .	2977
When wintry weather's all a-done . . . . .	1347
When you are old and gray, and full of sleep . . . . .	636
When you were a Tadpole and I was a Fish . . . . .	1802
Whenas in silks my Julia goes . . . . .	529
Whence not unmoved I see the nations form . . . . .	2552
Where are the friends that I knew in my Maying . . . . .	3005
Where are the loves that we loved before . . . . .	3429
Where are the swallows fled . . . . .	2865
Where are they gone, and do you know . . . . .	436
Where art thou gone, light-ankled youth . . . . .	354
Where be you going, you Devon maid . . . . .	732
Where did you come from, baby dear . . . . .	4
Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade . . . . .	2862
Where Foyle his swelling waters rolls northward to the main . . . . .	2606
Where hints of racy sap and gum . . . . .	1303
Where is the true man's fatherland . . . . .	3260
Where lies the land to which the ship would go . . . . .	3414
Where runs the river? Who can say . . . . .	2842
Where she her sacred bower adorns . . . . .	587
Where the bee sucks, there suck I . . . . .	233
Where the pools are bright and deep . . . . .	128
Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles . . . . .	1154
Where the remote Bermudas ride . . . . .	2566
Where the thistle lifts a purple crown . . . . .	341
Where'er there's a thistle to feed a linnet . . . . .	1038
Where's he that died o' Wednesday . . . . .	2014
Whether men do laugh or weep . . . . .	2838
Whether on Ida's shady brow . . . . .	3096
Which I wish to remark . . . . .	2174
Which is the German's fatherland . . . . .	2270
Which is the way to Babyland . . . . .	55
Which is the weakest thing of all . . . . .	3385
Whichever way the wind doth blow . . . . .	2993
While sauntering through the crowded street . . . . .	2857
While shepherds watched their flocks by night . . . . .	205
Whilst Adam slept, Eve from his side arose . . . . .	1918
White little hands . . . . .	90
Whither away, O Sailor! say . . . . .	1599
Whither is gone the wisdom and the power . . . . .	3096
Whither, midst falling dew . . . . .	1582

	PAGE
Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding.....	1600
Whither, O whither didst thou fly.....	3766
Who cries that the days of daring are those that are faded far....	2540
Who doth desire that chaste his wife should be.....	1212
Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream.....	300
Who drives the horses of the sun.....	2004
Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight.....	2262
Who has robbed the ocean cave.....	539
Who has seen the wind.....	130
"Who is it knocking in the night".....	1015
Who is she here that now I see.....	6
Who is Silvia? What is she.....	519
Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he.....	2935
Who killed Cock Robin.....	53
Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill.....	1917
Who lives in suit of armor pent.....	2057
Who reach their threescore years and ten.....	457
Who remains in London.....	1672
"Who says that the Irish are fighters be birth".....	1976
"Who stuffed the white owl?" No one spoke in the shop.....	1881
Who wins his love shall lose her.....	849
Who would true valor see.....	3715
Whoe'er she be.....	820
Whose furthest footstep never strayed.....	3000
Why are her eyes so bright, so bright.....	578
Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant.....	1254
Why bowest thou, O soul of mine.....	3731
Why do the wheels go whirring round.....	288
Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears.....	1496
"Why do you wear your hair like a man".....	1042
"Why does your brand sae drop wi' blude".....	2082
Why fear to-morrow, timid heart.....	2932
Why have the mighty lived—why have they died.....	2452
Why, having won her, do I woo.....	1212
Why I tie about thy wrist.....	596
Why, if 'tis dancing you would be.....	2016
Why is there in the least touch of her hands.....	919
Why, lovely charmer, tell me why.....	614
Why should I sing of women.....	829
Why so pale and wan, fond lover.....	820
"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie".....	786
Why, why repine, my pensive friend.....	2003
"Why, William, on that old gray stone".....	1656
Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown.....	1974
"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.....	1934
"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the Spider to the Fly.....	176
"Willy's rare, and Willy's fair".....	1061
Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun.....	3759
"Wind me a summer crown," she said.....	3388
Wind of the North.....	1123
With all my will, but much against my heart.....	974
With an honest old friend and a merry old song.....	1095
With blackest moss the flower-pots.....	873
With breath of thyme and bees that hum.....	347
With cassock black, baret and book.....	3399
With death doomed to grapple.....	1917
With deep affection and recollection.....	2610
With fingers weary and worn.....	3393
With fore-cloth smoothed by careful hands.....	3749
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies.....	1236
With leaden foot Time creeps along.....	942
With lifted feet, hands still.....	120
With little here to do or see.....	1478

	PAGE
With pensive eyes the little room I view .....	463
With rakish eye and plenished crop .....	1536
With ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh .....	1589
With slower pen men used to write .....	1771
With strawberries we filled a tray .....	1760
Within his sober realm of leafless trees .....	3419
Within the garden of Beaucaire .....	1769
Within the mind strong fancies work .....	2582
Within the wood behind the hill .....	249
Within what weeks the melilot .....	1472
Woman! experience might have told me .....	834
Women there are on earth, most sweet and high .....	382
Woodman, spare that tree .....	1409
Word was brought to the Danish King .....	1088
Words, for alas my trade is words, a barren burst of rhyme .....	3482
Worn with the battle of Stamford town .....	2227
Would I were on the sea-lands .....	958
Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build .....	3135
Would Wisdom for herself be wooed .....	2953
Would you be young again .....	3700
Wouldst thou hear what man can say .....	3516
Wreathe no more lilies in my hair .....	3462
Wreathe the bowl .....	2003
Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart .....	586
Wynten, Blynken, and Nod one night .....	68

## Y

Yaw, dot is so! Yaw, dot is so .....	2030
Ye are young, ye are young .....	425
Ye banks and braes and streams around .....	1071
Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon .....	1044
Ye blushing virgins happy are .....	600
Ye distant spires, ye antique towers .....	2589
Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free .....	808
Ye have been fresh and green .....	1439
"Ye have robbed," said he, "ye have slaughtered and made an end" .....	2797
Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands .....	2276
Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes .....	1183
Ye little birds, that sit and sing .....	598
Ye mariners of England .....	2233
Ye Nymphs! if e'er your eyes were red .....	1826
Ye say, they all have passed away .....	2567
Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory .....	2271
Yea, she hath passed hereby, and blessed the sheaves .....	1382
Years, many parti-colored years .....	407
Years, years ago, ere yet my dreams .....	1718
"Yes," I answered you last night .....	632
Yes; I write verses now and then .....	1709
Yes: in the sea of life enisled .....	966
Yes; when the ways oppose .....	3140
Yesterday it blew away .....	343
Yesterday, Rebecca Mason .....	100
Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed .....	1279
Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more .....	3519
Yon silvery billows breaking on the beach .....	3106
Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping .....	1674
You and I have found the secret way .....	627
"You are old, Father William," the young man cried .....	405
"You are old, Father William," the young man said .....	1927
You ask me "Why I like him." Nay .....	3000
You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come .....	1916

	PAGE
You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes. . . . .	427
You bid me try, Blue Eyes, to write. . . . .	3111
You brave heroic minds. . . . .	2384
You came to me bearing bright roses. . . . .	851
You, Damon, covet to possess. . . . .	541
You, Dinah! Come and set me whar de ribber-roads does meet. . . . .	2038
You found the green before the Spring was sweet. . . . .	3668
You from Givenchy, since no years can harden. . . . .	2326
You know, we French stormed Ratisbon. . . . .	2449
You lay a wreathe on murdered Lincoln's bier. . . . .	3642
You may give over plow, boys. . . . .	3542
You may talk o' gin an' beer . . . . .	2294
You meaner beauties of the night. . . . .	525
You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah. . . . .	2040
You never bade me hope, 'tis true. . . . .	631
You promise heavens free from strife. . . . .	1767
You sleep upon your mother's breast. . . . .	8
You spotted snakes with double tongue. . . . .	232
You take a town you cannot keep . . . . .	834
You taught me ways of gracefulness and fashions of address . . . . .	267
You tell me you're promised a lover. . . . .	1809
You to the left and I to the right. . . . .	3000
You were always a dreamer, Rose—red Rose . . . . .	1047
You who with birch or laurel. . . . .	3389
You Wi'yum, come 'ere, suh, dis minute. Wut dat you got under dat box. . . . .	2041
You would have understood me, had you waited . . . . .	1120
You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry. . . . .	736
Young Ben he was a nice young man. . . . .	2128
Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn. . . . .	753
Your eyes were made for laughter. . . . .	741
Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees . . . . .	2611
Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass. . . . .	1256
Youth hath many charms. . . . .	421

# INDEX OF TITLES

A	PAGE		PAGE
Abbot of Inisfalen, The,		Age, . . . . .	<i>William Winter</i> 424
<i>William Allingham</i>	2739	Age of Wisdom, The,	<i>Thackeray</i> 838
"Abide With Me" . . . . .	<i>H. F. Lyte</i> 3802	Agincourt . . . . .	<i>Michael Drayton</i> 2361
Abou Ben Adhem . . . . .	<i>Leigh Hunt</i> 2909	Agnostic's Creed, The,	<i>Malone</i> 2863
Above Salerno. . . . .	<i>A. F. Murray</i> 2616	"Ah, be not False" . . . .	<i>Gilder</i> 349
Abraham Lincoln . . . . .	<i>Tom Taylor</i> 3642	"Ah, how Sweet it is to Love"	<i>John Dryden</i> 485
Abraham Lincoln Walks at		"Ah, Sweet is Tipperary"	<i>D. A. McCarthy</i> 2608
Midnight . . . . .	<i>Lindsay</i> 2553	"A-Hunting We Will Go"	<i>Henry Fielding</i> 1662
Absence . . . . .	<i>Richard Jago</i> 942	<i>R. B. Sheridan</i>	827
Abt Vogler . . . . .	<i>Robert Browning</i> 3135	Air, "I ne'er could any luster see"	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 1040
Accident in Art . . . . .	<i>Richard Hovey</i> 3112	Aladdin . . . . .	<i>J. R. Lowell</i> 357
Across the Door, <i>Padraic Colum</i>	1145	Alarmed Skipper, The	<i>J. T. Fields</i> 2146
"Across the Fields to Anne"	<i>Richard Burton</i> 801	Alexander's Feast, <i>John Dryden</i>	3114
Ad Chloen, M. A.,		"Alexis, Here She Stayed"	<i>William Drummond</i> 1252
<i>Mortimer Collins</i>	1899	Alice . . . . .	<i>Herbert Bashford</i> 11
Ad Domnulam Suam		Alice Brand . . . . .	<i>Walter Scott</i> 2716
<i>Ernest Dowson</i>	997	All is Vanity . . . . .	<i>Philip Rossiter</i> 2838
Ad Matrem . . . . .	<i>Julian Fane</i> 306	"All Last Night" . . . . .	<i>Abercrombie</i> 674
Ad Ministrum . . . . .	<i>Thackeray</i> 1987	All Saints' . . . . .	<i>Edmund Yates</i> 1868
Adam, Lilith, and Eve		Allah's Tent . . . . .	<i>Arthur Colton</i> 3740
<i>Robert Browning</i>	848	Allan Water . . . . .	<i>M. G. Lewis</i> 1042
Address to a Mummy		"All's Well" . . . . .	<i>W. A. Butler</i> 3760
<i>Horace Smith</i>	2116	Almond Blossom, <i>Edwin Arnold</i>	1466
Address to the Unco Guid, or the		Alone by the Hearth, . . . .	<i>Arnold</i> 460
Rigidly Righteous		"Along the Field as we Came	<i>A. E. Housman</i> 856
<i>Robert Burns</i>	1869	"by" . . . . .	<i>C. S. Calverley</i> 2049
Adieu . . . . .	<i>Thomas Carlyle</i> 954	Alphabet, The . . . . .	<i>C. S. Calverley</i> 2049
Admiral Hosier's Ghost		Amantium Iræ, "In going to my	
<i>Richard Glover</i>	2415	naked bed, as one that would	
Adonais, "I weep for Adonais—		have slept", <i>Richard Edwards</i>	3031
he is dead" . . . . .	<i>Shelley</i> 3612	Amantium Iræ, "When this, our	
Adonais, "Shall we meet no more,		rose, is faded", <i>Ernest Dowson</i>	660
my love, at the binding of the		Amarillis . . . . .	<i>Thomas Campion</i> 524
sheaves" . . . . .	<i>W. W. Harney</i> 914	Amaturus, <i>William Johnson-Cory</i>	497
Adventurers, The . . . . .	<i>May Byron</i> 3012	America, My country, 'tis of	
Advice . . . . .	<i>W. S. Landon</i> 1710	thee" . . . . .	<i>S. F. Smith</i> 2195
Advice to a Girl . . . . .	<i>Campion</i> 810	America, "Nor force nor fraud	
Advice to a Lover, "Oh, if you		shall sunder us," <i>Sydney Dobell</i>	2225
love her" . . . . .	<i>S. C. Jellicoe</i> 1171	America to Great Britain <i>Allston</i>	2223
Advice to a Lover, "The sea hath		American Flag, The, <i>J. R. Drake</i>	2197
many thousand sands"		Amoret . . . . .	<i>Mark Akenside</i> 537
<i>Unknown</i>	483	Amoretti, Sonnets III, VIII,	
"Ae Fond Kiss" . . . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i> 945	XXIV, XXXIV, LV, LXVIII,	
Afar in the Desert" . . . . .	<i>Pringle</i> 1669	LXX, LXXV, LXXIX	
Affaire d'Amour, <i>M. W. Deland</i>	1048	<i>Edmund Spenser</i>	1232
Afoot . . . . .	<i>C. G. D. Roberts</i> 1682	Amynta . . . . .	<i>Gilbert Elliot</i> 617
After, "A little time for laugh-		Andrea del Sarto . . . . .	<i>Browning</i> 830
ter" . . . . .	<i>P. B. Marston</i> 898	André's Ride. . . . .	<i>A. H. Beesley</i> 2801
After, "Oh, the littles that re-		Andromeda . . . . .	<i>J. J. Roche</i> 2253
main" . . . . .	<i>L. W. Reese</i> 1127	Angel in the House, The, Pre-	
After Death in Arabia . . . . .	<i>Arnold</i> 3582	ludes from, <i>Coventry Patmore</i>	384
After Dilletante Concerti <i>Trail</i>	1042	Angelina . . . . .	<i>P. L. Dunbar</i> 2043
After Summer . . . . .	<i>P. B. Marston</i> 899	Angels, The, <i>William Drummond</i>	207
After the Martyrdom		Angelus, The . . . . .	<i>P. E. Coates</i> 3646
<i>Schamel Iris</i>	3736	Anger . . . . .	<i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i> 113
After Two Years . . . . .	<i>Aldington</i> 581	Angler, The . . . . .	<i>John Chalkhill</i> 1665
After Wings . . . . .	<i>S. M. B. Pratt</i> 119	Angler's Invitation, The, <i>Stoddart</i>	1603
Afterward . . . . .	<i>E. S. P. Ward</i> 3512		
Afterwards . . . . .	<i>Violet Fane</i> 3460		
Against Indifference . . . . .	<i>Wehbe</i> 615		
Agatha . . . . .	<i>Alfred Austin</i> 1046		

	PAGE		PAGE
Angler's Wish, The, <i>Isaac Walton</i>	1664	At the Last . . . <i>P. B. Marston</i>	1261
Annabel Lee . . . . . <i>E. A. Poe</i>	1105	"At the Mid Hour of Night"	
Annan Water . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	1062	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	1079
Annie Laurie . . . <i>William Douglas</i>	550	At the Salon . . . . . <i>Wilkinson</i>	3373
Annie Shore and Johnnie Doon		At the Top of the Road . <i>Going</i>	3577
<i>Orr</i>	1057	Aucassin and Nicolette	
Annuity, The . . . . <i>George Outram</i>	2132	<i>F. W. Bourdillon</i>	1768
Answer to a Child's Question		Aucassin and Nicolette <i>Stedman</i>	1769
<i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	141	Auf Wiederschen . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	990
Ant and the Cricket, The		August, 1914 . . . <i>Masefield</i>	2546
<i>Unknown</i>	118	Auld Daddy Darkness	
Antony to Cleopatra. <i>W. H. Lytle</i>	2346	<i>James Ferguson</i>	71
Any Lover, Any Lass, <i>Middleton</i>	578	Auld House, The, <i>Carolina Nairne</i>	3234
Apollo's Song from "Midas" <i>Lyly</i>	520	Auld Lang Syne . . . <i>Robert Burns</i>	464
April Adoration, An . . . <i>Roberts</i>	1354	Auld Robin Gray, <i>Anne Barnard</i>	1009
April Rain, "It is not raining		Auspex . . . <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	433
rain for me" . . . <i>Robert Loveman</i>	1442	Autumn . . . <i>Emily Dickinson</i>	1381
April Rain, "The April rain, the		Autumn a Dirge. <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	1380
April rain" . . . <i>Mathilde Blind</i>	1443	Autumn Garden, An. . . <i>Carman</i>	1452
"Are the Children at Home"		Aux Italiens . . . <i>Bulwer Lytton</i>	889
<i>Margaret Sangster</i>	311	Ave Atque Vale, "Farewell, my	
Are They not all Ministering		Youth! for now we needs must	
Spirits . . . . . <i>R. S. Hawker</i>	631	part" . . . . . <i>R. M. Watson</i>	353
"Are Women Fair" . . . <i>Davison</i>	1902	Ave Atque Vale, "You found the	
Arethusa . . . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	1418	green before the Spring was	
Argument of His Book, The		sweet" . . . <i>T. S. Jones, Jr.</i>	3668
<i>Robert Herrick</i>	3105	Ave Imperatrix . . . <i>Oscar Wilde</i>	2244
Armada, The, <i>T. B. Macaulay</i>	2370	"Awake! Awake!" <i>John Ruskin</i>	3016
"Around the Child" <i>W. S. Lander</i>	356	"Awake, My Heart"	
Arrow and the Song, The		<i>Robert Bridges</i>	505
<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	2023	Azrael . . . . . <i>R. G. Welsh</i>	3414
Ars Victrix . . . <i>Austin Dobson</i>	3140	Aztec City, The . . <i>Eugene Ware</i>	3211
Arsenal at Springfield, The			
<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	3069		
Art. . . . . <i>Théophile Gautier</i>	3842		
"As an Old Mercer" <i>M. L. Fisher</i>	1301		
"As I Came Down from Leha-			
non" . . . . . <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	2637		
"As I Laye a-Thynkyng"			
<i>R. H. Barham</i>	3359		
"As Like the Woman as You			
Can" . . . . . <i>W. F. Henley</i>	1900		
"As Toilsome I Wandered Vir-			
ginia's Woods" <i>Walt Whitman</i>	3004		
Ashes of Life . . . . . <i>Millay</i>	929		
Ashes of Roses . . . <i>E. G. Eastman</i>	923		
Ashore . . . . . <i>Laurence Hope</i>	916		
Ask and Have . . . . <i>Samuel Lover</i>	754		
"Ask Me no More" . . <i>Tennyson</i>	875		
Aspatia's Song from "The Maid's			
Tragedy" . . . . . <i>John Fletcher</i>	1064		
Aspects of the Pines, <i>P. H. Hayne</i>	1400		
Astrophel and Stella, Sonnets I,			
XXXI, XXXIX, LXII, LXIV,			
LXXIII, CIII, CVII			
<i>Philip Sidney</i>	1235		
At a Cowboy Dance. . . <i>Adams</i>	2187		
At a Solemn Music, <i>John Milton</i>	3125		
At Gibraltar . . . <i>G. E. Woodberry</i>	2229		
At Her Window			
<i>Frederick Locker-Lampson</i>	708		
At Home in Heaven			
<i>James Montgomery</i>	3702		
At Last . . . . . <i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	1215		
At Night . . . . . <i>Alice Meynell</i>	674		
At Parting . . . . <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	978		
At Sunset . . . . <i>Louis V. Ledoux</i>	1144		
At the Church Gate . <i>Thackeray</i>	792		
At the Comedy, <i>Arthur Stringer</i>	926		
At the Crossroads, <i>Richard Hovey</i>	3009		
At the Grave of Champenowne			
<i>John Albee</i>	3597		

## B

Babes in the Wood . . <i>Unknown</i>	185
Babic, The . . . . . <i>J. E. Rankin</i>	19
Baby . . . . . <i>George Macdonald</i>	4
Baby at Play . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	58
Baby Bell . . . . . <i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	28
Baby-land . . . . . <i>George Cooper</i>	55
Baby May . . . . . <i>W. C. Bennett</i>	10
Baby Seed Song . . . <i>Edith Nesbit</i>	135
"Baby Sleeps" . . . <i>Samuel Lindsay</i>	27
Babylon . . . . . <i>Viola Taylor</i>	448
Baby's Breakfast . . <i>Poulsson</i>	56
Bacchus . . . . . <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	2964
Bachelor's Hall . . . <i>John Finley</i>	1970
Bailiff's Daughter of Islington,	
The . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2705
Baker's Duzzen uv Wize Sawz, A	
<i>E. R. Sill</i>	1915
Balkis . . . . . <i>Abercrombie</i>	3215
Ballad, "He said: 'The shadows	
darken down'" . <i>May Kendall</i>	1090
Ballad, "In the summer even"	
<i>H. P. Spofford</i>	1621
Ballad, "The auld wife sat at her	
ivied door" . . . <i>S. C. Calverley</i>	1939
Ballad, "The roses in my gar-	
den" . . . . . <i>Maurice Baring</i>	1138
Ballad, "'Twas when the seas	
were roaring" . . <i>John Gay</i>	1064
Ballad of Bouillabaisse, The	
<i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	1726
Ballad of Camden Town, The	
<i>James Elroy Flecker</i>	1058
Ballad of Dead Ladies, A	
<i>J. H. McCarthy</i>	1785
Ballad of Dead Ladies, The	
<i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	1783

# Index of Titles

3977

	PAGE		PAGE
Ballad of Dreamland, A		Bedtime....	<i>F. R. St. C. Erskine</i> 97
<i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	499	Bed-time Song.....	<i>Poulsson</i> 92
Ballad of East and West, The		Beech Tree's Petition, The	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 1410
<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	2830	Before a Statue of Achilles	<i>George Santayana</i> 3212
Ballad of Father Gilligan, The		"Before the Beginning of Years"	<i>A. C. Swinburne</i> 368
<i>W. B. Yeats</i>	2803	Beggar Maid, The....	<i>Tennyson</i> 1143
Ballad of Heroes, A....	<i>Dobson</i> 2304	"Behave Yourself" before Folk"	<i>Alexander Rodger</i> 751
Ballad of Imitation, The, <i>Dobson</i>	1883	Behold the Deeds <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	2189
Ballad of Judas Iscariot, The		Belfry of Bruges, The	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 2627
<i>Robert Buchanan</i>	2791	"Believe Me, if all Those En-	<i>dearing Young Charms"</i>
Ballad of Keith of Ravelston, The		<i>Thomas Moore</i>	624
<i>Sydney Dobell</i>	2736	Belle of the Ball-Room, The	<i>W. M. Praed</i> 1718
Ballad of Life, A....	<i>Swinburne</i> 642	Bells, The....	<i>E. A. Poe</i> 3174
Ballad of Low-Lie-Down, <i>Cavein</i>	1699	Bells of London, The	<i>Unknown</i> 46
Ballad of Orleans, A		Bells of Shandon, The	<i>F. S. Mahony</i> 2610
<i>A. Mary F. Robinson</i>	2364	Beloved, The.....	<i>Tynan</i> 3727
Ballad of Reading Gaol, The		Ben Bolt	<i>T. D. English</i> 470
<i>Oscar Wilde</i>	2773	Benedictine Garden, A	<i>Alice Brown</i> 1451
Ballad of Sarsfield, A		Bermudas	<i>Andrew Marvell</i> 2566
<i>Aubrey De Vere</i>	2410	Best Firm, The....	<i>W. G. Doty</i> 114
Ballad of Sir John Franklin, A		Betrothed, The <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	860
<i>G. H. Baker</i>	2465	Better Resurrection, A, <i>Rosselli</i>	3461
Ballad of the Angel, The, <i>Garrison</i>	1015	"Beyond the Smiling and the	<i>Weeping"</i> ....
Ballad of the Boat, The, <i>Garnett</i>	3396	<i>Horatius Bonar</i>	3490
Ballad of the French Fleet, A		"Bid Adieu to Girlish Days"	<i>James Joyce</i> 1170
<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	2421	Bifteek aux Champignons..	<i>Beers</i> 1800
Ballad of the Goodly Fere		Bill and Joe....	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> 3002
<i>Ezra Pound</i>	2814	Bingen on the Rhine	<i>Norton</i> 2034
Ballad of the Oysterman, <i>Holmes</i>	2130	"Bird, Let Loose in Eastern	<i>Skies, The...</i>
Ballad of the Tempest....	<i>Field</i> 178	<i>Thomas Moore</i>	3715
Ballad of Trees and the Master		Bird Song....	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> 1555
<i>Sidney Lanier</i>	3776	Birds....	<i>Moir</i> 1521
Ballad Upon a Wedding, A		Birds....	<i>R. H. Stoddard</i> 1522
<i>John Suckling</i>	763	Birth-bond, The....	<i>D. G. Rossetti</i> 1256
Ballade de Frère Lubin	<i>Marot</i> 3838	Birth of St. Patrick, The	<i>Lower</i> 1066
Ballade des Dames du Temps		Birthright....	<i>John Drinkwater</i> 3401
Jadis	<i>François Villon</i> 3837	Bishop Order- His Tomb at Saint	<i>Praxed's Church, The</i>
Ballade of a Friar, <i>Andrew Lang</i>	1874	<i>Robert Browning</i>	1862
Ballade of Dead Ladies	<i>Lang</i> 1874	Bivouac of the Dead, O'Hara	2310
Ballade of Ladies' Names		Black Regiment, The <i>G. H. Baker</i>	2500
<i>W. E. Henley</i>	1761	Black Sheep....	<i>Richard Burton</i> 3058
Ballade of Middle Age	<i>Lang</i> 363	Black Vulture, The....	<i>Sterling</i> 1581
Ballade of My Lady's Beauty		Blackbird, The, "How sweet the	<i>harmonies of afternoon"</i>
<i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	575	<i>Frederick Tennyson</i>	1523
Ballade of Suicide, A		Blackbird, The, "Ov al the birds	<i>upon the wing"</i> ....
<i>G. K. Chesterton</i>	1787	<i>Barnes</i>	1527
Ballade of the Primitive Jest		Blackbird, The, "The nightingale	<i>has a lyre of gold"</i> ....
<i>Andrew Lang</i>	1703	<i>Henley</i>	1527
Barbara....	<i>Alexander Smith</i> 1100	Blackbird, The, "When smoke	<i>stood up from Ludlow"</i>
Barbara Allen's Cruelty		<i>A. E. Housman</i>	1528
<i>Unknown</i>	2704	Black-eyed Susan....	<i>John Gay</i> 937
Barbara Frietich....	<i>Whittier</i> 2494	Blackmwore Maidens....	<i>Barnes</i> 336
Barfoot Boy, The....	<i>Whittier</i> 261	Blessed Damosel, The, <i>Rossetti</i>	3198
Barney McGee	<i>Richard Hovey</i> 1080	"Blest be the Tie that Binds"	<i>John Fawcett</i> 3801
Barrel-Organ, The, <i>Alfred Noyes</i>	3025	Blind Boy, The....	<i>Colley Cibber</i> 157
Bartholomew	<i>Norman Gale</i> 20	Blind Men and the Elephant,	<i>The.....</i>
Battle-hymn of the Republic		<i>J. G. Saxe</i>	1877
<i>J. W. Howe</i>	2206		
Battle of Blenheim, The, <i>Southey</i>	2410		
Battle of Naseby, The, <i>Macaulay</i>	2392		
Battle of Otterburn, The			
<i>Unknown</i>	2356		
Battle of the Baltic....	<i>Campbell</i> 2411		
Bayard Taylor	<i>J. G. Whittier</i> 3658		
Be True....	<i>Horatius Bonar</i> 2932		
"Be Ye in Love with April-Tide"			
<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	670		
Beasts, The....	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 2906		
Beauty and Duty, <i>Ellen Hooper</i>	2972		
Because....	<i>Edward Fitzgerald</i> 788		
"Because of You," <i>S. A. Henley</i>	665		
Bedouin Song....	<i>Bayard Taylor</i> 709		



	PAGE		PAGE
Blood Horse, The. . . . . <i>B. W. Procter</i>	1520	Butterfly, The. . . . . <i>O'Keefe</i>	116
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i>	3039	Butterfly, The. . . . . <i>A. F. Palmer</i>	1519
"Blow, Bugles, Blow," . . . . . <i>McGroarty</i>	2316	Butterfly and the Bee, The . . . . . <i>W. L. Bowles</i>	116
"Blow High! Blow Low," . . . . . <i>Dibdin</i>	942	By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross . . . . . <i>Lionel Johnson</i>	3598
"Blow Softly, Thrush" . . . . . <i>Taylor</i>	1581	"By Yon Burn Side," . . . . . <i>Tannahill</i>	1166
Blue and the Gray, The. . . . . <i>Finch</i>	2308		
Blue Bells of Scotland, The . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2276	C	
Boadicea: An Ode. . . . . <i>Cowper</i>	2348	C. L. M. . . . . <i>John Masfield</i>	397
Bobolink, The. . . . . <i>Thomas Hill</i>	1531	Calf-Path, The. . . . . <i>S. W. Foss</i>	1896
Body's Beauty. . . . . <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	1258	Caliban in the Coal Mines . . . . . <i>Louis Untermeyer</i>	3059
Bonnie Doon. . . . . <i>Robert Burns</i>	1044	Call, The. . . . . <i>R. W. Kauffman</i>	509
Bonnie Dundee. . . . . <i>Walter Scott</i>	2408	"Call Me Not Dead" . . . . . <i>Gilder</i>	3502
Bonnie George Campbell . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2714	Call to a Scot, The. . . . . <i>Harding</i>	3261
"Bonnie Wee Thing" . . . . . <i>Burns</i>	622	Caller Herrin' . . . . . <i>Carolina Nairne</i>	1622
Bonny Earl of Murray, The . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2276	Calumny . . . . . <i>F. S. Osgood</i>	2024
Book of the World, The . . . . . <i>William Drummond</i>	1293	Canadian Boat-Song. . . . . <i>Moore</i>	1426
Bookra . . . . . <i>C. D. Warner</i>	2854	Candor . . . . . <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	787
Boot and Saddle. . . . . <i>R. Browning</i>	2284	Cane-bottomed Chair, The . . . . . <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	3239
Border Ballad . . . . . <i>Walter Scott</i>	2278	Captain Reece . . . . . <i>W. S. Gilbert</i>	2180
Bourne, The . . . . . <i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	3415	"Captain Stood on the Carronade, The" . . . . . <i>Frederick Marryat</i>	2125
Boy and the Wolf, The . . . . . <i>Frere</i>	121	Captain's Daughter, The . . . . . <i>Fields</i>	178
Boys, The. . . . . <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	1745	Carcassonne, "I'm growing old, I've sixty years" . . . . . <i>Thompson</i>	438
Boy's Song, A. . . . . <i>James Hogg</i>	128	Carcassonne, "Je me fais vieux, j'ai soixante ans" . . . . . <i>Nadaud</i>	3844
Braetlet: To Julia, The, . . . . . <i>Herrick</i>	596	Care . . . . . <i>V. W. Cloud</i>	3373
Braes of Yarrow, The . . . . . <i>Logan</i>	1065	Careless Content. . . . . <i>John Byrom</i>	2089
Brahma . . . . . <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	2064	Carmen Bellicosum . . . . . <i>McMaster</i>	2433
Brave at Home, The, . . . . . <i>T. B. Read</i>	2318	Carol, A, "He came all so still" . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	201
Brave Old Oak, The. . . . . <i>Chorley</i>	1403	Carry On. . . . . <i>R. W. Service</i>	2041
"Break, Break, Break," . . . . . <i>Tennyson</i>	472	Casabianca . . . . . <i>F. D. Hemans</i>	2439
Breaking, The, . . . . . <i>M. S. Anderson</i>	351	Casey at the Bat. . . . . <i>F. L. Thayer</i>	2185
Breath on the Oat . . . . . <i>J. R. Taylor</i>	2541	Castara . . . . . <i>William Habington</i>	531
Bride, The. . . . . <i>Laurence Hope</i>	1108	Castles in the Air, "My thoughts by night are often filled" . . . . . <i>T. L. Pearson</i>	435
Bridge, The. . . . . <i>W. Longfellow</i>	3356	Castles in the Air, "The bonnie, bonnie bairn who sits poking in the ase" . . . . . <i>James Ballantine</i>	257
Bridge, The . . . . . <i>Frederick Peterson</i>	3257	Casual Song, A. . . . . <i>Roden Noel</i>	1049
Bridge of Sighs, The . . . . . <i>Hood</i>	3390	Cataract of Lodore, The, . . . . . <i>Southey</i>	1420
"Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning" . . . . . <i>Heber</i>	210	Cautionary Verses to Youth of Both Sexes . . . . . <i>T. E. Hook</i>	2021
Bringing Our Sheaves . . . . . <i>Akers</i>	3731	Cavalier Tunes. . . . . <i>Robert Browning</i>	2283
British Grenadiers, The . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2280	Cavalier's Escape, The . . . . . <i>Waller Thornbury</i>	2742
Brook's Song, The . . . . . <i>Tennyson</i>	1416	Cavalier's Song . . . . . <i>Robert Cunningham-Graham</i>	619
Brookside, The. . . . . <i>R. M. Milnes</i>	1147	Cavalier's Song, The, . . . . . <i>Motherwell</i>	2282
Broom Flower, The . . . . . <i>Howitt</i>	1468	Cave Sedem . . . . . <i>MacManus</i>	2036
Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline . . . . . <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	2485	Celestial Surgeon, The, . . . . . <i>Stevenson</i>	3729
Brown of Ossawatimie, . . . . . <i>Whittier</i>	2484	Ceremonies for Christmas . . . . . <i>Robert Herrick</i>	223
Brown Thrush, The . . . . . <i>Larcom</i>	105	Certain Maxims of Hafiz, . . . . . <i>Kipling</i>	1911
Bruce to His Men at Bannockburn. . . . . <i>Robert Burns</i>	2350	Certain Young Lady, A. . . . . <i>Irving</i>	731
Bucket, The, . . . . . <i>Samuel Woodworth</i>	467	Ceylon. . . . . <i>A. H. Fisher</i>	2638
Bugle Song from "The Princess" . . . . . <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	635	Challenge . . . . . <i>K. F. Murray</i>	320
Building of the Nest, The . . . . . <i>Margaret Sangster</i>	163	"Chamber Scene" . . . . . <i>N. P. Willis</i>	348
Bunches of Grapes. . . . . <i>de la Mare</i>	157	Chambered Nautilus, The . . . . . <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	2013
Burial of Moses, The, . . . . . <i>Alexander</i>	3736	Chameleon, The . . . . . <i>James Merrick</i>	1875
Burial of Sir John More after Corunna, The . . . . . <i>Charles Wolfe</i>	2448	Changing Road, The, . . . . . <i>K. L. Bates</i>	3427
Burial of the Dane, The . . . . . <i>H. H. Brownell</i>	1626	Chanson de Rosemonde. . . . . <i>Hovey</i>	997
Burning Babe, The. . . . . <i>Southwell</i>	208		
Busy Heart, The. . . . . <i>Brooke</i>	1270		
Buttercups. . . . . <i>Wilfrid Thorley</i>	1468		
Buttercups and Daisies . . . . . <i>Howitt</i>	117		
Butterflies. . . . . <i>John Davidson</i>	1032		

# Index of Titles

3979

	PAGE
Chanson of the Bells of Oseney Cale Young Rice	2818
Chant of Hate against England, A. . . . . Barbara Henderson	2549
Chant Royal of High Virtue A. T. Quiller-Couch	2957
Chanted Calendar, A. . . . . Dobell	1462
Chanticleer . . . . . Katharine Tynan	149
Chaperon, The . . . . . H. C. Bunner	1795
Character of a Happy Life, The Henry Wotton	2986
Character of the Happy Warrior William Wordsworth	2935
Charge, A . . . . . Herbert Trench	2919
Charge of the Light Brigade, The Alfred Tennyson	2473
"Charge to Keep I Have, A" Charles Wesley	3792
"Charlie is My Darling" Unknown	2273
Chartless . . . . . Emily Dickinson	3711
Chavez. . . . . Mildred McN Sweeney	3600
Che Sara Sara . . . . . Victor Plarr	1170
Cherry-Ripe. . . . . Thomas Campion	524
Chess-board, The, Bulwer Lytton	888
Chevy-Chase. . . . . Unknown	2695
Chiffons . . . . . W. S. Johnson	1788
"Child, Child", . . . . . Teasdale	512
Child in the Garden, The Henry Van Dyke	435
"Child My Choice, A" Southwell	3747
Childhood . . . . . J. B. Tabb	440
Children, The . . . . . C. M. Dickinson	250
Children's Hour, The Longfellow	252
Children's Song. . . . . Hueffer	282
Child's Heritage, The . . . . . Neihardt	279
Child's Laughter, A. . . . . Swinburne	254
Child's Natural History, Herford	2082
Child's Song in Spring. . . . . Nesbit	135
Child's Song of Christmas, A Marjorie L. C. Pickthall	219
Child's Wish Granted, The G. P. Lathrop	320
Chimney Swallows, H. N. Powers	1575
Chivalry at a Discount, Edward Fitzgerald	1724
Chloe . . . . . Robert Burns	540
Chloe Divine . . . . . Thomas D'Urfey	533
Chloris in the Snow. . . . . Unknown	523
Choice, The . . . . . D. G. Rossetti	3563
Choosing a Name . . . . . Mary Lamb	14
Chorus from "Hellas". . . . . Shelley	2623
Christ Our Example in Suffering James Montgomery	3799
Christmas at Sea, R. L. Stevenson	1602
Christmas Bells, H. W. Longfellow	211
Christmas Carol, "As Joseph was a-waukin'". . . . . Unknown	209
Christmas Carol, A, "The Christ- child lay on Mary's lap," G. K. Chesterton	212
Christmas Carols, "It came upon the midnight clear". . . . . Sears	206
Christmas Hymn, A. . . . . Domell	204
Christus Consolator. . . . . Raymond	3773
Chrysalis, A. . . . . Mary E. Bradley	300
Churchyard, The. . . . . Buchanan	3435
Churchyard on the Sands, The Lord de Tabley	1067
City in the Sea, The. E. A. Poe	3417

	PAGE
City Mouse and the Garden Mouse, The. . . . . C. G. Rossetti	44
City of the Dead, The. . . . . Burlton	3440
Civil War. . . . . C. D. Shanly	2492
Clay. . . . . E. V. Lucas	1768
Clean Clara. . . . . W. B. Rands	2065
Closing Scene, The T. B. Read	3419
Cloud, The . . . . . P. B. Shelley	1440
Coleridge. Theo. Watts-Dunton	3601
Collar, The . . . . . George Herbert	3719
Cologne . . . . . S. T. Coleridge	1911
Columbia. . . . . Timothy Dwight	2202
Columbus, "Behind him lay the gray Azores" . . . . . Joaquin Miller	2366
Columbus, "St. Stephen's clois- tered hall was proud" . . . . . Sigourney	2365
"Come, Chloe, and Give me Sweet Kisses" . . . . . C. H. Williams	685
"Come into the Garden, Maud" Alfred Tennyson	706
"Come to Me, Dearest," Brennan	982
Comfort . . . . . E. B. Browning	3766
"Comin' Through the Rye" Robert Burns	727
Commemoration Ode J. R. Lowell	2518
Common Street, The. H. G. Cone	3021
Commonplaces. Rudyard Kipling	1946
Companions . . . . . C. S. Calverley	1736
Compensation. . . . . P. L. Dunbar	3479
Compensation . . . . . Celia Thaxter	1294
Complete Lover, The . . . . . Browne	528
Comrades, "At least, it was a life of swords" . . . . . Lionel Johnson	3006
Comrades, "I rose up when the battle was dead" . . . . . Housman	3008
Comrades, "Where are the friends that I knew in my Maying" G. E. Woodberry	3005
Conclusion, The. . . . . Walter Raleigh	3453
Conclusion of the Whole Matter, The . . . . . Ridgely Torrence	2897
Concord Hymn. . . . . R. W. Emerson	2205
Conquered Banner, The. . . . . Ryan	2518
Conqueror Worm, The. E. A. Poe	3416
Conquerors, The. . . . . Harry Kemp	3068
Conscience . . . . . H. D. Thoreau	2960
Conservative, A. . . . . C. P. S. Gilman	1890
Constancy, "Dear as remem- bered kisses after death" Minor Watson	3475
Constancy, "I cannot change as others do" . . . . . John Wilmot	611
Constant Lover, The. . . . . Suckling	818
Constant Swain and Virtuous Maid, The. . . . . Unknown	774
Contemplation upon Flowers, A Henry King	1466
Content. . . . . Norman Gale	1170
Contented John . . . . . Jane Taylor	111
Contented Mind, A. . . . . Sylvester	2080
Contentions . . . . . Unknown	725
Contentment. . . . . O. W. Holmes	1743
Conundrum of the Workshops, The. . . . . Rudyard Kipling	1884
Coridon's Song. . . . . John Chalkhill	1636
Corinna's Going a-Maying Robert Herrick	1359
Coronach. . . . . Walter Scott	2351
Coronation, "All hail the power of Jesus' name" . . . . . Perronet	3792
Coronation, "At the King's gate the subtle noon" . . . . . Jackson	2985

	PAGE		PAGE
Coronemus nos Rosis Antequam		Damelus' Song of His Diaphenia	
Marcescant . . . . . <i>Thomas Jordan</i>	1902	<i>Henry Constable</i>	522
Corrymeela . . . . . <i>Moiré O'Neill</i>	2604	Dance of Death, The . . . . . <i>Dobson</i>	3446
Corsage Bouquet, A . . . . . <i>Lüders</i>	1783	Dandelion . . . . . <i>A. R. Annan</i>	1483
Cottager to her Infant, The		Dandelions, The . . . . . <i>H. G. Cone</i>	1483
<i>Dorothy Wordsworth</i>	84	Daniel Gray . . . . . <i>J. G. Holland</i>	3327
Cotter's Saturday Night, The		Danny Deever . . . . . <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	2293
<i>Robert Burns</i>	3246	"Darest Thou now O Soul"	
Counsel . . . . . <i>Mary E. Davis</i>	3014	<i>Walt Whitman</i>	3494
Country Faith, The . . . . . <i>Norman Gale</i>	1644	Darius Green and His Flying-	
Country Wedding, The . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	771	machine . . . . . <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	2163
Court Historian, The . . . . . <i>Thornbury</i>	1789	Dark Glass, The . . . . . <i>D. G. Rosselli</i>	1257
Court Lady, A . . . . . <i>E. B. Browning</i>	3315	Dark Man, The . . . . . <i>Nora Hopper</i>	910
Courtin', The . . . . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	736	Dark Road, The . . . . . <i>Ethel Clifford</i>	3559
Courtship, Merry Marriage, and		Dark Rosaleen . . . . . <i>J. C. Mangan</i>	2249
Picnic Dinner of Cock Robin		"Darling, Tell me Yes" . . . . . <i>Saxe</i>	650
and Jenny Wren, The . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	181	Daughter of Mendoza, The	
Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-		<i>M. B. Lamar</i>	560
Bò, The . . . . . <i>Edward Lear</i>	2054	Dawn . . . . . <i>Geo. B. Logan, Jr</i>	1328
Cow, The . . . . . <i>Ann Taylor</i>	47	Dawn and Dark . . . . . <i>Norman Gale</i>	1328
Cowper's Grave, E. B. Browning	3601	Dawn-angels, W. M. F. Robinson	1300
"Crabbed Age and Youth"		Dawn of Womanhood . . . . . <i>Monro</i>	300
<i>William Shakespeare</i>	717	Dawn on the Headland, Watson	1308
Cradle Hymn, A, "Hush! my		"Day and Night My Thoughts	
dear, he still and slumber"		Incline" . . . . . <i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	2014
<i>Isaac Watts</i>	70	"Day is Done, The," . . . . . <i>Longfellow</i>	3355
Cradle Song . . . . . <i>J. P. Peabody</i>	88	"Day Returns, The" . . . . . <i>Burns</i>	945
Cradle Song, A, "Come little		Daybreak . . . . . <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	3443
babe, come silly soul" . . . . . <i>Bretton</i>	1036	"Days of my Youth" . . . . . <i>Tucker</i>	352
Cradle Song, "Sleep, sleep,		Days of the Month . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	61
beauty bright," . . . . . <i>William Blake</i>	81	De Brevitate Vitæ . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	3829
Cradle Song, "What is the little		"De Gustibus—" . . . . . <i>R. Browning</i>	2611
one thinking about," . . . . . <i>Holland</i>	86	"De Mortuis Nil Nisi Bonum"	
Craven . . . . . <i>Henry Newbolt</i>	2509	<i>Richard Realf</i>	3367
Cregy . . . . . <i>F. T. Palgrave</i>	2352	Deacon's Masterpiece, The	
Credo, A . . . . . <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	2022	<i>O. W. Holmes</i>	1871
Creep afore ye Gang, <i>Ballantine</i>	256	Dead, The . . . . . <i>Rupert Brooke</i>	2545
Cremona . . . . . <i>A. C. Doyle</i>	2436	Dead at Clonmacnois, The	
Cricket . . . . . <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	3101	<i>T. W. Rolleston</i>	2607
Cricket, The . . . . . <i>William Cowper</i>	1511	Dead Coach, The . . . . . <i>Tynan</i>	3429
Cricket's Story, The . . . . . <i>Nason</i>	145	Dead Faith, The . . . . . <i>F. H. Lea</i>	3396
Crooked Footpath, The, <i>Holmes</i>	3739	Dead Letter, A . . . . . <i>Austin Dobson</i>	1816
Crossing the Bar . . . . . <i>Tennyson</i>	3504	Dead March, A . . . . . <i>Monkhouse</i>	3540
Crow, The . . . . . <i>William Canton</i>	1536	Dear Fanny . . . . . <i>Thomas Moore</i>	730
Crowing of the Red Cock, The		Dearest Poets, The . . . . . <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	3085
<i>Emma Lazarus</i>	3254	Death, "Death stands above me,	
Crowned . . . . . <i>Amy Lowell</i>	851	whispering low," . . . . . <i>W. S. Lardor</i>	3491
Cruisken Lawn, The . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2010	Death, "I am the king that parts	
Crust of Bread, The . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	104	the gates of Fame" . . . . . <i>Coates</i>	3430
Cry of the Children, The		Death and Burial of Cock Robin,	
<i>E. B. Browning</i>	283	The . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	53
Cuckoo, The, <i>F. Locker-Lampson</i>	1537	"Death, Be not Proud," . . . . . <i>Donne</i>	3348
Cuddle Doon, <i>Alexander Anderson</i>	95	Death-bed, A . . . . . <i>James Aldrich</i>	3548
Cui Bono . . . . . <i>Thomas Carlyle</i>	3377	Death-bed, The . . . . . <i>Thomas Hood</i>	3546
Culture in the Slums . . . . . <i>Henley</i>	1951	Death of the Flowers, The	
Cup, The . . . . . <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	1645	<i>W. C. Bryant</i>	1505
Cupid and Campaspe . . . . . <i>John Lyly</i>	520	Death of the Old Year, The	
Cupid Drowned . . . . . <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	488	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	1395
Cupid Stung . . . . . <i>Thomas Moore</i>	488	Death's Final Conquest, <i>Shirley</i>	3404
Curé's Progress, The . . . . . <i>Dobson</i>	1776	Death's Subtle Ways . . . . . <i>Shirley</i>	3405
"Curfew Must Not Ring To-		Death's Summons . . . . . <i>Nashe</i>	3453
night" . . . . . <i>R. H. Thorpe</i>	3320	Debate in the Sennit, The . . . . . <i>Lowell</i>	1840
Cushla Ma Chree . . . . . <i>J. P. Curran</i>	2263	Dedication, A . . . . . <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	3816
Custer's Last Charge, <i>Whittaker</i>	2529	Deeds of Kindness . . . . . <i>Sargent</i>	119
Cyclamen, The . . . . . <i>Arlo Bates</i>	668	Deeds of Valor at Santiago	
Cyprian Woman, A . . . . . <i>Widdemer</i>	3506	<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	2540
D		Defence of the Alamo, The, <i>Miller</i>	2458
Da Capo . . . . . <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	828	Defiance . . . . . <i>W. S. Lardor</i>	728
Dagonet's Canzonet . . . . . <i>Rhys</i>	545	Dejection: An Ode	
Daisies . . . . . <i>Bliss Carman</i>	1478	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	3369
Daisy . . . . . <i>Francis Thompson</i>	341	Delight in Disorder . . . . . <i>Herrick</i>	378
		Departure . . . . . <i>Coventry Patmore</i>	974

	PAGE		PAGE
Deposition from Beauty, A <i>Thomas Stanley</i>	608	"Down by the Salley Gardens" <i>W. B. Yeats</i>	928
Deserted Garden, The, <i>Browning</i>	1455	Dow's Flat. . . . . <i>Bret Harte</i>	2171
Deserted Pasture, The, <i>Carman</i>	1438	Drake's Drum. . . . . <i>Henry Newbolt</i>	3607
Deserted Village, The, <i>Goldsmith</i>	3262	Dream of Eugene Aram, The <i>Thomas Hood</i>	2767
Deservings . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2009	Dream Song. . . . . <i>Middleton</i>	236
Desire, The . . . . . <i>Katharine Tynan</i>	253	Dregs . . . . . <i>Ernest Dowson</i>	422
Destruction of Sennacherib, The <i>Lord Byron</i>	2327	Drifting. . . . . <i>T. B. Read</i>	1600
Deutschen Vaterland, Des, <i>Arndt</i>	3831	Driftwood. . . . . <i>Trumbull Stickney</i>	2906
Devout Lover, A . . . . . <i>Randolph</i>	531	Drink To-day . . . . . <i>John Fletcher</i>	1991
Dewey at Manila, <i>R. U. Johnson</i>	2537	Drinking . . . . . <i>Abraham Cowley</i>	1903
Dialogue from Plato, A, <i>Dobson</i>	1773	Driving Home the Cows <i>Kate Putnam Osgood</i>	2517
Diana, Sonnets IX, LXII <i>Henry Constable</i>	1245	Driver, A . . . . . <i>Padraic Colum</i>	1698
Dickens in Camp . . . . . <i>Bret Harte</i>	3606	Duel, The. . . . . <i>Eugene Field</i>	173
Dies Irae, "Day of wrath, that day of burning" . . . . . <i>A. Coles</i>	3777	"Dule's i' this Bonnet o' Mine, The". . . . . <i>Edwin Waugh</i>	757
Dies Irae, "Dies ira dies illa" <i>Tommaso di Celano</i>	3810	Duna . . . . . <i>Marjorie L. C. Pickthall</i>	3241
Difference, The . . . . . <i>J. E. Richards</i>	59	Dust . . . . . <i>Rupert Brooke</i>	1137
"Dinna Ask Me". . . . . <i>John Dunlop</i>	1163	Dust Dethroned, The. . . . . <i>Stelling</i>	2848
Diogenes. . . . . <i>Max Eastman</i>	2097	Dustman, The. . . . . <i>F. E. Weatherly</i>	73
Dirge, . . . . . <i>Adelaide Crapsy</i>	1139	Duty . . . . . <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	290
Dirge, A, "Call for the robin- redbreast and the wren" <i>John Webster</i>	3430	Dying Christian to His Soul, The <i>Alexander Pope</i>	3489
Dirge, "Calm on the Bosom of thy God". . . . . <i>F. D. Hemans</i>	3551	Dying Hymn. . . . . <i>Alice Cary</i>	3492
Dirge, "Fear no more the heat o' the sun". . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i>	3431	Dying Lover, The <i>R. H. Stoddard</i>	1114
Dirge for a Soldier . . . . . <i>G. H. Baker</i>	2315	Dying Reservist, The . . . . . <i>Baring</i>	3474
Dirge for One Who Fell in Battle <i>T. W. Parsons</i>	2314	E	
Dirge for the Year . . . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	1396	E. B. B. . . . . <i>James Thomson</i>	3594
Dirge in Cymbeline. . . . . <i>Collins</i>	3431	Each and All . . . . . <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	2062
Dirty Jim. . . . . <i>Jane Taylor</i>	107	Each in His Own Tongue, <i>Carruth</i>	2867
Disaster . . . . . <i>C. S. Calverley</i>	1920	Eagle, The . . . . . <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	1539
Discipline . . . . . <i>George Herbert</i>	3720	Eagle that is Forgotten, The <i>Vachel Lindsay</i>	3587
Discoverer, The . . . . . <i>E. C. Stedman</i>	208	Eagle's Song, The. . . . . <i>Mansfield</i>	2207
Disdain Returned . . . . . <i>Caraw</i>	817	Earl Mar's Daughter. . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2643
Dispraise of Love, and Lovers' Follies . . . . . <i>Francis Davison</i>	818	Earl Mertoun's Song from "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" <i>Robert Browning</i>	1156
Diverting History of John Gil- pin, The . . . . . <i>William Cowper</i>	2003	Early Death. . . . . <i>Harley Coleridge</i>	3550
Divided . . . . . <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	968	Early Morning at Bargas <i>Hermann Hagedorn</i>	1645
Divina Commedia <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	3084	Early Rising . . . . . <i>J. G. Saxe</i>	2024
Divine Rapture, A . . . . . <i>Quarles</i>	3742	Early Spring . . . . . <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	1333
Dixie, "I wish I was in de land oh cotton" . . . . . <i>D. D. Emmett</i>	2218	Earth and Man, The . . . . . <i>Brooke</i>	2909
Dixie, "Southrons, hear your country call you," <i>Albert Pike</i>	2719	Ebb and Flow . . . . . <i>G. W. Curtis</i>	2849
"Do I Love Thee" . . . . . <i>J. G. Saxe</i>	651	Eclipse, The . . . . . <i>Henry Vaughan</i>	3766
Do you Fear the Wind . . . . . <i>Garland</i>	1684	Edinburgh . . . . . <i>Alfred Noyes</i>	2603
"Do You Remember," <i>T. Bayly</i>	788	Edith. . . . . <i>W. E. Channing</i>	3217
Dolcino to Margaret . . . . . <i>Kingsley</i>	1215	Edom o' Gordon . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2688
Don Quixote . . . . . <i>Austin Dobson</i>	2950	Edward, Edward . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2682
Don't . . . . . <i>J. J. Roche</i>	741	Edwin Booth. . . . . <i>Alice Brown</i>	3590
"Don't be Sorrowful, Darling" <i>Rembrandt Peale</i>	1270	Effect of Example, The. . . . . <i>Kehle</i>	2024
Doorstep, The . . . . . <i>E. C. Stedman</i>	794	Egyptian Serenade . . . . . <i>Curtis</i>	868
Doris . . . . . <i>A. J. Munby</i>	1201	Eight-Day Clock, The, <i>Cochrane</i>	1756
Dorothy Q . . . . . <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	1738	Eileen Aroon . . . . . <i>Gerald Griffin</i>	549
Doubt of Martyrdom, A <i>John Suckling</i>	602	Ein Feste Burg . . . . . <i>Martin Luther</i>	3831
Doubting Heart, A, A. A. <i>Procter</i>	2865	El Capitan-General. C. G. <i>Leland</i>	2026
Douglas Tragedy, The, <i>Unknown</i>	2653	Eldorado. . . . . <i>E. A. Poe</i>	3397
Dove, The . . . . . <i>John Keats</i>	3379	Elegiac Stanzas. . . . . <i>Wordsworth</i>	3587
Dover Beach. . . . . <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	2505	Elegy on a Lap-Dog, An. . . . . <i>Gay</i>	1828
Dover Cliffs . . . . . <i>W. L. Bowles</i>	3257	Elegy on That Glory of Her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize, An <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	2092
Dove's Nest . . . . . <i>J. R. Taylor</i>	266	Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog, An . . . . . <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i>	2091
		Elegy to the Memory of an Un- fortunate Lady. . . . . <i>Pope</i>	3539

	PAGE		PAGE
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard . . . . .	Thomas Gray 3532	Evensong . . . . .	Ridgely Torrence 893
Elf and the Dormouse, The	Oliver Herford 234	Evoc . . . . .	Edith M. Thomas 3098
Elizabeth of Bohemia . . . . .	Wolton 525	Evolution . . . . .	Langdon Smith 1802
Ellen M'Jones Aberdeen, Gilbert	2073	Evolution . . . . .	J. B. Tabb 2866
Embryo . . . . .	M. A. Townsend 3079	"Ex Libris" . . . . .	Arthur Upson 3466
Emilia . . . . .	S. N. Cleghorn 346	Ex Ore Infantum	Francis Thompson 277
Emmy . . . . .	Arthur Symons 1058	Excelsior	H. W. Longfellow 2915
"En Voyage" . . . . .	C. A. Mason 2993	Exchange, The . . . . .	S. T. Coleridge 726
"Enamored Architect of Airy Rhyme" . . . . .	T. B. Aldrich 3083	Execution of Montrose, The	W. E. Aytoun 2394
Enchainment . . . . .	O'Shaughnessy 1008	Exequy, The . . . . .	Henry King 1228
Enchantment . . . . .	Madison Cowein 1406	Exile of Erin. Thomas Campbell	2252
Enchantment, The . . . . .	Otway 613	Exile's Song, The . . . . .	Gilfillan 3258
Endurance . . . . .	Elizabeth Akers 3382	Expostulation and Reply	William Wordsworth 1657
Endymion, "The apple trees are hung with gold" . . . . .	Oscar Wilde 1013	Exultation . . . . .	Jean Ingelow 426
Endymion, "The rising moon has hid the stars" . . . . .	Longfellow 500	F	
England . . . . .	Gerald Massey 2240	Fable . . . . .	R. W. Emerson 1909
England, 1802 . . . . .	Wordsworth 2237	Face to Face. Frances Cochrane	915
"England, My England," Henley	2230	Face Upon the Floor, The D'Arcy	3332
England's Dead . . . . .	F. D. Hemans 2306	Factories . . . . .	Margaret Widdemer 3057
English Mother, An . . . . .	Johnson 2242	Failures . . . . .	Arthur Upson 2050
Envoi . . . . .	J. G. Neihardt 3505	Fainne Gael an Lac . . . . .	Milligan 2265
Envoy, "Go little book, and wish to all" . . . . .	R. L. Stevenson 3106	Fair Annie . . . . .	Unknown 2656
Envoy, "Go, songs, for ended is our brief, sweet play" . . . . .	Francis Thompson 3106	Fair Circassian, The . . . . .	Gannett 1903
Envoy, "Have little care that Life is brief" . . . . .	Bliss Carman 2858	Fair Hebe . . . . .	John West 721
Envoy, "If any record of our names" . . . . .	Richard Hovey 2856	Fair Ines . . . . .	Thomas Hood 959
Envoy, "Whose furthest footstep never strayed." . . . .	Richard Hovey 1993	"Fair is my Love for April's in her Face" . . . . .	Robert Greene 520
Epicure, The . . . . .	Abraham Cowley 1993	Fair Thief, The . . . . .	Wyndham 536
Epigrams . . . . .	S. T. Coleridge, et al. 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919	Fairies, The . . . . .	Alingham 241
Epilogue . . . . .	Abercrombie 513	Fairies of the Caldron-Low, The	Mary Howitt 238
Epilogue from "Asolando" . . . . .	Robert Browning 3503	Fairy Book, The . . . . .	A. F. Brown 246
Epitaph, An . . . . .	G. J. Cayley 1919	Fairy Book, The . . . . .	Norman Gale 231
Epitaph Intended for Himself, An . . . . .	James Beattie 3518	Fairy Folk, The . . . . .	Robert Bird 245
Epitaph of Dionysia . . . . .	Unknown 307	Fairy Song, "Shed no tear! O, shed no tear" . . . . .	John Keats 237
Epitaph on a Hare . . . . .	Cowper 1825	Fairy Song, "We the Fairies, blithe and antic" . . . . .	Leigh Hunt 235
Epitaph on Charles II . . . . .	Wilmot 1911	Fairy Songs, "Over hill, over dale," "You spotted snakes with double tongue," "Come unto these yellow sands," "Where the bee sucks, there suck I" . . . . .	William Shakespeare 231
Epitaph on Salathiel Pavcy . . . . .	Ben Jonson 3516	Fairy Thrall, The . . . . .	Mary Byron 243
Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare, An . . . . .	John Milton 3653	Faith, "Better trust all and be deceived" . . . . .	F. A. Kemble 2919
Epitaph on the Countess Dowager of Pembroke . . . . .	Browne 3518	Faith, "My faith looks up to Thee" . . . . .	Ray Palmer 3810
Epitaphs . . . . .	Ben Jonson 3516	Faithless Nelly Gray . . . . .	Hood 2126
Epithalamion . . . . .	Edmund Spenser 1183	Faithless Sally Brown . . . . .	Hood 2128
Equinoctial . . . . .	A. D. Whitney 367	Fallen Star, The . . . . .	George Darley 3746
Eros . . . . .	R. W. Emerson 474	False Poets and True . . . . .	Hood 3085
Étude Réaliste, A. C. Swinburne	16	"False though She Be,"	Congreve 613
Eurydice . . . . .	F. W. Bourdillon 911	Falstaff's Song . . . . .	E. C. Stedman 2014
Eve . . . . .	Ralph Hodgson 2816	"Fame is a Food that Dead Men Eat" . . . . .	Austin Dobson 3013
Eve of St. Agnes, The . . . . .	Keats 3284	Family Meeting, The . . . . .	Sprague 3562
Eve of Waterloo, The . . . . .	Byron 2450	Fancies . . . . .	John Ford 3142
Evelyn Hope . . . . .	Robert Browning 3503	Fancy from Fontanelle, A	Austin Dobson 3378
"Even This Shall Pass Away" . . . . .	Theodore Tilton 2845	Fanny . . . . .	A. R. Aldrich 344
Evening . . . . .	G. W. Doane 3815	Fantaisie . . . . .	Gérard de Nerval 3842
Evening Clouds, The . . . . .	Wilson 1320	"Fare Thee Well" . . . . .	Lord Byron 950
Evening Hymn . . . . .	W. H. Furness 2968	Farewell, A . . . . .	Alice Brown 929
Evening Melody . . . . .	A. T. de Vere 1315	Farewell, A, "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea," . . . . .	Tennyson 3351

	PAGE		PAGE
Farewell, A, "My fairest child, I have no song to give you" <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	125	Flower of Beauty, The... <i>Darley</i>	628
Farewell, "Thou goest, to what distant place" . . . <i>J. A. Symonds</i>	962	Flowers, "I will not have the mad Clytie" . . . <i>Thomas Hood</i>	1465
Farewell, A, "With all my will, but much against my heart" <i>Coventry Patmore</i>	974	Flowers, "Spake full well, in lan- guage quaint and olden" <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	1463
Farewell, The, "It was a' for our rightfu' King" . . . <i>Robert Burns</i>	2274	"Flowers I would Bring," <i>de Vere</i>	546
"Farewell, but Whenever" <i>Thomas Moore</i>	3015	Flower's Name, The... <i>Browning</i>	964
"Farewell! if ever Fondest Prayer" . . . . . <i>Lord Byron</i>	1002	Folk-song . . . . . <i>Untermeyer</i>	1050
Farewell to Arms, A . . . <i>Peele</i>	399	Follow a shadow, it still flies you <i>Ben Jonson</i>	811
Farewell to the Fairies... <i>Corbet</i>	244	Fontenoy . . . . . <i>T. O. Davis</i>	2417
Farragut . . . <i>W. T. Meredith</i>	2507	Fool's Prayer, The... <i>E. R. Sill</i>	3764
Fastidious Serpent, The <i>Henry Johnstone</i>	2070	Foot Soldiers . . . <i>John B. Tabb</i>	59
Fate . . . . . <i>S. M. Spaulding</i>	502	Footpath Way, The . . . <i>Tynan</i>	1679
Father Land and Mother Tongue . . . <i>Samuel Lover</i>	3259	For a Copy of Theocritus, <i>Dobson</i>	3664
Father Molloy . . <i>Samuel Lover</i>	1958	"For a' That and a' That." <i>Burns</i>	3034
Father O'Flynn . . <i>A. P. Graves</i>	1957	For Annie . . . . . <i>E. A. Poe</i>	1107
Father William . . <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	1927	"For Charlie's Sake" . . . <i>Palmer</i>	308
Fatherland, The . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	3260	For Ever . . . . . <i>W. C. Roscoe</i>	990
"Fault is not Mine, The," <i>Landon</i>	831	For He Had Great Possessions <i>Richard Middleton</i>	886
Fawnia . . . . . <i>Robert Greene</i>	583	For My Own Monument . . <i>Prior</i>	1861
Feast of the Snow, The <i>G. K. Chesterton</i>	214	For the Baptist <i>William Drummond</i>	3741
Female of the Species, The <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	1906	Forbearance . . . <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	3076
Female Phaeton, The . . <i>Prior</i>	1904	Forbidden Lure, The, <i>F. S. Davis</i>	1686
Ferry Hinksey . <i>Laurence Binyon</i>	992	Foreign Land, The . . . <i>Patmore</i>	387
Fiddler of Dooney, The . . <i>Yeats</i>	1965	Foreign Lands . . <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	160
Field Flower, A <i>J. Montgomery</i>	1476	Foreloper, The, <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	1703
Field of Glory, The <i>E. A. Robinson</i>	3067	Forever . . . . . <i>J. B. O'Reilly</i>	3571
Fight at San Jacinto, The. <i>Palmer</i>	2459	"Forever and a Day" . . <i>Aldrich</i>	991
Fighting Failure, The, <i>Appleton</i>	2942	Forget not Yet . . <i>Thomas Wyatt</i>	583
Fighting Race, The . . . <i>Clarke</i>	2298	"Forgettin'" . . . <i>Maira O'Neill</i>	800
Fighting Téméraire, The <i>Henry Newbolt</i>	2444	Forging of the Anchor. <i>Ferguson</i>	1606
"Fill the Bumper Fair" <i>Moore</i>	2002	Forsaken . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	1042
Fine Old English Gentleman, The <i>Unknown</i>	1721	Forsaken Garden, A <i>Swinburne</i>	1459
Finnigin to Flannigan . . <i>Gillilan</i>	1979	Forsaken Merman, The. <i>Arnold</i>	1021
Fire of Drift-wood, The <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	3236	Forty Years Ago . . . <i>Huston</i>	469
Fireflies . . . . . <i>Edgar Fawcett</i>	1519	Forty Years on <i>Edward Bowen</i>	421
First Day, The . . . <i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	1259	Forward . . . . . <i>E. D. Proctor</i>	3733
First Kiss, The . . . <i>Watts-Dunton</i>	689	Four-Leaf Clover . . <i>Higginson</i>	1472
First Kiss of Love, The . . <i>Byron</i>	686	Four Things . . . <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	2918
First Snow-fall, The . . <i>Lowell</i>	315	Four Winds . . . <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	850
First Song from "Astrophel and Stella" . . . . . <i>Philip Sidney</i>	518	Four Winds, The. <i>C. H. Linder</i>	1123
First Swallow, The . . . <i>Smith</i>	1573	Four Years . . . <i>D. M. M. Craik</i>	1099
First Tooth, The . . <i>W. B. Rands</i>	56	Fragment in Imitation of Words- worth . . . <i>C. M. Fanshawe</i>	1923
Firstborn, The . . <i>J. A. Goodchild</i>	24	Fraternity . . . . . <i>J. B. Tabb</i>	3036
Fisher's Widow, The . . <i>Symons</i>	1622	Friar of Orders Gray, The <i>Thomas Percy</i>	2710
Flag Goes By, The, <i>H. H. Bennett</i>	2208	Friend, A . . . <i>Lionel Johnson</i>	3001
Flight, The . . . . <i>Lloyd Mifflin</i>	3575	Friend and Lover <i>Mary Ainge de Vere</i>	849
Flight of Love, The, <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	1001	Friend of Humanity and Knife-grinder, The. . . <i>Canning</i>	1856
Flight of the Goddess, The <i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	3103	Friends . . . . . <i>A. B. Brown</i>	112
Flight of Youth, The . . <i>Stoddard</i>	351	Friends . . . . . <i>E. V. Lucas</i>	3000
Flicht of Dunnmow, The <i>James Carnegie</i>	2176	Friends Departed . . <i>Vaughan</i>	3508
Florence Vane . . . . <i>P. P. Cooke</i>	1117	Frog, The . . . . . <i>Hilaire Belloc</i>	2081
"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" <i>Robert Burns</i>	1425	"From Greenland's Icy Moun- tains" . . . . . <i>Reginald Heber</i>	3795
Flower, The . . . <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	2927	From Life . . . . . <i>Brian Hooker</i>	390

	PAGE		PAGE
Future, The.....	<i>E. R. Sill</i> 2976	"God Rest You, Merry Gentle- men".....	<i>Unknown</i> 201
"Fuzzy Wuzzy".....	<i>Kipling</i> 2533	"God Save Elizabeth".....	<i>Palgrave</i> 2373
<b>G</b>			
Gaffer Gray ...	<i>Thomas Holcroft</i> 1996	God Save the King.....	<i>Henry Carey(?)</i> 2231
Garden, A, "See how the flowers, as at parade".....	<i>Andrew Marvell</i> 1448	Godiva.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 2593
Garden, The, "How vainly men themselves amaze".....	<i>Marvell</i> 1446	God's Acre.....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 3439
Garden Lyric, A, <i>Locker Lampson</i>	1732	God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop.....	<i>Robert Southey</i> 189
Garden of Prosperine, The.....	<i>A. C. Swinburne</i> 3424	God's Will.....	<i>Mildred Howells</i> 3736
Garden of Shadow, The.....	<i>Dowson</i> 508	God's World ..	<i>E. St V. Millay</i> 1502
Garden Song, A.....	<i>Austin Dobson</i> 1449	Goethe and Frederika, <i>Sidgwick</i>	1053
Garden That I Love, The.....	<i>F. L. Henderson</i> 3441	Going down Hill on a Bicycle.....	<i>H. C. Beeching</i> 129
Garden Year, The, <i>Sara Coleridge</i>	61	Golden Fish, The.....	<i>Arnold</i> 736
Gardener, The.....	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i> 160	Golden Mean, The.....	<i>Cowper</i> 2991
Gardener's Song, The.....	<i>Carroll</i> 2060	"Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes".....	<i>Thomas Dekker</i> 75
Garret, The.....	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i> 463	Golden Wedding, The.....	<i>Gray</i> 1226
Gates and Doors.....	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i> 215	Goldenrod.....	<i>E. G. Eastman</i> 1485
Gates of Dreamland, The.....	<i>G. W. Russell</i> 3216	Gone.....	<i>Mary E. Coleridge</i> 3005
Gaudeamus Igitur, <i>J. A. Symonds</i>	2805	Good and Bad Children.....	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i> 100
Gay Gos-Hawk, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> 2671	Good-Bye.....	<i>R. W. Emerson</i> 2095
Geese.....	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 2082	Good Company.....	<i>K. W. Baker</i> 1301
Geist's Grave.....	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> 1830	Good Day, The.....	<i>Bashford</i> 2083
'Gelebt und Geliebt'.....	<i>Unknown</i> 3221	Good Great Man, The.....	<i>Coleridge</i> 2860
General Summary.....	<i>Kipling</i> 1920	Good Inn, The.....	<i>H. K. Videl</i> 1700
General William Booth Enters into Heaven.....	<i>Lindsay</i> 3593	Good King Wenceslas <i>John Neale</i>	3752
Genius Loci.....	<i>Margaret Wood</i> 3110	Good Morrow, The.....	<i>John Donne</i> 1142
Genius of Death, The.....	<i>Croly</i> 3408	Good-night.....	<i>S. Weir Mitchell</i> 679
Gentleman of the Old School, A.....	<i>Austin Dobson</i> 1777	Good night, "Good-night? Ah! no, the hour is ill".....	<i>Shelley</i> 703
German Fatherland, The.....	<i>Arndt</i> 2270	Good-night, "Good-night, dear friend! I say good-night to thee".....	<i>H. A. Benedict</i> 1121
Gibraltar.....	<i>W. S. Blunt</i> 2230	Good-night, "Little baby, lay your head".....	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 82
Gifts.....	<i>James Thomson</i> 617	"Good night, Babette,".....	<i>Dobson</i> 1771
Gipsy Girl, The.....	<i>Henry Alford</i> 314	Good Tidings of Great Joy to all People.....	<i>James Montgomery</i> 3798
Gipsy Trail, The.....	<i>Kipling</i> 1077	Gradatim.....	<i>J. G. Holland</i> 3707
Girl I Left behind Me, The.....	<i>Unknown</i> 986	Grain of Salt, A.....	<i>Wallace Irwin</i> 2085
Girl of Pompeii, A, <i>E. S. Martin</i>	280	Grammar in Rhyme.....	<i>Unknown</i> 60
"Girl of the Red Mouth".....	<i>Martin MacDermott</i> 568	Grammarian's Funeral, A.....	<i>Robert Browning</i> 2871
"Girt Woak Tree that's in the Dell, The".....	<i>William Barnes</i> 1104	"Grandmither, Think not I For- get".....	<i>W. S. Cather</i> 1033
Give a Rouse.....	<i>Robert Browning</i> 2284	Grape-vine Swing, <i>W. G. Simms</i>	467
"Give all to Love".....	<i>Emerson</i> 502	Grass-hopper, The.....	<i>Cowley</i> 1509
Give Love To-day.....	<i>Ethel Talbot</i> 1115	Grave of Love, The.....	<i>Peacock</i> 865
"Give me Ale".....	<i>Unknown</i> 1989	Graves of a Household, The.....	<i>F. D. Hemans</i> 3561
Give me the Old, <i>R. H. Messinger</i>	2011	Great Adventure, The.....	<i>Thorau</i> 2937
Giving in Marriage.....	<i>Ingelow</i> 431	Great-Heart.....	<i>Kipling</i> 3648
Glad Day.....	<i>Robertson</i> 139	Great Misgiving, The.....	<i>Watson</i> 3428
Gladness of Nature, The.....	<i>W. C. Bryant</i> 139	"Great Nature in an Army Gay".....	<i>R. W. Gilder</i> 1208
Glee for Winter, A.....	<i>Domell</i> 1394	Great Voices, The.....	<i>C. T. Brooks</i> 2972
Glenara.....	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 2722	Greek Folk Song.....	<i>Widdemer</i> 3506
Glenkindie.....	<i>W. B. Scott</i> 2730	"Green Grow the Rashes, O".....	<i>Robert Burns</i> 727
Glenlogie.....	<i>Unknown</i> 783	Green Linnet, The.....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1541
Gloaming.....	<i>R. A. Bowen</i> 1315	Green Little Shamrock of Ire- land, The.....	<i>Andrew Cherry</i> 2264
Gloucester Moors.....	<i>W. V. Moody</i> 2569	Green Things Growing.....	<i>Craik</i> 1461
Glove and the Lions, The.....	<i>Hunt</i> 833	Grenier, Le.....	<i>de Béranger</i> 3839
Gluggity, Glug.....	<i>George Colman</i> 2112	"Grey Horse Troop," The.....	<i>R. W. Chambers</i> 2291
Gnosis.....	<i>C. P. Cranch</i> 2975	Grief.....	<i>E. B. Browning</i> 3353
"Go, Forget Me".....	<i>Charles Wolfe</i> 953	Grievance, A.....	<i>J. K. Stephen</i> 1931
"Go, Lovely Rose".....	<i>Waller</i> 930	"Grieve not, Ladies".....	<i>Branch</i> 857
"God Bless You, Dear, To-day".....	<i>John Bennett</i> 662		
God-Maker, Man, The.....	<i>Don Marquis</i> 3065		

# Index of Titles

3985

	PAGE
Groves of Blarney, The <i>R. A. Millikin</i>	2600
Growing Gray... <i>Austin Dobson</i>	361
Growing Old, "Sweet sixteen is shy and cold" <i>Waller Learned</i>	742
Growing Old, "What is it to grow old" <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	418
Guardian Angel, The <i>Robert Browning</i>	2620
Gunga Din... <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	2294
<b>H</b>	
Hack and Hew... <i>Bliss Carman</i>	3130
Hail! Columbia... <i>Hopkinson</i>	2200
Hallowed Ground... <i>Campbell</i>	3432
Hallowed Places... <i>Palmer</i>	632
Hallowe'en... <i>John Mayne</i>	2028
"Hame, Hame, Hame" <i>Allan Cunningham</i>	3226
Hannah Binding Shoes... <i>Larcom</i>	1624
Hans Breitmann's Party <i>Leland</i>	2152
Happiest Heart, The... <i>Cheney</i>	2994
Happy Heart, The... <i>Dekker</i>	2981
Happy Thought, <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	98
Hare with many Friends, The <i>John Gay</i>	1853
"Hark, Hark! the Lark" <i>William Shakespeare</i>	604
Harp of Sorrow, The <i>Clifford</i>	3360
Harrow Grave in Flanders, A <i>Robert Offley Ashburton</i>	2326
Harry Carey's General Reply to the Libelling Gentry who are Angry at His Welfare. <i>Carey</i>	1095
Harvest <i>E. M. H. Cortis</i>	1370
"Harvest Waits, The" <i>Mifflin</i>	3734
Hassgesang Gegen England <i>Ernest Lissauer</i>	3846
Hastings Mill... <i>Fox-Smith</i>	1591
Haunted Palace, The <i>E. A. Poe</i>	3168
Hawklut, The <i>C. G. D. Roberts</i>	1539
"He Bringeth Them Unto Their Desired Haven" <i>L. Frank Tooker</i>	3537
He Fell Among Thieves, <i>Newbolt</i>	2797
"He Liveth Long who Liveth Well" <i>Horatius Bonar</i>	3716
He Made the Night, <i>Lloyd Mifflin</i>	1326
"He Never Smiled Again" <i>F. D. Hemans</i>	2349
He Standeth at the Door <i>A. C. Coxe</i>	3811
"He Whom a Dream Hath Pos- sessed" <i>O'Sheel</i>	2938
Health, A... <i>E. C. Pinkney</i>	387
"Heart of my Heart" <i>Unknown</i>	676
Heart of Oak... <i>David Garrick</i>	2280
Heart's Content... <i>Unknown</i>	3231
Heart's Hope... <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	1255
Heaven... <i>M. G. Dickinson</i>	1112
"Heaven Overarches Earth and Sea" <i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	3706
Heavenward... <i>Carolina Nairne</i>	3700
Hebe... <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	852
"He'd Nothing but His Violin" <i>Mary K. Dallas</i>	1202
Height of the Ridiculous, The <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	2138
Helen of Kirconnel... <i>Unknown</i>	1060
Heliotrope... <i>H. T. Peck</i>	1124
Hem and Haw... <i>Bliss Carman</i>	1887

	PAGE
Hemlock Mountain... <i>Cleghorn</i>	1436
Henchman, The. <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	553
Henry Hudson's Quest, <i>Stevenson</i>	2382
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow <i>Austin Dobson</i>	3645
Her Dwelling-Place... <i>Murray</i>	1129
Her Epitaph... <i>T. W. Parsons</i>	3545
Her Gifts... <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	1257
Her Letter... <i>Bret Harle</i>	1814
Her Sacred Bower... <i>Campion</i>	587
Her Triumph... <i>Ben Jonson</i>	526
Heraclitus... <i>Johnson-Cory</i>	3529
Herald Crane, The... <i>Garland</i>	1535
"Here is the Place where Loveli- ness Keeps House" <i>Cawein</i>	1302
Hereafter... <i>H. P. Spofford</i>	1012
Heredity... <i>L. A. C. Ward</i>	3731
"Here's a Health to Them That's Awa'" <i>Robert Burns</i>	2275
Heritage, The... <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	263
Hero, The... <i>Robert Nicoll</i>	3244
Heroes... <i>E. D. Proctor</i>	2322
Heron, The... <i>E. Howell-Thurlow</i>	1540
Hervé Riel... <i>Robert Browning</i>	2804
Hester... <i>Charles Lamb</i>	3547
High Tide at Gettysburg, The <i>W. H. Thompson</i>	2502
High Tide on the Coast of Lin- colnshire, The <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	3318
Higher God, The... <i>Parker</i>	2909
High Pantheism, The, <i>Tennyson</i>	2852
Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell, The... <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	1035
Highland Mary... <i>Robert Burns</i>	1071
Highway, The <i>Louise Driscoll</i>	509
Highwayman, The <i>Alfred Noyes</i>	2809
Hill, The... <i>Rupert Brooke</i>	1270
Hills, The... <i>Julian Grenfell</i>	1435
"Hills o' my Heart"... <i>Carbery</i>	2267
Hills of Rest, The. <i>A. B. Paine</i>	3577
Hindoo's Death, The, <i>Birdseye</i>	1899
Hint from Herrick, A. <i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	3090
His Banner Over Me... <i>Massey</i>	3768
His Further Resolution <i>Unknown</i>	814
His Heart was True to Poll <i>F. C. Burnand</i>	2076
His Litany to the Holy Spirit <i>Robert Herrick</i>	3744
His Pilgrimage... <i>Walter Raleigh</i>	3451
His Windingsheet... <i>Herrick</i>	3454
Hoch! der Kaiser... <i>A. M. Rose</i>	1840
Hohenlinden... <i>Thomas Campbell</i>	2440
"Hold"... <i>P. R. Chalmers</i>	1833
Holly-Tree, The, <i>Robert Southey</i>	1407
Holy Baptism... <i>George Herbert</i>	3721
"Holy, Holy, Holy"... <i>Heber</i>	3793
Holy Innocents, <i>Christina Rossetti</i>	85
Holy Matrimony... <i>John Keble</i>	1197
Holy Thursday <i>William Blake</i>	174
Home, "O. Falmouth is a fine town with ships in the bay" <i>W. E. Henley</i>	3229
Home, "One rubber plant can never make a home" <i>Unknown</i>	2087
Home, "There lies a little city in the hills"... <i>E. R. Sill</i>	3711
Home, "Two birds within one nest"... <i>Dora Greenwell</i>	1204
Home, Sweet Home <i>J. H. Payne</i>	3226
"Home They Brought Her War- rior Dead"... <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	1093



	PAGE		PAGE
Home Thoughts, from Aboard		"I do not Love Thee" . . . Norton	962
<i>Robert Browning</i>	1353	"I Fear no Power a Woman	
Homeric Unity . . . <i>Andrew Lang</i>	3083	<i>Wields</i> . . . . . <i>McGaffey</i>	1059
Homeward Bound . . . <i>Allingham</i>	1633	"I Fear Thy Kisses, Gentle	
Honor and Desert . . . <i>Palmore</i>	384	<i>Maiden</i> . . . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	688
Hope and Despair. . . <i>Abercrombie</i>	3368	"I Flung Me Round Him"	
Hope and Fear, A. C. <i>Swinburne</i>	2844	<i>Roden Noel</i>	3213
Hora Christi . . . <i>Alice Brown</i>	3772	"I Give My Soldier Boy a	
Horatian Ode Upon Cromwell's		<i>Blade</i> . . . <i>William Maginn</i>	2287
Return from Ireland. An		"I had a Little Husband"	
<i>Andrew Marvell</i>	2400	<i>Unknown</i>	43
Horatius at the Bridge, <i>Macaulay</i>	2329	"I Have a Rendezvous with	
Hot Weather in the Plains—		<i>Death</i> . . . . . <i>Alan Seeger</i>	2550
India. . . . . <i>E. H. Tiptle</i>	3230	"I Heard a Soldier" . . . <i>Trench</i>	927
Hound of Heaven, The		In Thee and Thou in Me, <i>Cranch</i>	2974
<i>Francis Thompson</i>	3204	"I Lately Vowed, but 'twas in	
Hour of Death, The . . . <i>Hemans</i>	3411	<i>Haste</i> . . . . . <i>John Oldmixon</i>	826
Hour of Peaceful Rest, The		"I Like little Pussy" . . . <i>Jane Taylor</i>	102
<i>W. B. Tappan</i>	3803	"I Love, and the World is Mine"	
House by the Side of the Road,		<i>Florence Earle Coates</i>	1148
The. . . . . <i>S. W. Foss</i>	3040	I Love My Jean, <i>Burns-Hamilton</i>	947
House of Christmas, The		"I Love My Life, But Not Too	
<i>G. K. Chesterton</i>	213	<i>Well</i> . . . . . <i>Harriet Monroe</i>	681
House of Life, The, Sonnets IV,		"I Loved a Lass," <i>George Wither</i>	718
V, XV, XIX, XXVI, XXXI,		"I Remember, I Remember"	
XXXIV, XLIX, LXXVIII		<i>Thomas Hood</i>	443
<i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	1255	"I Saw My Lady Weep"	
House of Pain, The. . . <i>F. E. Coates</i>	3386	<i>Unknown</i>	863
House that Jack Built, The		"I Saw the Clouds," <i>Hervey White</i>	2984
<i>Unknown</i>	49	"I Saw Thee" . . . . . <i>Ray Palmer</i>	3769
Housekeeper, The, <i>Charles Lamb</i>	1514	"I Saw Two Clouds at Morning"	
"How Can the Heart Forget		<i>J. G. C. Brainard</i>	1196
Her" . . . . . <i>Francis Davison</i>	599	I Shall Not Care . . . <i>Teasdale</i>	1017
"How doth the little busy Bee"		"I Shall Not Cry Return," <i>Gates</i>	1081
<i>Isaac Watts</i>	104	"I Strove With None," <i>Landor</i>	3491
How My Songs of Her Began		"I Took a Hansom on Today"	
<i>P. B. Marston</i>	1260	<i>W. E. Henley</i>	827
How Often . . . . . <i>Ben King</i>	1950	"I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud"	
How Old Brown Took Harper's		<i>William Wordsworth</i>	1473
Ferry . . . . . <i>E. C. Stedman</i>	2479	"I Would not live Away,"	
"How Sleep the Brave." <i>Collins</i>	2194	<i>W. A. Muhlenberg</i>	3476
How the Leaves Came Down		Ichabod . . . . . <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	1837
<i>Susan Coolidge</i>	142	"I'd be a Butterfly," <i>T. H. Bayly</i>	1712
How the Little Kite Learned to		Idea, Sonnets I, IV, XX,	
Fly . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	115	XXXVII, XL, XLII, LXI	
"How They Brought the Good		<i>Michael Drayton</i>	1242
News from Ghent to Aix"		Idler, The. . . . . <i>Jones Very</i>	2970
<i>Robert Browning</i>	2732	If . . . . . <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	2952
How We Learn . . . <i>Horatius Bonar</i>	3717	If, "If life were never bitter"	
"How's My Boy," <i>Sydney Dobell</i>	1612	<i>Mortimer Collins</i>	1944
Human Frailty, <i>William Cowper</i>	2861	If, "Oh, if the world were mine,	
Human Life . . . . . <i>A. T. de Vere</i>	416	<i>Love</i> . . . . . <i>J. J. Roche</i>	740
Human Seasons, The . . . <i>Keats</i>	2	"If I Could Shut the Gate	
Humble-Bee, The, <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	1515	Against My Thoughts" <i>Daniel</i>	3743
Humpty Dumpty . . . <i>Whitney</i>	2034	"If I Should Die" <i>Rupert Brooke</i>	2546
Hundred Years to Come, A		"If I Should Die To-night," <i>King</i>	1950
<i>W. G. Brown</i>	3470	If I Should Die To-night, <i>Smith</i>	3037
Hunting Song . . . <i>Richard Hovey</i>	1662	"If I Were Dead" . . . <i>Palmore</i>	296
Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale		If I Were King . . . <i>McCarthy</i>	1786
of Chamouni. <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	1430	"If Love Were Jester at the	
Hymn of Apollo . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	1306	Court of Death," <i>F. L. Knowles</i>	3474
Hymn of Pan . . . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	3162	If Only the Dreams Abide	
Hymn of the West, <i>E. C. Stedman</i>	2204	<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	2850
Hymn to God the Father, A		"If She be made of White and	
<i>John Donne</i>	3759	Red" . . . . . <i>H. P. Horne</i>	570
Hymn to the Night . . <i>Longfellow</i>	1327	"If She but Knew"	
I		<i>Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i>	978
"I am Lonely" . . . . . <i>George Eliot</i>	323	"If Spirits Walk" . . . <i>Sophie Jewett</i>	1118
"I am the Wind" . . . <i>Zoe Akins</i>	680	"If Thou Wert by my Side, my	
"I Asked my Fair, One Happy		Love" . . . . . <i>Reginald Heber</i>	1209
Day" . . . . . <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	726	"If You were Here" . . . <i>Marston</i>	981

	PAGE		PAGE
Il Penseroso . . . . . <i>John Milton</i>	3147	Inspiration, "Life of Ages, richly poured" . . . . . <i>Samuel Johnson</i>	2973
"I'll Never Love Thee More" . . . . . <i>James Graham</i>	604	Integer Vitæ, "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus" . . . . . <i>Horace</i>	3828
"I'm not a Single Man" . . . . . <i>Hood</i>	1713	Integer Vitæ, "The Man of life upright" . . . . . <i>Thomas Campion</i>	2912
Immoral . . . . . <i>James Oppenheim</i>	2997	Inter Sodales . . . . . <i>W. E. Henley</i>	1986
Immortality, An . . . . . <i>Ezra Pound</i>	452	Interlude . . . . . <i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	3472
Immortalis . . . . . <i>David Morton</i>	3401	Into Battle . . . . . <i>Grenfell</i>	2558
Impenitentia Ultima . . . . . <i>Dowson</i>	917	Into the Twilight . . . . . <i>W. B. Yeats</i>	2855
Impression . . . . . <i>Edmund Gosse</i>	1759	Into the World and Out . . . . . <i>Piatt</i>	27
In a Rose Garden. <i>John Bennett</i>	661	Invention . . . . . <i>William Watson</i>	3100
"In After Days" . . . . . <i>Austin Dobson</i>	3502	Invictus . . . . . <i>W. E. Henley</i>	3500
In City Streets. . . . . <i>Ada Smith</i>	1074	Invisible Bride, The. <i>Markham</i>	1132
In Early Spring. <i>Alice Meynell</i>	1335	Invocation, An . . . . . <i>Johnson-Cory</i>	3099
In Explanation . . . . . <i>Walter Learned</i>	743	Io Victis . . . . . <i>W. W. Story</i>	2945
In Extremis . . . . . <i>George Sterling</i>	3466	Ireland, "Ireland, oh Ireland! center of my longings," . . . . . <i>Gwynne</i>	2266
In February . . . . . <i>Henry Simpson</i>	574	Ireland, "Thy sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea" . . . . . <i>Johnson</i>	2253
In Flanders Fields . . . . . <i>McCrae</i>	2500	Irish Astronomy . . . . . <i>C. G. Halpine</i>	1964
In Foreign Parts . . . . . <i>L. E. Richards</i>	2084	Irish Love-Song, An . . . . . <i>Johnson</i>	741
"In God's Eternal Studios" . . . . . <i>Paul Shively</i>	2869	Iri-h Molly O . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	939
"In Green Old Gardens". <i>Fane</i>	1450	Irish Lullaby, An . . . . . <i>A. P. Graves</i>	88
In Harbor . . . . . <i>P. H. Payne</i>	3493	Iri-h Wife, The . . . . . <i>T. D. A. McGee</i>	1207
In Memoriam. "Tis right for her to sleep between" . . . . . <i>Milnes</i>	3545	Irishman and the Lady, The . . . . . <i>William Maginn</i>	1962
In Memoriam, Parts I, XXVII, LIV, LV, LVI, LXXIII, CVI, CXXVII, CXXVI, CXXVII, CXXX, CXXXI. . . . . <i>Tennyson</i>	2898	Isle of the Long Ago, The. <i>Taylor</i>	417
In Memory of "Barry Cornwall" . . . . . <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	3647	Isles of Greece, The. . . . . <i>Lord Byron</i>	2625
In Memory of Walter Savage Landor. . . . . <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	3626	Israfel . . . . . <i>E. A. Poe</i>	3077
In Men Whom Men Condemn . . . . . <i>Joaquin Miller</i>	3058	"It Cannot Be" . . . . . <i>D. B. Sicles</i>	3712
In Our Boat . . . . . <i>D. M. M. Craik</i>	1597	"It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free" . . . . . <i>Wordsworth</i>	1314
In Sorrow . . . . . <i>Thomas Hastings</i>	3808	"It is Great for Our Country to Die" . . . . . <i>J. G. Percival</i>	2303
In the Children's Hospital . . . . . <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	292	"It is not Beauty I Demand" . . . . . <i>George Darley</i>	547
"In the Cool of the Evening" . . . . . <i>Alfred Noyes</i>	1316	"It Was a Lover and His Lass" . . . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i>	717
"In the Cross of Christ I Glory" . . . . . <i>John Bowring</i>	3802	Italian Rhapsody . . . . . <i>R. U. Johnson</i>	2613
In the Dark . . . . . <i>George Arnold</i>	3496	"Its Ain Drap o' Dew" . . . . . <i>James Ballantine</i>	2992
"In the Dark, in the Dew" . . . . . <i>Mary N. Prevost</i>	652	Itylus . . . . . <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	1576
"In the Days of Old" . . . . . <i>Peacock</i>	480	Ivry . . . . . <i>T. B. Macaulay</i>	2374
In the Fall o' Year. <i>T. S. Jones, Jr.</i>	1131	Ivy Green, The. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	1489
In the Garden . . . . . <i>Ernest Crosby</i>	138	J	
In the Highlands. <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	1675	Jabberwocky . . . . . <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	2059
In the Hospital. <i>M. W. Howland</i>	3463	Jack and Jill . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	39
In the Lilac-Rain. <i>E. M. Thomas</i>	3539	Jack and Joan. <i>Thomas Campion</i>	767
In the Twilight . . . . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	450	Jack Frost . . . . . <i>Gabriel Seaton</i>	151
Inchcape Rock, The . . . . . <i>Southey</i>	1617	Jackdaw, The . . . . . <i>William Cowper</i>	1540
Incident of the French Camp . . . . . <i>Robert Browning</i>	2449	Jackdaw of Rheims, The. . . . . <i>Barham</i>	2141
Inclusions . . . . . <i>E. B. Browning</i>	872	Jaffar . . . . . <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	3013
Indian Burying Ground, The . . . . . <i>Philip Freneau</i>	3438	Jam-pot, The. . . . . <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	1930
Indian Names. . . . . <i>L. H. Sigourney</i>	2567	Jane and Eliza . . . . . <i>Ann Taylor</i>	109
Indian Summer . . . . . <i>Dickinson</i>	1373	Jane Smith . . . . . <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	1926
Indifferent, The . . . . . <i>Beaumont</i>	812	Janette's Hair. . . . . <i>C. G. Halpine</i>	1112
Indirection . . . . . <i>Richard Realf</i>	2870	Jeanie Morrison . . . . . <i>Motherwell</i>	955
Infant Joy . . . . . <i>William Blake</i>	4	"Jenny Kissed Me" . . . . . <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	687
Ingle-side, The . . . . . <i>Hew Ainslee</i>	3239	"Jenny wi' the Airt Teeth" . . . . . <i>Alexander Anderson</i>	94
Ingrateful Beauty Threatened . . . . . <i>Thomas Carew</i>	816	Jerry an' Me . . . . . <i>Hiram Rich</i>	1219
Inner Light, The. <i>F. W. H. Myers</i>	3730	Jerusalem . . . . . <i>John Mason Neale</i>	3689
Inner Vision, The . . . . . <i>Wordsworth</i>	3087	Jessie . . . . . <i>T. E. Brown</i>	887
Inscription in a Hermitage . . . . . <i>Thomas Warton</i>	1540	Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane . . . . . <i>Robert Tannahill</i>	544
Inspiration, "If with light head erect I sing" . . . . . <i>H. D. Thoreau</i>	2961	Jest 'fore Christmas . . . . . <i>Field</i>	220
		"Jesus, Lover of My Soul" . . . . . <i>Charles Wesley</i>	3791

	PAGE
Jesus the Carpenter. . . . . <i>Liddell</i>	3768
Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle <i>John Hay</i>	3342
Jock of Hazeldean. . . . . <i>Walter Scott</i>	786
"Jog on, Jog on". . . . . <i>Shakespeare</i>	2978
John Anderson. . . . . <i>Robert Burns</i>	1224
"John Anderson, My Jo" <i>C. G. Blanden</i>	3560
John Barleycorn. . . . . <i>Robert Burns</i>	2000
John Burns of Gettysburg, <i>Harte</i>	2504
John Grumlie. . . . . <i>Cunningham</i>	2118
"Johnny Shall Have a New Bonnet," . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	44
"Jolly Good Ale and Old," <i>Still</i>	1990
Jolly Jack. . . . . <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	1847
Jolly Old Pedagogue, The <i>George Arnold</i>	1746
Journey Onwards, The. <i>Moore</i>	3360
Joy of the Morning. <i>Markham</i>	3100
Joy-Month. . . . . <i>D. A. Wasson</i>	1579
Joyful Wisdom, The. . . . . <i>Palmore</i>	2953
Jays of the Road, The. <i>Carman</i>	1694
Juggling Jerry. <i>George Meredith</i>	3312
Jumbies, The. . . . . <i>Edward Lear</i>	2050
June, "I gazed upon the glorious sky" . . . . . <i>W. C. Bryant</i>	3457
June, "Over his keys the musing organist" . . . . . <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	1367
June, "When the bubble moon is young" . . . . . <i>H. S. Morris</i>	1369
"Just as I Am" <i>Charlotte Elliott</i>	3800
"Just for To-day" . . . . . <i>Partridge</i>	3808
"Justine, You Love Me Not" <i>J. G. Saxe</i>	853
K	
Kaiser & Co. . . . . <i>A. M. Rose</i>	1849
Kasidah, The, Parts II and IX <i>Sir Richard Burton</i>	2887
Kate of Aberdeen, <i>Cunningham</i>	538
Kate Temple's Song . . . . . <i>Collins</i>	649
Kathleen Mavourneen, <i>Crawford</i>	979
Kavanagh, The, <i>Richard Hovey</i>	2017
Keary at Seven Pines, <i>Stedman</i>	2493
Keenan's Charge. <i>G. P. Lathrop</i>	2497
Kentucky Babe. . . . . <i>R. H. Buck</i>	91
Kentucky Philosophy, <i>Robertson</i>	2041
Key-board, The . . . . . <i>Watson</i>	3132
Khristna and His Flute. . . . . <i>Hope</i>	916
Kilmeny . . . . . <i>James Hogg</i>	3151
Kinchinunga. . . . . <i>C. V. Rice</i>	1434
"Kind are Her Answers" <i>Campion</i>	591
Kind Hearts . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	66
Kindness to Animals <i>Unknown</i>	101
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury. . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2707
King of Brentford, The <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	1848
King of Denmark's Ride, The <i>Caroline Norton</i>	1088
King of Dreams, The <i>Scollard</i>	2850
King of the Cradle, The <i>Joseph Ashby-Sterry</i>	22
Kings, The. . . . . <i>L. I. Guiney</i>	2949
King's Ballad, The, <i>Joyce Kilmer</i>	1123
King's Highway, The, <i>McGroarty</i>	1685
Kiss, A . . . . . <i>Austin Dobson</i>	1800
Kiss, The. . . . . <i>Ben Jonson</i>	682
Kiss, The. . . . . <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	1194
Kissing's no Sin. . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	692
Kitty Neil. . . . . <i>J. F. Waller</i>	756
Kitty of Coleraine. . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	755

	PAGE
Knapweed . . . . . <i>A. C. Benson</i>	1491
Knight in Disguise, The, <i>Lindsay</i>	3610
Kore . . . . . <i>Frederic Manning</i>	1382
Kubla Khan. . . . . <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	3160
Kyrielle. . . . . <i>John Payne</i>	2840

## L

La Belle Dame sans Merci, <i>Keats</i>	1005
La Grisette . . . . . <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	909
La Vie est Vaine. <i>Montenaken</i>	3848
Labor and Love. <i>Edmund Gosse</i>	2918
Lachrimæ Musarum . . . . . <i>Watson</i>	3659
Lad that is Gone, A . . . . . <i>Stevenson</i>	438
Ladies of St. James's, The, <i>Dobson</i>	1775
Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament <i>Unknown</i>	1037
Lady Clara Vere de Vere <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	835
Lady Clare <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	2727
Lady of Shalott, The, <i>Tennyson</i>	3188
Lady Poverty, The, "I met her on the Umbrian Hills," <i>Underhill</i>	2934
Lady Poverty, The, "The Lady Poverty was fair" . . . . . <i>Myernell</i>	2034
Lady's "Yes," The . . . . . <i>Browning</i>	632
Laird o' Cockpen, The <i>Nairne-Ferrier</i>	2113
Lake Isle of Innisfree, The, <i>Yeats</i>	1634
L'Allegro . . . . . <i>John Milton</i>	3143
Lamb, The. . . . . <i>William Blake</i>	48
Lament, A. <i>Chidock Tichborne</i>	401
Lament for Culloden <i>Burns</i>	2120
Lament for Flodden, A. <i>Elliott</i>	2368
Lament of a Mocking-Bird <i>Fanny Kemble</i>	1544
Lament of the Border Widow, The. . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	1063
Lament of the Irish Emigrant <i>H. S. Sheridan</i>	1086
Lamentable Ballad of the Bloody Brook, The . . . . . <i>E. E. Hale</i>	2406
Lamp in the West, The <i>Ella Higginson</i>	3473
Lamp of Poor Souls, The <i>Marjorie L. C. Pickthall</i>	3552
Lancelot and Guinevere, <i>Gould</i>	2813
Land o' the Leal, The . . . . . <i>Nairne</i>	3699
Land of Counterpane, The <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	158
Land of Heart's Desire, The <i>E. H. Miller</i>	1206
Land of Story-books, The <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	159
"Land Which no one Knows, The" . . . . . <i>Ebenezer Elliott</i>	3576
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers <i>F. D. Hemans</i>	2387
Landscapes. . . . . <i>Untermyer</i>	3060
Langley Lane. <i>Robert Buchanan</i>	3383
"Langsyne, when Life was Bon- nie" . . . . . <i>Alexander Anderson</i>	447
Larrie O'Dee. . . . . <i>W. W. Fink</i>	1061
Lasca. . . . . <i>Frank Desprez</i>	3330
Lass o' Gowrie, The . . . . . <i>Nairne</i>	773
Lass of Lochroyan, The, <i>Unknown</i>	2660
Lass of Richmond Hill, The <i>James Upton</i>	616
Lass that died of love, The, <i>Richard Middleton</i>	1052
Last Buccaneer, The <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	1630

# Index of Titles

3989

	PAGE		PAGE
Last Buccaneer, The, "The winds were yelling, the waves were swelling," <i>T. B. Macaulay</i>	1631	Life in a Love.. <i>Robert Browning</i>	638
Last Camp-fire, The, <i>S. M. Hall</i>	3471	Life-Lesson, A. . . . <i>J. W. Riley</i>	349
Last Hour, The. . . . <i>Ethel Clifford</i>	1205	"Life on the Ocean Wave, A" <i>Epes Sargent</i>	1594
Last Hunt, The. . . . <i>W. R. Thayer</i>	2709	Light of Other Days, The, <i>Moore</i>	454
Last Invocation, The, <i>Whitman</i>	3494	Light Shining out of Darkness <i>William Cowper</i>	3796
Last Leaf, The. . . . <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	1741	Light Woman, A. . . . <i>Browning</i>	1029
Last Lines. . . . . <i>Emily Brontë</i>	3486	"Like a Laverock in the Lift" <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	1200
Last Memory, The. . . . <i>Symonds</i>	928	Lilian . . . . . <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	634
Last Night . . . . . <i>George Darley</i>	954	Lincoln, the Man of the People <i>Edwin Markham</i>	3639
Last Redoubt, The. . . . <i>Austin</i>	2531	Lines, "Love within the lover's breast . . . . <i>George Meredith</i>	1153
Last Ride Together, The <i>Robert Browning</i>	877	Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye, During a Tour, July 13, 1798 <i>William Wordsworth</i>	2578
Last Sonnet . . . . . <i>John Keats</i>	3489	Lines on The Mermaid Tavern <i>John Keats</i>	1989
Last Verses . . . . . <i>Motherwell</i>	3496	Lines to an Indian Air <i>Shelley</i>	702
Last Word, The, "Creep into thy narrow bed" <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	2944	Lines Written in Early Spring <i>William Wordsworth</i>	1334
Last Word, The, "When I have folded up this tent," <i>Knawles</i>	675	Lion and the Cub, The <i>Gay</i>	1852
"Late Lark Twitters from the Quiet Skies, A," <i>W. E. Henley</i>	3501	Lion and the Mouse, The, <i>Taylor</i>	120
Late Leaves . . . . . <i>W. S. Lander</i>	406	Lips and Eves . . . . . <i>Middleton</i>	682
Late Wisdom . . . . . <i>George Crabbe</i>	403	Listeners, The, <i>Walter de la Mare</i>	3219
Laughing Willow, The <i>Hierford</i>	2085	Little and Great, <i>Charles Mackay</i>	2025
Lauriger Horatius, "Laurel-crowned Horatius," <i>Symonds</i>	2806	Little Beach-Bird, The. . . . <i>Dana</i>	1522
Lauriger Horatius. . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	3831	Little Bell. . . . . <i>Thomas Westwood</i>	250
Laus Infantum. . . . . <i>William Canton</i>	253	Little Billee. . . . . <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	2140
Laus Mortis . . . . . <i>F. L. Knappes</i>	3487	Little Black Boy, The. . . . <i>Blake</i>	156
Laus Veneris . . . . . <i>L. C. Moulton</i>	913	Little Bo-Peep . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	30
Law of the Yukon, The, <i>Service</i>	2575	Little Boy Blue. . . . . <i>Eugene Field</i>	208
Lay of Ancient Rome . . . <i>Ybarra</i>	2044	Little Breeches . . . . . <i>John Hay</i>	3344
Lay of the Levite, The. <i>Aytoun</i>	2023	Little Brother of the Rich, A <i>E. S. Martin</i>	1850
Leadsmen's Song, The, <i>Dibdin</i>	1632	Little Dandelion, <i>H. B. Bastwick</i>	136
L'Eau Dormante. <i>T. B. Alrich</i>	739	Little Elf, The. . . . . <i>J. K. Bangs</i>	248
Leave-Taking, A. . . . . <i>Swinburne</i>	645	Little Feet. . . . . <i>Elizabeth Akers</i>	17
Leaves . . . . . <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	2856	Little Fred . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	99
Leavetaking. . . . . <i>William Watson</i>	366	Little Gentleman, The, <i>Unknown</i>	103
Leetla Boy, Da . . . . . <i>T. A. Daly</i>	306	Little Ghost, The. . . . . <i>Tynan</i>	302
Left Behind . . . . . <i>Elizabeth Akers</i>	1020	Little Ghosts, The, <i>T. Jones, Jr.</i>	436
Legend of Heinz von Stein, The <i>C. G. Leland</i>	2028	Little Giffen. . . . . <i>F. O. Tucknor</i>	2320
Legend of the Northland. <i>Cary</i>	143	Little Gray Songs from St. Joseph's . . . . . <i>G. F. Norton</i>	3309
Leisure . . . . . <i>W. H. Davies</i>	2998	Little Gustava. . . . . <i>Edna Thayer</i>	154
L'Envoi, "When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried" <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	3504	Little Hands . . . . . <i>Lawrence Binyon</i>	20
L'Envoi, "Where are the loves that we loved before," <i>Cather</i>	3429	Little Mary Cassidy . . . . <i>Fahy</i>	758
Leonidas. . . . . <i>George Croly</i>	2345	Little Orphant Annie. . . . <i>Riley</i>	109
Les Amours . . . . . <i>Charles Cotton</i>	825	Little Page's Song, A. . . . <i>Percy</i>	115
Lesson of the Water-Mill, The <i>Sarah Doudney</i>	2930	Little Parable, A. . . . . <i>R. Aldrich</i>	3462
Lessons from the Gorse <i>E. B. Browning</i>	1486	Little Raindrops. . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	48
"Let Me Enjoy," <i>Thomas Hardy</i>	2841	Little Red Lark, The <i>Graves</i>	713
"Let the Toast Pass" . . . <i>Sheridan</i>	1099	Little Red Ribbon, The. . . . <i>Riley</i>	1140
Letter of Advice, A. . . . . <i>Praed</i>	1809	"Little Rose is Dust, my Dear, The" . . . . . <i>G. H. Conkline</i>	1139
Letters, The. . . . . <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	1177	Little Sister of the Prophet, The <i>Marjorie L. C. Puckhall</i>	3071
Lettice . . . . . <i>D. M. M. Craik</i>	1208	Little Things. . . . . <i>J. F. Carney</i>	103
Letty's Globe. . . . . <i>C. T. Turner</i>	265	Little Waves of Bressny, The <i>Eva Gore-Booth</i>	2605
Lie, The . . . . . <i>Walter Raleigh</i>	3449	Little While, A. . . . . <i>Marquis</i>	2911
Lied, "Ins stille Land" . . <i>Seewis</i>	3832	"Little While I Fain would Linger Yet, A" . . . . <i>P. H. Hayne</i>	895
Life, "I made a posy, while the day ran by" . . . . <i>George Herbert</i>	2931	Little White Lily. . . . . <i>Macdonald</i>	137
Life, "Life! I know not what thou art" <i>A. L. Barbauld</i>	3491	Little Wild Baby, <i>M. T. Janvier</i>	1035
Life, "When I consider Life and its few years" . . . . <i>J. W. Reese</i>	2855	"Little Work, A" . . . . <i>du Maurier</i>	2010
Life, a Question. <i>C. R. Robinson</i>	2908	Living Waters, <i>Caroline Spencer</i>	3761

	PAGE		PAGE
Lochaber no More. <i>Allan Ramsay</i>	940	"Love once was like an April Dawn"..... <i>R. U. Johnson</i>	508
Lochinvar . . . . . <i>Walter Scott</i>	784	Love Symphony, A <i>Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i>	647
Locksley Hall <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	3205	Love, Time and Death <i>Frederick Locker-Lampson</i>	3458
Lonely Road, The . . . . . <i>Rand</i>	803	Love to the Church . . . . . <i>Dwight</i>	3707
"Long Time a Child" <i>Coleridge</i>	408	Love Triumphant <i>F. L. Knocles</i>	1153
Long Trail, The, <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	1704	"Love who Will, for I'll Love None" <i>William Browne</i>	817
Long White Seam, The, <i>Ingelow</i>	1613	"Love Will Find out the Way" <i>Unknown</i>	494
Longing . . . . . <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	967	Lovely Mary Donnelly <i>William Allinsham</i>	554
Longing for Home <i>Ingelow</i>	431	Lover thinks of His Lady in the North, The . . . . . <i>Shamus O'Sheel</i>	996
Look, The . . . . . <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	923	Lovers, The . . . . . <i>Phæbe Cary</i>	2067
"Lord of My Heart's Elation" <i>Bliss Carman</i>	2852	Lover's Choice, The, <i>Thomas Bedingfield</i>	541
Lord Randal . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2681	Lover's Envy, A . . . . . <i>Van Dyke</i>	672
Lord Ullin's Daughter, <i>Campbell</i>	2723	Lover's Lullaby, A, . . . . . <i>Gascoigne</i>	715
Loss of the Birkenhead, The <i>F. H. Doyle</i>	2472	Lovers of Marchaid, The <i>Marjorie L. C. Pickthall</i>	904
Lost but Found, <i>Horatius Bonar</i>	3577	Lover's Resolution, The, <i>Wither</i>	813
Lost Chord, A . . . . . <i>A. A. Procter</i>	3308	Lover's Song, The . . . . . <i>E. R. Sill</i>	571
Lost Colors, The, . . . . . <i>E. S. P. Ward</i>	2464	Love's Calendar . . . . . <i>W. B. Scott</i>	1203
Lost Leader, The, . . . . . <i>Browning</i>	1836	Love's Emblems . . . . . <i>John Fletcher</i>	482
Lost Light . . . . . <i>Elizabeth Akers</i>	1010	Love's Horoscope . . . . . <i>Cravhaw</i>	484
Lost Love . . . . . <i>Andrew Lang</i>	840	Love's Lord . . . . . <i>Edward Dowden</i>	2077
Lost Mistress, The . . . . . <i>Browning</i>	848	Love's Periuries . . . . . <i>Shakespeare</i>	470
Lost Sheep, The, <i>E. C. Clephane</i>	3756	Love's Philosophy, <i>P. B. Shelley</i>	688
Lotos-Eaters, The <i>Tennyson</i>	3178	Love's Prisoner, <i>Van Rensselaer</i>	925
"Loudoun's Bonnie Woods and Braes" . . . . . <i>Robert Tannahill</i>	940	Love's Resurrection Day <i>L. C. Moulton</i>	1112
Lovable Child, The, . . . . . <i>Poultson</i>	99	Love's Rosary . . . . . <i>Alfred Noyes</i>	990
Love, "All thoughts, all pas- sions, all delights" <i>Coleridge</i>	1173	Love's Spite . . . . . <i>A. T. de Vere</i>	834
Love, "I leaned out of window" <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	428	Love's Young Dream . . . . . <i>Moore</i>	864
Love, "Love bade me welcome; yet my soul dieth back" <i>George Herbert</i>	3718	Lovesight . . . . . <i>D. G. Rosselli</i>	1255
Love Among the Ruins <i>Robert Browning</i>	1154	Lowest Thou Me <i>William Cowper</i>	3800
Love and Age . . . . . <i>T. L. Peacock</i>	790	Lovewell's Fight, . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	2112
Love and Death, "Alas! that men must see" . . . . . <i>Deland</i>	3574	Low-Backed Car, The <i>Lover</i>	777
Love and Death, "In the wild autumn weather, when the rain was on the sea . . . . . <i>Mulholland</i>	1104	Lucifer in Starlight . . . . . <i>Meredith</i>	3771
Love and Life, "All my past life is mine no more." <i>John Wilmot</i>	611	Lucy . . . . . <i>William Wordsworth</i>	1073
Love and Life, "'Give me a fillet, Love,' quoth I" <i>Julia M. Lippman</i>	924	Lucy Gray . . . . . <i>William Wordsworth</i>	290
Love at Sea . . . . . <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	1150	Lucy Lake <i>Newton Mackintosh</i>	1926
"Love Came Back at Fall o' Dew" . . . . . <i>L. W. Reese</i>	1016	Lullaby, "Baloo, loo, lammy, now baloo, my dear" <i>Nairne</i>	81
"Love Hath a Language" <i>H. S. Sheridan</i>	496	Lullaby, A, "Upon my lap my sovereign sits" . . . . . <i>Roulands</i>	78
"Love, I Marvel What You Are" <i>Joseph Trumbull Stickney</i>	575	Lullaby, "Rockaby, lullaby bers in the clover" <i>J. G. Holland</i>	86
Love in a Cottage . . . . . <i>N. P. Willis</i>	732	Lullaby, "Sweet and low, sweet and low" . . . . . <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	83
Love in a Life, <i>Robert Browning</i>	637	Lullaby in Bethlehem <i>Bashford</i>	218
Love in Dreams <i>J. A. Symonds</i>	805	"Lullaby, O Lullaby" <i>Bennett</i>	83
Love in the Valley . . . . . <i>Meredith</i>	556	Lullaby of an Infant Chief, <i>Scott</i>	82
Love in the Winds <i>Richard Hovey</i>	1269	Lure, The . . . . . <i>J. B. O'Reilly</i>	1905
"Love in thy Youth, Fair Maid" <i>Unknown</i>	609	Lycidas . . . . . <i>John Milton</i>	3519
"Love is a Terrible Thing" <i>G. F. Norton</i>	1014	"Lydia is Gone this Many a Year" . . . . . <i>L. W. Reese</i>	1126
"Love is Like a Dizziness" <i>Hogg</i>	750	Lyke-Wake Dirge, A, <i>Unknown</i>	2652
Love is Strong, <i>Richard Burton</i>	507	Lyric, A, "There's nae lark loves the lift, my dear" <i>Swinburne</i>	646
Love-Knot, The . . . . . <i>Nora Perry</i>	708	Lyric, "You would have under- stood me, had you waited" <i>Ernest Dowson</i>	1120
"Love Me or Not" <i>Campion</i>	588		
Love Not . . . . . <i>Caroline Norton</i>	871		
"Love not me for Comely Grace" <i>Unknown</i>	601		
Love on the Mountain . . . . . <i>Boyd</i>	648		

## M

Mabel, in New Hampshire, <i>Fields</i>	703
Madonna Mia, A <i>C. Swinburne</i>	565

	PAGE		PAGE
Madrigal, "My Love in her attire doth show her wit" . . . <i>Unknown</i>	522	Master's Touch, The . . . . . <i>Bonar</i>	3717
Mæsia's Song from "Farewell to Folly" . . . . . <i>Robert Greene</i>	2070	Mastery . . . . . <i>Sara Teasdale</i>	2038
Magdalen . . . . . <i>Henry Kingsley</i>	3735	Match, A . . . . . <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	641
Magic Mirror, The . . . <i>H. M. Alden</i>	2840	Mater Dolorosa . . . . . <i>Barnes</i>	301
Magpies in Picardy . . . <i>Wilson</i>	2554	Maternity . . . . . <i>Ingelow</i>	429
Mahogany Tree, The, <i>Thackeray</i>	2008	Matin Song, "Pack, clouds, away, and welcome, day" . . . <i>Heywood</i>	696
Maid, The . . . <i>Theodore Roberts</i>	2834	Matin Song, "Rise, Lady Mis- tress, rise" . . . <i>Nathaniel Field</i>	694
"Maid of Athens, ere we Part" <i>Lord Byron</i>	951	Maud Muller . . . . . <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	905
Maiden and the Lily, The, <i>Fraser</i>	1880	Maureen . . . . . <i>John Todhunter</i>	647
Maiden City, The . . . . . <i>Tonna</i>	2606	May, "Come walk with me along this willowed lane." <i>Cornwell</i>	1362
Maiden Eyes . . . . . <i>Gerald Griffin</i>	631	May, "May! queen of blossoms" <i>Edward Howell-Thurlow</i>	1361
Maidenhood, <i>W. Longfellow</i>	327	May Burden, A . . . . . <i>Thompson</i>	1358
Maiden's Idea of a Husband, A <i>Henry Carey</i>	722	May Margaret, <i>T. J. H. Marsials</i>	1145
Maid's Lament, The . . . <i>Landor</i>	1077	May-Music . . . . . <i>R. A. Taylor</i>	1150
Maine Trail, A, <i>G. H. McGiffert</i>	1681	Mayflower, The . . . <i>E. W. Ellsworth</i>	2389
Make Believe . . . . . <i>Alice Cary</i>	691	Meadows in Spring, The <i>Edward Fitzgerald</i>	1346
Maltworm's Madrigal, The <i>Austin Dobson</i>	2015	Means to Attain a Happy Life, The . . . . . <i>Henry Howard</i>	2079
Man . . . . . <i>Henry Vaughan</i>	369	Meddlesome Matty . . . <i>Ann Taylor</i>	110
Man and the Ascidian . . . <i>Lang</i>	1895	Mediocrity in Love Rejected <i>Thomas Carew</i>	598
"Man Called Dante, I Have Heard, A" . . . . . <i>G. G. King</i>	3084	"Meet we no Angels, Pansie" <i>Thomas Ashe</i>	567
Man in the Moon, The . . . <i>Ruley</i>	168	Meeting, "My Damon was the first to wake" . . . <i>George Crabbe</i>	621
Man with the Hoe, The <i>Edwin Markham</i>	3041	Meeting, "They made the cham- ber sweet with flowers and leaves" . . . <i>Christina Rossetti</i>	1259
Man With the Hoe, A Reply, The <i>J. V. Cheney</i>	3043	Meeting at Night . . . . . <i>Browning</i>	1157
Mandalay . . . . . <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	2638	Melancholy . . . . . <i>John Fletcher</i>	3319
Mannahatta . . . . . <i>Walt Whitman</i>	2568	Memorabilia . . . <i>Robert Browning</i>	3657
Man's Days . . . . . <i>Eden Phillpotts</i>	2010	Memorial Verses, <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	3680
Man's Mortality <i>Simon Wastell</i>	3405	Memories . . . . . <i>Arthur Stringer</i>	1127
March, "Blossom on the plum" <i>Nora Hopper</i>	1351	Memory, "Marina's gone, and now sit I" . . . <i>William Browne</i>	931
March, "Slaver of winter, art thou here again" . . . <i>Morris</i>	1350	Memory, A, "The Night walked down the sky" . . . <i>F. L. Knowles</i>	1152
Marching Along <i>Robert Browning</i>	2283	Memory of the Dead, The <i>J. K. Ingram</i>	2262
Marco Bozzaris . . . . . <i>Halleck</i>	2453	Men Behind the Guns, The <i>J. J. Rooney</i>	2207
Margaret and Dora . . . <i>Campbell</i>	544	Mendicants, The . . . <i>Bliss Carman</i>	1602
Margaret to Dolcino . . . <i>Kingsley</i>	1215	Mending Wall . . . . . <i>Robert Frost</i>	3075
Marian . . . . . <i>George Meredith</i>	562	Menu, The . . . . . <i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	1986
Marian Drury . . . . . <i>Bliss Carman</i>	908	"Merry Are the Bells" . . . <i>Unknown</i>	45
Mariana . . . . . <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	873	Message, The, "Send home my long-strayed eyes to me" <i>John Donne</i>	593
Mariner's Dream, The, <i>Dimond</i>	1615	Message, The, "Ye little birds that sit and sing" . . . <i>Heywood</i>	598
Marquis of Carabas, The, <i>Brough</i>	1843	Messmates . . . . . <i>Henry Newbolt</i>	1629
Marriage . . . . . <i>W. W. Gibson</i>	1195	Metrical Feet . . . <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	3111
Marriage and the Care o't <i>Robert Lochore</i>	748	Middle Age . . . . . <i>R. C. Lehmann</i>	363
Marriage Charm, A, <i>Nora Hopper</i>	1199	"Midges Dance aboon the Burn, The" . . . <i>Robert Tanmahill</i>	1652
Married Lover, The . . . <i>Palmore</i>	1212	Mid-rapture . . . . . <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	1256
Marseillaise, La, "Allons, enfants de la Patrie" . . . <i>Rouget de Lisle</i>	3836	Midsummer, "After the May time and after the June time" <i>E. W. Wilcox</i>	922
Marseillaise, The, "Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory," <i>after Rouget de Lisle</i>	2271	Midsummer, "Around this lovely valley rise" . . . <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	1364
Marshes of Glynn, The . . <i>Lanier</i>	1426	Midsummer Song, A . . . <i>Gilder</i>	1366
Mary Beaton's Song from "Chastelard." <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	1160	Midwinter . . . . . <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	1393
Mary Morison . . . . . <i>Robert Burns</i>	697	"Mighty Fortress is Our God, A" . . . . . <i>F. H. Hedge</i>	3806
Mary Queen of Scots . . <i>Turner</i>	3646	Milkmaid, The . . . <i>Austin Dobson</i>	573
Maryland Battalion, The, <i>J. W. Palmer</i>	2429	Miller of the Dee, The . . <i>Mackay</i>	2982
Maryland Yellow-throat, The <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	1543		
Mary's Baby . . . . . <i>O Sheel</i>	214		
Mary's Lamb . . . . . <i>Sarah J. Hale</i>	40		
Master, The . . . . . <i>E. A. Robinson</i>	3640		
Master Mariner, The . . <i>Sterling</i>	1790		
Masters, The . . . . . <i>Laurence Hope</i>	2947		

	PAGE		PAGE
Mimma Bella, Sonnets I, II, IV, VI, VIII, XX		Mother Song, from "Prince Lucifer".....	<i>Alfred Austin</i> 90
<i>Eugene Lee-Hamilton</i>	323	Mother Wept.....	<i>Skipsey</i> 289
Mimnermus in Church		Motherhood.....	<i>J. D. Bacon</i> 303
<i>William Johnson-Cory</i>	1767	Mother's Prayer, The... ..	<i>Shorler</i> 304
Miniver Cheevey... ..	<i>E. A. Robinson</i> 1888	Mother's Song... ..	<i>Unknown</i> 77
Minnie and Winnie		Mountain Heart's-Ease, The	
<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	92	<i>Bret Harte</i>	1494
Minstrel-Boy, The... ..	<i>Moore</i> 2302	Mountain Song	<i>Harriel Monroe</i> 3481
Minstrel's Song from "Jella"		"Mourners Came at Break of Day, The"....	<i>S. F. Adams</i> 3514
<i>Thomas Chatterton</i>	1070	Muckle-Mou'd Meg, <i>Ballantine</i>	782
Miracle of the Dawn, The		Muckle' Mouth Meg, <i>Browning</i>	781
<i>Madison Cawein</i>	1308	"Multum Dilexit"....	<i>Coleridge</i> 3387
Misadventures at Margate		Muses, The... ..	<i>E. M. Thomas</i> 3097
<i>R. H. Barham</i>	2120	Music, "The God of Music dwelleth out of doors." <i>Thomas</i>	3130
Miss Lou... ..	<i>Walter de la Mare</i> 1757	Music at Twilight.....	<i>Sterling</i> 3131
Missive, The... ..	<i>Edmund Gosse</i> 666	"Music I Heard"....	<i>Aiken</i> 1129
Mr. Coggs....	<i>E. V. Lucas</i> 162	Music in Camp <i>J. R. Thompson</i>	2289
Mr. Finney's Turnip		Music of the Dawn... ..	<i>Harrison</i> 1310
<i>Unknown</i>	2071	Musical Instrument, A	
Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball... ..	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i> 1968	<i>E. B. Browning</i>	3124
Mistletoe Bough, The		Mutability.....	<i>P. B. Shelley</i> 3377
<i>Thomas H. Bayly</i>	2738	My Ain Countree.....	<i>Demarest</i> 3710
Mrs. Smith <i>F. Locker-Lampson</i>	1733	My Ain Fireside....	<i>Hamilton</i> 3238
Mitherless Bairn, The... ..	<i>Thom</i> 283	My Ain Wife... ..	<i>Alexander Laing</i> 1206
"Moan, Moan, Ye Dying Gales"		My April Lady, <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	572
<i>Henry Neale</i>	3151	My Aunt... ..	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> 1740
Modern Beauty... ..	<i>Arthur Symonds</i> 1004	My Bed is a Boat	
Modern Hiawatha, The, <i>Strang</i>	1950	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	161
Modern Love, Stanzas I, II, III, XIV, XVI, XXVI, XLI, XLIX. L... ..	<i>George Meredith</i> 1264	My Birthday... ..	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 358
Modest Wit, A... ..	<i>Selleck Osborn</i> 1845	My Bonnie Mary... ..	<i>Robert Burns</i> 946
Moggy and Me... ..	<i>James Hogg</i> 1227	My Catbird... ..	<i>W. H. Venable</i> 1533
Moly.....	<i>E. M. Thomas</i> 1493	My Child.....	<i>John Pierpont</i> 318
Mon-goos, The... ..	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 2083	My Cross... ..	<i>Ziella Cocke</i> 3463
Monterey.....	<i>C. F. Hoffman</i> 2470	My Daughter Louise	
Moods, The.....	<i>F. S. Davis</i> 3102	<i>Homer Greene</i>	322
Moon, The... ..	<i>E. L. Follen</i> 57	"My Days Among the Dead are Passed"....	<i>Robert Southey</i> 2020
"Moon, so Round and Yellow"		"My Delight and Thy Delight"	
<i>Mathias Barr</i>	49	<i>Robert Bridges</i>	1158
Moral in Sevres, A... ..	<i>Howells</i> 1805	My Early Home... ..	<i>John Clare</i> 3233
Morality.....	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> 3376	My Familiar... ..	<i>J. G. Saxe</i> 2151
More Limericks.....	2088	My Garden... ..	<i>T. E. Brown</i> 1446
Morgan.....	<i>E. C. Stedman</i> 2404	My Heart and I, <i>E. B. Browning</i>	1083
Morning... ..	<i>William D'Avenant</i> 695	"My Heart is a Lute"	
Morning... ..	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 116	<i>Anne Barnard</i>	620
Morning Serenade... ..	<i>Cawein</i> 700	"My Heart Shall be Thy Gar- den"....	<i>Atice Meynell</i> 673
Morning-glory, The, "Was it worth while to paint so fair"		"My Heart's in the Highlands"	
<i>F. E. Coates</i>	1494	<i>Robert Burns</i>	1660
Morning-glory, The, "We wreathed about our darling's head"....	<i>Maria Lowell</i> 312	My Laddie... ..	<i>Amélie Rives</i> 676
Mors et Vita		My Lady Wind... ..	<i>Unknown</i> 124
<i>Samuel Waddington</i>	3422	My Land... ..	<i>T. O. Davis</i> 2265
Morte D'Arthur.....	<i>Tennyson</i> 3181	My Last Duchess... ..	<i>Browning</i> 846
Mortifying Mistake, A... ..	<i>Pratt</i> 166	My Last Terrier... ..	<i>John Halsham</i> 1820
Moss-rose, The... ..	<i>Henry Newbolt</i> 3550	My Legacy... ..	<i>H. H. Jackson</i> 3727
Mother.....	<i>Teresa Helburn</i> 396	"My Life is Like the Summer Rose"....	<i>R. H. Wile</i> 3358
Mother and Poet.....	<i>Browning</i> 3555	My Little Love... ..	<i>C. B. Hawley</i> 989
Mother England		My Lost Youth... ..	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 444
<i>E. M. Thomas</i>	2230	My Love, "Not as all other women are"....	<i>J. R. Lowell</i> 1213
Mother Goose's Melodies		"My Love for Thee"....	<i>Gilder</i> 1263
<i>Unknown</i>	31	"My Love She's but a Lassie Yet"....	<i>James Hogg</i> 543
"Mother, Home, Heaven"		My Maryland... ..	<i>J. R. Rantall</i> 2220
<i>W. G. Brown</i>	3244	"My Mind to me a Kingdom Is"	
"Mother, I Cannot Mind my Wheel".....	<i>W. S. Landor</i> 1040	<i>Edward Dyer</i>	2987
Mother in Egypt, A... ..	<i>Pickthall</i> 3558	My Mistress' Boots	
		<i>Frederick Locker-Lampson</i>	1730

	PAGE		PAGE
*My Mother Bids me Bind my Hair" . . . . .	Anne Hunter 942	Night, "The sun descending in the West" . . . . .	William Blake 1327
"My Nannie's Awa" . . . . .	Burns 944	Night, "When the time comes for me to die" . . . . .	T. W. Rolleston 3469
My Old Lucky Home. . . . .	Foster 3227	Night, The . . . . .	Hilaire Belloc 3223
My Other Mc. . . . .	Grace D. Litchfield 436	Night and Love . . . . .	Bulwer Lytton 710
My Owen . . . . .	E. M. P. Downing 1200	Night Court, The . . . . .	R. C. Mitchell 3055
"My Own Cailin Donn." . . . .	Sigerson 1165	Night for Adventures Starbuck	1701
My Peggy . . . . .	Allan Ramsey 534	"Night Has a Thousand Eyes, The" . . . . .	F. W. Bourdillon 863
My Playmate. . . . .	J. G. Whittier 972	Night of Gods, The . . . . .	Sterling 2848
My Prayer . . . . .	H. D. Thoreau 2061	Night-Piece. to Julia, The	Robert Herrick 695
My Queen. . . . .	Unknown 649	Nightingale, The . . . . .	Akenside 1549
My Recollectest Thoughts . . . . .	C. E. Carryl 2071	Nightingale and Glow-worm, The	William Cowper 179
My Road. . . . .	Oliver Opdyke 657	Night's Mardi Gras E. J. Wheeler	1328
My Shadow . . . . .	R. L. Stevenson 158	Nikolina . . . . .	Celia Thaxter 153
My Share of the World . . . . .	Furlong 628	1914 . . . . .	Rupert Brooke 2544
My Sorrow. . . . .	O'Sullivan 3362	Ninety and Nine, The, Clephane	3750
My Star . . . . .	Robert Browning 1321	No . . . . .	Thomas Hood 2048
My Thrush . . . . .	Mortimer Collins 1580	No and Yes . . . . .	Thomas Ashe 895
"My True-love Hath my Heart" . . . . .	Philp Sidney 1141	No Baby in the House Dolliver	25
My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing	Robert Burns 1208	"No Fault in Women" Herrick	1001
Mystery, The. . . . .	Ralph Hodgson 3776	Noble Nature, The . . . . .	Ben Jonson 2836
Mystic, The. . . . .	Walter Bynner 680	Nocturne . . . . .	T. B. Aldrich 711
Mystic's Prayer, The	William Sharp 2854	Nocturne . . . . .	A. J. Burr 1106
N			
Name, The . . . . .	Don Marquis 2868	Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonæ sub Regno Cynaræ. . . . .	Ernest Dowson 918
Nameless One, The . . . . .	Mangan 3365	Nongtongpaw . . . . .	Charles Dibdin 1850
Nancy Dawson. . . . .	H. P. Horne 988	Nonsense Verses, "The Window has Four little Panes," Burgess	2086
Nanny . . . . .	Francis Davis 653	Nonsense Verses, "There was an old man with a beard" Lear	2057
Nature. . . . .	H. W. Longfellow 1301	Norah . . . . .	Zoe Akins 1054
Nature, "O nature! I do not aspire" . . . . .	H. D. Thoreau 1295	Northern Star, The . . . . .	Unknown 1021
Nature, "The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by" . . . . .	Jones Very 1293	"Not a Sou Had He Got" . . . . .	R. H. Barham 1933
Nautical Ballad, A. . . . .	C. E. Carryl 2070	"Not Ours the Vows," Barton	865
Nearer Home . . . . .	Phæbe Cary 3813	"Nothing to Wear" . . . . .	Buller 2154
"Nearer to Thee" . . . . .	S. F. Adams 3805	November. . . . .	C. L. Cleveland 1384
Nearest the Dearest . . . . .	Palmore 387	November. . . . .	M. L. Fisher 1385
Nebuchadnezzar. . . . .	Irwin Russell 2010	Now. . . . .	Harriet Monroe 2573
Needle, The . . . . .	Samuel Woodworth 2120	Now and Afterwards . . . . .	Craik 3572
Nell Gwynne's Looking-Glass . . . . .	Laman Blanchard 1766	"Now the Laborer's Task is O'er" . . . . .	J. L. Ellerton 3573
Nephelidia . . . . .	A. C. Swinburne 1044	"Now, What is Love" . . . . .	Ralston 475
Nested. . . . .	Habberton Lullam 1176	Nox Nocti Patient Scientiam	William Habington 3786
Net of Law, The. . . . .	J. J. Roche 1011	Nubia . . . . .	Bayard Taylor 2040
"Never Give all the Heart" . . . . .	W. B. Yeats 511	Nun, The. . . . .	Leigh Hunt 624
"Never the Time and the Place" . . . . .	Robert Browning 885	Nuremberg . . . . .	H. W. Longfellow 2632
New Arrival, The . . . . .	G. W. Cable 1928	Nursery Song, A . . . . .	L. E. Richards 165
New Dreams for Old . . . . .	Cale Young Rice 2851	Nurse's Song . . . . .	William Blake 151
New England's Chevy Chase . . . . .	E. E. Hale 2426	Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn, The	Andrew Marvell 1819
New Jerusalem, The . . . . .	Unknown 3693	Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd, The. . . . .	Walter Raleigh 585
New Life . . . . .	A. J. Burr 1340	Nymph's Song, The . . . . .	Roden Noel 3213
New Poet, A. . . . .	William Canton 269	Nymph's Song to Hylas, The	William Morris 894
Newly-Wedded, The. . . . .	Præd 1105	O	
Nert of Kin. . . . .	C. G. Rosselli 3460	"O Captain! My Captain" . . . . .	Walt Whitman 3629
Nice Correspondent, A . . . . .	Frederick Locker-Lampson 1812	"O God! Our Help in Ages Past" . . . . .	Isaac Watts 3790
Night, "Mysterious night! Spread wide thy silvery plume" . . . . .	J. A. Symonds 1324	O Henry. . . . .	Vachel Lindsay 3610
Night, "Night is the time for rest" . . . . .	James Montgomery 1325	"O, Inexpressible as Sweet" . . . . .	G. E. Woodberry 668



	PAGE		PAGE
"O, Lay Thy Hand in Mine, Dear"..... <i>Gerald Massey</i>	1228	Of Those who Walk Alone <i>Richard Burton</i>	382
"O Little Town of Bethlehem" <i>Phillips Brooks</i>	203	"Of Wounds and Sore Defeat" <i>William Vaughn Moody</i>	2040
"O, Love is not a Summer Mood" <i>R. W. Gilder</i>	504	Off Rivière du Loup, <i>D. C. Scott</i>	1601
"O Mally's Meek, Mally's Sweet"..... <i>Robert Burns</i>	541	"Oh, Breathe not His Name" <i>Thomas Moore</i>	3609
"O Merry May the Maid be" <i>John Clerk</i>	772	"Oh, Death will Find Me" <i>Rupert Brooke</i>	1269
"O Nancy! Wilt thou go with Me"..... <i>Thomas Percy</i>	618	"Oh, Earlier Shall the Rosebuds Blow"..... <i>Johnson-Cory</i>	3378
"O Nightingale! thou surely art" <i>William Wordsworth</i>	1545	"Oh, May I Join the Choir In- visible"..... <i>George Eliot</i>	3485
"O, Saw Ye Bonnie Lesley" <i>Robert Burns</i>	331	"Oh Mother of a Mighty Race" <i>W. C. Bryant</i>	2203
"O, Saw Ye the Lass"..... <i>Ryan</i>	1159	"Oh! Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom"..... <i>Lord Byron</i>	1082
O Sleep..... <i>Grace Fallow Norton</i>	3224	"Oh, that 'twere Possible" <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	1092
"O Swallow, Swallow, Flying South"..... <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	963	"Oh! Where do Fairies hide their Heads"..... <i>T. H. Bayly</i>	235
"O Were My Love Yon Lilac Fair"..... <i>Robert Burns</i>	621	"Oh, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud"..... <i>Knox</i>	3409
"O World"..... <i>George Santayana</i>	2907	"Old Books are Best"..... <i>Chew</i>	1759
"O World, be Nobler"..... <i>Binyon</i>	652	Old Churchyard of Bonchurch, The..... <i>P. B. Marston</i>	3436
"O World, Be not so Fair" <i>Grace Fallow Norton</i>	3483	Old Clock on the Stairs, The <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	3242
Obituary..... <i>T. W. Parsons</i>	278	Old Familiar Faces, The, <i>Lamb</i>	453
Oblation, The..... <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	903	Old-fashioned Poet, An, <i>Murray</i>	3089
Oblivion..... <i>George Sterling</i>	2847	Old Folks at Home, <i>S. C. Foster</i>	3228
October's Party..... <i>George Cooper</i>	152	Old Gardens..... <i>Arthur Upson</i>	992
Ode, "Sleep sweetly in your hum- ble graves"..... <i>Henry Timrod</i>	2321	Old Grimes..... <i>A. G. Greene</i>	2131
Ode, "We are the music-makers" <i>Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i>	3128	Old Home, The, <i>Madison Cavein</i>	3233
Ode in Imitation of Alcæus <i>William Jones</i>	2236	Old Ironsides..... <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	2456
Ode in Time of Hesitation, An <i>W. V. Moody</i>	2211	Old King Cole..... <i>E. A. Robinson</i>	1797
Ode on a Grecian Urn..... <i>Keats</i>	3163	Old Man Dreams, The, <i>Holmes</i>	461
Ode on Solitude, <i>Alexander Pope</i>	1635	Old Man's Comforts, The <i>Robert Southey</i>	405
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	3672	Old Man's Idyl, An..... <i>Keats</i>	1222
Ode on the Intimations of Im- mortality from Recollections of early Childhood, <i>Wordsworth</i>	371	Old Man's Song, An, <i>Le Gallienne</i>	425
Ode on the Spring, An..... <i>Gray</i>	1343	Old Mother Hubbard, <i>Unknown</i>	51
Ode on the Unveiling of the Shaw Memorial on Boston Common, May 31, 1897, An <i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	3655	Old October..... <i>Thomas Constable</i>	1383
Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration, <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	2518	Old Scottish Cavalier, The <i>W. E. Aytoun</i>	2734
Ode to a Butterfly..... <i>Higginson</i>	1517	Old Sexton, The, <i>Park Benjamin</i>	3441
Ode to a Nightingale..... <i>Keats</i>	1552	Old Squire, The..... <i>W. S. Blunt</i>	1638
Ode to Autumn..... <i>Thomas Hood</i>	1376	Old Superstitions..... <i>Unknown</i>	67
Ode to Duty..... <i>Wordsworth</i>	2955	Old Swimmint'-Hole, The <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	468
Ode to Evening, <i>William Collins</i>	1313	Old Tune, An..... <i>Andrew Lang</i>	928
Ode to Master Anthony Stafford, An..... <i>Thomas Randolph</i>	1649	Old Winter..... <i>Thomas Noel</i>	1360
Ode to Psyche..... <i>John Keats</i>	3164	O'Lincon Family, The..... <i>Flagg</i>	1530
Ode to the West Wind, <i>Shelley</i>	1378	Omar for Ladies, An, <i>J. D. Bacon</i>	1921
Ode to Tobacco, <i>C. S. Calverley</i>	1083	Omnia Somnia..... <i>R. M. Watson</i>	424
Odyssey, The..... <i>Andrew Lang</i>	3083	Omnia Vincit, <i>Alfred Cochrane</i>	744
Of an Orchard, <i>Katharine Tynan</i>	1414	On a Bust of Dante..... <i>Parsons</i>	3604
Of Clementina..... <i>W. S. Lander</i>	729	On a Certain Lady at Court <i>Alexander Pope</i>	380
Of Corinna's Singing..... <i>Campion</i>	590	On a Contented Mind..... <i>Vaux</i>	2978
Of Joan's Youth..... <i>Guiney</i>	1054	On a Distant Prospect of Eton College..... <i>Thomas Gray</i>	2589
"Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights"..... <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	2235	On a Fan..... <i>Austin Dobson</i>	1781
Of Phyllis..... <i>William Drummond</i>	527	On a Fly-leaf of Burns's Songs <i>F. L. Knowles</i>	3596
Of the Last Verses in the Book <i>Edmund Waller</i>	401	On a Girdle..... <i>Edmund Waller</i>	531
		On a Nightingale in April, <i>Sharp</i>	1548
		On a Picture by Poussin, <i>Symonds</i>	1079
		On a Sculptured Head of the Christ..... <i>M. L. Fisher</i>	3751
		On a Soldier fallen in the Philip- pines..... <i>W. V. Moody</i>	2210

# Index of Titles

3995

	PAGE
On a Tear . . . . .	<i>Samuel Rogers</i> 3380
On an Intaglio Head of Minerva <i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	1748
On an Old Song, <i>W. E. H. Lecky</i>	3087
On Chloris Walking in the Snow <i>William Strode</i>	523
On Elizabeth L. H. <i>Ben Jonson</i>	3516
On First Looking into Chap- man's Homer . . . . .	<i>John Keats</i> 3082
On Hampstead Heath . . . . .	<i>Gibson</i> 516
On Her Coming to London, <i>Waller</i>	330
On His Blindness, <i>John Milton</i>	2844
On Melancholy . . . . .	<i>John Keats</i> 3349
On Music . . . . .	<i>W. S. Landor</i> 3131
"On Parent Knees" . . . . .	<i>Jones</i> 21
On Salathiel Pavy <i>Ben Jonson</i>	3516
On the Aristocracy of Harvard <i>J. C. Bosvidy</i>	1919
On the Death of a Favorite Cat <i>Thomas Gray</i>	1823
On the Death of Joseph Rodman <i>Drake</i>	<i>Fitz-Greene Halleck</i> 3608
On the Death of Mr Robert <i>Levet</i> . . . . .	<i>Samuel Johnson</i> 3628
On the Death of Mrs Throck- morton's Bullfinch, <i>W. Cowper</i>	1826
On the Deaths of Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot . . . . .	<i>Swinburne</i> 3506
On the Democracy of Yale, <i>Jones</i>	1919
On the Extinction of the Vene- tian Republic . . . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i> 2619
On the Fly-Leaf of a Book of Old Plays . . . . .	<i>Walter Learned</i> 1806
On the Grasshopper and Cricket <i>John Keats</i>	1510
On the Hurry of This Time <i>Austin Dobson</i>	1771
On the Late Massacre in Pied- mont . . . . .	<i>John Milton</i> 2404
On the Life-mask of Abraham Lincoln . . . . .	<i>R. W. Gilder</i> 3642
On the Life of Man, <i>Henry King</i>	2837
On the Loss of the "Royal George" . . . . .	<i>William Cowper</i> 2435
On the Moor . . . . .	<i>C. Y. Rice</i> 307
On the Morning of Christ's Na- tivity . . . . .	<i>John Milton</i> 223
On the Picture of a "Child Tired of Play" . . . . .	<i>N. P. Willis</i> 280
On the Portrait of Shakespeare <i>Ben Jonson</i>	3652
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America <i>George Berkeley</i>	2565
On the Quay . . . . .	<i>J. B. Bell</i> 1605
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture out of Norfolk, <i>Cowper</i>	3251
On the Sea . . . . .	<i>John Keats</i> 1588
On the Tombs in Westminster <i>Francis Beaumont</i>	3517
On this Day I Complete my Thirty-sixth Year, <i>Lord Byron</i>	360
"On Wenlock Edge" . . . . .	<i>Housman</i> 1401
Once on a Time . . . . .	<i>Banning</i> 517
Once on a Time . . . . .	<i>Benson</i> 1507
One and One . . . . .	<i>M. M. Dodge</i> 164
One by One . . . . .	<i>A. A. Procter</i> 3761
One Gift I Ask . . . . .	<i>V. B. Harrison</i> 3734
One Hope, The . . . . .	<i>D. G. Rossetti</i> 3473
"One Morning, Oh! so Early" <i>Jean Ingelow</i>	1144
"One, Two, Three!" . . . . .	<i>Bunner</i> 1794
One Way of Love . . . . .	<i>Browning</i> 884

	PAGE
One White Hair, The . . . . .	<i>Landor</i> 362
One Word More . . . . .	<i>Browning</i> 1284
Only . . . . .	<i>H. P. Spafford</i> 3
"Only a Baby Small" . . . . .	<i>Barr</i> 3
Only of Thee and Me, <i>Unicmeyer</i>	625
Only Seven . . . . .	<i>H. S. Leigh</i> 1925
Only Son, The . . . . .	<i>Henry Newhall</i> 2324
"Onward, Christian Soldiers" <i>S. Baring-Gould</i>	3814
Opening of the Tomb of Charle- magne, The . . . . .	<i>Aubrey De Vere</i> 3597
Opportunity, "Master of human destinies am I" . . . . .	<i>J. J. Ingalls</i> 2921
Opportunity, "They do me wrong who say I come no more" . . . . .	<i>Walter Malone</i> 2922
Opportunity, "This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream" . . . . .	<i>Sill</i> 2923
"Or ever the Knightly Years were Gone" . . . . .	<i>W. E. Henley</i> 655
Oracle, The . . . . .	<i>A. D. Ficke</i> 266
Orchard at Avignon, An, <i>Robinson</i>	1414
'Ostler Joe . . . . .	<i>G. R. Sims</i> 3335
Other World, The . . . . .	<i>H. B. Stowe</i> 3708
Ould Plaid Shawl, The . . . . .	<i>Fahy</i> 748
Our Hired Girl . . . . .	<i>J. W. Riley</i> 171
Our Sister . . . . .	<i>H. N. Powers</i> 380
Our Wee White Rose . . . . .	<i>Massey</i> 26
Out in the Fields . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> 1400
Out of Hearing . . . . .	<i>Jane Barlow</i> 3560
Out Where the West Begins <i>Arthur Chapman</i>	2574
Outgrown . . . . .	<i>J. C. R. Dorr</i> 1017
Outward . . . . .	<i>J. G. Neihardt</i> 1599
"Over the River," <i>N. W. Priest</i>	3509
"Over the Wint'ry Threshold" <i>Bliss Carman</i>	1349
Overflow . . . . .	<i>J. B. Tabb</i> 1579
"Owl and the Eel and the Warm- ing-Pan, The" . . . . .	<i>L. E. Richards</i> 47
Owl and the Pussy-Cat, The, <i>Lea</i>	2052
Owl-Critic, The . . . . .	<i>J. T. Fields</i> 1881
"Owre the Moor Among the Heather" . . . . .	<i>Jean Glover</i> 747
Ozymandias of Egypt . . . . .	<i>Shelley</i> 2844
P	
Paddy O'Raffthe, <i>Samuel Lover</i>	1960
Pageant of Seamen, The, <i>Byron</i>	2827
Pain . . . . .	<i>St John Lucas</i> 3353
Palabras Cariñosas, <i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	711
Palm-tree and the Pine, The <i>R. M. Milnes</i>	963
Pamela in Town . . . . .	<i>Cortissoz</i> 802
Pan in Wall Street, <i>E. C. Sledman</i>	1751
Paradise . . . . .	<i>F. W. Faber</i> 3695
Paradise . . . . .	<i>C. G. Rossetti</i> 3705
Paradise: A Hindoo Legend <i>George Birdseye</i>	1899
Paradox of Time, The . . . . .	<i>Dobson</i> 423
Parental Ode to My Son . . . . .	<i>Llood</i> 268
Parting, "Too fair, I may not call thee mine" . . . . .	<i>Gerald Massey</i> 984
Parting at Morning . . . . .	<i>Browning</i> 1157
Parting Guest, A . . . . .	<i>J. W. Riley</i> 3507
Parting Hour, The, <i>Oliver Cushman</i>	985
Parting of the Ways, The, <i>Gilder</i>	2217
Pass of Kirkstone, <i>Wordsworth</i>	2582
Passer-by, A . . . . .	<i>Robert Bridges</i> 1600
Passing of March, The . . . . .	<i>Wilson</i> 1353
Passionate Reader to His Poet, The . . . . .	<i>Richard Le Gallienne</i> 3102

	PAGE		PAGE
Passionate Shepherd to his Love, The. . . . . <i>Christopher Marlowe</i>	584	Plantation Ditty, A. . . . . <i>Stanton</i>	2043
Passion-Flower, The. . . . . <i>Fuller</i>	1053	Planting of the Apple-Tree, The <i>W. C. Bryant</i>	1411
Passions, The. . . . . <i>William Collins</i>	3119	Play, The. . . . . <i>J. B. Kenyon</i>	2854
Past. . . . . <i>John Galsworthy</i>	420	Playgrounds. . . . . <i>L. Alma-Tadema</i>	130
Pastoral, A, "Along the lane be- side the mead" . . . . . <i>Norman Gale</i>	744	Plays. . . . . <i>W. S. Landon</i>	1010
Pastoral, A, "Flower of the Medlar" . . . . . <i>Thophile Marzials</i>	1167	Pleasant Ship, A. . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	42
Patmos. . . . . <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	1303	"Please to Ring the Belle" . . . . . <i>Hood</i>	2130
Patriot's Pass-Word, The <i>James Montgomery</i>	2353	Pleasures of Love, The. . . . . <i>Blunt</i>	1262
Patterns. . . . . <i>Amy Lowell</i>	1134	Plighted. . . . . <i>D. M. M. Craik</i>	1161
Paul Revere's Ride. . . . . <i>Longfellow</i>	2422	Plow, The. . . . . <i>R. H. Horne</i>	1052
Peace. . . . . <i>Rupert Brooke</i>	2544	Plymouth Harbor <i>Dollie Radford</i>	667
Peace. . . . . <i>Henry Vaughan</i>	3095	Pobble Who Has No Toes, The <i>Edward Lear</i>	2053
"Peace to the Slumberers" <i>Thomas Moore</i>	2302	Poet and Lark. . . . . <i>M. A. de Vere</i>	3089
Peaceable Race, The, T. A. Daly	1976	Poet and the Wood-louse, The <i>Helen Parry Eden</i>	1791
Peaks, The. . . . . <i>Stephen Crane</i>	1433	Poetry. . . . . <i>Ella Heath</i>	3086
Peddler's Caravan, The. . . . . <i>Rands</i>	161	Poets and Linnets. . . . . <i>Tom Hood</i>	1938
Perfect Woman. . . . . <i>Wordsworth</i>	380	Poets at Tea, The. . . . . <i>Barry Pain</i>	1053
Persicos Odi. . . . . <i>Horace</i>	3827	Poet's Song to His Wife, The <i>B. W. Procter</i>	1223
Persuasions to Enjoy. . . . . <i>Carew</i>	597	Politeness. . . . . <i>Elizabeth Turner</i>	98
Perugia. . . . . <i>A. J. Burr</i>	2621	Poor Jack. . . . . <i>Charles Dibdin</i>	1597
Peschiera. . . . . <i>A. H. Clough</i>	2471	Poor Kings. . . . . <i>W. H. Davies</i>	2998
Pet Name, The, E. B. Browning	455	"Pope He Leads a Happy Life, The" . . . . . <i>Charles Lever</i>	2117
Petrified Fern, The, M. B. Branch	2859	Poplar Field, The. . . . . <i>Cowper</i>	1411
Peu de Chose. . . . . <i>Montenack</i>	3848	Porphyria's Lover. . . . . <i>Browning</i>	1003
Pewee, The. . . . . <i>J. T. Troubridge</i>	1558	Port o' Heart's Desire, The <i>J. S. McGroarty</i>	1604
"Philip, My King." . . . . <i>D. M. Craik</i>	21	Portrait, A, "I will paint her as I see her" . . . . . <i>E. B. Browning</i>	338
Phyllida and Coridon. . . . . <i>Brelon</i>	716	Portrait, A, "In sunny girlhood's vernal life" . . . . . <i>J. Ashby-Sterry</i>	1758
"Phyllida Flouts Me" . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	722	Portrait, A, "Mother and maid and soldier, bearing best" <i>Brian Hooker</i>	393
Phillis and Corydon, "Phillis kept sheep along the western plains" . . . . . <i>Robert Greene</i>	768	Portrait, The, "Midnight past! Not a sound of aught" <i>Bukner Lytton</i>	1025
Philomel. . . . . <i>Richard Barnfield</i>	1546	Post that Fitted, The. . . . . <i>Kipling</i>	2046
Philomela, "Hark! ah, the night- ingale" . . . . . <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	1547	Poster-Girl, The, <i>Carolyn Wells</i>	1041
Philomela, "The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth" . . . . . <i>Sidney</i>	1551	Power of Love, The, <i>John Fletcher</i>	482
Philosopher, A. . . . . <i>J. K. Bangs</i>	2083	Power of Malt, The. . . . . <i>Housman</i>	2016
Philosopher's Scales, The, <i>Taylor</i>	1879	Power of Prayer, The <i>Clifford and Sidney Lanier</i>	2048
Phyllis and Corydon, "Phyllis took a red rose from the tangles of her hair" . . . . . <i>Arthur Colton</i>	693	Praise. . . . . <i>Seumas O'Sullivan</i>	582
Pibroch of Donald Dhu. . . . . <i>Scott</i>	2277	Praise of his Lady, A. . . . . <i>Heywood</i>	378
Picket-Guard, The. . . . . <i>E. L. Beers</i>	2491	Praise of My Lady. . . . . <i>Morris</i>	562
Picture of Little T. C. in a Pros- pect of Flowers, The, <i>Marvell</i>	273	Prayer, "Lo, here a little volume, but great book" . . . . . <i>Crashaw</i>	3723
Pied Piper of Hamelin, The <i>Robert Browning</i>	192	Prayer, A. . . . . <i>John Drinkwater</i>	2051
Pierrette in Memory. . . . . <i>Griffith</i>	3388	Prayer, A. . . . . <i>Harry Kemp</i>	2939
Pilgrim, The. . . . . <i>John Bunyan</i>	3715	Prayer for Pain. . . . . <i>Neihardt</i>	2940
Pilgrim Fathers, The. . . . . <i>Pierpont</i>	2390	Prayer in the Prospect of Death, A. . . . . <i>Robert Burns</i>	3455
Pillar of the Cloud, The, <i>Newman</i>	3804	Prayer of the Beaten Men, The <i>W. H. Woods</i>	2944
Pin, The. . . . . <i>Ann Taylor</i>	108	Prayer to the Trinity. . . . . <i>Edleston</i>	3807
Pine, The. . . . . <i>Augusta Webster</i>	1408	Precept of Silence, The <i>Lionel Johnson</i>	3351
Pines and the Sea, The, <i>Cranch</i>	1590	Pre-Existence. . . . . <i>P. H. Hayne</i>	2857
Pious Selinda. . . . . <i>William Congreve</i>	721	Prelude, A. . . . . <i>Maurice Thompson</i>	3081
Pipe of Tobacco, The. . . . . <i>Usher</i>	1984	Prelude to "The New Day" <i>R. W. Gilder</i>	1307
Piper on the Hill, The, <i>Shorter</i>	132	Preludes, from "The Angel in the House" . . . . . <i>Coveney Putmore</i>	384
Pipes o' Gordon's Men, The <i>J. S. Glasgow</i>	2307	Pretty Girl of Loch Dan, The <i>Samuel Ferguson</i>	779
Pitcher of Mignonette, A <i>H. C. Bunner</i>	1796	Prevision. . . . . <i>Ada Foster Murray</i>	1373
"Place in Thy Memory, A" <i>Gerald Griffin</i>	871		
Plaidie, The. . . . . <i>Charles Sibley</i>	755		
Plain Language from Truthful James. . . . . <i>Bret Harte</i>	2174		
Plaint of the Camel, The, <i>Carryl</i>	2080		

- |  | PAGE |   | PAGE |
|--|------|---|------|
| Prime of Life, The, <i>Walter Learned</i>                          | 805  | Red Riding Hood, <i>G. W. Carryl</i>  | 2077 |
| Primrose, The, <i>Robert Herrick</i>                               | 1495 | Reeds of Innocence, <i>Blake</i>  | 126  |
| Primrose Dame, A, <i>Gleason White</i>                             | 740  | Reformation of Godfrey Gore,<br>The, <i>W. B. Rands</i>                                     | 114  |
| Prince Tatters, <i>Laura E. Richards</i>                           | 155  | Refuge, <i>G. W. Russell</i>  | 1143 |
| Pisoner of Chillon, The, <i>Byron</i>                              | 3273 | Refuge, <i>William Winter</i>   | 921  |
| Private of the Buffs, The, <i>Doyle</i>                            | 2478 | Relief of Lucknow, The, <i>Lowell</i>   | 2475 |
| Problem, The, <i>R. W. Emerson</i>                                 | 2066 | Religious Use of Tobacco, A,<br><i>Robert Wisdome</i>                                       | 1983 |
| Poem, <i>J. G. Whittier</i>  | 3078 | Remedy Worse than the Disease,<br>The, <i>Matthew Prior</i>                                 | 1910 |
| Progress of Poesy, The, <i>Gray</i>                                | 3091 | Remember, <i>Christina Rossetti</i>   | 1260 |
| Promissory Note, The, <i>Taylor</i>                                | 1946 | Remember or Forget, <i>Aidlé</i>  | 987  |
| Prospice, <i>Robert Browning</i>                                   | 3484 | Remembrance, <i>Emily Brontë</i>  | 1905 |
| Prothalamion, <i>Edmund Spenser</i>                                | 1178 | Renascence, <i>Millay</i>   | 3192 |
| Proud Maisie, <i>Walter Scott</i>                                  | 1076 | Renouncement, <i>Alice Meynell</i>  | 1263 |
| Provençal Lovers, <i>Siedman</i>                                   | 1769 | Renunciation, A, <i>Edward Vere</i>   | 807  |
| Proverbs, <i>Unknown</i>   | 64   | Requiem, "Hush your prayers,<br>'tis no saintly soul", <i>Connell</i>                       | 3500 |
| Providence, <i>Reginald Heber</i>                                  | 3726 | Requiem, A, "Thou hast lived in<br>pain and woe" <i>James Thomson</i>                       | 3551 |
| Psalm of Life, A, <i>Longfellow</i>                                | 2914 | Requiem, "Under the wide and<br>starry sky" <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>                          | 3485 |
| Pulley, The, <i>George Herbert</i>                                 | 370  | Requiescat, "Bury me deep when<br>I am dead" <i>R. M. Watson</i>                            | 1122 |
| Purple Cow, The, <i>Gelett Burgess</i>                             | 2085 | Requiescat, "Strew on her roses,<br>roses" <i>Matthew Arnold</i>                            | 1098 |
| Puzzled Census-Taker, The, <i>Saxe</i>                             | 2147 | Requiescat, "Tread lightly, she<br>is near" <i>Oscar Wilde</i>                              | 1119 |
| Pyramus and Thisbe, <i>J. G. Saxe</i>                              | 2148 | Resignation, "There is no flock,<br>however watched and tended",<br><i>H. W. Longfellow</i> | 3510 |
| <b>Q</b>   |      |   |      |
| Qua Cursum Ventus, <i>Clough</i>                                   | 3033 | Resignation, "Why, why repine,<br>my pensive friend", <i>Landor</i>                         | 2993 |
| "Quand Vous Serez Vieille",<br><i>Ronsard</i>                      | 3847 | Rest, <i>Christina Rossetti</i>   | 1260 |
| Queen, The, <i>William Winter</i>                                  | 671  | "Rest is not Here", <i>Nairne</i>   | 3701 |
| Queen Mab, "A little fairy comes<br>at night", <i>Thomas Hood</i>  | 237  | Resurrection, <i>Harry Kemp</i>   | 3553 |
| Queen Mab, "This is Mab, the<br>Mistress-Fairy", <i>Ben Jonson</i> | 233  | Retirement, The, <i>Charles Cotton</i>  | 1641 |
| Queen of Hearts, The, <i>Unknown</i>                               | 39   | Retort, The, <i>G. P. Morris</i>  | 2175 |
| Queen's Song, The, <i>Flecker</i>                                  | 3214 | Retreat, The, <i>Henry Vaughan</i>  | 434  |
| Quest, The, <i>F. M. H. Cortissov</i>                              | 357  | Returning, <i>R. G. Harding</i>   | 3482 |
| Question, The, <i>P. B. Shelley</i>                                | 867  | Revcillé, <i>Michael O'Connor</i>   | 2286 |
| Question, The, <i>R. A. Taylor</i>                                 | 3742 | Reveillé, <i>Louis Untermeyer</i>   | 2561 |
| Question Whither, The, <i>Meredith</i>                             | 2860 | Reveillé, The, <i>Bret Harte</i>  | 2487 |
| Questionings, <i>F. H. Hedge</i>                                   | 2970 | Revel, The, <i>Bartholomew Dowling</i>  | 3566 |
| Quid non Speremus, Amantes<br><i>Ernest Dowson</i>                 | 919  | "Revenge," <i>Lucy Tennysen</i>   | 2377 |
| Quiet Life, The, <i>William Byrd</i>                               | 1654 | Reverie of Poci Susan, The,<br><i>William Wordsworth</i>                                    | 281  |
| Quiet Nights, The, <i>Tynan</i>                                    | 3222 | Revival Hymn, <i>J. C. Harris</i>   | 2037 |
| Quiet Singer, The, <i>C. H. Towne</i>                              | 3665 | Rhodora, The, <i>R. W. Emerson</i>  | 1497 |
| Quiet Work, <i>Matthew Arnold</i>                                  | 1300 | Rhyme of Life, A, <i>C. W. Stoddard</i>   | 3499 |
| <b>R</b>   |      |   |      |
| Rabbi Ben Ezra, <i>Browning</i>                                    | 411  | Rhyme of One, A,<br><i>Frederick Locker-Lampson</i>   | 8    |
| Rabia, <i>J. F. Clark</i>  | 2053 | Riddle, A, <i>William Cowper</i>  | 685  |
| Raggedy Man, The, <i>J. W. Riley</i>                               | 166  | Riddles, <i>Unknown</i>   | 62   |
| Rain on a Grave, <i>Thomas Hardy</i>                               | 1133 | Riddles Wisely Expounded,<br><i>Unknown</i>   | 2683 |
| Rain on the Roof, <i>Coates Kinney</i>                             | 458  | Riding Down, <i>Nora Perry</i>  | 799  |
| Rainbow, The, <i>Wordsworth</i>                                    | 366  | Rime of the Ancient Mariner,<br>The, <i>S. T. Coleridge</i>                                 | 2747 |
| Rainy Day, The, <i>Longfellow</i>                                  | 3350 | Ripe Grain, <i>D. R. Goodale</i>  | 3575 |
| Raven, The, <i>E. A. Poe</i>                                       | 3170 | Risposta, <i>Unknown</i>  | 2080 |
| Razor-Seller, The, <i>John Wolcott</i>                             | 2101 | Rivals, <i>William Walsh</i>  | 826  |
| Readin ov a Head-Stwone,<br><i>William Barnes</i>                  | 3569 | River of Life, The, <i>Campbell</i>   | 407  |
| "Ready, Ay, Ready", <i>Mervale</i>                                 | 2234 | Road, The, <i>Chalmers</i>  | 760  |
| Reaper and the Flowers, The,<br><i>H. W. Longfellow</i>            | 3418 | Road or Remembrance, The,<br><i>Lizette Woodworth Reese</i>                                 | 449  |
| Reason, The, <i>James Oppenheim</i>                                | 1164 | Road to France, The, <i>Henderson</i>   | 2502 |
| "Reason Fair to Fill My Glass,<br>A", <i>Charles Morris</i>        | 1097 | Robert Burns, <i>William Alexander</i>  | 3595 |
| Reasonable Affliction, A, <i>Prior</i>                             | 1805 | Robert Louis Stevenson, <i>Reese</i>  | 3657 |
| Rebecca's After-thought, <i>Turner</i>                             | 100  | Robert of Lincoln, <i>W. C. Bryant</i>  | 1528 |
| Recessional, <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>                                | 2248 | Robin Adair, <i>Caroline Keppel</i>   | 979  |
| Recessional, The, <i>C. G. D. Roberts</i>                          | 3480 |   |      |
| Recognition, The, <i>F. W. Sawyer</i>                              | 1935 |   |      |
| Recompense, <i>Waterman</i>  | 2929 |   |      |
| Reconciliation, The, <i>Tennysen</i>                               | 1168 |   |      |
| Recruit, The, <i>R. W. Chambers</i>                                | 1977 |   |      |
| Rectius Vives, <i>Horace</i>                                       | 3829 |   |      |
| Red, Red Rose, A, <i>Robert Burns</i>                              | 946  |   |      |

	PAGE		PAGE
Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale		Rubies and Pearls, <i>Robert Herrick</i>	528
<i>Unknown</i>	2692	Rule, Britannia, <i>James Thomson</i>	2232
Robin Redbreast, "Good-by, good-by to Summer"		Rule for Birds' Nesters, A	
<i>William Allingham</i>	1561	<i>Unknown</i>	101
Robin Redbreast, "Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree"		Rules of Behavior. . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> 98
<i>Unknown</i>	45	Runnable Stag, A . . . . .	<i>Davidson</i> 1659
Robin Redbreast, "Sweet Robin, I have heard them say," <i>Doane</i>	1561	Rus in Urbe. . . . .	<i>Clement Scott</i> 656
Robinson Crusoe. . . . .	<i>C. F. Carryl</i> 2184	Rustic at the Play, <i>I he, Santayana</i>	2908
Rock me to Sleep, <i>Elizabeth Akers</i>	465	Ruth. . . . .	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 332
Rock of Ages. . . . .	<i>N G Toplady</i> 3797		S
"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" . . . . .	<i>E H Willard</i> 1509	Sabine Farmer's Serenade, The	
Rococo . . . . .	<i>A. C. Swinburne</i> 900	<i>F S Mahony</i>	1971
Roi d'Yvetot, Le . . . . .	<i>de Béranger</i> 3840	Sacrifice . . . . .	<i>R. W. Emerson</i> 2959
Roll-Call. . . . .	<i>N G Shepherd</i> 2313	Sad Tale of Mr. Mears, The	
Romance, "I will make you brooches and toys for your del- light" . . . . .	<i>R L Stevenson</i> 654	<i>Unknown</i>	2090
Romance, "My Love dwelt in a northern land" . . . . .	<i>Andrew Lang</i> 1120	Safety . . . . .	<i>Rupert Brooke</i> 2515
Romance, "You bells in the steeple" . . . . .	<i>Ingelow</i> 427	Sage Counsel . . . . .	<i>Quiller-Couch</i> 2082
Rondeau, The . . . . .	<i>Austin Dobson</i> 3110	"Said Opie Reed" <i>Street &amp; Flagg</i>	2085
Rondeau Redoublé <i>John Payne</i>	542	Sailor, The <i>William Allingham</i>	1625
Rondel, "Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet" . . . . .	<i>Swinburne</i> 1146	Sailor's Consolation, The, <i>Dibdin</i>	2105
Rondel, "These many years since we began to be" . . . . .	<i>Swinburne</i> 902	Sailor's Song . . . . .	<i>T L Beddoes</i> 1593
Ronsard to His Mistress		Sailor's Wife, The, <i>W. J. Mukle</i>	1217
<i>W M Thackeray</i>	635	St Agnes' Eve, <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	3707
Rory O'More; or, Good Omens		St James's Street	
<i>Samuel Lover</i>	753	<i>Frederic Locker-Lampson</i>	2509
Rosabelle . . . . .	<i>Walter Scott</i> 2715	St John Baptist <i>O'Shaughnessy</i>	3740
Rosalind's Madrigal . . . . .	<i>Lodge</i> 477	St Michael's Mount <i>Davidson</i>	2526
Rosalind's Scroll <i>E B Browning</i>	1085	Saint Patrick . . . . .	<i>Henry Bennett</i> 1600
Rosary, The . . . . .	<i>R. C. Rogers</i> 1140	Saint Peray . . . . .	<i>T W Parsons</i> 2005
Rosary of My Tears, The, <i>Ryan</i>	3381	Salad, A . . . . .	<i>Sydney Smith</i> 1987
Rose, A, "Bloom in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon"		Sally from Coventry, The	
<i>Richard Fanshawe</i>	1500	<i>Walter Thornbury</i>	2745
Rose, A, "Twas a Jacqueminot rose" . . . . .	<i>Ails Bates</i> 745	Sally in Our Alley <i>Henry Carey</i>	760
Rose, The, "A rose, as fair as ever saw the north" . . . . .	<i>Browne</i> 1498	Salve . . . . .	<i>T E. Brown</i> 2099
Rose, The, "Sweet, serene, sky- like flower" . . . . .	<i>Richard Lovelace</i> 606	Samela . . . . .	<i>Robert Greene</i> 521
Rose and Thorn, The . . . . .	<i>Hayne</i> 1028	San Lorenzo Giustiniani's	
Rose Aylmer . . . . .	<i>W. S. Landor</i> 622	Mother . . . . .	<i>Alice Meynell</i> 3775
Rose of May, The, <i>Mary Howitt</i>	1409	Sandman, The, <i>Margaret Janner</i>	72
Rose of Stars, The . . . . .	<i>Woodberry</i> 506	Sandpiper, The . . . . .	<i>Celia Thaxter</i> 1562
Rose of the World, The, "Lo, when the Lord made North and South" <i>Coventry Patmore</i>	385	Sands of Dee, The . . . . .	<i>Kingsley</i> 1619
Rose of the World, The, "Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream" . . . . .	<i>W. B. Yeats</i> 390	Sapientia Lunæ <i>Ernest Dowson</i>	2095
Rose to the Living, A, <i>Waterman</i>	1800	Sarrazine's Song to Her Dead Lover <i>Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i>	1102
"Rose Will Fade, A" . . . . .	<i>Shorter</i> 1047	Saturday Night . . . . .	<i>Oppenheim</i> 4024
Rosies . . . . .	<i>A. J. Hanrahan</i> 925	Satyr and the Moon . . . . .	<i>Gorman</i> 249
Rose-Marie of the Angels		Saxon Grit . . . . .	<i>Robert Collyer</i> 2227
<i>Adelaide Crapsey</i>	326	"Say not the Struggle Naught Availeth" . . . . .	<i>A H. Clough</i> 2839
Rouge Bouquet. . . . .	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i> 2563	Scholar-Gipsy, The . . . . .	<i>Arnold</i> 3505
Roundel of Rest, A . . . . .	<i>Symons</i> 3423	"Scorn not the Sonnet"	
Rover's Adieu, The, <i>Walter Scott</i>	948	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	3109
"Row Gently Here" . . . . .	<i>Moore</i> 700	Scotland Yet . . . . .	<i>H S Riddell</i> 2268
Rowan Tree, The . . . . .	<i>Nairne</i> 3236	"Scum o' the Earth," <i>Schauffler</i>	3052
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, The . . . . .	<i>Edward Fitzgerald</i> 2875	Scythe Song . . . . .	<i>Andrew Lang</i> 1371
Rubicon, The . . . . .	<i>William Winter</i> 3497	Sea, The, "The sea! the sea! the open sea" . . . . .	<i>B W. Procter</i> 1592
		Sea, The, "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods" . . . . .	<i>Byron</i> 1586
		Sea, The, "Through the night, through the night" . . . . .	<i>Stoddard</i> 1610
		Sea-Birds . . . . .	<i>Elizabeth Akers</i> 1522
		Sea Child, A . . . . .	<i>Bliss Carman</i> 1041
		Sea Dirge, A . . . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i> 3516
		Sea Fever . . . . .	<i>John Masefield</i> 1590
		Sea Gipsy, The . . . . .	<i>Richard Hovey</i> 1688
		Sea-mew, The . . . . .	<i>E. B. Browning</i> 1563
		Sea-lands, The . . . . .	<i>Orrick Johns</i> 958
		Seal, A . . . . .	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 2083
		Sealed Orders . . . . .	<i>Richard Burton</i> 3478
		Seaweed . . . . .	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 3094
		Second Coming, The. . . . .	<i>Gale</i> 3054

# Index of Titles

3999

	PAGE		PAGE
Second Crucifixion, The		Shepherd, The...	<i>William Blake</i> 153
<i>Richard Le Gallienne</i>	3749	Shepherd Boy Sings in the Valley	
Second Review of the Grand		of Humiliation, The...	<i>Bunyan</i> 3714
Army, A.....	<i>Bret Harte</i> 2513	Shepherdess, The, <i>Alice Meynell</i>	393
Secret, The.....	<i>G. E. Woodberry</i> 505	Shepherd's Wife's Song, The	
Secret Love, The.....	<i>Russell</i> 627	<i>Robert Greene</i>	1210
Seein' Things.....	<i>Eugene Field</i> 172	Sheridan's Ride.....	<i>T. B. Read</i> 2510
Seekers, The ....	<i>John Masefield</i> 2863	Sherwood, A Song of	
Self-Dependence. <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	2843	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>	2591
Sentence.....	<i>Walter Bynner</i> 3553	Shoogy-Shoo, The.....	<i>Packard</i> 447
Sentinel Songs.....	<i>A. J. Ryan</i> 2322	Shrine, The.....	<i>D. M. Dolben</i> 395
Separation.....	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> 966	Sic Itur.....	<i>A. H. Clough</i> 3037
Sephestia's Lullaby, from "Men-		Sic Vita.....	<i>Henry King</i> 2837
aphon".....	<i>Robert Greene</i> 74	Siege of Belgrade, The A. A. Watts	2072
September.....	<i>George Arnold</i> 1371	Sigh, A.....	<i>H. P. Spafford</i> 1011
Serenade, "Ah, sweet, thou little		"Sigh no More, Ladies"	
knowest how".....	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 704	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	807
Serenade, "Awake thee, my lady-		Silent Noon.....	<i>D. G. Rossetti</i> 1256
love".....	<i>George Darley</i> 703	Siller Croun, The.....	<i>Blamire</i> 943
Serenade, "By day my timid pas-		Silvia.....	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 510
sions stand".....	<i>Middleton</i> 714	Similar Cases.....	<i>C. P. S. Gilman</i> 1891
Serenade, "Hide, happy damask,		Simon the Cyrenean	
from the stars".....	<i>Henry Timrod</i> 705	<i>Lucy Lyttelton</i>	3753
Serenade, "Look out upon the		Simple Nature.....	<i>G. J. Romanes</i> 1658
stars, my love".....	<i>E. C. Pinkney</i> 704	Simple Simon.....	<i>Unknown</i> 42
Serenade, "Softly, O midnight		Simplex Munditiis.....	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 377
hours".....	<i>A. T. de Vere</i> 701	Sin of Omission, The.....	<i>Sangster</i> 2026
Serenade, "Stars of the Summer		Since We Parted.....	<i>Bulwer Lytton</i> 641
night".....	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 705	Sincere Flattery. <i>J. K. Stephen</i>	1951
Serenade, "The western wind is		"Sing a Song of Sixpence"	
blowing fair".....	<i>Oscar Wilde</i> 712	<i>Unknown</i>	41
Serf's Secret, The, <i>W. V. Moody</i>	667	"Sing Heigh-Ho".....	<i>Kingsley</i> 735
Sesotris.....	<i>Lloyd Mifflin</i> 2847	"Sing on, Blithe Bird"	
Settlers, The. <i>Laurence Housman</i>	3536	<i>William Motherwell</i>	102
Seven times Five—Widowhood		Singer's Prelude, The.....	<i>Morris</i> 3080
<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	430	Singing Lesson, A, "Far-fetched	
Seven times Four—Maternity		and dear bought, as the prov-	
<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	429	erb rehearses".....	<i>Swinburne</i> 3086
Seven times One—Exultation		Singing Lesson, The "A nightin-	
<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	426	gale made a mistake." <i>Ingelow</i>	147
Seven times Seven—Longing for		Singing Man, The.....	<i>Peabody</i> 3045
Home.....	<i>Jean Ingelow</i> 431	Sir Galahad.....	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 2724
Seven times Six—Giving in Mar-		Sir Humphrey Gilbert	
riage.....	<i>Jean Ingelow</i> 431	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	2368
Seven times Three—Love		Sir Lark and King Sun: A Parable	
<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	428	<i>George Macdonald</i>	180
Seven times Two—Romance		Sir Patrick Spens.....	<i>Unknown</i> 2685
<i>Jean Ingelow</i>	427	"Sister, Awake".....	<i>Unknown</i> 1361
Seven Years Old.....	<i>Swinburne</i> 255	Skeleton in Armor, The	
Seventy-Six.....	<i>W. C. Bryant</i> 2431	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	3323
Shaded Pool, The.....	<i>Norman Gale</i> 677	Skeleton in the Cupboard, The	
Shadow Boat, A.....	<i>Arlo Bates</i> 437	<i>Frederick Locker-Lampson</i>	1734
Shadow-Child, The.....	<i>Monroe</i> 288	Skipper Ireson's Ride.....	<i>Whittier</i> 2445
Shadow Dance, The.....	<i>Moulton</i> 856	Skylark, The, "Bird of the wil-	
Shadows.....	<i>R. M. Milnes</i> 837	derness".....	<i>James Hogg</i> 1566
Shakespeare.....	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> 3053	Skylark, The, "How the blithe	
Shakespeare.....	<i>William Watson</i> 3052	lark runs up the golden stair"	
Shameful Death. <i>William Morris</i>	2746	<i>Frederick Tennyson</i>	1567
Shamrock, The.....	<i>M. F. Egan</i> 1501	Sleep, "Come, Sleep, and with	
She and He.....	<i>Edwin Arnold</i> 3579	thy sweet deceiving." <i>Fletcher</i>	3220
She Came and Went.....	<i>Lowell</i> 314	Sleep, "O happy Sleep! thou	
"She Died in Beauty".....	<i>Sillery</i> 3548	bear'st upon thy breast"	
"She is Far from the Land"		<i>A. L. Martin</i>	3222
<i>Thomas Moore</i>	1078	Sleep, The.....	<i>E. B. Browning</i> 3412
"She Walks in Beauty".....	<i>Byron</i> 383	"Sleep, Angry Beauty." <i>Campion</i>	694
"She was a Beauty".....	<i>Bunner</i> 1765	"Sleep, Baby, Sleep".....	<i>Wither</i> 75
"She was Young and Blithe and		"Sleep, Silence' Child"	
Fair".....	<i>Harold Monroe</i> 1051	<i>William Drummond</i>	3220
Sheep and Lambs.....	<i>Tynan</i> 3759	Sleeper, The.....	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> 3553
Sheepfol, De		Sleeping Beauty, The.....	<i>Rogers</i> 699
<i>S. P. McL. Greene</i>	3755	Sluggard, The.....	<i>Isaac Watts</i> 106
Shemuel.....	<i>Edward Bowen</i> 3578	Smack in School. The.....	<i>Palmer</i> 2136

	PAGE		PAGE
Small Celandine, The		Song, "How do I love you"	
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	1469	<i>Irene R. McLeod</i>	580
"Smile and Never Heed Me"		Song, "I came to the door of the	
<i>Charles Swain</i>	630	House of Love". <i>Alfred Noyes</i>	511
Snail, The. . . . .	1514	Song, "I made another garden,	
Snake, The. . . . .	831	Yea". <i>Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i>	896
Sneezing . . . . .	2021	Song: "I make my shroud but no	
Snow . . . . .	1390	one knows" . . . . .	3478
Snow-Shower, The, W. C. Bryant	1301	Song, "I prithee send me back	
Snowdrop. . . . .	854	my heart". <i>John Suckling</i>	763
"So Sweet Love Seemed"		Song, "I saw the day's white	
<i>Robert Bridges</i>	920	rapture". . . . .	892
Society upon the Stanislaus, The		Song, "I try to knead and spin"	
<i>Bret Harte</i>	2170	<i>L. I. Guiney</i>	3361
"Softly Woo Away Her Breath"		Song, "In vain you tell your	
<i>B. W. Procter</i>	3548	parting lover". <i>Mathew Prior</i>	937
Soldier, The. <i>Rupert Brooke</i>	2546	Song, "It is the miller's daugh-	
"Soldier, Rest! Thy Warfare		ter". <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	633
O'er". <i>Walter Scott</i>	2301	Song, "Ladies, though to your	
Soldier's Dream, The, <i>Campbell</i>	2281	conquering eyes". . . . .	594
Solitary-Hearted, The		Song, "Let my voice ring out and	
<i>Hartley Coleridge</i>	381	over the earth" <i>Thomson</i>	616
Solitary Reaper, The		Song, "Love, by that loosened	
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	333	hair" . . . . .	577
Solitude. <i>Ella Wheeler Wilcox</i>	2929	Song, "Love in fantastic triumph	
Solomon Grundy . . . . .	45	sate" . . . . .	824
"Some Day of Days" . . . . .	658	Song, "Love is a sickness full of	
"Some Time at Eve" . . . . .	3468	woes" . . . . .	478
Somebody's Child. <i>L. C. Moulton</i>	345	Song, "Love still has something	
Somebody's Darling . . . . .	2318	of the sea" . . . . .	486
Sometime . . . . .	3513	Song, "Love's on the highroad"	
"Sometime It May be" <i>Colton</i>	927	<i>Dana Burnett</i>	627
Sometimes . . . . .	436	Song, A, "My dear mistress has	
"Son of God Goes Forth to War,		a heart" . . . . .	610
The" . . . . .	3794	Song, "My Love bound me with	
Song, "A lake and a fairy boat"		a kiss" . . . . .	684
<i>Thomas Hood</i>	630	Song, "My silks and fine array"	
Song, "A violet in her lovely		<i>William Blake</i>	1001
hair" . . . . .	548	Song, "Nay but you who do not	
Song, "Again rejoicing Nature		love her" <i>Robert Browning</i>	553
sees" . . . . .	1341	Song, "O Brignall banks are wild	
Song, "All the flowers of the		and fair" . . . . .	2720
spring" . . . . .	3517	Song, "O, do not wanton with	
Song, "April, April" . . . . .	1354	those eyes" <i>Ben Jonson</i>	592
Song, "Ask me no more where		Song, "O, let the solid ground"	
Jove bestows" <i>Thomas Carew</i>	530	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	497
Song, "At setting day and rising		Song, "O, like a queen's her	
morn" . . . . .	940	happy tread" <i>William Watson</i>	577
Song, "Because the rose must		Song, "O mistress mine, where	
fade" . . . . .	2841	are you roaming," <i>Shakespeare</i>	930
Song, "Closes and courts and		Song, "O ruddier than the	
lanes" . . . . .	2598	cherry" . . . . .	535
Song, "Come, Celia, let's agree		Song, "O sweet delight, O more	
at last" . . . . .	612	than human bliss"	
Song, "Earl March looked on his		<i>Thomas Campion</i>	1141
dying child" <i>Thomas Campbell</i>	1077	Song, "Often I have heard it	
Song, "Fain would I change that		said" . . . . .	686
note" . . . . .	487	Song, "Oh! Love," they said,	
Song, "Fair is the night, and fair		"Is King of Kings" <i>Brooke</i>	580
the day" . . . . .	977	Song, "Oh! say not woman's	
Song, "Flame at the core of the		love is bought" . . . . .	489
world" . . . . .	1151	Song, "Oh? that we two were	
Song, "For me the jasmine buds		Maying" <i>Charles Kingsley</i>	885
unfold" . . . . .	1148	Song, "Only tell her that I love"	
Song, "Go and catch a falling		<i>John Cuts</i>	613
star" . . . . .	592	Song, "Phœbus, arise"	
Song, "Had I a heart for false-		<i>William Drummond</i>	1305
hood framed" <i>R. B. Sheridan</i>	620	Song, "Rarely, rarely comest	
Song, "Has summer come with-		thou" <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	3364
out the rose," <i>O'Shaughnessy</i>	897	Song, "See, see she wakes! Sa-	
Song, "How delicious is the win-		bina wakes,"	
ning" . . . . .	490	<i>William Congreve</i>	697

# Index of Titles

4001

	PAGE		PAGE
Song, "Shall I tell you whom I love" . . . . .	<i>William Browne</i> 815	Song of Autumn, A, <i>Rennell Rodd</i>	985
Song, "She is not fair to outward view" . . . . .	<i>Hartley Coleridge</i> 548	Song of Desire, A . . . . .	<i>F. L. Knowles</i> 1589
Song, "She's somewhere in the sunlight strong" . . . . .	<i>Le Gallienne</i> 995	Song of Early Autumn, A, <i>Gilder</i>	1374
Song, "Sing me a sweet, low song of night" . . . . .	<i>Hawthorne</i> 1164	Song of Eros from "Agathon" . . . . .	<i>G. E. Woodberry</i> 507
Song, "Sing the old song, amid the sounds dispersing" . . . . .	<i>de Vere</i> 866	Song of Fleet Street, A . . . . .	<i>Werner</i> 2597
Song, "Something calls and whispers" . . . . .	<i>G. G. King</i> 1703	Song of Glenann, A . . . . .	<i>Moir O'Neill</i> 2605
Song, "Song is so old" . . . . .	<i>Hagedorn</i> 674	Song of Living, A . . . . .	<i>Burr</i> 3479
Song, "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest" . . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i> 3232	Song of Marion's Men, <i>Bryant</i>	2432
Song, "Take it, love" . . . . .	<i>Richard Le Gallienne</i> 510	Song of Nature, R. W. <i>Emerson</i>	1296
Song, "The linnet in the rocky dells" . . . . .	<i>Emily Brontë</i> 1096	Song of Parting, A . . . . .	<i>Compton Mackenzie</i> 975
Song, "The merchant to secure his treasure" . . . . .	<i>Matthew Prior</i> 720	Song of Sherman's March to the Sea . . . . .	<i>S. H. M. Byers</i> 2512
Song, "The moth's kiss, first" . . . . .	<i>Robert Browning</i> 688	Song of the Bow, The . . . . .	<i>Doyle</i> 2241
Song, "The peach is pink with such a pink" . . . . .	<i>Norman Gale</i> 574	Song of the Bower, The . . . . .	<i>D. G. Rossetti</i> 903
Song, "The shape alone let others prize" . . . . .	<i>Mark Akenside</i> 537	Song of the Camp, The . . . . .	<i>Taylor</i> 2285
Song, "The year's at the spring" . . . . .	<i>Robert Browning</i> 1333	Song of the Chattahoochee, The . . . . .	<i>Sidney Lanier</i> 1423
Song, "There is many a love in the land, my love" . . . . .	<i>Miller</i> 693	Song of the Colorado, The . . . . .	<i>Hall</i> 2571
Song, "There's a woman like a dewdrop" . . . . .	<i>Robert Browning</i> 1156	Song of the Forest Ranger, The . . . . .	<i>Herbert Bushford</i> 1696
Song, "'Tis said that absence conquers love" . . . . .	<i>F. W. Thomas</i> 983	Song of the Four Seasons, A . . . . .	<i>Austin Dobson</i> 797
Song, "'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark" . . . . .	<i>H. Coleridge</i> 1554	Song of the King's Minstrel, The . . . . .	<i>Richard Middleton</i> 1056
Song, "To all you ladies now at land" . . . . .	<i>Charles Sackville</i> 935	Song of the Milkmaid from "Queen Mary" . . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i> 733
Song, "Too late, alas! I must confess" . . . . .	<i>John Wilmot</i> 612	Song of the Old Love . . . . .	<i>Ingelow</i> 1097
Song, "Wait but a little while" . . . . .	<i>Norman Gale</i> 1169	Song of the Seasons, A . . . . .	<i>Cosmo Monkhouse</i> 1331
Song, "We break the glass whose sacred wine" . . . . .	<i>E. C. Pinkney</i> 905	Song of the Shirt, The . . . . .	<i>Lood</i> 3393
Song, "We only ask for sunshine" . . . . .	<i>H. H. Whitney</i> 3386	Song of the Silent Land . . . . .	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i> 3456
Song, "When daisies pied, and violets blue" . . . . .	<i>Shakespeare</i> 2019	Song of the Spanish Main, The . . . . .	<i>John Bennett</i> 2381
Song, "When I am dead, my dearest" . . . . .	<i>Christina Rossetti</i> 1102	Song of the Western Men, The . . . . .	<i>R. S. Hawker</i> 2407
Song, "When icicles hang by the wall" . . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare</i> 2019	Song of Thyrsis . . . . .	<i>Freneau</i> 830
Song, "Who has robbed the ocean cave" . . . . .	<i>John Shaw</i> 539	Song of Twilight, A . . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> 297
Song, "Why so pale and wan, fond lover" . . . . .	<i>John Suckling</i> 820	Song: On May Morning, <i>Milton</i>	1358
Song, "Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free" . . . . .	<i>George Etherege</i> 808	Song, that Women are but Men's Shadows . . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 811
Song, "You'll love me yet!—and I can tarry" . . . . .	<i>Browning</i> 637	Song the Grass Sings, A . . . . .	<i>Charles G. Blanden</i> 1488
Song Against Women . . . . .	<i>Wright</i> 829	Song the Oracle Sings, The . . . . .	<i>W. D. Howells</i> 1556
Song for All Seas, All Ships . . . . .	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 1584	Song: the Owl <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	1557
Song for St. Cecilia's Day, A . . . . .	<i>John Dryden</i> 3112	Song to a Fair Young Lady, Going out of Town in the Spring . . . . .	<i>John Dryden</i> 934
Song for the Seasons . . . . .	<i>Procter</i> 1330	Song to Amoret, A . . . . .	<i>Vaughan</i> 615
Song in March . . . . .	<i>W. G. Simms</i> 1351	Song to Cynthia . . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 1320
Song My Paddle Sings, The . . . . .	<i>E. Pauline Johnson</i> 1676	Song to David . . . . .	<i>Smart</i> 3783
Song of Angiola in Heaven . . . . .	<i>Austin Dobson</i> 3202	Song to the Evening Star . . . . .	<i>Thomas Campbell</i> 1310
		Songs Ascending . . . . .	<i>Brynner</i> 579
		Songs for Fragoletta, <i>Le Gallienne</i>	12
		Songs from an Evil Wood . . . . .	<i>Lord Dunsany</i> 2555
		Songs I Sing, The . . . . .	<i>Blanden</i> 3085
		Songs of Guthrum and Alfred, The . . . . .	<i>G. K. Chesterton</i> 2823
		Songs of Seven . . . . .	<i>Jean Ingelow</i> 426
		Sonnet, "Most men know love but as a part of life," . . . . .	<i>Henry Timrod</i> 3036
		Sonnet, The, "The Sonnet is a fruit which long hath slept" . . . . .	<i>J. A. Symonds</i> 3108



	PAGE		PAGE
Sonnet, The, "A sonnet is a moment's monument" . . . <i>Rossetti</i>	3107	Stanzas, "Could Love for ever" . . . <i>Lord Byron</i>	491
Sonnet, The, "What is a sonnet? 'Tis a pearly shell" . . . <i>Gilder</i>	3107	Stanzas, "In a drear-nighted December" . . . <i>John Keats</i>	3395
Sonnet Composed Upon Westminster Bridge . . . <i>Wordsworth</i>	2597	Stanzas, "Often rebuked, yet always back returning." . . . <i>Brontë</i>	2928
Sonnet of the Moon, A . . . <i>Best</i>	1253	Stanzas, "Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade" . . . <i>W. E. Henley</i>	2862
Sonnet on Chillon . . . <i>Lord Byron</i>	3273	Stanzas for Music, "There be none of Beauty's daughters" . . . <i>Lord Byron</i>	546
Sonnet, on his having arrived to the age of twenty-three . . . <i>Milton</i>	359	Stanzas for Music, "There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away." . . . <i>Byron</i>	355
Sonnets I, II, IV, VI, VIII, XX, from "Mimma Bella" . . . <i>Eugene Lee-Hamilton</i>	323	Stanzas from "The Triumph of Time" . . . <i>A. C. Swinburne</i>	1585
Sonnets . . . . . <i>John Masefield</i>	3401	Stanzas written on the Road between Florence and Pisa . . . <i>Lord Byron</i>	354
Sonnets XVIII, XXIII, XXIX, XXX, XXXII, XXXIII, LX, LXXI, LXXIII, CIV, CVI, CIX, CXVI, CXXX, CXLVI	1246	Star, The . . . . . <i>Jane Taylor</i>	41
<i>William Shakespeare</i>	1264	Star Song . . . . . <i>R. U. Johnson</i>	673
Sonnets after the Italian, <i>Gilder</i>	1264	Starling's Spring Rondelet, A . . . <i>James Cousins</i>	1337
Sonnets from the Portuguese, Sonnets I, III, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XII, XIV, XVII, XVIII, XXI, XXII, XXVIII, XXXVIII, XLIII	1276	Star-Spangled Banner, The, Key	2196
<i>E. B. Browning</i>	1276	Starry Host, The, <i>J. L. Spalding</i>	1729
Sonnets to Miranda, Sonnets I, II, III, V, VI, VIII . . . <i>Watson</i>	1271	Stein Song, A . . . <i>Richard Hovey</i>	2016
Sonnet's Voice, The . . . <i>Theodore Watts-Dunton</i>	3106	Stepping Westward . . . <i>Wordsworth</i>	305
Sonnets Written in the Fall of 1914 . . . <i>Woodberry</i>	2550	Stirrup Cup, The . . . <i>John Hay</i>	1507
Sons of Martha, The, <i>Kipling</i>	3072	Stolen Kiss, A . . . <i>George Wither</i>	683
Sorrow . . . . . <i>A. T. de Vere</i>	3352	Stonewall Jackson's Way . . . <i>Palmer</i>	2288
Sorrows of Werther, . . . <i>Thackeray</i>	838	Storm-Child, The . . . <i>May Byron</i>	20
South Country, The . . . <i>Belloc</i>	2601	Storm Fear . . . . . <i>Robert Frost</i>	1385
Sovereigns, The . . . <i>Lloyd Mifflin</i>	3105	Storm Song . . . . . <i>Bayard Taylor</i>	1614
"Spacially Jim," . . . <i>Bessie Morgan</i>	2183	Stormy Petrel, The, <i>B. W. Procter</i>	1572
"Spacious Firmament on High, The" . . . <i>Joseph Addison</i>	3787	Story for a Child, A . . . <i>Bayard Taylor</i>	175
"Sparkling and Bright" . . . <i>Hoffman</i>	2007	Story of Augustus who would not have any Soup, The, <i>Hoffmann</i>	122
Spider and the Fly, The, <i>Howitt</i>	176	Story of little Suck-a-Thumb, The . . . <i>Heinrich Hoffman</i>	123
Spinning . . . . . <i>H. H. Jackson</i>	3467	Straight Road, The, <i>Ellen Hooper</i>	2073
Spinning in April . . . <i>J. P. Peabody</i>	1357	Strictly Germ-proof, <i>Gutman</i>	2035
Spires of Oxford, The . . . <i>Letts</i>	2560	Strip of Blue, A . . . <i>Lucy Iacom</i>	1647
Spirit of Sadness, . . . <i>Le Gallienne</i>	3362	Strong as Death . . . <i>U. C. Remer</i>	1080
Spirit of Wine, The, <i>W. E. Henley</i>	2013	Strong Hand, A . . . <i>Aaron Hill</i>	1922
Splendid Spur, The, . . . <i>A. T. Quiller-Couch</i>	2959	Students . . . . . <i>Wilkinson</i>	1792
Spring, "Dip down upon the northern shore" . . . <i>Tennyson</i>	1338	Stupidity Street . . . <i>Hodgson</i>	3661
Spring, "Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king" . . . <i>Thomas Nashe</i>	1336	Suburb . . . . . <i>Harold Monro</i>	859
Spring, "Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air." . . . <i>Timrod</i>	1344	"Such is the Death the Soldier Dies" . . . <i>R. B. Wilson</i>	2317
Spring, The . . . <i>William Barnes</i>	1347	Sugar-Plum Tree, The . . . <i>Eugene Field</i>	69
"Spring is Late, The" . . . <i>Moulton</i>	3741	Summer Invocation . . . <i>Bennett</i>	1413
Spring Journey, A, A. F. <i>Palmer</i>	1147	Summer is Ended, The, <i>Rossetti</i>	3452
Spring Lilt, A . . . . . <i>Unknown</i>	1363	Summer Longings . . . <i>MacCarthy</i>	1363
Spring of the Year, The . . . <i>Allan Cunningham</i>	3561	Summer Wooming, A . . . <i>Moulton</i>	1032
Spring Passion, . . . <i>J. E. Spingarn</i>	1171	Summum Bonum . . . <i>Browning</i>	689
"Spring Returns, The" . . . <i>Moore</i>	1339	"Sun Rises Bright in France, The" . . . <i>Allan Cunningham</i>	3259
Spring Song . . . . . <i>Bliss Carman</i>	1689	Sunday Evening in the Common . . . <i>John Hall Wheelock</i>	3059
Spring Song in the City . . . <i>Robert Buchanan</i>	1672	Sunrise on Mansfield Mountain . . . <i>Alice Brown</i>	1311
Stabat Mater Dolorosa, da <i>Todi</i>	3821	Sunrise on Rydal Water . . . <i>John Drinkwater</i>	1436
Stabat Mater Dolorosa, "Stood the afflicted mother weeping" . . . <i>Abraham Coles</i>	3779	Sunset City, The, <i>H. S. Cornwell</i>	3706
Stains . . . . . <i>Theodosia Garrison</i>	3758	Sunset Wings . . . <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	3375
		Superscription, A, <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	435
		Suppose . . . . . <i>A. R. Aldrich</i>	1908
		Surface and the Depths, The . . . <i>Lewis Morris</i>	490
		"Surprised by Joy." . . . <i>Wordsworth</i>	3566

	PAGE		PAGE
Surrender.....	A. J. Burr 1166	"They Speak o' Wiles"	
Sweet and Sour.	Edmund Spenser 2837	<i>William Thom</i>	493
Sweet Clover...	Wallace Rice 1472	"They Went forth to Battle but	
Sweet Innisfallen.	Thomas Moore 2607	They Always Fell"...	O Sheel 2946
"Sweet Suffolk Owl"	Vaulor 1558	"This is my Hour"	Zoë Atkins 1318
Sweet Wild April	W. F. Stead 1355	"This is my Love for You"	
Sweet William and May Mar-		<i>Grace Fallow Norton</i>	681
g'ret .....	Unknown 2676	"This World is all a Fleeting	
Sycophantic Fox and the Gullible		Show" .....	Thomas Moore 3699
Raven, The ...	G. W. Curryl 1854	Thomas the Rhymor	Unknown 2641
Sympathy.....	Alliea Gyles 923	Thoreau's Flute	
		<i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>	3667
		Thoughts on the Command-	
		ments, .....	G. A. Baker 806
		Three Cottage Girls, The	
		<i>William Wordsworth</i>	334
Tables Turned, The,		Three Fishers, The, ..	Kingsley 1620
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	1611	Three Kings, The ...	Longfellow 216
Tacking Ship off Shore,	Mitchell 1595	Three Ravens, The, ..	Unknown 2680
"Take Back the Virgin Page"		Three Seasons, ..	C. G. Rosselli 452
<i>Thomas Moore</i>	623	Three Shadows, D. G.	Rosvelli 640
Take Heart .....	E. D. Proctor 3732	Three Sisters, The, A. D.	Ficke 1090
"Take, O Take Those Lips		Three Sonnets on Oblivion	
Away" .....	Shakespeare Fletcher 683	<i>George Sterling</i>	2847
Talented Man, The, W. M.	Præd 1807	Three Troopers, The,	Thornbury 2743
Tam O'Shanter	Robert Burns 2106	Three Warnings, The, ..	Fiorzi 2102
Tantalus---Texas	Joquim Miller 1007	Threescore and Ten	Stoddard 457
Te Martyrum Candidatus		Threnody .....	Ruth G. Harding 1080
<i>Leonel Johnson</i>	3751	Threnody, A, ..	G. T. Langan 2079
Tears .....	L. W. Reese 2855	"Thrice Happy He,"	Drummond 1035
"Tears, Idle Tears" ..	Tennyson 454	Throstle, The, Alfred	Tennyson 1578
Telephone, The	Robert Frost 658	Thunderstorms .....	W. H. Davies 3110
"Tell me, my Heart, if this be		Thysia, Sonnets II, III, VII,	
Love" .....	George Lyttleton 535	XVI, XXIII, XXXVI,	
Telling the Bees	J. G. Whittier 1109	XXXVII, XLV, Morton	Luce 1273
Temple Garlands .....	Robinson 442	Tile River, The, ..	Kingsley 1415
Temple to Friendship	Moore 832	Tiger, The .....	William Blake 110
Tenants .....	W. W. Gibson 3218	Time and Grief .....	W. L. Bowles 3352
Tennyson.. ..	T. H. Hualev 3663	"Time I've Lost in Wooing,	
Terninus .....	R. W. Emerson 410	The" .....	Thomas Moore 720
Ternarie of Littles, A		Time long Past .....	P. B. Shelley 442
<i>Robert Herrick</i>	1723	Time to be Wise .....	W. S. Lander 1709
Terrible Infant, A		"Time, You Old Gipsy Man"	
<i>Frederick Locker-Lampson</i>	1736	<i>Ralph Hodgson</i>	2817
Test, The .....	W. S. Lander 831	Times go by Turns .....	Southwell 2838
"Thalatta! Thalatta"		Time's Reveng' .....	Walter Learned 743
<i>Brown</i>	3499	Tired Mothers .....	May R. Smith 321
Thalia .....	T. B. Aldrich 1750	"Tis But a Little Faded	
Thanatopsis .....	W. C. Bryant 3444	Flower" .....	F. C. Howarth 3363
Thanksgiving, A, W. D.	Howells 2933	"Tis the Last Rose of Summer"	
Thanksgiving to God for His		<i>Thomas Moore</i>	1505
House, A .....	Robert Herrick 3713	To ---, "One word is too often	
That Day You Came .....	Reese 660	profaned" .....	P. B. Shelley 625
That Holy Thing .....	Macdonald 3774	To ---, "We met but in one	
Then .....	R. T. Cooke 666	giddy dance" .....	W. M. Præd 1714
Then Ag'in .....	S. W. Foss 1889	To a Butterfly .....	Wordsworth 1517
Theocritus .....	Oscar Wilde 3664	To a Child .....	Wordsworth 125
"There is a Green Hill"		To a Child of Fancy ..	Morris 340
<i>C. F. Alexander</i>	3812	To a Child of Quality ..	Prior 276
"There is a Lady Sweet and		To a Cricket .....	W. C. Bennett 1512
Kind" .....	Unknown 523	To a Friend .....	Harley Coleridge 3015
"There is a Pool on Garda"		To a Greek Girl .....	Austin Dobson 347
<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	2623	To a Kiss .....	John Wolcot 686
"There is no Death" ..	McCreery 3763	To a Lady Asking Him How	
"There is no Unbelief" ..	Case 3762	Long he Would Love Her	
"There is None, O None but		<i>George Elherege</i>	594
You" .....	Thomas Campion 589	To a Little Girl .....	Helen Eden 267
"There was a Jolly Miller"		To a Little Girl .....	Gustav Kobbé 267
<i>Isaac Bickerstaff</i>	163	To a Mountain Daisy .....	Burns 1474
"There was a little Girl"		To a Mouse .....	Robert Burns 1507
<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	113	To a New-born Baby Girl	
"There's Gowd in the Breast"		<i>Grace Hazard Conkling</i>	5
<i>James Hogg</i>	1142		
There's Wisdom in Women			
<i>Rupert Brooke</i>	1055		

	PAGE		PAGE
To a New Born Child		To Fancy.....	<i>John Keats</i> 3166
<i>Cosmo Monkhouse</i>	9	To Fanny.....	<i>Thomas Moore</i> 1711
To a New York Shop-Girl		To Flavia.....	<i>Edmund Waller</i> 600
Dressed for Sunday....	<i>Branch</i> 3021	To Hartley Coleridge	
To a Pair of Egyptian Slippers		<i>William Wordsworth</i>	275
<i>Edwin Arnold</i>	1762	To Hasekawa . . . .	<i>Arensberg</i> 2908
To a Poet a Thousand Years		To Helen, "Helen, thy beauty is	
Hence.....	<i>J. E. Flecker</i> 3101	to me" . . . . .	<i>E. A. Poe</i> 551
To a Skylark, "Ethereal minstrel		To Helen, "If wandering in a	
pilgrim of the sky"		wizard's car" . . .	<i>W. M. Praed</i> 791
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	1566	To Her—Unspoken. <i>A. J. Burr</i>	1029
To a Skylark, "Hail to thee,		To His Coy Love . . .	<i>Drayton</i> 586
blithe spirit" . . .	<i>P. B. Shelley</i> 1569	To His Coy Mistress . .	<i>Marvell</i> 607
To a Skylark, "Up with me! up		To His Forsaken Mistress. <i>Ayton</i>	808
with me into the clouds"		To ——— in Church . .	<i>Seeger</i> 581
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	1565	To Jane: the Invitation, <i>Shelley</i>	1067
To a Snow-Bake . . .	<i>Thompson</i> 1391	To Keep a True Lent .	<i>Herrick</i> 3745
To a Swallow Building under our		To Laura W——, two Years Old	
Eaves.....	<i>J. W. Carlyle</i> 1573	<i>N. P. Willis</i>	270
To a Waterfowl . . .	<i>W. C. Bryant</i> 1582	To Leshia, "Give me kisses! Do	
To a Wind-Flower . .	<i>Cawein</i> 1503	not stay" . . . . .	<i>J. G. Saxe</i> 690
To a Wood-Violet . .	<i>J. B. Tabb</i> 1503	To Lesbia, "My sweetest Lesbia,	
To a Young Lady . . .	<i>Cowper</i> 332	let us live and love." <i>Campion</i>	588
To Aenone.....	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 505	To Little Renee . . .	<i>W. A. Bradley</i> 6
To Age . . . . .	<i>W. S. Lander</i> 406	To Lucasta, Going beyond the	
To Althea, from Prison		Seas . . . . .	<i>Richard Lovelace</i> 933
<i>Lovelace</i>	605	To Lucasta, Going to the Wars	
To Amarantha that She would		<i>Richard Lovelace</i>	933
Dishevel Her Hair. . .	<i>Lovelace</i> 533	To M. E. W. . . . .	<i>G. K. Chesterton</i> 3482
To America . . . . .	<i>Alfred Austin</i> 2226	To Manon . . . . .	<i>W. S. Blunt</i> 851
To an Early Primrose .	<i>White</i> 1496	To Marguerite. <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	906
To an Inconstant. <i>Robert Ayton</i>	809	To Mary, "If I had thought thou	
To an Insect. . . . .	<i>O. W. Holmes</i> 1512	couldst have died" . . .	<i>Wolfe</i> 1082
To an Oriole. . . . .	<i>Edgar Fawcett</i> 1557	To Mary, "Thee, Mary, with	
To Anne . . . . .	<i>William Maxwell</i> 692	this ring I wed" . .	<i>Bishop</i> 1225
To Anthea, who may Command		To Mary in Heaven . .	<i>Burns</i> 1072
Him Anything. <i>Robert Herrick</i>	595	To Mary Unwin. <i>William Cowper</i>	1254
To Anthea, who may Command		To Meadows . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 1430
Him Anything (New Style)		To Minerva. . . . .	<i>Thomas Hood</i> 2048
<i>Alfred Cochrane</i>	1755	To Mistress Margaret Hussey	
To Arcady. . . . .	<i>C. B. Going</i> 664	<i>John Skelton</i>	329
To Autumn. . . . .	<i>John Keats</i> 1375	To Mother Nature. <i>F. L. Knowles</i>	1299
To Blossoms. . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 1504	To Music, to Becalm His Fever	
To Celia, "Drink to me only		<i>Robert Herrick</i>	3123
with thine eyes" . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> 591	To My Grandmother	
To Celia, "Not Celia, that I		<i>Frederick Locker-Lampson</i>	1728
just am" . . . . .	<i>Charles Sedley</i> 610	To My Inconstant Mistress	
To Celia, "When, Celia, must my		<i>Thomas Carew</i>	597
old day set . . .	<i>Charles Cotton</i> 600	To My Love . . . . .	<i>J. G. Saxe</i> 690
To Charlotte Pulteney . .	<i>Philips</i> 273	To Night, "Mysterious Night!	
To Chloe. . . . .	<i>William Cartwright</i> 603	when our first parent knew"	
To Chloe Jealous		<i>J. B. White</i>	1324
<i>Matthew Prior</i>	766	To Night, "Swiftly walk o'er the	
To Chloris . . . . .	<i>Charles Sedley</i> 719	western wave" . . .	<i>P. B. Shelley</i> 1323
To Critics . . . . .	<i>Walter Learned</i> 366	To One in Paradise . .	<i>E. A. Poe</i> 1105
To Cynthia on Concealment of		"To One Who Has Been Long in	
her Beauty. <i>Francis Kynaston</i>	529	City Pent" . . . . .	<i>John Keats</i> 1653
To Daffodils . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 1474	To One Who Would Make a Con-	
To Daisies . . . . .	<i>Francis Thompson</i> 1479	fession. . . . .	<i>W. S. Blunt</i> 1261
To Daisies, not to Shut so Soon		To Petronilla. . . . .	<i>H. H. Bashford</i> 343
<i>Robert Herrick</i>	1477	To Primroses Filled with Morn-	
To Daphne. . . . .	<i>Walter Besant</i> 568	ing Dew . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 1496
To Death. . . . .	<i>Anne Finch</i> 3407	To Rose . . . . .	<i>Sara Teasdale</i> 272
To Delia, Sonnets VI, XII, XXX,		To Roses in the Bosom of Castara	
XXXVI, XXXIX, XLV,		<i>William Habington</i>	600
XLVI, L, LI. <i>Samuel Daniel</i>	1230	To Silvia. . . . .	<i>Anne Finch</i> 614
To Diane . . . . .	<i>H. H. Whitney</i> 1128	To Sleep . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 3221
To Dianeme . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 816	To Song. . . . .	<i>T. S. Jones, Jr.</i> 3088
To Each His Own, <i>M. R. Garvin</i>	3363	To Spring. . . . .	<i>William Blake</i> 1342
To Electra . . . . .	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 684	To the Cuckoo: "Hail, beaute-	
To England . . . . .	<i>H. G. Baker</i> 2225	ous stranger of the grove"	
To F. C. . . . .	<i>Mortimer Collins</i> 1171	<i>John Logan</i>	1536

	PAGE		PAGE
To the Cuckoo, "O blithe New-comer! I have heard"		Tragic Story, A.....	Thackeray 2049
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	1538	Traveller's Hope.....	Granville 3478
To the Daisy . . . . .	Wordsworth 1478	Tree, The.....	Jones Very 1403
To the Dandelion... J. R. Lowell	1481	Trees . . . . .	Joyce Kilmer 1407
To the Dead of '08. . . . .	Johnson 2261	Tree-Top Road, The . . . . .	Smith 3345
To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Mr Addison. Tickell	3584	Tribute, The. . . . .	Coventry Palmore 386
To the Fringed Gentian. Bryant	1484	Trifle, A. . . . .	Henry Timrod 654
To the Grasshopper and the Cricket..... Leigh Hunt	1510	Trifles . . . . .	Unknown 2854
To the Harpies . . . . .	A. D. Ficke 3389	Triolet, "All women born are so perverse"..... Robert Bridges	1903
To the Man-of-War Bird		"Tripping Down the Field-Path" . . . . .	Charles Swain 870
<i>Walt Whitman</i>	1542	Triumph of Forgotten Things, The . . . . .	Edith M. Thomas 449
To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare		Triumph of Time, The, Stanzas from . . . . .	A. C. Swinburne 1585
<i>Ben Jonson</i>	3650	Troia Fuit. . . . .	R. W. Kauffman 441
To the Muses . . . . .	William Blake 3096	Troop of the Guard, A, <i>Hagedorn</i>	3062
To the Nightingale, "Dear Chorister, who from those shadows sends" . . . . .	Drummond 1548	Tropical Town.....	de la Selva 3374
To the Nightingale, "O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray" . . . . .	John Milton 1551	Trosachs, The . . . . .	Wordsworth 1430
To the Pious Memory of the Accomplished Young Lady, Mrs. Anne Killigrew . . . . .	John Dryden 3524	Trot, Trot . . . . .	Mary F. Butts 84
To the Poets . . . . .	John Keats 3090	True Beauty, <i>Francis Beaumont</i>	811
To the Rainbow . . . . .	Campbell 1444	Truly Great . . . . .	W. H. Davies 1644
To the Rose: a Song. . . . .	Herrick 931	"Trusty, Dusky, Vivid, True"	
To the Sister of Elia . . . . .	Landon 3625	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	394
To the Small Celandine		"Truth Doth Truth Deserve"	
<i>William Wordsworth</i>	1470	<i>Philip Sidney</i>	1212
To the Terrestrial Globe. . . . .	Gilbert 2075	Tryst, A. . . . .	L. C. Moulton 1111
To the United States of America, <i>Bridges</i>	2561	Tryste Noel . . . . .	L. I. Guiney 209
To the Virginian Voyage		Tucking the Baby in, <i>Curtis May</i>	93
<i>Michael Drayton</i>	2384	Tuft of Flowers, The. . . . .	R. Frost 3074
To the Virgins, to make much of Time. . . . .	Robert Herrick 328	Turkish Legend, A, T. B. Aldrich	2845
To the Western Wind. . . . .	Herrick 596	Turn o' the Year. . . . .	Tynan 1332
To the Willow-Tree . . . . .	Herrick 1406	Turn of the Road, The, A. R. Coe	1158
To Violets . . . . .	Robert Herrick 1501	Turtle and Flamingo, The, <i>Fields</i>	2058
To William Sharp . . . . .	Scotland 3654	Twa Corbies, The. . . . .	Unknown 2680
To Woman . . . . .	Lord Byron 834	Twa Sisters, The . . . . .	Unknown 2648
To Youth. . . . .	W. S. Landon 354	'Twas Ever Thus <i>H. S. Leigh</i>	1930
Toccata of Galuppi, A		Twenty Years Ago . . . . .	Unknown 469
<i>Robert Browning</i>	3133	Twice Fed . . . . .	A. A. Bassett 2977
To-day, "So here hath been dawning" . . . . .	Thomas Carlyle 2920	Twickenham Ferry. . . . .	Marzials 761
To-day . . . . .	B. R. C. Low 663	Twilight, "Spirit of Twilight through your folded wings"	
To-day, "Why fear to-morrow, timid heart" . . . . .	L. A. C. Ward 2032	<i>Olive Custance</i>	1317
Todlin' Hame . . . . .	Unknown 2009	Twilight, "When I was young the twilight seemed too long"	
Toil of the Trail, The . . . . .	Garland 1684	<i>A. M. F. Robinson</i>	420
Tom Bowling. . . . .	Charles Dibdin 1628	Twilight at . . . . .	Welby 1317
Tom Dunstan, <i>Robert Buchanan</i>	3018	Twilight Song . . . . .	E. A. Robinson 3011
Tom-a-Bedlam's Poem, <i>Unknown</i>	3142	Twins, The . . . . .	H. S. Leigh 2068
Tom Thumb's Alphabet		Two April Mornings, The	
<i>Unknown</i>	60	<i>William Wordsworth</i>	3564
Tommy's Dead. . . . .	Sydney Dobell 3542	Two Hundred Years Ago	
To-morrow . . . . .	John Collins 402	<i>W. H. Drummond</i>	2031
Too Candid by Half . . . . .	Saxe 1900	Two in the Campagna <i>Browning</i>	882
Too Late. . . . .	D. M. M. Craik 1009	Two Limericks . . . . .	Carolyn Wells 2088
Touch-stone, The, <i>Samuel Bishop</i>	826	Two Lovers, The, "The lover of her body said." <i>Richard Hovey</i>	1044
Toujours Amour C <i>E. Sledman</i>	793	Two Lovers, "Two lovers by a moss-grown spring" . . . . .	Elial 1204
Toys, The . . . . .	Coventry Palmore 296	Two Mysteries, The. . . . .	Dodge 3570
Tragedy, A, "Among his books he sits all day," <i>Edith Nesbit</i>	1019	Two Triolets <i>Harrison Robertson</i>	1783
Tragedy, A, "She was only a woman, famished for loving"		Two Villages, The, R. T. Cooke	3442
<i>Theophile Marzials</i>	1040		

## U

Ulysses . . . . .	Alfred Tennyson 3179
Unbelief . . . . .	E. F. Case 3762
Under My Window. . . . .	Westwood 258
"Under the Greenwood Tree"	
<i>William Shakespeare</i>	1636
Under the Leaves . . . . .	Leighton 1401
Under the Lindens <i>W S Landon</i>	1710

	PAGE		PAGE
Under the Portrait of Milton		Veteran of Heaven, The	
<i>John Dryden</i>	3647	<i>Francis Thompson</i>	3770
Unguarded..... <i>A. F. Murray</i>	1455	Vicar, The..... <i>W. M. Praed</i>	1715
Unity..... <i>Alfred Noyes</i>	670	Vicar of Bray, The... <i>Unknown</i>	1835
Universal Prayer..... <i>Pope</i>	3788	Victory Bells..... <i>Conkling</i>	2564
Unkindness..... <i>George Herbert</i>	3722	Village Blacksmith, The	
Unmanifest Destiny..... <i>Hovey</i>	2209	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	2016
Unseen Spirits..... <i>N. P. Willis</i>	1032	Villanelle of His Lady's Treasures	
Unthrif..... <i>Coventry Palmore</i>	384	<i>Ernest Dowson</i>	576
Until Death..... <i>Elizabeth Akers</i>	1116	Villon's Ballade..... <i>Andrew Lang</i>	1858
Up at a Villa—Down in the City		Villon's Straight Tip to all Cross	
<i>Robert Browning</i>	1865	Coves..... <i>W. E. Henley</i>	1857
Up-hill..... <i>C. G. Rossetti</i>	3415	Vine, The..... <i>James Thomson</i>	487
Upon Julia's Clothes..... <i>Herrick</i>	529	Violet, The, "Down in a green	
Upon Lesbia—Arguing..... <i>Cochrane</i>	1754	and shady bed"..... <i>Jane Taylor</i>	106
Upper Chamber, An, <i>Bannerman</i>	3748	Violet, The, "O faint, delicious,	
Urania..... <i>Matthew Arnold</i>	639	spring-time violet"..... <i>Story</i>	1502
Urbs Beata Hierusalem <i>Unknown</i>	3826	Violet and the Rose, The	
Urbs Syon Aurea		<i>Augusta Webster</i>	1503
<i>Bernard of Cluny</i>	3824	Virginians of the Valley, The	
Urceus Exit..... <i>Austin Dobson</i>	1782	<i>F. O. Tuknor</i>	2223
Ursula..... <i>R. U. Johnson</i>	576	Virtue..... <i>George Herbert</i>	3720
Useful Plow, The..... <i>Unknown</i>	1653	Vision of Belshazzar, The <i>Byron</i>	2328
		Visit from St. Nicholas, A	
		<i>C. C. Moore</i>	221
V		Visitor, The..... <i>Chalmers</i>	247
V. D. F..... <i>Unknown</i>	2326	Vita Summa Brevis Spem Nos	
Vagabond, The..... <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	1674	Vetat Inchoare Longam	
Vagabond Song, A..... <i>Carman</i>	1689	<i>Ernest Dowson</i>	3404
Vain Virtues..... <i>D. G. Rossetti</i>	2866	Vivamus, Mea Lesbia..... <i>Catullus</i>	3827
Valediction, A..... <i>E. B. Browning</i>	960	Vixi..... <i>Charles Mackay</i>	3221
Valerius on Women..... <i>Heywood</i>	818	Vobiscum est Iope..... <i>Campion</i>	850
Valley of Vain Verses, The		Voice, The..... <i>Norman Gale</i>	395
<i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	2933	"Voice by the Cedar Tree, A"	
Valor of Ben Milam, The		<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	552
<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	2457	Voice from Galilee, The..... <i>Bonar</i>	3810
Vampire, The..... <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	1045	Voice of Christmas, The, <i>Kemp</i>	3750
Van Elsen..... <i>F. G. Scott</i>	3574	Voice of the Grass, The..... <i>Boyle</i>	1487
Vanquished..... <i>F. F. Browne</i>	3609	"Voice of the Western Wind"	
V-a-s-e, The..... <i>J. J. Roche</i>	1886	<i>E. C. Sledman</i>	446
Vendor's Song, <i>Adelaide Crapsey</i>	3109	Voice of Toil, The..... <i>Morris</i>	3017
Veni, Creator Spiritus, "Creator		Voortrekker, The..... <i>Kipling</i>	1703
Spirit, by whose aid"..... <i>Dryden</i>	3782		
Veni, Creator Spiritus, "Veni,			
Creator Spiritus"		W	
<i>St. Gregory the Great (?)</i>	3823	Wacht am Rhein, Die	
Veni, Sancte Spiritus, "Come,		<i>Max Schneckenburger</i>	3833
Holy Ghost' thou fire divine"		Waiting..... <i>John Burroughs</i>	3495
<i>Catharine Winkworth</i>	3780	Wake, Lady..... <i>Joanna Baillie</i>	698
Veni, Sancte Spiritus, "Veni,		Waking Year, The..... <i>Dickinson</i>	1332
Sancte Spiritus"		Waldeinsamkeit, <i>R. W. Emerson</i>	1398
<i>Robert II. of France</i>	3822	Walrus and the Carpenter, The	
Venice, "I stood in Venike, on		<i>Lewis Carroll</i>	2062
the Bridge of Sighs"		Wanderer, The..... <i>Austin Dobson</i>	868
<i>Lord Byron</i>	2618	Wander-Lovers, The..... <i>Hovey</i>	1086
Venice, "Venice, thou Siren of		Wandering Knight's Song, The	
sea-cities, wrought"		<i>J. G. Lockhart</i>	626
<i>J. A. Symonds</i>	2619	Wander-thirst..... <i>Gerald Gould</i>	1679
Venus Runaway..... <i>Ben Jonson</i>	479	War is Kind..... <i>Stephen Crane</i>	2305
Vers la Vie..... <i>Arthur Upson</i>	2856	Warden of the Cinque Ports,	
Vers Nonsensiques..... <i>du Maurier</i>	2087	The..... <i>W. W. Longfellow</i>	3770
Verse, "Past ruined Iliion Helen		Warren's Address, <i>John Pierpont</i>	2428
lives"..... <i>W. S. Lander</i>	3089	Warrior Maid, The, A..... <i>Branch</i>	2821
Verses, "I am monarch of all I		Washers of the Shroud, The	
survey"..... <i>William Cowper</i>	3038	<i>J. R. Lowell</i>	2488
Verses on a Cat..... <i>Charles Daubeny</i>	1824	Waste Places, The..... <i>James Stephens</i>	2819
Verses Placed Over the Door at		Wastrel, The..... <i>R. W. Kauffman</i>	440
the Entrance into the Apollo		Watch on the Rhine, The	
Room at the Devil Tavern		<i>Max Schneckenburger</i>	2269
<i>Ben Jonson</i>	1988	Watcher, The..... <i>James Stephens</i>	1089
Very Old Song, A..... <i>Laird</i>	1051	Water Lady, The, <i>Thomas Hood</i>	869
		Waterloo..... <i>Aubrey De Vere</i>	2452

# Index of Titles

4007

	PAGE
Way, The. . . . . S. H. Moore	2973
Way of It, The . . . J. V. Cheney	1049
Way, the Truth, and the Life, The . . . . . Theodore Parker	3730
"We Are Brethren A," Robert Nicoll	3035
"We are Seven" . . . Wordsworth	316
"We need not Bid, for Cloistered Cell" . . . . . John Keble	3747
Weakest Thing, The, Browning	3385
Wearin' o' the Green, The Unknown	2240
Wearyin' fer You . . . . Stanton	993
Weather Wisdom . . . . . Unknown	66
Wedded Bliss. C. P. S. Gilman	1898
Weighing the Baby, E. L. Beers	15
Welcome, A, "Welcome, wel- come, do I sing" Browne	527
Welcome, The, "Come in the evening, or come in the morn- ing" . . . . . T. O. Davis	638
"We'll go no more a Roving" Lord Byron	866
Well of St Keyne, The, Southey	2114
"Were but my Spirit Loosed upon the Air," L. C. Moulton	1262
"Were I as Base as is the Lowly Plain" . . . . . Joshua Sylvester	1253
"Were My Heart as Some Men's Are" . . . . . Thomas Campion	590
West-Country Lover, The Alice Brown	669
"Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, A" . . . . . Allan Cunningham	1592
Wharf of Dreams, The Edwin Markham	3224
What Christ Said Macdonald	3774
"What do we Plant" . . . . . Abbey	1402
"What does little Birdie say" Alfred Tennyson	150
What is Good . . . J. B. O'Reilly	2918
What is Love . . . John Fletcher	481
"What is to Come" Henley	3422
What Mr. Robinson Thinks J. R. Lowell	1839
What My Lover Said . . . Greene	1149
What of the Darkness Richard Le Gallienne	3515
"What Riches Have You" George Santayana	2007
When . . . . . S. C. Woolsey	3464
"When as a Lad" Isabel Mackay	356
"When Banners are Waving" Unknown	2279
"When Daffodils begin to Peer" William Shakespeare	1337
"When, Dearest, I but Think of Thee" . . . . . Suckling or Feltham	601
"When Death to Either shall Come" . . . . . Robert Bridges	1168
"When First I saw Her" G. E. Woodberry	571
"When Good King Arthur Ruled this Land" . . . . . Unknown	46
"When I am Dead and Sister to the Dust" . . . . . Elsa Barker	3506
"When I Have Fears" . . . . . Keats	3488
When I Have Gone Weird Ways J. G. Neihardt	3498
"When I Loved You" Moore	832
"When I Saw You Last, Rose" Austin Dobson	1782

	PAGE
"When I was a Bachelor" Unknown	43
"When I was One-and-Twenty" A. E. Housman	857
"When in the Woods I Wander all Alone" . . . E. Howell-Thurlow	1399
"When Lilacs Last in the Door- yard Bloomed" Walt Whitman	3630
"When Lovely Woman," Cary	1923
"When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly" . . . . . Oliver Goldsmith	1050
"When Molly Smiles" Unknown	725
"When My Beloved Sleeping Lies" . . . . . McLeod	924
When She Comes Home. Riley	1000
"When Spring Comes Back to England" . . . . . Alfred Noyes	1348
"When that I was and a Little Tiny Boy" . . . . . Shakespeare	400
"When the Frost is on the Punkin" . . . . . J. W. Riley	1381
"When the Grass Shall Cover Me" . . . . . Ina Coolbrith	1114
When the Great Gray Ships Come In. . . . . G. W. Carryl	2543
"When the Hounds of Spring" A. C. Swinburne	1339
When the Kye Comes Home James Hogg	775
"When the Most is Said" M. A. de Vere	3423
When the Sleepy Man Comes C. G. D. Roberts	70
When the Sultan goes to Isphahan T. B. Aldrich	854
"When We are Parted" Hamilton Aide	987
"When We Two Parted" . . . Byron	952
When will Love Come . . . . . Beatty	504
"When You are Old" . . . . . Yeats	636
"Where be You Going, You Devon Maid" . . . . . John Keats	732
"Where Lies the Land" Clough	3414
Where Love Is . . . . . Amelia Burr	659
"Where Runs the River" F. W. Bourdillon	2842
"While Shepherds watched their Flocks by Night," Nahum Tate	205
Whisperers, The, W. W. Gibson	3379
White Azaleas . . . . . McE. Kimball	1467
White Flag, The . . . . . John Hay	796
White Island, The . . . . . Herrick	3698
White Jessamine "The" . . . . . Tabb	3549
White Peace, The William Sharp	2853
White Rose, A . . . . . J. B. O'Reilly	657
"Whither is Gone the Wisdom and the Power" . . . . . Coleridge	3096
Whiting and the Snail, The Lewis Carroll	1934
"Who has Seen the Wind" Christina Rossetti	130
Whole Duty of Children R. L. Stevenson	98
"Why Art Thou Silent" William Wordsworth	1254
Why I Love Her. . . . . Brome	606
"Why, Lovely Charmer" Unknown	614
Widow, The. . . . . Allan Ramsay	2020
Widow Machree. . . . . Samuel Lover	1974
Widow Malone The. . . . . Lever	1973

	PAGE		PAGE
Widowhood . . . . .	<i>Ingelow</i> 430	Woman's Thought, A . . .	<i>Gilder</i> 912
Widow's Mite, The		Woman's Will, "Men, dying,	
<i>Frederick Locker-Lampson</i>	3551	make their wills, but wives"	
Wife, The . . . . .	<i>Garrison</i> 391	<i>J. G. Saxe</i>	1910
Wife from Fairyland, The		Woman's Will, "That man's a fool	
<i>Richard Le Gallienne</i>	1130	who tries by art and skill"	
Wife of Usher's Well, The		<i>Unknown</i>	1910
<i>Unknown</i>	2650	Women Folk, The . . .	<i>James Hogg</i> 749
Wife to Her Husband, The		Women's Longing . . .	<i>John Fletcher</i> 1903
<i>Unknown</i>	1216	Wonderful World, The, <i>Rands</i>	126
Wife's Song, A . . .	<i>W. C. Bennett</i> 1217	Wool Song, A . . .	<i>Hofgson</i> 1320
Wild Eden . . . .	<i>G. E. Woodberry</i> 3200	Wood-Dove's Note, The, <i>Miller</i>	1583
Wild Geese . . . .	<i>Frederick Peterson</i> 1582	"Woodman, spare that Tree"	
Wild Honey, <i>Maurice Thompson</i>	1503	<i>G. P. Morris</i>	1409
Wild Honeysuckle, The		"Wooded and Married and A"	
<i>Philip Freneau</i>	1488	<i>Alexander Ross</i>	746
Wild Ride, The . . .	<i>L. I. Guiney</i> 3475	Wooing Song, from "Christ's	
Wild Roses . . . .	<i>Edgar Fauchet</i> 1498	"Victory" . . . .	<i>Giles Fletcher</i> 476
Wild Wishes . . .	<i>E. M. Hewitt</i> 664	"Word of God to Leyden Came,	
William Blake. <i>James Thomson</i>	3589	The" . . . .	<i>J. E. Rankin</i> 2386
Willie and Helen . .	<i>Hew Ainslie</i> 941	Word of the Lord from Havana,	
Willie Winkie . . .	<i>William Miller</i> 72	The . . . .	<i>Richard Henry</i> 2535
Willow-tree, The . .	<i>Thackeray</i> 1030	Wordsworth . . . .	<i>J. K. Stephen</i> 1950
Willowwood . . .	<i>D. G. Rossetti</i> 1258	Wordsworth's Grave . .	<i>Watson</i> 3682
Willy Drowned in Yarrow		Work without Hope . .	
<i>Unknown</i>	1061	<i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	3373
Willy Reilly . . .	<i>Unknown</i> 2678	World, The, "I saw Eternity the	
Wind and the Moon, The		other night" . . .	<i>Henry Vaughan</i> 3696
<i>George Macdonald</i>	133	World, The, "The World's a	
"Wind Me a Summer Crown"		bubble, and the life of Man"	
<i>Smedley</i>	3388	<i>Lord Bacon</i>	390
Windle-Straws . . . .	<i>Dowden</i> 887	World I am Passing through, The	
Wind's Song, The . .		<i>Lydia M. Child</i>	408
<i>Gabriel Setoun</i>	131	"World is too Much with Us,	
Wind's Way, The, <i>G. H. Conkling</i>	3374	The" . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 1202
Winged Worshippers. The		World's Justice, The . .	<i>Lazarus</i> 3255
<i>Charles Sprague</i>	3754	World's Music, The . .	<i>Setoun</i> 127
Winifreda . . . .	<i>Unknown</i> 1221	World's Way, The, <i>T. B. Aldrich</i>	1860
Winter: a Dirge . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i> 1386	"Wouldn't You Like to Know"	
Winter Glass, The . .	<i>Colton</i> 1994	<i>J. G. Saxe</i>	731
Winter Wish, A . . .	<i>Messinger</i> 2011	"Wreathe the Bowl" . .	<i>Moore</i> 2003
Wisdom . . . .	<i>F. M. Hueffer</i> 512	Wreck of the Hesperus, The	
Wise . . . .	<i>L. W. Reese</i> 3387	<i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	2461
Wisdom of Folly, The . .	<i>Fowler</i> 2045	Wreck of the "Julie Plante"	
Wish, A, "I ask not that my bed		<i>W. H. Drummond</i>	2033
of death" . . . .	<i>Matthew Arnold</i> 3459	Written at an Inn at Henley	
Wish, A, "Mine be a cot beside		<i>William Shenstone</i>	2088
the hill" . . . .	<i>Samuel Rogers</i> 1634	Written in a little Lady's little	
Wish, The, "Well, then, I now do		Album . . . .	<i>F. W. Faber</i> 124
plainly see" . . .	<i>Abraham Cowley</i> 1655	Written in March . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1352
Wishes to His Supposed Mistress		Written on a Looking-Glass	
<i>Richard Crashaw</i>	820	<i>Unknown</i>	1919
Wishing . . . .	<i>William Allingham</i> 138	"Wrong Not, Sweet Empress of	
With a Guitar to Jane		my Heart" . . .	<i>Walter Raleigh</i> 586
<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i>	3126	Wynken, Blynken, and Nod	
"With Ships the Sea Was		<i>Eugene Field</i>	68
Sprinkled" . . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i> 1580		
"With Strawberries" . .	<i>Henley</i> 1760		
Without and Within. <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	1764		
Woman, "Not she with traitorous			
kiss her Saviour stung," . .	<i>Barrett</i> 377		
Woman, "There in the fane a			
beauteous creature stands"			
<i>Calidasa</i>	377		
Woman with the Serpent's			
Tongue, The. <i>William Watson</i>	1908		
Woman's Last Word, A . .			
<i>Robert Browning</i>	876		
Woman's Love, A . . .	<i>John Hay</i> 1038		
Woman's Question, A . . .	<i>Procter</i> 1162		
Woman's Shortcomings, A			
<i>E. B. Browning</i>	495		

## Y

Yak, The . . . .	<i>Oliver Herford</i> 2083
Yankee Doodle . . .	<i>Edward Bangs(?)</i> 2198
Yarn of the "Nancy Bell," The	
<i>W. S. Gilbert</i>	2177
Yarrow Unvisited . .	<i>Wordsworth</i> 2584
Yarrow Visited . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i> 2586
"Yaw, Dot is So" . .	<i>C. F. Adams</i> 2030
"Ye Mariners of England"	
<i>Thomas Campbell</i>	2233
Year that's Awa', The, <i>Dunkop</i>	2000
Years . . . . .	<i>W. S. Landon</i> 407

# Index of Titles

4009

	PAGE		PAGE
Year's End, The	<i>Timothy Cole</i> 425	"Young May Moon The,"	
Yellow Jessamine		<i>Thomas Moore</i>	699
	<i>C. F. Woolson</i> 1490	Young Windebank	<i>Woods</i> 2325
"Yes". . . . .	<i>R. D. Blackmore</i> 1172	Youth and Age, "Verse, a breeze	
Yes .. . . .	<i>H. C. Bunner</i> 804	'mid blossoms straying"	
Young and Old		<i>S. T. Coleridge</i>	403
	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 417	Youth and Age, "Youth hath	
Young Beichan and Susie Pye		many charms". <i>George Arnold</i>	421
	<i>Unknown</i> 2666	Youth and Art. . . . .	<i>Browning</i> 880





## CORRIGENDA TO INDEX OF AUTHORS

- ASHBURTON, ROBERT OFFLEY  
*Died at Leatherhead, Surrey, England, June 20, 1945.*
- BANNING, KENDALL  
*Died in New York City, December 27, 1944.*
- BARING, MAURICE  
*Died at Braufort Castle, Beaulieu, Scotland, December 15, 1945*
- BINYON, LAURENCE  
*Died in London, England, March 10, 1943.*
- BIRD, ROBERT MONTGOMERY  
*Died at Charlottesville, Va., June 11, 1938*
- BLANDIN, CHARLES GRANGER  
*Died at San Diego, Cal., December 20, 1933.*
- BRANCH, ANNA HEMPSTEAD  
*Died at New London, Conn., September 8, 1937*
- BROWN, ALICE  
*Died at Hampton Falls, N. H., June 21, 1918*
- BUCK, RICHARD HENRY  
*Died at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1937.*
- BURGESS, FRANK GELETT  
*Died at Carmel, Cal., September 18, 1951.*
- BYERS, SAMUEL HAWKINS MARSHALL  
*Died at Los Angeles, Cal., May 24, 1933.*
- CANTON, WILLIAM  
*Died in London, England, May 2, 1936.*
- CATHER, WILLA SIBERT  
*Died in New York City, April 24, 1947.*
- CHALMERS, PATRICK R.  
*Died at Goring-on-Thames, Oxon, England, September 21, 1942*
- CLOUD, VIRGINIA WOODWARD  
*Died at Baltimore, Md., in 1938.*
- COCHRANE, ALFRED  
*Died at Balkeaston, Somersetshire, England, December 14, 1948.*
- COCKE, ZITELLA  
*Died at Gadsden, Ala., December 4, 1929.*
- COLTON, ARTHUR WILLIS  
*Died at Sneden's Landing, near Palisades, N. Y., December 28, 1943.*
- CONE, HELEN GRAY  
*Died in New York City, January 31, 1934*
- CONNELL, F. NORREYS [Pseud. of CONAL HOLMES O'CONNELL O'RIORDAN]  
*Born in Dublin, Ireland, April 29, 1874, died in London, England, June 18, 1948*
- COOGLER, J. GORDON  
*Born in 1865, died in 1901. A Southern bard famed for one immortal couplet, included in his Purely Original Verse, published in 1897. Alas for the South... 1919*
- CORTISSOZ, ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON  
*Died at Manchester, Vt., August 13, 1933.*
- CUSTANCE OLIVE [LADY ALFRED DOUGLAS]  
*Died at Linc, Sussex, England, in 1944.*
- DALY, THOMAS AUGUSTIN  
*Died at Philadelphia, Pa., October 4, 1948*
- DELAND, MARGARETTA WADE  
*Died at Boston, Mass., January 15, 1945.*
- DICKINSON, MARTHA GILBERT  
*Died in New York City, December 21, 1943.*
- DOTY, WALTER G.  
*Died at Hornell, N. Y., March 15, 1920.*
- FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON  
*Died at Hudson, N. Y., November 30, 1945.*

## 4012 Corrigenda to Index of Authors

FISHER, A. HUGH

*Died in London, England, July 2, 1945.*

FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD

*Died at Williamsport, Pa., September 25, 1947.*

GALE, NORMAN

*Died at Bordon, Hampshire, England, October 7, 1942.*

GARRISON, THEODOSIA PICKERING  
[MRS. FREDERICK FAULKS]

*Died at Short Hills, N. J., October 9, 1944.*

GARVIN, MARGARET ROOT

*Died in New York City, December 4, 1949.*

GOSSE, EDMUND WILLIAM

*Died in London, England, May 16, 1938.*

GUTTERMAN, ARTHUR

*Died at Pittsburgh, Pa., January 11, 1943.*

GWYNNE, STEPHEN LUCIUS

*Died in Dublin, Ireland, June 11, 1950.*

HALL, SHARLOT

*Died at Prescott, Ariz., in 1944.*

HAWTHORNE, HILDEGARD [MRS.  
J. M. OSKISON]

*Born at Boston, Mass., in 1871; died at Ridgefield, Conn., December 10, 1952.*

HIGGINSON, ELLA RHOADES

*Died at Bellingham, Wash., December 27, 1940.*

HODGSON, RALPH

*Now living at "Owl's Acres," near Minerva, Ohio.*

HOOKE, WILLIAM BRIAN

*Died at New London, Conn., December 28, 1946.*

JOHNS, ORRICK

*Died, a suicide, at Danbury, Conn., July 8, 1946.*

JONES, FREDERICK SCHEETZ

*Died at New Haven, Conn., January 14, 1944.*

JOYCE, JAMES

*Died at Zurich, Switzerland, January 13, 1941.*

LA COSTE, MARIE RAVENEL DE

*Died at Washington, D. C., in 1936.*

LEDoux, LOUIS VERNON

*Died in New York City, February 25, 1948.*

LEGALLIENNE, RICHARD

*Died at Menton, France, September 14, 1947.*

LITCHFIELD, GRACE DENIO

*Died at Goshen, N. Y., December 4, 1944.*

LUCAS, EDWARD VERRALL

*Died in London, England, June 26, 1938.*

LUCAS, ST. JOHN

*Died in London, England, in 1934.*

MCGROARTY, JOHN STEVEN

*Died at Los Angeles, Cal., August 7, 1944.*

MACKINTOSH, NEWTON

*Died at Boston, Mass., January 22, 1938.*

MANNING, FREDERIC

*Died in London, England, February 22, 1935.*

MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT [MRS.  
EUGEN BOISSEvain]

*Died at Austerlitz, N. Y., October 19, 1950.*

MORRIS, HARRISON SMITH

*Died at Philadelphia, Pa., April 12, 1948.*

PACKARD, WINTHROP

*Died at Canton, Mass., April 1, 1943.*

PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER

*Died at Greenville, Miss., January 21, 1942.*

PLARR, VICTOR GUSTAVE

*Died in London, England, May 25, 1946.*

POUND, EZRA

*Indicted for treason in broadcasting from Italy, during World War II, that it was absurd for the United States to be at war with Italy; adjudged insane in 1948, and confined in St. Elizabeth's hospital, Washington, D. C., where he still is [1953].*

## Corrigenda to Index of Authors 4013

- QUILLER-COUCH, [SIR] ARTHUR  
THOMAS  
*Died at Cambridge, England, May 12, 1944.*
- RHYS, ERNEST  
*Died in London, England, May 25, 1946.*
- RICHARDS, LAURA ELIZABETH  
*Died at Gardiner, Maine, January 14, 1943.*
- RIVES, AMÉLIE [PRINCESS TROUBETZKOY]  
*Died at Charlottesville, Va., June 15, 1945.*
- ROBERTS, [SIR] CHARLES GEORGE  
DOUGLAS  
*Died at Toronto, Canada, November 27, 1943.*
- ROBERTSON, W. GRAHAM  
*Died in London, England, September 4, 1948.*
- SANTAYANA, GEORGE  
*Died at Rome, Italy, December 26, 1952.*
- SCOTT, DUNCAN CAMPBELL  
*Died at Ottawa, Canada, December 19, 1947.*
- SETOUN, GABRIEL  
*Died at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1930.*
- STARBUCK, VICTOR  
*Died at Orlando, Fla., November 30, 1938.*
- STEAD, WILLIAM FORCE  
*Born at Washington, D C, August 20, 1884; now living at Baltimore, Md.*
- STEPHENS, JAMES  
*Died in London, England, December 26, 1950.*
- STRINGER, ARTHUR  
*Died at Mountain Lakes, N. J., September 14, 1950.*
- SYMONS, ARTHUR  
*Died at Wittersham, Kent, England, January 22, 1945.*
- TORRENCE, [FREDERIC] RIDGELY  
*Died in New York City, December 25, 1950.*
- TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON  
*Died in New York City, February 28, 1949.*
- TURNER [MRS.] ELIZABETH  
*An English writer for children born in 1774; died at Whitchurch, Salop, in 1846.*
- UNDERHILL, EVELYN [MRS. HUBERT STUART MOORE]  
*Born in London, England, in 1875; died there, June 15, 1941.*
- VOORHEES, DAYTON  
*An undergraduate at Princeton University in 1902*  
The Old Man of Nantucket 2090
- WATFRMAN, NIXON  
*Died at Canton, Mass., September 1, 1944.*
- WELLS, CAROLYN [MRS. HADWIN HOUGHTON]  
*Died in New York City, March 27, 1942.*
- WHITNEY, HELFN HAY  
*Died in New York City, September 21, 1941.*
- WOODS, MARGARET LOUISE  
*Died at Thirersley, Godalming, England, December 1, 1945.*













